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DWIGHT'S

JOURNAL OF MUSIC,

A Paper of Art and Literature.

JOHN S. DWIGHT, EDITOR.

VOLS. XXXV AND XXXVI.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY OLIVER DITSON AND COMPANY, 451 WASHINGTON STREET,
1877.

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WHOLE No. 887. BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1875. VOL. XXXV. No. 1.

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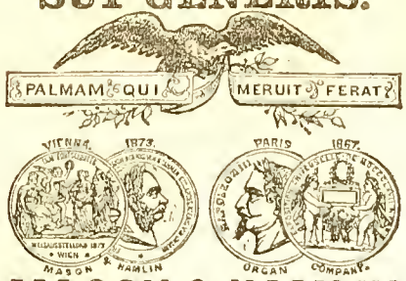

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Michel Angelo Buonarotti.

[BORN MARCH 6TH, 1475.*]

BY C. P. CRANCH.

THIS is a rugged face
Of him who won a place
Above all kings and lords;
Whose various skill and power
Left Italy a dower
No numbers can compute, no tongue translate in words.

Patient to train and school
His genius to the rule
Art's sternest laws required,
Yet, by no custom chained,
His daring hand disdained
The academic forms by tamer souls admired.

In his interior light
Awoke those shapes of might,
Once known, that never die;
Forms of Titanic birth,
The elder brood of earth,
That fill the mind more grandly than they charm the eye.

Yet, when the master chose,
Ideal graces rose
Like flowers on gnarled boughs,
For he was nursed and fed
At Beauty's fountain-head,
And to the goddess pledged his earliest, warmest vows.

Entranced in thoughts whose vast
Imaginations passed
Into his facile hand,
By adverse fate unfoiled,
Through long, long years he toiled—
Undimmed the eyes that saw, unworn the brain that planned.

A soul the Church's bars,
The State's disastrous wars
Kept closer to his youth.
Though rough the winds and sharp,
They could not bend or warp
His soul's ideal forms of beauty and of truth.

Like some cathedral spire
That takes the earliest fire
Of morn, he towered sublime
O'er names and fames of mark,
Whose lights to his were dark.
Facing the east, he caught a glow beyond his time.

Whether he drew or sung,
Or wrought in stone, or hung
The Pantheon in the air;
Whether he gave to Rome
Her Sistine walls or dome,
Or laid the ponderous beams, or lightly wound the stair;

Whether he planned defense
On Tuscan battlements,
Fired with the patriot's zeal,
Where San Miniato's glow
Smiled down upon the foe,
Till Treason won the gates that mocked the invader's steel;

Whether in lonely nights,
With poesy's delights
He cheered his solitude;
In sculptured sonnets wrought
His firm and graceful thought,
Like marble altars in some dark and mystic wood;

Still, proudly poised, he stepped
The way his visions swept,
And scorned the narrower view;
He touched with glory all
That pope or cardinal,
With lower aims than his, allotted him to do.

A heaven of larger zone—
Not theirs, but his—was thrown
O'er old and wonted themes,
The fires within his soul
Glowed like an aureole
Around the prophets old and sibyls of his dreams.

Thus, self contained and bold,
His glowing thoughts he told
On canvas or on stone.
He needed not to seek
His themes from Jew or Greek;
His soul enlarged their forms, his style was all his own.

Ennobled by his hand,
Florence and Rome shall stand
Stamped with the signet-ring
He wore, where kings obeyed
The laws the artists made.
Art was his world, and he was Art's anointed king.

So stood this Angelo
Four hundred years ago;
So grandly still he stands
Mid lesser worlds of Art,
Colossal and apart,
Like Memnon breathing songs across the desert sands.

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A Schubert Catalogue.*

(*From the "Musical Times."*)

"Not unfrequently," says Carlyle, in the "Preliminary" of his *Sartor Resartus*, "the Germans have been blamed for an unprofitable diligence; as if they struck into devious courses where nothing was to be had but the toil of a rough journey: as if, forsaking the gold mines of finance, and that political slaughter of fat oxen whereby a man himself grows fat, they were apt to run goose-hunting into regions of bilberries and crowberries, and be swallowed up at last into remote peat bogs. . . . Surely the plain rule is, let each considerate person have his own way and see what it will lead to. For not this man and that man, but all men make up mankind, and their united tasks the task of mankind. How often have we seen some such adventurous, and perhaps much censured wanderer light on some out lying, neglected, yet vitally momentous province, the hidden treasures of which he first discovered, and kept proclaiming till the general eye and effort were directed thither, and the conquest was completed; thereby, in these his seemingly so aimless rambles, planting new standards, founding new habitable colonies, in the immeasurable circumambient realms of Nothingness and Night." Thus (with a very moderate expenditure of capital letters) does the Sage of Chelsea vindicate Diogenes Teufelsdröck, J. U. D., &c., his researches into the philosophy of clothes, and his six bags of "miscellaneous paper-masses." Some such championship might have appeared necessary when another German began to burrow for the details required to make up the first Thematic Catalogue of a great composer's works, and patiently to hunt down all the Protean forms which the ingenuity of arrangers and transcribers had caused those works to assume. Was the game worth the candle? Who would buy the book? To what use could it be put commensurable with the trouble involved? So might lookers-on have queried, not without a touch of scorn; but the patient German worked on, and the result was that he founded a distinct and increasing class of musical literature, the value of which nobody questions. Every composer of eminence will soon have his Thematic Catalogue. Dr. Ludwig von Köchel has achieved the good work for Mozart—how completely, some of us are thankful to know; an anonymous writer has attended to Schumann; Weber has been thoroughly "done" by F. W. Jahns; and painstaking Herr Nottebohm has looked after Beethoven. Nor is this all that Herr Nottebohm has accomplished in the same line; the firm of Friedrich Schreiber, in Vienna, is now offering, as the latest result of his patience, a thoroughly good catalogue of Schubert. Together with every amateur who is interested in Schubert, we hail the new work with pleasure and congratulate Herr Nottebohm upon the manner in which he has discharged a very difficult task. The great essentials of such a book are accuracy and completeness; and when it is remembered that these qualities have to appear in connection with hundreds of compositions (many scattered about in MS.), and thousands of editions, the high merit of success need not be demonstrated. With regard to the accuracy of the Catalogue, it is, of course, impossible to judge confidently as respects every detail, but we have tested the book in many ways, and it has passed the ordeal triumphantly. That there are no flaws in its completeness would be too much to assert. Herr Nottebohm, for example, leaves unnoticed the few bars of melody which were all that Schubert wrote of the *Scherzo* in the eighth (B minor) symphony. But, generally speaking, the book may be styled an exhaustive one; in proof whereof take the particulars furnished about *Die Schöne Müllerin*. Besides the details usual to thematic catalogues, Herr Nottebohm gives us the result of his labors in tracing those famous songs through all their (German) editions and forms, nearly three closely-printed pages being devoted to the editions alone. The arrangements fill five and a-half pages more, the character of the transcription being specified, and also the author, publisher, place of publication, and price. When a compiler shows industry such as this, we are disposed to trust him, and accept his work.

In arranging his materials, Herr Nottebohm did not attempt the impossible task of settling the order in which Schubert's works were written. Wherever the date of composition can be ascertained it is given, but the *Opus* number guides in making up the first section of the book. The compositions included in this section, which is devoted to those with an *Opus* number only, are 173, beginning with the "Erl King," and ending with six songs for voice and pianoforte. This opening and closing must strike everybody who examines the list as significant. Turning over page after page, we find little save song after song; and even when a break first occurs, it is made by a set of waltzes (Op. 9). At Op. 15 we come upon the fantasia for pianoforte in C major, after which songs and waltzes begin again, till Op. 26 introduces the music to *Rosamunde*. Presently chamber music makes its appearance, but the ratio of important works to comparative trifles is not greatly increased. How eloquent is this fact, especially when looked at in connection with Herr Nottebohm's third section, which catalogues the compositions without *Opus* number, published after the composer's death. Here we start with the ninth and eighth symphonies, going on with the quartets in D minor and major, the pianoforte sonata in A minor, and those in C minor, A and B flat. After these come four masses, the cantata, *Lazarus*, and a host of works nearly

* "*Thematisches Verzeichniss der im Druck erschienenen Werke von Franz Schubert*." Herausgegeben von G. Nottebohm. Wien: Friedrich Schreiber (Vormals C. A. Spina.)

equal in importance. Truly, Schubert's is a posthumous fame. A writer of songs and waltzes in life: in death he appears among the grandest of tone poets. Pity him we must, for such a spirit as his, though he labored on regardless of present renown, could have done no other than long after that recognition which is, next to its own self-consciousness, the sweetest reward of genius. But the moral to be drawn from Herr Nottebohm's Catalogue brings comfort after all. The good cannot be repressed. That which has in it a spark of the divine fire will some day kindle the admiration of the world.

The second section embraces the multitude of *Lieder* published by Diabelli under the title: *Franz Schubert's nachgelassene musikalische Dichtungen für Gesang und Pianoforte*—in all fifty sets. But to many who avail themselves of this welcome volume, one of its most interesting divisions will be that which brings the whole of the master's compositions under the eye in orderly battalions. After reviewing page after page of orchestral, chamber, and concerted music of various kinds, we come finally upon the army of songs and vocal pieces, only to look down their ranks with a sense of utter bewilderment as we remember that the author of all these things died at thirty-one. The fecundity of Schubert was monstrous, and, in view of it, his early death seems the most natural of events. He, if ever man did, accomplished the work that was appointed him. For this let us be thankful, and not for this alone. The gratitude of amateurs who love Schubert is due to the plodding, unwearied industry of the German *savant* from whom the book before us has come. Herr Nottebohm could never be charged with "goose hunting," or with exploring "regions of bilberries and crowberries," but, to continue the words of Carlyle, he has lighted on an outlying and neglected province, the treasures of which are now common property. Schubert owes him much on that account. We owe him more. J. B.

The Faust Legend in Opera.

(From the Albany Sunday Press.)

BY PROF. JOHN KAUTZ.

Of all exciting legends none is of such high importance or gives us a deeper insight into the internal workings of the soul than the legend of Faust. While others, in their fundamental ideas move within the pale of a distinct nationality, and thence representing the true reflection of the character of its people, the legend of Faust contains the embodiment of a universal and purely human idea. We therefore find it among most of the European nationalities, although more or less modified, according to the peculiarities of every distinct people, yet in its fundamental idea unchanged.

To the ancients the Faust idea was of course unknown, because they lacked the worldly views founded on Christianity. They were only acquainted with the immediate motive of the Faust legend: the conflict of Light with Darkness, Angels with Demons. Only in their heaven-towering Titans could we possibly find an embodied analogous idea, and there only in its crudest outlines. Through the doctrine of Christianity, which destroyed their belief in a blind ruling destiny, and elevated man to a higher and nobler existence, was every latent desire awakened to seek after that infinitude, which, because of the circumscribed and solely to the finite directed bodily and spiritual organization of man, must ever to him remain the unattainable.

The keen and undismayed striving after a universality of knowledge, the endeavoring of the human mind to unfathom the inmost depths of Nature, and the discontent with that which is attainable—all this is peculiar to the Faust of every nation. It is thus he falls in conflict with himself: it originates in him a conflict with the good and bad principle; angels and demons follow him, and because his desires must ever remain unfulfilled,—being antagonistic to the immutable laws of Nature,—he seeks and implores superhuman agency to grant him that which it cannot. Faust then appeals to another source, to the Demon, who willingly offers his services; he accepts his guidance. The good principle then, having in view the salvation of every soul, comes in direct antagonism with the bad principle. The ultimate victory remains with the good principle, as the Demon can never satisfy a great and noble nature. He may momentarily intoxicate a Faust while leading him through all the Labyrinths of error, but that which he offers him is but earthly goods and not that after which a Faust strives. Only through the humiliation of his pride, his meek submission to the fixed boundaries of knowledge, does he at last find redemption. The Angel conquers, and leads him to where his spirit, too great for earthly barriers, finds peace and contentment.

This Faust idea was naturally nurtured and developed by the Germanic race, in consequence of their reflective disposition, although it required a genius like Goethe to bring it to a consummation. If we examine the Faust legends of other races, especially those of the French and Spanish, we find in them the same human basis clothed in appropriate form, but neither race produced a Goethe to perfect it; although it did serve them as a subject of many important art-creations. Robert of Normandy, surnamed the Devil, and Don Juan of Seville, are the Fausts of France and Spain. In both characters is visible that vaulting ambition after human greatness, that stepping out of the circumscribed limits of man,—consequently that same conflict between the good principle and the bad. The Norman legend has its Robert born from a noble and pious woman and the incorporated "parts of that power which ever creates the bad and ever the good." Here it at once becomes evident, that from Robert's birth, there already existed in his breast two souls, one endeavoring to subdue the other. These two souls find their incarnation in his surrounding persons, Alice and Bertram. But Robert is a French Norman, consequently his ideal is of another form than that of the German Faust. He finds it possible to satisfy his desire after infinitude in the ultimately attainable happiness of the finite.

The character of Robert is likewise analogous to that of the accompanying Demon, therefore immensely different from that of Mephistopheles. Faust is a profound thinker, a man of unbounded knowledge,—his devil consequently must be scholastic, sophistical. Robert of Normandy is also a sort of knightly hero, a more sensual man, and affected somewhat by the peculiar romanticism of the middle ages; his infernal companion accordingly, is but another of those shadowy formations, like the well-known Northern Phantom, without horns, hoofs or tail, yet withal an agreeable and good-natured fellow. For a Robert, a Bertram sufficed—a Mephistopheles he would not have understood.

An analagous being to Robert the Devil we also find in Germany in the legend of Tannhäuser. In him we find the same striving after infinitude that appears in Faust, though in a much lesser degree, yet his intellectual character is far above that of the French hero. Tannhäuser, like Robert, seeks his delight in a gratification of the senses; angels and demons also stand near him, only the love through which he gets redeemed is a more ideal love than that of Robert's. Tannhäuser again reflects correctly the spirit of his age, of the Trobadour. All he speaks, thinks and acts, finds expression in the poetry of that age and especially in that of Heinrich Von Ofterdingen, from whom Richard Wagner borrowed many points and transferred them to his hero. Again it is a distinguishing characteristic of the German and French character, that the moral spirit of the people can reconcile itself even with a Faust or Robert, while the Spaniard permits his Faust, the Don Juan, to go to destruction. Their religious fanaticism and unbending persistency would not permit an ultimate reconciliation, after a misguided career.

The idea of Ormuzd and Ahriman, of angels and demons, which form such prominent features in the legend of Faust, is also found in the legends of other nationalities—thus, instance, in the Bohemian legend of the Freischütz made use of by Von Weber; but in other respects it has little or nothing identical with the Faust idea; Max is thoroughly passive,—Agathe and Casper act for him, while we witness the conflict between heaven and hell about a man, who was at best but an imbecile.

The Spanish legend of Don Juan, on account of its adaptability, has often been employed prior to Mozart's time by both poets and musicians; and notably among the latter was the great Christopher Gluck himself, who wrote the music to the ballet of "Don Juan." But how incomplete the Faust idea is in the legend of Don Juan may be inferred by the positions occupied by the women who appear therein. From the hero they receive treatment which, to say the least, is regardless and almost brutal, while they seem to exist wholly as a testimony of his profligacy. Elvira and Zerline also represent womanhood such as is found by the thousand, while in the Faust of Germany, womanhood is represented as the highest type of moral beauty, at the same time forming the most important poetic element, such as Goethe's portrayal of Marguerite.

Don Juan, Robert the Devil, and Tannhäuser, are the most prominent variations of the Faust idea that have attained any success in musical representation, and in truth are better adapted for artistic treatment than Faust himself, because they are less spiritualized. The positiveness, abstraction and deep reflection of Faust contradicts the whole nature of music—therefore cannot receive the proper musical expression, while the more incomplete fundamental idea can, because music speaks in an indefinite language. The Faust of the composer Spohr is consequently not the Faust of Goethe; he is but another Don Juan, transplanted to German soil, and like him even a lesser embodiment of the Faust idea than Robert the Devil and Tannhäuser,—even he cannot find redemption.

It may be said, that since Mozart's time none have attempted to express the Faust idea musically with any degree of success; and it was Mozart's great genius alone that led him to grasp part of its spirit and convey it with tolerable perfection. As for the Faust of Gounod, it is, perhaps, unnecessary to mention that it is but an abortive creation and a burlesque upon Goethe's sublime poem.

Operatic Companies.

Opera companies having failed to make money for the past two seasons in this country, it was generally supposed that the poor attendance upon these musical performances was due to the hard times with which we have been afflicted. Such a conclusion, however, seems scarcely warrantable now that it is asserted that the present season abroad has also terminated unfavorably for both singers and managers. Troops have disbanded, and the lyric stage may well be said to be in a bankrupt condition. In Berlin the Imperial Opera is declared a bad speculation; the director could not afford to pay the regular prima donna salary, and Madame Lucca, not believing that "a half loaf is better than no bread," declined to appear, as did also other members of the company. The Imperial Opera at Vienna has fared little better, the director having announced a deficit of 750,000 francs. At Cairo and St. Petersburg the Czar and Khedive respectively stand purse-bearers to the royal houses of song, and consequently have been called upon to make up the deficiencies of the bad term. At other places on the continent the season has been disastrous, and the opera houses are reported closed. Only in Paris does opera appear to have thrived, and there the new opera house and the extreme musical proclivities of the people contribute to make it an exceptional case.

These facts are significant. But to what do they point? Evidently something is wrong with the opera or the public. Maretzek was not crushed financially last year without cause; neither did Strakosch lose heavily this season except for reasons that may be discovered. The trouble seems to be in the expense of singers to the managers and of their singing to the public. Strakosch's expenditure on a performance with his last troupe was from $2500 to $3500 a night. It takes a good house to offset these amounts, and good houses at $3 and $1 a seat were an impossibility, considering that money was scarce and the performances only fair. Mdlle. Albani demanded $1000 a night, and was obliged to close her engagement prematurely because she could not "draw" sufficiently to earn it. Nilsson and Lucca before her had been accorded equally great sums, and she probably argued that by taking less she would compromise her professional position. Singers, actors and lecturers are apt to forget that their remuneration must be gauged, not by their estimate of themselves, but by the desire of the multitude to hear and see them. Thus when the relations of managers and artists are of mutual benefit, they are in a healthful state; when otherwise, one or the other is working for less than his or her rightful compensation, and a dissolution of partnership is then imminent. But another party—the public—is necessary to a proper mediation between these principals, and a successful result of this triple relation can only ensue when all the parties are working in harmony and each member finds the association advantageous. No one party will submit to repeated loss, or to a disregard of its wishes for any length of time, so that the welfare of all concerned depends on a proper consideration of each other, that the beneficial union may be maintained. In view of these facts, then, it seems necessary that under the existing operatic difficulties some compromise should be effected. It is unhesitatingly declared abroad that concession belongs to the singer to whom hitherto everything has been sacrificed—good support, new operas, managerial benefit and the good will of the public. It is only reasonable that now, their own course having proved destructive—at least to those upon whom they depend—they should content themselves with a more equitable division of profits. If they have not the wisdom to do this, they ought certainly to be allowed to see whether they can live longer without singing than the public can without hearing them; for, delicious tit-bits that they are, it is true also they are but luxuries after all.—*Sunday Herald.*

Cambridge University Musical Professorship.

(*From "The Times," March* 17.)

The election of a Professor of Music, in the place of the late Sir Sterndale Bennett, has resulted in the almost unanimous choice of Mr. George Alexander Macfarren, the eminent composer. Since the declaration of the vacancy numerous candidates offered themselves for the vacant Chair, but retired upon being informed of the influential support already promised to Mr. Macfarren by the residents. Dr. Wylde, the Gresham Professor of Music, remained in the field as a candidate; a London committee was formed to promote his election, and up to noon yesterday a contest seemed inevitable. Eventually Dr. Wylde withdrew. As a poll had been announced, however, the formality was carried out. The Vice-Chancellor and Proctors attended at the hour previously appointed, and at eight this evening declared the election to have fallen on Mr. Macfarren. By a recent Grace of the Senate, the new Professor will receive an annual stipend of £200; and, in addition to examining the exercises for musical degrees, will deliver a course of lectures on Music during each academical year.

(*From the Musical World, March* 20.)

PALMAM qui meruit ferat. The old "saw," which so many are disposed to regard as a satire upon actualities, is but a reflection of the logic of events. As a rule, he who deserves reward gains it. The honor may be long in coming; may go astray *en route*, like a mis-delivered letter, may even be delayed till Death steps in, but, sooner or later, it comes. In this respect, the mill of Providence grinds slowly, but grinds with exceeding fineness, leaving nothing to pass without the impress of divine justice. It is needless to dwell upon this fact—one which wise men in all ages have recognized, but our reference to it comes appropriately in view of Mr. Macfarren's election as Musical Professor in the University of Cambridge. Somewhat late in life, but not too late for the probability of years of enjoyment springing from faithful discharge of high duties, the most learned of English musicians finds himself in rank, as in acquirement, at the head of his profession. Than he who is at once Cambridge Professor and Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, there can be no greater. Mr. Macfarren—apart from the Knighthood which he may possibly have to share with a batch of provincial mayors, or the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex—has reached the most exalted place open to an English musician, and the labors of his life have, in this respect, been "crowned." Very likely no one is surprised at his Cambridge success, or unready to deny the possibility of anybody outrunning him in the race. Mr. Macfarren needs no more splendid testimony to his worth than this general acquiescence in his election; but, at the same time, it is very easy to see how he might have been defeated. For some reason or other, which does no credit to the wisdom of Alma Mater, the election of Professors at Cambridge is vested in a miscellaneous body called the Senate. The members of this, no doubt, learned and highly respectable corporation, are scattered all over the country—many of them as much severed from the University in thought and sympathy as they are by distance, and very few of them able to discriminate, if they were disposed to try, among the claims of candidates to a special dignity such as the Chair of Music. These non-resident members are a majority, and a candidate favorably circumstanced in the matter of social influence, or endowed with personal qualities such as make men favorites, has only to lay himself out to secure their votes in order to achieve success. The danger of this result is over for the present, but the risk will have to be run whenever the election—*absit omen*—is repeated, and its existence should be taken into account by those who are desirous that the best man should win. Of the gentlemen who came forward as Mr. Macfarren's rivals, only one, perhaps, intended a serious struggle for the place. Dr. Wylde evidently meant business, and only withdrew at the last moment, when the impossibility of success became obvious. We have nothing to say against Dr. Wylde's candidature, now that the issue has been determined. A Gresham professor has surely the right to try and make himself a Cambridge professor; nor can he be accused of over vaulting ambition. The remaining candidates may be divided into two classes; first, those who, like Mr. Barnby, desired chiefly to put themselves *en évidence* in the matter of a professorship. The post is one to which a rising musician may aspire with perfect fitness, and no rising musician has a more unquestionable right to connect his name with the possibilities of the future in this respect than the conductor of the Albert Hall concerts. The second class is made up of those crotchet-mongers and ambitious nobodies who are always coming to the front when there is an opportunity of catching the public eye. These characters are found everywhere, and not even the late Sir Peter Laurie could have put them down had he tried. Some of them are, or have been, representative men. There was a butcher at Tiverton, when Lord Palmerston was member for that Devonian borough, who always broke a lance with the statesman at election time, and was regularly tumbled in the mud, to the vast delight of the natives. And there is still, we believe, a Mr. Jones, for whom at every choice of Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, the livery of London in Common Hall assembled, look as confidently as for east winds in May. Upon such people it is impossible to think seriously, and the best course is to get as much fun out of them as possible. For this course some of the recent candidates gave abundant opportunity, and answered the end of making the world merrier, if not exactly wiser. But the lesson of the whole matter is one adapted to encourage. Virtually unopposed, the best man has gained the prize, and merit wears, as well as deserves, the palm.

With Mr. Macfarren in the Cambridge Chair of Music, we may confidently expect a good return of labor done. He is not likely to be satisfied with a perfunctory discharge of imperative duty, but rather to accomplish more than his bond exacts. Henceforth, not only will there be musical lectures at the junior University, but, we may hope, a quickened musical life, which shall bring about a higher regard for the art among those who are destined to exert vast influence in shaping the public opinion of the country. Should results like these follow Mr. Macfarren's election, the anticipations of not a few will be realized; and, once more, Wisdom will be justified of her children.

Bach in Soho.

(*From the "Guardian."*)

Considering how English in temperament was the great Bach, it is strange that English church musicians have been so long in learning to appreciate him. For generations he has been looked upon as "dry," which his vocal music certainly is not, unless the embodiment of deep feeling in every phase be consistent with the epithet; and held up as a wonder of contrapuntal complication, when it would be nearer the truth to describe him as a master of perfectly intelligible and enjoyable elaboration. Bach was not only very English, but he was very like an English organist. His fingers clung to the keyboard while impatient preachers chafed to begin their sermons; he had his differences with church officials, and disguised the chorale with extemporary variations, so as to "put out" the congregation. On the other hand, again, like church musicians nearer home and nearer our own time, when he found a sphere in which he could indulge his musical predilections, he threw himself heartily into the work, and had no difficulty in co-operating with congenial minds among the clergy. It was in his position as organist and director of music at St. Thomas's, Leipzig, that this side of his character came out, and that he not only produced his immortal settings of the Passion, but composed nearly 400 cantatas, or extended anthems, one for every Sunday and other festival for five successive years. In a recently published biography of the composer* we read:—

"Previous to this the motets and cantatas were chosen without any regard to their coloring and connection with the other portion of the service; but Bach made it his business to acquaint himself with the preacher's texts, and the whole bearing of the day's service, choosing the theme for his cantata accordingly. The most general form of these cantatas was—first, a grand orchestral introduction, after which followed a fine and impressive chorus, succeeded by recitatives, airs, or duets, the whole concluding with a choral, in which all joined. The orchestral accompaniments are remarkably fine, and quite independent of the voice. Besides the organ, strings, flutes, hautboys, and trumpets are employed."

It is one of these cantatas or anthems which is now being rendered—perhaps in the manner Bach himself had them rendered in St. Thomas's, Leipzig; certainly in a manner he would have liked to hear them rendered—on Sunday evenings during Lent at St. Ann's Church, Soho. We have had in former years to describe orchestral services at this church; they have been of a more ambitious character hitherto; but certainly not more satisfactory. The work chosen this Lent is the cantata "Gottes Zeit ist die Allerbeste Zeit," Englished by the Rev. J. Troutbeck, of Westminster Abbey, and published at Novello's as "God's Time is the Best." As regards the sentiment of the words, this little work appears to have been intended as a New Year's Day, or Advent, lesson on the uncertainty of life; there is nothing specially Lenten in its character; though the absence of any highly wrought passages, and a general quiet and religious sadness, fall in well with the present Church season. In construction the cantata or anthem answers pretty closely to the description we have quoted above of the round of works which constituted the great German church organist's musical "Christian Year." A "sonatina" of twenty bars, molto adagio, prefigures the tender solemnity which pervades the subsequent choral writing; the principal subject is here assigned to the flute, an instrument which Bach used largely, and in more sustained obbligato fashion than is now the custom. In St. Ann's, a building where music is heard to perfection, the effect of this prelude was all that could be imagined as desirable for the expression of its spirit, we never before felt that flutes could be so entirely ecclesiastical.

Mr. Barnby has a full and well-drilled choir; and they took the little, lucid, firm built first chorus, "God's own time is the best," with an air of quiet command over its rendering, which, while it satisfied the musician, had the devotional advantage of preventing any thought of anxiety in the listener as to the possibility of failure; the singers, in fact, might have been forgotten in the quiet ease of the execution. A tenor solo, "O Lord, inclineth to consider that our days are numbered," was sung in that true ecclesiastical style which draws no attention to the performer by Mr. Chas. Wade, to hear whom must go far to disarm those who think that

* "The Great Tone Poets." By F. Crowest. (London: E. Bentley and Son.)

all solo singing in church is "display." A fine feature of this cantata is the next movement, for all the bass voices, "Set in order thine house, for thou shalt die," accompanied, in piquant contrast, by the flute, with quasi arpeggio passages, staccato; and an under movement of the strings, also staccato. The next little section of the work is an example of Bach's skill in the beautiful device of floating a treble solo upon a rocking sea of counterpoint in the lower voice parts; over these latter, singing the words, "It is the old decree, Man, thou art mortal," enters presently the voice of a treble chorister, in one of the master's most piously tender strains, "Yea come, Lord Jesus, come," the whole forming a gem of religious musical pathos. The same perfectly undemonstrative, but by no means unfeeling style, here characterized the rendering under Mr. Barnby's direction.

Not the least grateful of the several effects in the anthem, is the occasional entry of the organ alone, after the orchestral instruments have had possession of the ear. This occurs—to mention one of several places—at the solo, which in turn the alto voice takes, "Into Thy hands my spirit I commend." This beautiful number is most expressively sung by a lady. In the next movement, a bass solo, "Thou shalt be with me to-day in Paradise," the alto section of the choir enters, after a while, with snatches of a choral, overlying, in sustained minims and semibreves, the more rapid passages of the bass, and, in the end, taking exclusive possession of the field, the solo ceasing. No doubt Bach intended, in starting this choral, to give a cue—the expression must be pardoned as the only one available—to the congregation; and it may well be imagined what a grand effect might arise if the congregation could only take the cue, and, gradually gathering their voices together, assume the rôle designed for them. It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say that no one of the congregation at St. Ann's takes up the part.

A doxological chorus of vigor and dignity concludes the cantata, the performance of which throughout was as near perfection as could well be imagined. No church, and no choir, perhaps, could be better fitted for a revival of the historical scenes of musical worship for which the work was originally written. As one has often wished, at a Handel festival, that Handel could live again to hear his massive choruses rendered by hosts of choristers such as he must have dreamed of when he scored them, so one could but foolishly long for the impossible possibility of the dear old Leipsic organist—who was so much more than an organist—being a hearer of one of his own church cantatas, performed in quiet perfection, as this is, with flutes and viols, and by white-robed choristers, as an edifying adjunct to worship.

The choir numbers sixty-one voices; the instruments employed are two flutes, two first violins, two second violins, two violas, two violoncellos, two double basses, and the organ. Mr. J. Coward, jun., is organist, and employs his instrument with rare and commendable abstinence. The church last Sunday was crowded to such an extent that standing room was hardly to be found. J. C.

Pure Music vs. Wagnerism.

In the *Transcript* of April 9th, appears the following letter by Mr. George L. Osgood, in answer to certain critics of the Wagnerite persuasion, who have found matter of offence in one of his "Historical Notes." We copy it without the sensational heading which the *Transcript* gives it, and for which we presume the writer is not responsible.

To the Editor of the Transcript: A paragraph of the historical notes on the programme of the third historical concert on Friday last has evoked from certain well-known musical critics expressions which the writer feels called upon to meet. The paragraph in question is as follows:

Here we see, then how vital was the influence of Bach and Handel upon the whole after period of the art of music. Neither of these masters influenced very essentially his own age; but the compositions of later masters assert vigorously the presence of their genial spirit, and the boundless grandeur of their genius. In the province of pianoforte and vocal chamber music [of which these programmes treat] is the influence of the great Sebastian Bach especially paramount. Through his son Emanuel, to Haydn, to Mozart, to Beethoven, and so to Schubert, to Chopin, and Mendelssohn, Schumann and Rob. Franz runs the line through which the electric current of this wonderful genius brings the past and present together. Indeed, from Bach to Rob. Franz seems but a step. The *naiveté* of the Volkslied and the polyphony of Bach combine to make Rob. Franz. In this genial atmosphere of musical purity the noisy din of modern effect-music cannot breathe. In this sanctum of true souls, the Muse permits not to enter the sensuous poison of modern exaggeration, threatening to sap the very life of genuine musical sense.

One writer in particular tells us: "The paragraph evidently meant more than the words said, being a sweeping assertion with such manifestly large inclusiveness, as seemed entirely out of good taste, and betokened a *wilful ignorance* of the beauties of what was termed "modern effect-music." The italics are our own.

Whether the paragraph in question was in good taste is left to the decision of others; but such a public accusation of "wilful ignorance" touches our character as a musician, to which we are compelled to reply.

That Richard Wagner was meant in the quotation given must be obvious to all who follow with interest the unmusical tendency of most modern compositions. We do not exclude from our programme Brahms and Raff, as one writer would imply, thus anticipating our fourth programme. But we do draw a sharp line between the Wagner musico-dramatic works and the pure music of Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. Wherein does the great distinction lie? On the one hand is the idealizing of reality.

Personality in its purest form proceeds first from experience, from things and facts. Its development, at first, therefore, is in a realistic sense. But from this soil springs up and blossoms an ideal life. Thus Beethoven, in whom culminates a whole series of great talents, demonstrates what direction idealism in art takes, when left to a development wholly unrestrained by personal feeling and hopes; or selfish bitterness against a large portion of mankind. In Beethoven, whom we select as a spiritual art-type, is the individual nature of such an exalted kind that we feel in the productions of his genius, not a special, one-sided, selfish expression, but the pulse of a noble humanity. "Only he, who like Beethoven, bore within himself a whole world, could express a world's emotions." The continuity of thematic and contrapuntal development; the principle that a genuine musical motive is a germ which unfolds itself according to certain innate and vital laws of musical growth, are axioms upon which rests the whole superstructure of music as an art. Let us see, then, if the Wagner compositions are test proof.

From a review, by the present writer, of a Wagner pamphlet on "Judaism in Music," [See *Dwight's Journal of Music*, May 22, 1869.] we will make a few quotations: First, to show the tendency of the Wagnerian spirit; second, to prove more conclusively the tenability of the ground we have assumed. We pass over the first portion of the review, where Wagner, in bitterly relentless and vindictive terms, is seen working himself and the reader up to a great pitch of excitement by enumerating all the bad points in Jewish history, raking into broad daylight all their disagreeable and repulsive qualities; telling us the Jew is worse than a brute; that he never had art, nor poetry, feeling nor taste, even forgetting that great "King of the Jews," from whom emanates the whole poetry of the Christian religion. Not one good trait, not a single redeeming feature of the Jew and his relations to humanity and to art, is to be found in the whole pamphlet of fifty pages. But having carefully prepared the way by insidiously prejudicing the mind of the reader, he suddenly and most ungenerously exclaims, "There are no noble germs in them."

Having demolished all their pretensions to emotion, poetic feeling and art in general, Wagner now comes to the main point. "The Jew has done nothing and can do nothing but imitate. Even this imitation is at the most superficial. His whole life is superficial; hence his compositions are heterogeneous, cold, indifferent, unnatural, distorted, so that they often give us the same impression as the recitation of a poem of Goethe in the Jewish jargon. Just as in this jargon the words and construction go tumbling over each other in amazing confusion, just so does the Jewish composer tumble together all the different forms and styles of all masters and periods. We find the peculiarities of form of all the schools heaped up in the liveliest chaos."

Let us take these very words of Wagner and apply them to his own compositions. With what result? The characteristics of these same ones whom he relentlessly decries, Wagner has *made his own*, and to such an extent that they are tedious mannerisms. Just as in the Meyerbeer melodies the oft-occurring modern *acciacatura* not only over an interval of the major and minor second, but over any interval at the option of the composer; just as this peculiarity and its variations are characteristics which we recognize as belonging to Meyerbeer, just so has the *doppia acciacatura*, or the full modern *gruppetto*, taken such insidious possession of the Wagner themes that, whether in his earlier "Rienzi" and "Flying Dutchman," or in his later "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," and "Tristan and Isolde," or in the "Meistersinger," there is the same sentimental, tedious mannerism, robbing his heroes and heroines alike of all individual character.

We refer to the following examples, among many others, in verification of this assertion: In the theme of the mixed chorus, "Lohengrin," first act, third scene. In the introduction to the same opera, theme in the second act, second scene. Theme in the procession after church, second act, where in the short space of six measures the *gruppetto* mannerism occurs three times. Theme of the duet of Elsa and Ortrud, second act, second scene. The song of Elsa after the duel, first act, last scene. In the duel scene, where not the *gruppetto* but the same tedious grouping of four notes in constant repetition over chromatic progressions, which latter we shall find to be another sentimental mannerism. We refer further to the principal theme of the introduction and overture to "Rienzi," principal theme of Rienzi in his song to the conspirators, theme of the procession in act 4; also, of the duet in act 5; also of the prayer in act 5. Theme of the "Tannhaüser" march. Theme of Elizabeth, in "Tannhaüser," act 2, scene 2. Theme of duet between Elizabeth and Tannhaüser, act 2. Theme of a song of Wolfram's in the Sängerkrieg, same opera. Wolfram's "Song to the Evening Star," act 3. Theme of the postlude of Elizabeth's prayer, act 3, and others. These are from well-known portions. Another peculiar and noticeable feature of these themes is the fact that the *gruppetto* cannot be left out of them without destroying their very essence.

This sentimental *gruppetto*, which is but an embellishment in previous masters, becomes an indispensable factor of very many of the most prominent melodic themes of Wagner. Whichever hero or heroine Wagner may introduce to us, we see the same sentimental face, wherein conventionality in place of deep feeling dwells. Shortened forms of this same mannerism are used as well. See theme of Wolfram's solo in the septet, act 1, of Tannhaüser. Theme of Tannhaüser's prize song of Venus In the theme of the bridal procession in act 3; of Elsa in act 2, scene 2; of Ortrud, act 2, scene 4.

"Just so does the Jewish composer tumble together all the different forms and styles of all masters and periods," says Wagner in the quotation given above.

Let us turn again his own words upon him. What next mannerism do we find? Is it an imitation of the diatonic progression, so marked a feature in the bass of Von Weber? No, indeed. It is naught else than the most flagrant imitation of the chromatic progression of this very Jew, Meyerbeer, the only difference being that Meyerbeer uses it comparatively seldom, whereas Wagner infuses it into almost the whole of all his writings. We refer to almost any page of his operas. Perhaps many may recall the song of Venus in the second act of "Tannhäuser;" the theme of the overture to the same opera; the introduction to "Lohengrin," as examples.

Let us quote again from the review of the Wagner pamphlet; he says of Mendelssohn, "This person has shown us that a Jew can have the richest abundance of specific musical talent, can possess the finest and most liberal education, as well as the finest sense of honor, without being able to move us, no, not *even once*, with that deep heart and soul-stirring emotion which we expect of the art, and which we know it to be capable of; an emotion we have felt times without number, when a hero of our art, so to speak, has opened his mouth to talk to us."

And further on, "Where the feeling had to come from a deeper source than mere sentimentality, Mendelssohn's musical productive power ceased. The dissolution and capriciousness of our musical style, though perhaps not introduced by him, have yet been raised through Mendelssohn's means to the highest point of unmeaning and empty purport." And again he tells us Mendelssohn, whose reputation he so envies, is the consummation of "coldness, indifference, triviality, absurdity." And yet again, "Meyerbeer's life has been wasted in catering to a paying, but second-class public."

But again do we find Wagner following him. Note in all the Wagner operas the reckoned effect of sharp contrast of extreme high with extreme low pitch; of the softest pianissimo with the utmost fortissimo. Who does not see in the finale of the second act of "Tannhaüser" almost the reflection of the tremendous and sudden effect produced under

similar circumstances in the fifth act of Meyerbeer's "Huguenots," where, too, the distant voices break out suddenly into the Lutheran choral? Another mannerism, not original with Wagner, is the use of the chord of the ninth. It is a feature, which, occurring quite prominently in the Weber music, has become a tiresome habit with Wagner. As our article is already longer than we anticipated at the outset, we refer only to the first act of "Tannhäuser" as affording examples enough of this feature.

Startling, indeed, is the indisputable fact that Wagner, who declares himself the open opponent of all musical trivialities, should be found moulding a style based upon a most artful use of them. Among these, is further, that hackneied manner of Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi, and sentimental song writers, known as the suspension of the sixth before the following fifth, over the chord of the dominant seventh. Compare with the close of the introduction to "Lohengrin;" with the rôle of King Henry, act 1, scene 1; his prayer in scene 3; Elsa, act 1, scene 2; chorus in scene 3; Elsa again,—ditto; Elsa, act 2, scene 2; Elsa and Lohengrin, act 3, scene 2; and very numerous others, in any of the operas, as the musical reader may easily discover. We see, then, in all this, a want of sincerity on the part of Wagner. Hear again, what he says of that Meyerbeer who has furnished him so often with the means by which he produces many of his realistic effects: "Our theatres are filled mostly with that portion of our society whose sole reason for going is *ennui*."

The disease of *ennui*, however, cannot be cured by any artistic enjoyment, for it cannot be designedly dissipated, but only *deceived*, by another kind of *ennui*. It is the preparing of such a deception as this that the noted opera composer has made his life mission in art. It is needless to point out more definitely the means he made use of to reach this desired object of his life. Enough, that he understood completely how to deceive, as we see from the result he accomplished by imposing upon his wearied audience the jargon we have already characterized as modern, piquant expression of all that is trivial, and which already has been heard in all its natural absurdity. This "deceitful composer goes so far as to deceive himself; and this, perhaps, just as designedly as he deceives his wearied audience," Wagner says this of another; but who will deny that the sentimental mannerisms which Wagner has appropriated from others, whom he would have us believe to be worse than mere ciphers; what musician can deny them to be purely realistic, and a conventional concession to the excitable senses of those who form the majority of a theatre public?

In the quotation from our "Historical Notes," given at the beginning of this article, reference was made to the noisy din of modern effect-music. In addition to what we have already given in evidence of the purely realistic tendencies of Wagner, we call the attention of the musical reader to certain points in the instrumentation of Wagner, where he produces effect by sheer physical excitement of the nerves. Take the well-known music of "Tannhäuser." Is not the never-ending movement of that rapid violin figure with its ceaseless mechanical repetition enough to affect the nerves through pure exhaustion? Again, in the introduction of "Lohengrin," we are fairly wrought upon physically by that endless series of simple triads in the highest positions of the violins, alternating with the chords of the highest wind instruments. These are but single examples of Wagner's habit.

Another and most fatal—fatal to the art of pure music—feature in Wagner's orchestration, is the want of musical form. The form, such as it is in the Wagner instrumentation, is radically opposed to those indefinable axioms upon which is based pure music as an art. The attempt to paint in orchestral coloring every new turn of the words of the declaiming singer, stifles in the bud the very germ of musical life, viz: organic development of a theme; and we see here Wagner precipitating himself into the depths of sharply defined realism. We refer the reader to the score of the "Meistersinger," and again, to the first act of "Lohengrin." Would there were space here to comment at length upon the Libretti of Wagner, and their aesthetical purport. A strong conviction of a tremendous, sensuous undercurrent will take possession of him who reads them, not for the words merely, but their suggestions.

To the physical sense, both in word and in tone, Wagner speaks. This is the very ground-work of his creations. Nor do we like the manner of their presentation. We are told in the scores as well as in programme notes—invaluable in their place surely—to believe thus and so of the Wagner compositions, and woe to the unbeliever! The overpowering conceit of the egoism of Wagner threatens to absorb in itself the independent opinion of every musician. Wagner's disciples would force us to say yes when we think and mean no. Let no one suppose us unmindful of the great talents of Wagner. Concerning the genuineness of them there is but one opinion. It is of their tendency that we now speak.

It was our lot to be reared in a household where Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven were looked upon as gods. From earliest childhood the "Well-Tempered Clavichord" of Bach, and the sonatas of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven instilled into our young mind a love for the untold beauties of that musical fairy-land where the imagination chases unrestrainedly the exquisite fancies which this language of the emotions suggests, which never come to the reality of thought, but tell the heart of a noble expansion into some great beyond. In the present period of musical whirl the writer gratefully returns to the principles taught in days long gone by, as the only safe ground upon which to stand.

Years of study do but strengthen a thousand fold the conviction that musical purity can be preserved to us only by following the maxims of these masters. In taking leave of them with whom in our historical concerts we have in the past few months spent many delightful hours, the approach to the atmosphere of modern effect-music was chilling. The passing tribute which we paid to these heroes of music was but the natural and uppermost feeling in our own nature, and a logical result of the lessons we had always learned from their delightfully genial teachings.

GEORGE L. OSGOOD.

April 5.

M. Jules Massenet's "Eve."

[Correspondence of the London Musical Standard.]

PARIS, March 23rd.

"Eve: a Mystery," M. Jules Massenet's latest production, is a musical translation of a remarkable poem from the pen of M. Louis Gallet, who may fairly claim a large share of the applause which greeted the cantata on Thursday last at the Cirque d'Eté. Let me endeavor to give you an outline of the story from which M. Massenet has drawn inspiration. In the poem M. Gallet has borrowed but sparingly from the book of Genesis. His imagination clothes the simple, wonderful history of our first parents in a dress at once French, free and effective, but certainly fanciful. The *dramatis personæ* of the Mystery are Adam, Eve, and the Narrator, and the conflicting spirits of good and evil, who, for the better carrying out of the author's idea, are happily divided into Les Voix du Ciel, Les Voix de la Nature (forming the Angelic element); Les Voix de la Nuit and les Esprits d'l'Abime (the infernal element or Satan). These voices of heaven, nature, night, and spirits of the deep, are of course rendered by the chorus.

The cantata opens with a subdued introduction by the orchestra descriptive of the serenity of nature during the sleep of Adam. The music of the organ and strings rises and falls, swells for an instant and sinks again in a series of beautiful modulations, and the chorus sings (piano)—

L'Homme sommeille sous les palmes;
Des parfums montent dans les airs;
Sous les splendeurs des grands cieux calmes
Tressaillent la terre et les mers.
Dans la solitude première
Où s'est endormi l'Homme-roi
S'ébauche un être fait de grâce et de lumière . . .
Homme, tu n'est plus seul. Lève-toi, lève-toi.

Where the italics appear, the voices change from piano to forte, and at the concluding "Lève-toi" Adam awakes and finds that he has a companion. I have only one reproach to make M. Massenet concerning the whole of this very fine prologue, and that is, an occasional want of originality, as in the line

Dans la solitude première . . .

which recalls memories of Gounod. Then follows a long scene between Adam and Eve, who lose no time in forming themselves into a limited mutual admiration society (if I may say so without failing in respect to the charming stanzas of M. Gallet.) Example:—

(ADAM.) Ton visage est brillant comme la fraiche aurore;
Tes yeux bleux sont pareils à l'azur de la mer.
(EVE.) C'est d'un reflet du ciel que ton front se colore.
Je vois dans tes regards luire un vivant eclair.

Here the composer has written a duo which, with one exception, is the loveliest thing in the Mystery.

The exception is the number that succeeds it, after a short recitative by the Narrator. A confused, low, blurred prelude by the strings (which include two harps), leads up to a purely exquisite chorus, sung by the voices of nature. It is so fresh, so joyous and graceful, that I make no apology for again quoting from the libretto (to which we are indebted for it):—

Au premier sourire de Eve
Il s'élève
Comme un long fremissement.
Par les monts et par les plaines
Des haleines
Se parlent joyeusement.
* * * *
* * * *
Et des lèvres de la Femme
Une flamme
Sur tous les êtres descend.
La création divine
S'illumine
De son regard caressant.

With this the first part of "Eve" closes.

Part II, is devoted to the temptation of woman by Satan. In the voluptuous stillness of a summer night Eve is pensively wandering alone in the forest, while her husband sleeps. She is happy, and yet vaguely conscious of there being something, she knows not what, lacking in her happiness. Then comes to her the Serpent, not in the vulgar, literal shape, but in the far more dangerous and insidious, because formless, form of the voices of the night, and offers to reveal to her the secret of her being. Eve listens, and the Tempter bids her eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, that is to say, according to M. Gallet, passion.

Veux tu posseder la puissance humaine?
Femme, l'amour seul te la donnera.

This quotation gives the key-note to the whole of the second part, which falls far below the standard of the first in every way. It is doubtful whether M. Massenet would care to disclaim the impeachment of its being too dramatic, but such is the case. The conception of it is that of an operatic writer, and every note might have been written rather for a stage Marguerite than for Eve. This is not surprising; indeed, the matter for wonder is rather that the composer has been able to shake off the theatrical shackles so utterly in the first part, than that he should have failed to do so in the second (and third) acts (?)

The last part of the cantata treats of the Fall, and of the quickly following curse and banishment from Eden. The same qualities which mar the preceding portion of the work here re-appear yet more strongly. Despite the warning of the Narrator (who is a sort of guardian angel) Eve succumbs to the seductive voice of Satan, and in her turn communicates her newly acquired knowledge to Adam. He is not proof against its fascination, and under the sinister auspices of the powers of darkness man and woman learn to love (for the which sad blunder posterity has since suffered). Here another duo by Adam and Eve is characterized by much force and passion, and the introduction of the harps has a pleasing effect. Of the epilogue, "La Malédiction," the less said the better. It is artistically worthless, and could be shortly described as pantomime music. The theme of the "Dies irae" appears in it by fits and starts, accompanied by a din of drums, cymbals, and trumpets calculated to make the very meekest worm turn in disapproval. What I remember most clearly in the "malediction" is a terrific crash, as of a hundred cannons being discharged, with which the final phrase of a chorus of the "Voix de la Nature" was emphasized by the orchestra. As an honest chronicler I must record that this noise seemed, however, quite to the taste of the audience, which called loudly for M. Massenet, who, with a modesty very creditable to him, bowed his acknowledgments and retired.

The soloists, M. Lassalle, of the opera (Adam), Mdme. Brunet-Lafleur (Eve), and M. Prunet (Narrator), also came in for their share of applause. Mdme. Brunet Lafleur has a sympathetic, well-trained voice, admirably suited to her rôle; but both she and M. Prunet found their powers rather overtaxed by the size of the hall. The chorus, under the direction of M. Lamoureux, left nothing to be desired; and the orchestra was well up to the mark, as usual.

Example is contagious in music as in most things. There are more cantatas promised us shortly, conspicuous amongst them one by M. Saint-Saens, entitled "Sampson," and a work of M. Gounod, "Jesus on the Lake of Tiberias:" both announced for performance at the Concert du Chatelet next Friday, together with the finale of Beethoven's "Choral Symphony." The whole of the last-mentioned gigantic work was executed at the Conservatoire on Sunday.

M. Franck's oratorio "Redemption," given recently at the Salle Ventadour, is commented on favorably by the critics. Good Friday will be celebrated in the churches here by the performance of Haydn's "Seven Words of Christ," at the Eglise St. Paul, and by the execution of the unfailing "Stabat Mater" at St. Eustache. A version of the "Sept Paroles de Christ" is also promised at the Madeleine.

As to the "Fête d'Alexandre," in consequence of the success of "Eve," and of M. Gounod's "Gallia," its production this season may be looked upon as problematical.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 17, 1875.

Haydn's Seasons.

The Handel and Haydn Society, after giving us a very pleasant taste of "Spring" in their last May Festival, are now ready to fulfil the promise and, with the charm of Haydn's music, lead us round the circle of the "Seasons." It may help to interest some, who are meaning to attend the concert of Wednesday evening, April 28, to add here a few words about the work,—not altogether new, nor could anything new be easily said. Still these hints may be a reminder of some of the good things in a work long out of mind.

The "Seasons" was the last work of Haydn, composed about the year 1798, when he was nearly seventy years old, and certainly displays a marvellous degree of vigor and vivacity of fancy. In some respects it is more interesting than the "Creation," though many of its passages are only reproduced from that and sound, with all their elegance, but too familiar. As a whole, it plainly suffers from its ambiguity of character, being secular, pastoral, almost operatic in its real inspiration, prompted by the impulse to paint the changing phases of Nature and the simple joys of country life, while at the same time striving to secure some of the dignity of Oratorio. It is in just these graver and would-be grander parts that it is weakest. The more elaborate contrapuntal choruses certainly do not compare with "The Heavens are telling" and the other grander moments in the "Creation." But in the lighter and descriptive portions, which form nine-tenths of the work, we find it richer than the Oratorio. And what variety and contrast!

The Overture, portraying the passage from Winter to Spring, is a fine orchestral piece, answering its purpose well; though less quickening to the fancy than Mendelssohn's treatment of the same subject in the prelude to the "Walpurgis Night." The chorus: "Come, gentle Spring," is simply perfect, the very breath and soul of Spring is in those fresh, delicious harmonies. The homely bass air of Simon, describing the husbandman in the field, old as it sounds, recalls the character to the life; all the more that its phrases are familiar, that the tune is almost the same that Rossini caught again from nature afterwards, at a quicker tempo, in his *Zitti, zitti*, and that the orchestra, so richly occupied (how friendlily the bassoon runs along by the side of the voice!), borrows a hacknied subject from the "Surprise" Symphony. The Trio and Chorus: "Be propitious,' the Duet of Jane and Lucas: "Spring, her lovely charms unfolding," the chorus of girls and youths, in short all of this Spring music is delicate and full of Spring; and the closing chorus of thanksgiving is impressive in spite of what we have said above.

In the "Summer," the salient point is the Thunder Storm, so skilfully prepared with recitatives and lowering accompaniment, and worked up to a terrific climax with chorus and orchestra. The transition to the softer chorus after the passing of the storm: "Welcome, gentle sleep!" seems too abrupt, and lacks the true sense of Beethoven. But the "Summer" has many very fine traits. The bass air about the shepherd driving out his flock, the glorious mounting of the Sun (trio and chorus); and especially the tenor Cavatina and recitative about the intense heat: "Distressful nature fainting sinks," are, taken with the instrumental figures, singularly graphic.

In the "Autumn" we have the most stirring of hunting choruses, followed by the still more rousing Wine chorus, with the imitation of the bagpipe and the fiddle: is there not wonderful vivacity and power here for an old man of seventy! But perhaps the original thing of all is the song and chorus of the "Spinning Wheel" in the "Winter;" the "Wheel moves gaily," but the mood is minor and the pensive mind broods on. The instrumental picture of the approach of Winter, and the tenor air describing the traveller perplexed and lost amid the snow, are quite as characteristic as the music of the other seasons.

Historical Concerts.

The second and third Concerts of Messrs. Osgood and Boscovitz, (Feb. 25 and April 2), were interesting and instructive. Of course, limited as they are to the pianoforte alone, the specimens of instrumental music (without the viol family, for instance, which played so important a part from Bach's and Corelli's time), could only partially illustrate the stages of development. In the department of Songs it was easier to do; and in that of choral music, with the aid of the well-trained small choir, significant examples, though necessarily few and far between for want of much more time, could be, and were presented. In the very nature of the case it would be unreasonable to expect much more than scattered, desultory hints, instead of full and satisfactory illustration, of the music of these centuries. Some of the instances too, quite naturally, would seem more quaint and curious, than really significant. Still, with the help of Mr. Osgood's well considered "Historical Notes," to furnish the connecting links, the chain of continuity was obvious.

The second concert was largely occupied with Songs, (some of which had been passed over in the preceding concert). A long and curious string of them, and some of them quite quaint and sweet in their simplicity, now playful and naive, now full of tender pathos! Such were the various German *Volkslieder*, seven of them, from the 13th to the 16th century, melodies which sprang up like wildflowers, no one knows how, nor just precisely when; bearing no author's names; the music of a "sad sincerity" and joy alike sincere, a quality which grows more and more rare in modern song composing. Mr. Osgood seemed to catch the character and spirit of each little song, and reproduced it to a charm. The same may be said of the more artistic Italian songs by Carissimi, Salvator Rosa, and the elder Scarlatti (1660-1700).

These are more conventional in style, more formal and artistic, with perhaps less individuality, and yet quaint and graceful; but the wild strawberry flavor has become tamer in the garden fruit.

Most interesting of all was the melody from a Glee by Hassler (1601): "A pretty face has turned my head"; for the reason that the tune of the Chorale: "Herzlich thut mich verlangen," which occurs so often, harmonized so variously, in Bach's Passion Music, is evidently borrowed from it; when the choir sang the Chorale, there was no mistaking it; and yet how different the expression under its new harmonic dress!

Besides the Bach Chorale, the work of the choir was limited to three short specimens: a five part chorus: "Blessed are they" by Heinrich Schütz (1636); a *Miserere* by Caldara (1720), and a *Regina Angelorum* by Durante (1740),—all good, effective pieces of harmony, especially the second. They were beautifully sung.

Mr. Boscovitz, who has the art of making these old things interesting,—even the more dry and formal of them,—by a certain piquancy of touch, and perhaps more light and shade than they have any pretention to in themselves, chose, for his first example, and by far the most important and the best, the not quite unfamiliar "Chromatic Fantaisie and Fugue" by J. S. Bach; then a Prelude and Fugue by Kirnberger, one of the most genial as well as contrapuntally learned of Bach's immediate successors; then a Chaconne, an Air, and a Hornpipe out of Handel's *Suites*; a so-called "Sonata" by the younger Scarlatti, very slight in respect of musical contents, but made to be very swiftly, deftly played, as an astonishing display of skill in the finger virtuoso of that day. He ended the concert with a *Concerto per il Cembalo*, by Bach's son Philip Emanuel (1714–1788); if we could remember our impression we would try to give it!

In the third programme we find ourselves in what may be called the Sonata period of piano music. The Sonata through Emanuel Bach and Haydn had become a developed form, reaching its highest expression in Beethoven. Mr. Boscovitz played first several smaller pieces, single movements, tending that way (a strong, if somewhat formal Prelude and Capriccio by that learned theorist, Marpurg, 1718–1795; a *Bourée*, a bright and pretty play of fancy, by Krebs; a *Studio* by Grazioli, and a Fantasia by Turini). Then, jumping Haydn; jumping Mozart so far as the full Sonata was concerned, but playing *en passant* his first charming Rondo in C, and the Turkish March from one of his Sonatas,—the latter in the extravagant transcription by Tausig, so that it was in fact no representation of Mozart,—he gave us the Sonata in its glory *à la* Beethoven. It was the third Sonata, Op. 10, in D, that with the sublime slow movement (*Largo*) in D minor, which made a profound impression. There could be no Sonata after that (except from the same exhaustless source); and Mr. Boscovitz went to the opposite extreme in his remaining illustration, that of a merely conventional and utterly empty Sonata by the French Méhul (1763–1817), who could write a good opera of "Joseph and his Brethren," and, like all musicians of his time, could put some graceful finger exercises into a Sonata form for pupils, without much thought of contents (*Inhalt*). The selection really served no purpose, unless it were to show that Sonata-writing was a matter of course with musicians in that day; but where it was creation, poetry, with one or two, it was manufacture with the hundreds.

The Choral pieces were: one in five parts by Haydn: "Lo, my Shepherd's hand divine," which did not strike us as one of the choice *gems* of Haydn's art, as did the Mozart *Ave verum*, which is a most satisfying and perfect piece of rich, pure, devout harmony. For the rest, the concert closed with smaller part-songs: a beautiful and tranquil one by Kuhlau ("Over all the tree-tops is rest"); then a three-part Canon for male voices, which Beethoven composed when a pupil with Albrechtsberger, but which is hardly worth more as an illustration than the classical "Three blind mice;" probably a thing he wrote down idly on the back of the bill of fare after dinner!—finally two rather ordinary part-songs, one a Volkslied: "Holy Night," the other, "German Consecration Song" by Methfessel.

Mr. Osgood sang two of the less familiar and most charming Canzonets of Haydn: "Sympathy" and "Piercing eyes;" Beethoven's sweetly solemn, beautiful setting of Mignon's "Knowst thou the land?"; and three well contrasted songs by Schubert: the "Barcarolle," "Am Meer" (By the Sea), and "Frühlingsglaube" (Spring faith.) It seemed to us he never sang with truer feeling and with finer taste; and as he had Mr. DRESEL for accompanist, all of these songs had fullest justice done them.

The fourth and last Historical Concert will be April 30.

Musical Festival in Cincinnati.

Encouraged by the success of their first experiment in 1873, the Cincinnati Committee have been very busily engaged in preparing and in heralding a second great Musical Festival, which, according to the "official" programme, filling a pamphlet of fifty pages, seems to be relied upon to outshine all that has been done there or elsewhere heretofore. It will occupy four days (May 11, 12, 13 and 14). Its inspiration has come this time, as before, from Theodore Thomas, who is to direct the whole, and whom his loyal Committee, in their pamphlet, glorify as the man to whom we in this country owe all our "appreciation and love of what is purest and best in music," even "what is known as *classic* music," (though not a few of us remember at least fancying we loved it before he was born).

Mr. Thomas has for adjutants, Mr. Otto Singer, master of the chorus, which is very large, and Mr. Dudley Buck as organist. The principal vocal performers are Mrs. H. M Smith, Miss Abbie Whinery, Miss Annie Louise Cary, Miss Emma Cranch, Mr. Wm. J. Winch, Mr. H. Alex. Bischoff, Mr. M. W. Whitney, and Franz Remmertz,—largely drawn from Boston. There is also to be a chorus from the public schools. The orchestra, carefully enlarged, numbers 15 first violins, 15 second, 10 violas, 10 'cellos, 9 double basses, 3 flutes, besides piccolo, 4 oboes and English horn, 4 clarionets, 1 bass clarionet, 4 bassoons, 4 horns, 12 cornets, (probably for the heralds in "Lohengrin"), 3 trombones, 2 tubas, drums, etc.

The scheme embraces four evening Concerts and three Matinées. Brahms heads the grand tone-procession, on the opening night, with his "Triumphal Hymn," op. 55, for baritone solo, eight part chorus, organ and orchestra; and the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven follows. Then an intermission of from half an hour to an hour, for promenade, etc., and the second part consists of the Prelude and selected scenes from "Lohengrin."

First Matinée, Wednesday. Second Overture to *Leonore*, Beethoven; "In native Worth," from the *Creation*, (W. J. Winch); Aria from Mozart's *Tito*: "Parto ma tu ben mio," (Miss Cranch, with clarionet obligato); Scherzo from Mendelssohn's "Reformation" Symphony; Aria from Meyerbeer's *L'Etoile du Nord*, (Mrs. Smith), Hungarian Dances, Brahms. —After Intermission: Overture and Wolfram's Romance from *Tannhäuser*; a *new* "Meditation" by Gounod, played by all the violins, with Corno Anglais obligato; Air from Mignon, (Miss Cary); Trio from *William Tell*, sung by Messrs. Bischoff, Remmertz and Whitney; Overture to *Tell*.

Second Night. Oratorio *Elijah*, Mendelssohn The Solos by Mrs. Smith, Miss Whinery, Miss Cary Miss Cranch, Mr. Whitney (as the Prophet), Mr. Winch and Mr. Bischoff.

Second Matinée, with chorus of the school children, who are to sing a Prayer by Gluck; "Night shades no longer," by Rossini; a Cantata in "Praise of Friendship" by Mozart, with solos by Mrs. Smith, Miss Whinery and Miss Cranch; "Strike the Cymbal," by Pucitta; and "My country, 'tis of thee." Mrs. Smith sings the "Spirit Song" by Haydn, and "Springtime" by Fesca; Miss Whinery, "Infelice" (Concert Aria), by Mendelssohn; Miss Cranch, "Vaga Donna" from the *Huguenots*; Mr. Bischoff, Schubert's "Die Allmacht," and Aria from "Tell"; and Mr. Whitney, the Pedlar's Song from Mendelssohn's "Son and Stranger." The orchestra plays a Festival Overture, by Ed. Lassen, "Huldigung's Marsch," by Wagner, and the "Devil's Darning Needle," which is a Strauss waltz.

Third Night, Thursday, offers two great works: Bach's *Magnificat* in D, (first time in America), for solo voices, chorus, orchestra and organ; and the Ninth Symphony. Who would not like to be there and hear!

Third Matinée. Beethoven's Overture, op. 124, ("Consecration of the House"); Beethoven's Arietta: "In questa tomba," (Whitney); Mozart's "Dove Sono" (Miss Whinery); "Be thou faithful," from *St. Paul* (Winch); "Che Farò," from *Orfeo* (Miss Cranch); Introduction to 3d act, Walther's Prize Song, and the Overture, to Wagner's *Meistersinger*. —Second part: Overture to *Oberon*, followed by Quartet from the same: "Over the dark blue waters" (Miss Whinery, Miss Cranch, Messrs. Winch and Bischoff; "Pieta," from *Le Prophète* (Miss Cary); "Oh ruddier than the cherry," Handel, (Whitney); Liszt's Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 2, for orchestra; Quartet by Verdi (Mrs. Smith, Miss Cary, Messrs. Bischoff and Whitney).

The fourth evening Concert begins with Schubert's great Symphony, No. 9, in C, of the "heavenly length", after which Wotan sings farewell to Brunhilde, and stirs up his magic wild fire. After the Intermission, the Festival concludes, as it began, with one of the prophets of the New School, namely Liszt, whose Symphonic Poem "Prometheus," with solo voices, chorus and orchestra, will be performed.

Surely variety enough, and much that will be most interesting! The "classics" of the Future (if they live long enough, they may earn the title), have almost the lion's share; but whether they tend to "elevate the standard" in music, whether in exciting wonder and sensation, they at the same time serve the "Religion of Art," (as the programme book has it), lacks as yet the full test of experience. The term is not too strong a one for such love as one may feel for music of Beethoven, Bach, etc.; are there, perhaps, *two* Religions, wide apart as these and Wagner, and will they ever meet, one going East, the other West?

The pamphlet abounds in all needed information about the artists, the works to be performed, the hall and all the arrangements, and spares not the superlatives, with a pride quite natural to so formidable an enterprise. The Festival will no doubt excite attention far and wide, and will repay a pilgrimage to our sister city of—not now the West—but Centre.

"PARADISE AND THE PERI" The repetition of Schumann's beautiful Cantata, as announced to be sung by The Cecilia, with the Harvard Orchestra, in the Music Hall, had to be abandoned for the present season; and for the simple reason that the music-loving public, probably from sheer satiety after so much musical excitement, seemed quite indifferent to so rare an opportunity. To have given it again, at so unpropitious a moment, would have entailed a serious loss. Strange, that crowds can still be drawn by the tom-foolery of "spelling matches" (were Wagner here, he might compose a spelling opera,—the *Meistersperler*), while a great musical work of genius lacks audience!

But Cecilia had her revenge in a more private social way, by inviting her friends to Horticultural Hall, on Wednesday evening, and there singing it with simply the pianoforte accompaniment. And the entertainment was really delightful. What was lost in some degree in the great spaces of the Music Hall, was here appreciated more nearly at its full value. The remarkably fine voices which compose this chorus, were at least fairly *heard* for once, and the excellence of their singing was appreciated; their sound was neither covered up by an overpowering orchestra, nor lost in space. The singers, too, had given it further practice, and felt more at home in the music; and it was sung much better than before. The chorus with Soprano solo at the end of the second part: "Sleep on," was as pure and perfect a piece of chorus singing as we ever heard; equally fine was the solo in it by Miss BEEBE, (who sang the part of the Peri throughout with great sweetness of voice, purity of style, and true artistic feeling); And how rich the undercurrent of the bass voices as they came in with their suggestive independent motive! The series of choruses with solos which compose the grand exciting scene at the end of the first part, were given with great spirit; and the light romantic choruses of the Genii of the Nile, the Houris, &c., were exquisite.

The solos, with the exception of Miss Beebe, were given as before, and all won merited applause, Miss ITA WELSH still growing into favor. The principal solo for the baritone: "And now o'er Syria's rosy plain," omitted before, was beautifully sung by Mr. WINCH; if it produced no marked effect, it was because the music is of a quality which (like many of the finest passages of the work), requires a closer knowledge for the appreciation of its beauty. —Altogether, the performance was a remarkable success, and nobody will doubt now that The Cecilia is one of our musical forces by all means worth preserving. It has shown what it can do; we look for still better things from it another year.

The only drawback in this repetition was, as we have said, the want of an orchestra. Mr. LANG's attention had to be divided between conducting and playing at the piano, in which latter task he was relieved from time to time by Mr. TUCKER and Mr. ARTHUR FOOTE, a graduate of the last class at Harvard.

NEW YORK, APRIL 12. At the fifth concert of the N. Y. Philharmonic Society, on Saturday evening March 20, the following programme was given:

PART I.

Symphony No. 4, in D ..... Mozart.
1. Adagio ed Allegro. 2. Andante. 3. Finale Presto.

Concerto for the violin (new) ..... Damrosch.
Dr. Leopold Damrosch.

Overture, "Leonora," No. 3 ..... Beethoven.

PART II.

Symphony No. 3, in A minor, op. 56 (Scotch) Mendelssohn.

Overture, "Flying Dutchman" ..... Wagner.

In Mozart's graceful work passages of airy playfulness alternate with themes of grave tenderness, almost sadness. Although in all of Mozart's music there is a smile behind the tears. The Mendelssohn Symphony is the outcome of what the composer called his "misty Scotch mood;" and a wonderfully suggestive mood it is. There is no finer piece of tone painting.

Both these works, as well as the "Leonora" overture, were well performed. An attempt to play the overture to the "Flying Dutchman," an interesting specimen of Wagner's earliest style, resulted in utter failure, the piece being distorted almost beyond recognition. It is a disgrace not to be able to play Wagner's music, which opens a field of special study and demands an immense

amount of practice, but it is unfair to give performances which are merely a burlesque of the composer's style. [Is it not sometimes a burlesque on itself? Ed.]

Dr. Damrosch is an excellent violinist, and a musician who has rendered valuable service in the advancement of music in our city; but the most indulgent of his hearers must have found his violin concerto disappointing and wearisome. A good deal of skill and ingenuity as well as hard study were shown in its construction; but the work is not artistic nor well balanced.

Next on the concert-list came Theodore Thomas' sixth and last Symphony Concert of the season, which took place at Steinway Hall on Saturday evening, April 10th; two symphonies were performed in each of which the composer was represented at his best. Mozart by his Symphony in C, called "Jupiter," and Beethoven by the sublime seventh symphony, which is the very crystalization of the fulness of his powers. Both of these great works were splendidly interpreted, and the concert was such as befits the close of a season of more than ordinary success and artistic significance. The only remaining number upon the programme was Rubinstein's new Concerto for piano and orchestra, No. 5, in E flat, Op. 94, played by Mme. Madeline Schiller. It is a work to be read between the lines and not hastily judged; the themes as a rule are given out boldly by the orchestra, repeated by the piano, and elaborated in a manner which would fairly test the powers of such a Titan among pianists as Rubinstein. Mme. Schiller played the Concerto intelligently and well, receiving two rounds of applause after her performance.

We have had a week of English opera, at the Academy, by the Kellogg troupe, beginning March 29th and terminating April 3d. Balfe's posthumous Opera, "The Talisman," was among the works represented. The attendance was small and the performances do not call for extended notice. These representations are patronized chiefly by a class of people who, while regarding the legitimate Italian Opera as but little better than a device of the evil one, take to it kindly, on local or patriotic grounds, when it is clothed in ill fitting English and interpreted by American singers. I can imagine a kind of English Opera which would be a very pleasing addition to our fund of entertainments and doubtless we may sometime have a theatre, like the Opera Comique in Paris, where the performances are artistic and refined without being stilted, and where the singers attempt no more than they can fairly perform. Miss Kellogg is admirably fitted to take part in such an enterprise, as all know who have heard her sing in "Crispino" or "Fra Diavolo," and kindred works.

Max Maretzek began a brief season of Italian Opera on Friday last with Flotow's' L'Ombra." This opera which is written for four voices only, without chorus, is said to bear a striking resemblance to "Martha." The affair seems to be arranged for the purpose of enabling two young debutants to sing in public on the stage, and it is probably highly gratifying to all concerned.

The Mendelssohn Glee Club gave their third concert [ninth season] on Tuesday evening last. These concerts, being private affairs, do not come within the line of newspaper notice; but I may say that the programme was very interesting, embracing songs by Schumann, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Wagner and others. At this concert I heard several pieces of Chopin-music charmingly played by Mr. Richard Hoffman, who also played two of his own compositions.

Mr. Thomas announces two extra concerts, the last of the season, for Friday evening April 16th and Saturday afternoon April 17th. At the evening concert Beethoven's symphony No. 2 in D will be performed, and at the matinée Mendelssohn's "Reformation" symphony. Miss Annie Louise Cary will sing at both concerts.

A. A. C.

Royal Italian Opera (Covent Garden.)

(From the Musical World.)

Mr. Gye has issued his prospectus of the coming season, which will begin on Easter Tuesday, with a performance of *Guillaume Tell*—a good beginning, as far as choice of opera goes, and a vast improvement upon the *Trovatore* and *Traviata* of a few years back. The document will strike every one as almost stern in its business simplicity. No commercial "report" could be less marked by gush. Nothing, save the orchestra, has a word of praise; and even the *prime donne* are passed with a simple mention of their names. This is as it should be, for two reasons; first, because only thus can the operatic prospectus redeem its character; and next, because the public do not want to be told through its means who and what they are to admire. Familiar operas and well-known artists have had their merits appraised already; while with regard to new works and *débutants*, the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and not in the words of those who have interests at stake. We commend the reticence of Mr. Gye's announcement, therefore, and hope it may be accepted as a model for all future time.

The manager, it will be observed, has not added many fresh names to his list of artists. Nor, on the other hand, has he taken any away from last season's roll. In point of fact it may be said that, substantially, the *troupe* of 1875 is that of 1874. How much this statement involves need scarcely be pointed out. It means Patti, Albani, Vilda, Marimon, D'Angeri, Sinico, Scalchi, Nicolini, Bolis, Bettini, Graziani, Maurel, Cotogni, Faure, Bagagiolo, Capponi, Ciampi—not a bad company, we believe, and one that many a subventioned manager would give his eyes to possess. The season might run its course very well with such a band of artists, but, as the public look for some new faces, Mr. Gye promises five *débutants*, respecting whom nothing is said and nothing known. The chief of them, indeed, Mdlle. Thalberg, has never yet appeared on any stage, but comes to us, so to speak out of the dark. It is not the fault of this young lady that much is expected of her. She cannot help being the child of her parents, but, nevertheless, their reputation will be present to the minds of the audience when she appears; and in proportion will they raise their hopes. Report goes that Mdlle. Thalberg possesses the requisites of eminence in her profession. This, we trust, will prove to be the case, for the sake of the name she bears, as much as for that of the theatre which will run the risk of her *début*. The remaining new comers—Mdlle. Proch, Signor De Sanctis, Herr Scideman, and Signor Tamagno—arouse no feeling of any sort. They will be patiently waited for, and, no doubt, received with the coldness shown by a Covent Garden audience towards all absolutely unknown people.

In other respects, the *personnel* of the establishment remains unchanged. Signor Vianesi and Signor Bevignani continue at their post as joint conductors; Mdlle. Girod will be again the principal dancer, in association with two strangers, Mdlle. Ricci and Travelli; Mr. Carrodus "leads" the orchestra, Mr. Betjemann the ballet; Mr. Pittman is again organist; Signor Corsi superintends the chorus, and M. Desplaces acts as stage-manager. With regard to the chorus and orchestra, Mr. Gye bids us look for considerable augmentation on particular occasions, which means, it is to be presumed, when Herr Richard Wagner dominates the scene. Otherwise, these important bodies will be in numbers as in excellence, what they have been in seasons past. It must be granted that Mr. Gye has done well to keep his "old guard" about him. They have done their devoir in by-gone campaigns, and nobody who owns a sword of proof lightly throws it away for a new weapon, however the virgin steel may glitter.

Turning to the repertoire of the season we find a list of four operas, concerning which it is said that at least three will be produced. Two of the four are revivals: Gounod's *Romeo et Juliette* being promised after a retirement of seven years; and *Semiramide* after a much longer withdrawal. Rossini's opera is often played at the other houses, and, therefore, will hardly excite curiosity, even with Mdme. Vilda as the Queen, and M. Faure as Assur. The case is different with regard to *Romeo et Juliette*. We have, its true, no longer a Mario to look and act the lover in perfection; but Nicolini is a good substitute as times go, and Patti remains, a better Juliette, if possible, than ever. For others reasons it is well that Mr. Gye has succeeded in removing the obstacles to our further acquaintance with an important, and, in some respects, very interesting work. Herold's *Le Prés aux Clercs* is the third opera promised, but we fear that our chances of hearing it are not great. Mr. Gye announces no cast, neither does he say to whom the labor of adapting the opera for an Italian stage has been entrusted. This disappointment, however, can be borne, provided the promise of Wagner's *Lohengrin* be faithfully carried out. Hardly, we imagine, would an manager venture now to trifle with the public curiosity about Wagner's operas. Time was when only a few cared for them, the rest being content to remain in ignorance. But now amateurs are in earnest, and indisposed to put up with further disappointment.

Mr. Gye, we feel sure, will do what he has said he will; and the event of the season, the talk of the season, we may, perhaps, add the success of the season, cannot fail to be *Lohengrin*. In the cast we find the names of Albani, D'Angeri, Proch, Maurel, Bagagiolo, and Nicolini; and as scenery and decorations will, doubtless, prove worthy of the Royal Italian Opera, we may expect a performance of merit such as the composer himself would applaud.

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'Tis the sweet angel thought of our dreaming,
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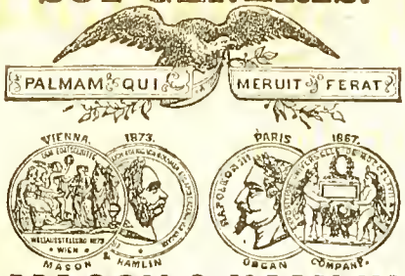

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 888. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1875. VOL. XXXV. No. 2.

To A Lilac.

BY THOMAS W. PARSONS.

O Lilac, in whose purple well
Youth *in perpetuo* doth dwell,
My fancy feels thy fragrant spell.

Of all that morning dew-drops feed,
All flowers of garden, field or mead,
Thou art the first in childhood's creed;

And even to me thy breath, in spring,
Hath power, a little while, to bring
Back to my heart its blossoming.

I seem again, with pupil's pace,
And happy, shining, morning face,
Bound school ward, running learning's race.

Thou, too, recall'st the tender time,
After my primer, ere my prime,
When love was born and life was rhyme.

My morning ramble, all alone;
My moonlit walk by haunted stone;
My love, that ere it fledged was flown!

At noon, tired out with hateful task,
I fling aside my worldling's mask,
And for my bunch of lilac ask.

At vesper-time Celestial tea
Hath no refreshment like to thee,
Whose breath is nourishment to me.

At midnight, when my friends are gone,
And I sit down to ponder on
The day, what it hath lost or won—

Thy perfume, like a flageolet
That once, by dark Bolsena's lake,
What time the sun made golden set,
I heard (and seem to hear it yet)!
A thousand memories doth awake:
Of busied boyhood's vanished powers;
Of young ambition flushed with praise;
Of old companions, and of hours
That had the sunshine of whole days;
Of Italy and Roman ways;
Of Tuscan ladies, courteous, and fair,
And kind as beautiful,—forbear,
O Memory, those impassioned eyes!
Beware, for that way madness lies!

Sweet lilac, thou art come to June,
And all our orioles are in tune:
Thy doom is—to be withering soon.

And so, farewell! for other flowers
Must have their day; and mortal powers
Cannot love all things at all hours.

Soon I shall have my *flower de luce*,
And the proud peony, whose use
It is to teach me pride's abuse.

For proud am I as proud can be;
But when that crimson gaud I see,
My lilac's memory comes to me!

The Religion of Beauty.

(From the first number (July, 1840) of "The Dial.")

The devout mind is a lover of nature. Where there is beauty it feels at home. It has not then to shut the windows of the senses, and take refuge from the world within its own thoughts, to find eternal life. Beauty never limits us, never degrades us. We are free spirits when with nature. The outward scenery of our life, when we feel it to be beautiful, is always commensurate with the grandeur of our inward ideal aspiration; it reflects encouragingly the heart's highest, brightest dreams; it does not contradict the soul's convictions of a higher life; it tells us that we are safe in believing the thought which to us seems noblest. If we have no sense of beauty, the world is nothing more than a place to keep us in. But when the skies and woods reveal their loveliness, then nature seems a glorious picture, of which our own inmost soul is the painter and our own loves and longings the subject. It is the apt accompaniment to the silent song of the beholder's heart.

The greatest blessing, which could be bestowed on the weary multitude, would be to give them the sense of beauty; to open their eyes for them, and let them see how richly we are here surrounded, what a glorious temple we inhabit, how every part of it is eloquent of God. The love of nature grows with the growth of the soul. Religion makes man sensible to beauty; and beauty in its turn disposes to religion. Beauty is the revelation of the soul to the senses. In all this outward beauty, those soft swells and curves of the landscape, which seem to be the earth's smile;—this inexhaustible variety of forms and colors and motion, not promiscuous, but woven together in as natural a harmony as the thoughts in a poem; this mysterious hieroglyphic of the flowers; this running alphabet of tangled vine and bending grass studded with golden points; this all embracing perspective of distance rounding all together into one rainbow-colored sphere, so perfect that the senses and the soul roam abroad over it unsated, feeling the presence and perfection of the whole in each part; this perfect accord of sights, sounds, motions, and fragrance, all tuned to one harmony, out of which run melodies inexhaustible of every mood and measure;—in all this, man first feels that God is without him, as well as within him, that nature too is holy; and can he bear to find himself the sole exception?

Does not the season, then, does not nature, does not the spontaneous impulse of an open heart, which has held such sublime worship through its senses, more than justify an attempt to show how the religious sentiments may be nourished by a cultivation of the sense of beauty?

This should be a part of our religious education. The heart pines and sickens, or grows hard and contracted and unbelieving, when it cannot have beauty. The love of nature ends in the love of God. It is impossible to feel beauty, and not feel that there is a spirit there. The sensualist, the materialist, the worshipper of chance is cheated of his doubts, the moment this mystery overtakes him in his walks. This surrounding presence of beautiful nature keeps the soul buoyed up forever into its element of freedom, where its action is cheerful, healthful, and unwearied; where duty becomes lovely, and the call to worship, either by prayer or by self-sacrifice, is music to it. He, in whom this sense is open, is put, as it were, in a magnetic communication with a life like his own, which flows in around him, go where he may. In nature we forget our loneliness. In nature we feel the same Spirit, who made it and pervades it, holding *us* up also. Through the open sense of beauty, all we see preaches and prophesies to us. Without it, when no such sensibility exists, how hard a task is faith! how hard to feel that God is here! how unlovely looks religion! As without the air, the body could not breathe; so without beauty, the heart and religious nature seem to want an element to live in. Beauty is the moral atmosphere. The close, unseemly school-house, in which our infancy was cramped,—of how much natural faith did it not rob us! In how unlovely a garb did we first see Knowledge and Virtue! How uninteresting seemed Truth, how unfriendly looked Instruction; with what mean associations were the names of God and Wisdom connected in our memory! What a violation of nature's peace seemed Duty! what an intrusion upon the mind's rights! What rebellion has been nurtured within us by the ugly confinements to which artificial life and education have accustomed us! How insensible and cold it has made us to the expressive features of God's works, always around us, always inviting us to high, refreshing converse!

I hold, then, that without a cultivation of the sense of beauty, chiefly to be drunken from the open fountains of nature, there can be no healthy and sound moral development. The man so educated lacks something most essential. He is one sided, not of a piece with nature; and however correct, however much master of himself, he will be uninteresting, unencouraging, and uninviting. To the student of ancient history, the warm hearted, graceful Greek, all alive to nature, who made beauty almost his religion, is a more refreshing object, than the cold, formal Jew. And here around us, resist it as we may, our hearts are always drawn towards the open, graceful children of impulse, in preference to the stiff, insensible patterns of virtue. The latter may be very unexceptionable, but at the same time very unreal. The former, though purposeless and careless they play through life, yet have trusted themselves to nature, and been ravished by her beauty, and nature will not let them become very bad.

Consider a few of the practical effects upon the whole character of a growing love of beauty in the young mind.

It disposes to order. It gives birth in the mind to an instinct of propriety. It suggests imperceptibly, it inclines gently, but irresistibly, to the fit action, to the word in season. The beauty which we see and feel plants its seeds in us. Gazing with delight on nature, our will imperceptibly becomes attuned to the same harmony. The sense of beauty is attended with a certain reverence; we dare not mar what looks so perfect. This sense, too, has a something like conscience contained in it; we feel bound to do and be ourselves something worthy of the beauty we are permitted to admire. This feeling, while it makes alive and quickens, yet is eminently conservative, in the best sense. He, who has it, is always interested on the side of order, and of all dear and hallowed associations. He, who wants it, is as destructive as a Goth. The presence of beauty, like that of nature, as soon as we feel it at all overcomes us with respect, and a certain sensitive dread of all violence, mischief, or discord. The beautiful ideal piece of architecture bears no mark of wanton penknife. The handsome school-room makes the children neat. The instinct of obedience, of conciliation, of decorum, reverence, and harmony, flows into the soul with beauty. The calm spirit of the landscape takes possession of the humble, yet soul-exalted admirer. Its harmony compels the jangling chords within himself into smoother modulations. Therefore "walk out," like Isaac, "at even-tide to meditate," and let nature, with her divine stillness, take possession of thee. She shall give thee back to thyself better, more spiritual, more sensible of thy relationship with all things, and that in wronging any thou but woundest thyself.

Another grace of character, which the sense of beauty gives the mind, is freedom—the freedom of fond, obedience, not of loose desire. The man, whose eyes and soul are open to the beauty there is around him, sees everywhere

encouragement. To him the touch of nature's hand is warm and genial. The air does not seem to pinch him, as it does most narrow-minded ones, who can see no good in anything but gain; to whose utilitarian vision most that is natural looks hostile. He is not contracted into himself by cautious fear and suspicion, afraid to let his words flow freely, or his face relax in confidence, or his limbs move gracefully, or his actions come out whole and hearty. He trusts nature; for he has kissed her loveliness; he knows that she smiles encouragement to him. Now think what it is that makes virtue so much shunned. Partly, our depraviiy, if you please. But partly, also, her numerous ungraceful specimens. For it is the instinctive expectation of all minds, that what is excellent shall also be beautiful, lovely, natural, and free. Most of the piety, we see about us, is more or less the product of restraint and fear. It stands there in spectral contrast with nature. Approve it we may; but we cannot love it. It does not bear the divine stamp; it chills, not converts. The love of nature wakes in us an ideal of moral beauty, of an elevation of character which shall look free and lovely, something that shall take its place naturally and as a matter of course in the centre of nature, as the life of Jesus did.

Again, the love of beauty awakens higher aspirations in us. He, who has felt the beauty of a summer like this, has drunk in an infinite restlessness, a yearning to be perfect, and by obedience free. He can never more rest contented with what he is. And here is the place, to attempt some account of the true significance of beauty, and of what is its office to the soul.

Beauty always suggests the thought of the perfect. The smallest beautiful object is as infinite as the whole world of stars above us. So we feel it. Everything beautiful is emblematic of something spiritual. Itself limited, its meanings and suggestions are infinite. In it we seem to see all in one. Each beautiful thing, each dew-drop, each leaf, each true work of painter's, poet's, or musician's art, seems an epitome of the creation. Is it not God revealed through the senses? Is not every beautiful thing a divine hint thrown out to us? Does not the soul begin to dream of its own boundless capacities, when it has felt beauty? Does not immortality then, for the first time, cease to be a name, a doctrine, and become a present experience? When the leaves fall in autumns they turn golden as they drop. The cold wind, tell us of coming winter and death; but they tell it in music. All is significant of decay; but the deep, still, harmonious beauty surpasses all felt in summer or spring before. We look on it, and feel that it cannot die. The Eternal speaks to us from the midst of decay. We feel a melancholy; but it is a sweet, religious melancholy, lifting us in imagination above death—since above the grave of the summer so much real beauty lingers.

The beautiful, then, is the spiritual aspect of nature. By cherishing a delicate sensibility to it, we make nature preach us a constant lesson of faith; we find all around an illustration of the life of the spirit. We surround ourselves with a constant cheerful exhortation to duty. We render duty lovely and inviting. We find the soul's deep inexpressible thoughts written around us in the skies, the far blue hills, and swelling waters.

But then to this desirable result one stern condition must be observed. If the sense of beauty disposes to purity of heart; so equally purity of heart is all that can keep the sense of beauty open. All influences work mutually. "One hand must wash the other," said the poet. The world is loveliest to him, who looks out on it through pure eyes.

Sweet is the pleasure,
Itself cannot spoil!
Is not true leisure
One with true toil?

Thou that wouldst taste it,
Still do thy best;
Use it, not waste it,
Else 'tis no rest.

Wouldst behold beauty
Near thee? all round?
Only hath duty
Such a sight found.

Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear, without strife,
Fleeing to ocean
After its life.

Deeper devotion
Nowhere hath knelt;
Fuller emotion
Heart never felt.

'Tis loving and serving
The Highest and Best!
'Tis ONWARDS! unswerving,
And that is true rest.

D.

The New College of Music.

(From the New York Tribune, April 17.)

The mysterious hints of the purposes and preparations of the unknown benefactor who is getting ready to give us a free college of music in this city leave no doubt that the scheme is well advanced, and that money in abundance will be supplied to put it in operation. The endowment, we are assured, is likely to be the largest ever given to a musical institute in any part of the world; and if money alone could create a great school of art we should feel a reasonable certainty that New York would soon rival Paris and Leipsic as a centre of musical culture. So much depends, however, upon intelligent direction, that we confess we look upon the promised gift with no slight apprehension. It is offered as a blessing; it may easily be converted into a curse. Instead of advancing art it may encourage charlatanism, debase the popular taste, and make us the laughing stock of the world. So much money expended on one branch of æsthetics will either do great good or incalculable harm, and we devoutly hope the kind-hearted and public-spirited founder will put his money into the hands of trustees or directors who understand art as well as finance, and who realize what it is that our people really need.

After all, it may be questioned whether our progress in music is retarded so much by the want of schools as by the ignorance and indifference of the general public. The country is full of singers and pianists who have acquired in one way or another, some at home and some abroad, a good musical education, yet are doing nothing for art, and earning neither wealth nor credit by the exercise of their special gift, merely because they find no market for their best work. Any of our readers could name at this moment twenty or thirty musical performers in New York alone whose names are forever on concert programmes, and whose ability as executants is beyond question; but how many of them are making any permanent impression upon the public, or doing anything to improve the general taste or raise the standard of musical culture? The quality of their performance is not regulated by their previous education, but by the applause of the concert-room, and so nine-tenths of them sink at once to the level of the community out of which they get their living. Perhaps what we really need is a Conservatory which shall instruct audiences as well as performers; teach young people the technicality and theory of art, and at the same time show the world the value of such lessons in practice.

Incidentally we know the new college promises to attempt this, but in the wrong way. The pupils are to give public performances, with the proceeds of which it is supposed the institution can be supported. This is a mistake from every point of view. The effect would be equally bad upon the pupils, the public taste, and the exchequer of the college. But if there could be established in connection with the Conservatory a regular annual series of the best classical concerts—and perhaps operatic performances likewise—with the finest orchestra and chorus that could be brought together; if it could be assured that here from week to week—or why not from day to day?—the masterpieces of music should be executed in perfection under an able director and at a moderate charge to the public, music in America would receive a new impulse. We should have enlightened audiences and ambitious performers, an appreciative reception for deserving works of art, a field for the employment of whatever talent the classes of the Conservatory might develop, a standard for the measurement of humbugs, and the nucleus of a truly musical public. All the rest would be easy.

The Opera Season in London.

The Interior of Covent Garden — A Brilliant Spectacle— London Society in Layers— Decadence of Opera in England—A Gloomy Criticism.

Correspondence of the Boston Post.

London, April 1, 1875.

In Paris everybody who aspires to the designation of "bon ton" considers it an essential point to be present at the first representation of a new opera or play. Especially is this the case when in the early autumn the Grand Opera is reopened for the season. Then you see Parisian toilettes at their best, and Parisian notabilities in greatest number; and nothing, in a social point of view, is more brilliant than the opera house on an opening night. The managers bring out on that occasion the choicest selection from their repertoires and parade their trump cards in the way of artists and artistes. The first night is a sort of advertisement of the whole ensuing season. It decides the fate of a new play, and gives prophecy of what the lyrical season is to be. It is very different in more prosaic London. Everybody is glad when Covent Garden and Her Majesty's open in the early Spring; but nobody is especially anxious to be present on the opening night. Messrs. Gye and Mapleson precede the season by a great flourish of trumpets, with pronunciamentos which take up a column in the Times, and which make the ears tingle with anticipatory harmonies. But they begin their actual work with modesty and moderation. The first night, with them, is by no means a "great night." The opera chosen for the occasion is not that intended to be the sensation of the season; the star prima donna is not called upon to appear; the season reaches its climax by a gradual ascent. Yet the first night, as all nights, is apt to be profitable to the managers, for it is rarely that you will see a vacant seat in Covent Garden, vast as it is, after the performance has begun. The first performance at this house for the present season took place night before last. The opera chosen was Rossini's "William Tell," and in the role of performers there was not a single name ever heard of in England three years ago. Yet there was one of those eminently satisfactory houses which the eye of one interested in observing London society in gala delights to range over. There was no cramming and jamming crowd such as flocks to Covent Garden on a first night of Patti or Nilsson; the house was just full, and here you have an epitome of every grade of British society, except that which honorable gentlemen in the House of Commons are in the habit of characterizing as the "lower classes." Majesty sits in the satin-draped boxes which you see on the right of the stage, with the royal coat of arms above them. The greater nobility occupy the larger boxes near and opposite. Then, in the lower range of boxes sweeping round the semi-circle, which we should call the balcony, are the nobility in general, the wealthier gentry, with here and there a sprinkling of gold-gorged "city-men." What we should call the "parquet" and the English the "stalls" are occupied by people in the "best society," here and there a man and woman of title, in some part bachelor club loungers, and dowagers, and other "detached" folks of high life who have not enough of a family to justify a box. The "stalls" are comfortable, red-cushioned, single seats, ranged in straight lines across the floor; and "evening dress" is the regulation which must absolutely and positively be observed by those who wish to occupy them. Rising to the second and third galleries (the ten shilling, seven-and-six-pence, and five shilling places), you find eminent but untitled respectability. If Belgravia and Eaton square are found in the boxes and stalls, Bloomsbury and Russell square may be said to swarm in the second and third tiers. There is still one step, in one sense higher and in another lower.

The amphitheatre is the Olympus of the people. It is always crammed. It is only to be reached by falling in queue in the street an hour or so before the performance begins. It is here that one may listen to the divinest music, and witness the most ethereal of ballet dancing for the moderate sum of "half-a-crown," or sixty-two cents. Here you will find clerks and cads of all sorts, small shop-keepers with wives and daughters, counterjumpers and commercial travellers with sisters and sweethearts. I verily believe that the amphitheatre is the happiest portion of the three thousand listeners to the works of the *maestri*. To get a front seat in the amphitheatre requires work and patience; and a man enjoys a thing more that he has worked for, especially if it is an amusement. When there is an encore, it starts in the stalls, and is echoed with tenfold volume in the amphitheatre. In the intervals between the acts—which at Covent Garden are frightfully long—you see a curious sight in the corridors and ante-rooms. For once every shade of English society melts into the others. Princes eat ices cheek by jowl with haberdashers. You know not whether you are jostling a Duke or a draper. People meet on a common ground of sympathy for ice cream and coffee cake. It is a reunion to which all the world is invited, and to which all the world goes. As I sit among the eminently respectable in the second tier, I look along the line of boxes, and up and down the wide balcony, and mentally contrast the British physique and toilettes with the physique and toilettes I have so often studied in the Rue Lepelletier and on the Boulevard des Italiens. Here is fatness, redness, gaudiness; there was swarthiness, piquancy, litheness, and indefinable taste and grace. This seems destined to be a season for new operatic experiments. On Tuesday evening the role of Matilda in "William Tell" was taken by a pleasant but by no means brilliant young artist, Mlle. Bianchi, who made her first appearance on the boards of Covent Garden last year as the page in "Un Ballo en Maschiera." Mlle. Zara Thalberg will make her first appearance on any stage on Saturday week, assuming the difficult part of Zerlina in "Don Giovanni," and thus having to contest the palm with the memory of Patti, Kellogg, Piccolomini and Lucca in the same part. Herr Seidemann, a German basso of some reputation, will make his debut on Monday as Bertramo in "Roberto Il Diavolo," and Senor De Sanctis appears for the first time on Saturday night as the Duke in "Un Ballo." Mlle. Bianchi appears for the second time on Thursday as Inez in "L'Africaine." M. Maurel has taken, as far as he can, the place of the great Faure, and, though he does unquestionably well, he is far from the equal of the famous French basso.

OPERA IN ENGLAND.

There is a great deal of talk about the decline of opera in England; and certainly those who remember what I may call its golden age, which may be regarded as between 1850 and 1870, cannot but perceive a considerable falling off. An eminent critic recently wrote as follows on this subject: "The present condition of the lyrical drama in England may fairly be set down as deplorable. Italian opera has always, it is true, been like an exotic among us, supported by artificial means, and having no *locus standi* except as a fashionable amusement. Yet we doubt whether at its lowest ebb it ever fell so low as now. It has ceased to be an affair of art in order to become an affair of artists; and its managers, if they would succeed, must think more of fine voices and pretty faces than of the creations of musical genius. There were great singers in the past who had honors freely lavished upon them; but they were not greater than the art they served, and the records of the time are full of evidence that the public cherished a love for music as well as admiration for its professors. We have changed all that, and the alteration is not for the better. If anybody doubt, let him study the history of the few past operatic seasons and observe how little has been done actually on behalf of music, and how completely personal considerations have prevailed." There is some truth in this; yet I think it exaggerates the situation. The managers still resist the temptation to turn aside from the great masterpieces, and reject them for sensational works. Opera has certainly not sunk so low as the drama in England. Mozart and Rossini are to lyrical music what Shakespeare and Sheridan are to the theatre; yet, while the latter are eschewed for burlesque, realistic plays and Boucicault sensations, the public still insist that "Don Giovanni," "The Marriage of Figaro," "William Tell" and "The Huguenots" should be kept on the boards to the exclusion of "Lohengrin" and the later school. Covent Garden draws full houses, even when the roles in the great masterpieces are taken by debutants. The critic I have quoted does not, however, wholly despair of the opera. He says, "the lyric drama cannot die, and every indication of its present weakness is the precursor of a change to vigorous life under other conditions. It may be that the immediate future has something in reserve even for our own national opera, more strange mutations having astonished the world than that which would build the English lyric stage on the ruins of its rival and erstwhile conqueror. At present English opera seems to be no better than a valley of dry bones; but dead fashions have a wonderful habit of coming to life, and whatever is true in art, though it may lie dormant, cannot perish." He admits that, considering music in its wider field, there is a marked advance all along the line as regards the character of concert programmes, and it is perfectly true that St. James's Hall, Exeter Hall and the Hanover Square Rooms have in the past few years pushed the opera hard in point of popularity.

BOW BELLS.

Richard Wagner's Reminiscences of Spontini.

(Concluded from Vol. XXXIV, Page 401.)

". . . *D'autre part, étant avéré que, depuis 'La Vestale,' il n'a point été écrit une note qui ne fût volée dans mes partitions*" . . . To prove that this accusation of plagiarism, levelled against his professional brethren, was not a merely accidental phrase, but founded upon facts scientifically corroborated, Spontini appealed to the testimony of his wife. This lady had had in her hands a voluminous essay written on the subject by one of the most illustrious members of the French Academy. In this essay, which, for personal reasons had not been published, the author had proved conclusively, we were informed, by the most irrefutable arguments, that, without the prolongation of the sixth invented by Spontini, and employed by him in *La Vestale*, modern melody would not exist, and that consequently all new melodic forms had simply been borrowed from his music. These singular pretensions caused in me a feeling of painful surprise, and I attempted to convert the composer to other sentiments. Admitting with him that the state of things was really such as his Academical apologist asserted, I ventured to enquire whether he would not feel capable of discovering new musical forms, supposing anyone submitted to him a libretto of a completely novel poetic tendency, and of a dramatic import hitherto unknown. Smiling with an air of pity, he observed that nothing could be more absurd than such a supposition. "Dans *La Vestale*" he said—"j'ai composé un sujet Romain; dans *Fernand Cortez*, un sujet Espagnol-Mexicain; dans *Olympie*, un sujet Gréco-Macédonien; enfin, dans *Agnès de Hohenstaufen*, un sujet Allemand; tout le reste ne vaut rien." He hoped, however, that, when speaking about a piece of new tendencies, I had not in my head anything of the so-called romantic school—that is, anything like *Der Freyschutz*. Such childish absurdities, he declared, were unworthy of a man with any self-respect. Art was something essentially serious, and in this style, he said, he had created everything. Besides, he asked, from what nation, from what people was the man to spring capable of measuring his strength with him? He treated the Italians purely and simply as "cochons" ("pigs"); the French confined themselves to imitating the Italians; and the Germans could not tear themselves loose from their puerile reveries. They had, it is true, given some grounds for hope, but it was not long before they had compromised themselves utterly by their dealings with the Jews. "Oh! croyez-moi"—he exclaimed—"il y avait de l'espoir pour l'Allemagne, lorsque j'étais empereur de la musique à Berlin; mais depuis que le Roi de Prusse a livré sa musique au désordre, par les deux juifs errants qu'il a attirés, tout espoir est perdu." * At this point our amiable hostess thought she would do well to attempt to divert the mind of the composer from the train of thought into which he had fallen. The theatre was only a few paces off from the house, and, as *Antigone* happened to be given that evening, she fancied she would interest Spontini by letting him see the plan adopted by Semper, the architect, to give the stage the form and aspect of an ancient theatre. At first, he thanked her, pretending that he knew all about it, and had done the same thing in his *Olympie*. At last, however, he yielded and went off with one of the company. But his absence was not long, and he returned with a smile of contempt on his lips. He had, he said, seen more than enough to be completely edified. His companion afterwards informed us that they had selected seats in the amphitheatre which was nearly empty. Scarcely had Spontini heard the first few bars of the chorus to Bacchus, before he rose, saying aloud as he did so: "C'est de la *Berliner Sing-Academie*: allons-nous-en!"

Nevertheless, amid his high-flown notions, we clearly perceived that the composer was allowing his mind to be invaded by a fixed idea, that of stopping some time at Dresden, in order to get up, one after the other, his principal works. But, far from being taken by this idea, Mad. Schröder-Devrient, guided by her liking for Spontini, thought it would be advisable to avoid a fresh performance of *La Vestale* while he was still in Dresden. She foresaw that the success would not come up to his expectations, and that the second attempt would simply result in a second disappointment. She pretended, therefore, to be suffering from indisposition. As for me, I received from the management the passably disagreeable order to inform the composer that the next performance of his opera was indefinitelp adjourned, as the supposititious illness of the principal actress in it did not permit us to hope that it could be speedily repeated. This mission was so painful to me, that I resolved our Musical Director should share the responsibility of it. Like myself, Röckel had gained the composer's good graces, and, moreover, enjoyed the advantage of expressing himself in French with more facility than I could. It was in trembling that we went to Spontini's lodgings. We guessed too easily beforehand the disagreeable reception which awaited us. What was our surprise on seeing the composer, who had already been apprised of the state of matters by a note from Mad. Schröder, advance towards us with outstretched hand and smiling face. In a few words he told us he was obliged to leave without delay for Paris, whence he expected to proceed immediately to Rome. In the latter capital, the holy Father, who had just conferred on him the title of Count de St. André, was awaiting his arrival. At the same time he showed us a second and not less precious document, by which the King of Denmark had bestowed on him letters of nobility. In reality, the Danish Sovereign had sent him the patent of the Order of the Elephant, which carries with it noble rank, but Spontini never mentioned the decoration, considering such marks of distinction as of only mediocre importance. What especially flattered him was his new-fledged nobility. The satisfaction and the joy caused him by the news vented themselves in transports of child like rapture. The touch of an enchanter's wand had suddenly transported him from out the narrow circle of the labors accomplished in the Dresden Theatre. With the calmness and serenity of a man supremely happy, he looked at us from the height of his glory, and cast upon us a glance of mild compassion. It may easily be supposed that Röckel and myself were profuse in our benedictions on the Pope and the King of Denmark. Satisfied with the happy conclusion of our mission, we bade Spontini farewell, but we did not separate from him without emotion. To put the finishing touch to the joy of this extraordinary man, I promised him that I would maturely weigh his advice, and think, at my leisure, over the reasons he

* It is scarcely necessary to remark that the two Wandering Jews to whom Spontini referred were Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn.

had adduced to turn me from the career of a dramatic composer.

This was the last time I saw him. A few years later, I was informed of his death by a letter from Berlioz, who assisted him in his last moments, and remained faithfully at his bedside when he was dying. Berlioz told me that, on the approach of death, Spontini struggled long, and endeavored to hold fast the life which he felt was escaping from him. "Je ne veux pas mourir;" he exclaimed, "Je ne veux pas mourir!" In one of these moments of anguish, Berlioz, thinking to console him, said: —"Comment pouvez-vous penser à mourir, vous, mon maître, qui êtes immortel!" "Ne faites pas d'esprit!"—replied the old man, in a tone of irritation.

The fatal news reached me at Zurich, where I then resided,* and affected me profoundly, despite the singular reminiscences which had been left by our interview at Dresden. I wrote an article for a local paper, directing attention in it to the loss which music had sustained. I insisted principally upon one point, namely, that Spontini, pursuing an opposite course to that followed by Meyerbeer and Rossini, was always distinguished for the deep faith he had in his art and in his own genius. This faith in himself degenerated, it is true, during his later years, into absolute idolatry—into a singular superstition. I had seen a striking example of this weakness, but I did not then allow myself to dwell upon it.

Immediately after Spontini's departure, my occupations in the Dresden Theatre did not leave me leisure to reflect on the strange impressions I had received; and I do not recollect feeling the want of the slightest effort to make them agree with the high esteem which I professed for the author of *La Vestale*, and which I felt growing stronger in me every day. It is very evident that I had become acquainted with only the caricature of the illustrious composer. The exaggerated outbursts of his *amour propre*, however, enabled us to judge what he had been in the days of his strength and youth. When I saw him his judgment was weakened, and his mind, so to speak, had lapsed into second childhood. This appeared only too clearly from the passionate energy with which he laid claim to certain pretended discoveries of no importance, while he was silent upon his real merits. But all this could not alter my admiration for his works, nor diminish their great value. Shall I state frankly the truth? I felt inclined to excuse his unbounded vanity and his unbridled pride, when I reflected that they were inspired by the comparison he drew between his own value and that of his successors. When remarking the contempt he manifested for those who then swayed the musical sceptre, I felt that, in the depths of my soul, my thoughts and his met; and I instinctively perceived that my opinions and his agreed more closely than I should then have dared to confess.† The result was that, notwithstanding the ridiculous side of his visit to Dresden, I felt invaded, despite myself, and with a sort of terror, by profound sympathy for this strange man. I have never seen any one like him.

RICHARD WAGNER.

*The reader may remember that, after the events of 1849, Richard Wagner was compelled to flee to Switzerland. [Note by M. Victor Wilder.]

†I must here remind the reader that it is merely Rossini and Meyerbeer to whom reference is here made. [Note by M. Victor Wilder.]

An Old Master on the Use of the Pedal.*

ON THE PEDAL.

I have just returned exhausted and annihilated from a concert, where I have been hearing the piano pounded. Two grand bravoura movements have been thundered off, with the pedal continually raised; and then were suddenly succeeded by a soft murmuring passage, during which the thirteen convulsed and quivering bass notes of the *fortissimo* were all the time resounding. It was only by the aid of the concert programme that my tortured ears could arrive at the conclusion that this confusion of tones was meant to represent two pieces by Dohler and Thalberg.

Cruel fate that invented the pedal! I mean the pedal which raises the dampers on the piano. A grand acquisition, indeed, for modern times! Good heavens! Our piano performers must have lost their sense of hearing! What is all this growling and buzzing? Alas, it is only the groaning of the wretched piano-forte, upon which one of the modern *virtuosos*, with a heavy beard and long hanging locks, whose hearing has deserted him, is blustering away on a bravoura piece, with the pedal incessantly raised,—with inward satisfaction and vain self-assertion! Truly time brings into use a great deal that is far from beautiful: does, then, this raging piano revolutionist think it beautiful to bring the pedal into use at every bar? Unhappy delusion.

But enough of this serious jesting. Hummel never used the pedal. He was an extremist; and, in his graceful, clear, elegant neat, though not grand playing, often lost fine effects, which would have been produced by the correct and judicious use of the pedal; particularly on the instruments of Stein, Brodmann, Conrad Graff, and others then in use, which were usually lightly leathered, and had a thin, sharp tone. The use of the pedal, of course always allowing it to fall frequently with precision, was especially desirable in the upper treble, in cases where the changes of the harmony were not very frequent; for the tone of those instruments, although sweet and agreeable, had not much depth, and the action had but little strength and elasticity. But on our instruments, frequently too softly leathered, which have a full tone, and are so strong and penetrating, especially in the bass, it is enough to endanger one's sense of hearing to be subjected to such a senseless, incessant, ridiculous, deafening use of the pedal; frequently, moreover, combined with a hard, stiff touch, and an unsound, incorrect technique. A musical interpretation in any degree tolerable is out of the question. You cannot call that art, it cannot even be called manual labor: it is a freak of insanity!

A few words to the better sort of players. The foot-piece to the right on the piano-forte raises the dampers, and in that way makes the tones resound and sing, and takes from them the dryness, shortness, and want of fulness, which is always the objection to the piano-forte, especially to those of the earlier construction. This is certainly an advantage; the more the tone of the piano-forte resembles singing, the more beautiful it is. But, in order not to injure the distinctness and detract from the clear phrasing of the performance, a very skilful and prudent use of the pedal is necessary in rapid changes of harmony, particularly in the middle and lower portion of the instrument.

You all use the pedal too much and too often, especially on large, fine concert pianos of the new construction, which, with their heavy stringing, have in themselves a fuller, more vibrating tone; at least you do not let it fall frequently enough, and with precision. You must listen to what you are playing. You do not play for yourselves alone; frequently you play to hearers who are listening for the first time to the pieces you are performing. Try a few passages without pedal,—for instance, those in which the changes of the harmony succeed each other rapidly, even in the highest treble,—and see what repose, what serene enjoyment, what refreshment is afforded, what delicate shading is brought out. Or at first listen, and try to feel it in the playing of others; for your habit is so deeply rooted that you no longer know when and how often you use the pedal. Chopin, that highly gifted, elegant, sensitive composer and performer, may serve as a model for you here. His widely dispersd, artistic harmonies, with the boldest and most striking suspensions, for which the fundamental bass is essential, certainly require the frequent use of the pedal for fine harmonic effect. But, if you examine and observe the minute, critical directions in his compositions, you can obtain from him complete instruction for the nice and correct use of the pedal.

By way of episode to my sorrowful lecture on the pedal, we will take a walk through the streets some beautiful evening. What is it that we hear in almost every house? Unquestionably it is piano-playing; but what playing! It is generally nothing but a continual confusion of different chords, without close, without pause; slovenly passages, screened by the raised pedal; varied by an empty, stiff, weak touch, relying upon the pedal for weight. We will escape into the next street. Oh, horrors! what a thundering on this piano, which, by the way, is sadly out of tune! It is a grand—that is, a long, heavy—étude, with the most involved passages, and a peculiar style of composition, probably with the title "On the Ocean," or "In Hades," or "Fancies of the Insane;" pounded off with the pedal raised through the most marvellous changes of harmonies. Finally, the strings snap, the pedal creaks and moans; conclusion,—*c*, *c* sharp, *d*, *d* sharp resound together through a few exhausted bars, and at last die away in the warm, soft, delicious air. Universal applause from the open windows! But who is the frantic musician who is venting his rage on this piano? It is a Parisian or other travelling composer, lately arrived with letters of recommendation, who has just been giving a little rehearsal of what we may expect to hear shortly in a concert at the "Hôtel de Schmerz."

THE SOFT-PEDAL SENTIMENT.

You exclaim: "What is that?—a sentiment for the soft pedal! a sentiment of any kind in our times! most of all, a musical sentiment! I have not heard of such a thing in a concert-room for a long time!"

When the foot-piece to the left on the piano is pressed down, the key-board is thereby moved to the right; so that, in playing, the hammers strike only two of the three strings, in some pianos only one. In that way the tone is made weaker, thinner, but more singing and more tender. What follows from this? Many performers, seized with a piano madness, play a grand bravoura piece, excite themselves fearfully, clatter up and down through seven octaves of runs, with the pedal constantly raised,—bang away, put the best piano out of tune in the first twenty bars,—snap the strings, knock the hammers off their bearings, perspire, stroke the hair out of their eyes, ogle the audience, and make love to themselves. Suddenly they are seized with a sentiment! They come to a *piano* or *pianissimo*, and, no longer content with one pedal, they take the soft pedal while the loud pedal is still resounding. Oh, what languishing! what soft murmuring, and what a sweet tinkling of bells! what tenderness of feeling! what a soft-pedal sentiment! The ladies fall into tears, enraptured by the pale, long-haired young artist.

I describe here the period of piano mania, which has just passed its crisis; a period which it is necessary to have lived through, in order to believe in the possibility of such follies. When, in the beginning of this century, the piano attained such conspicuous excellence and increased power, greater technical skill could not fail to be called out; but, after a few years, this degenerated into a heartless and worthless dexterity of the fingers, which was carried to the point of absurdity and resulted in intellectual death. Instead of aiming to acquire, before all things, a beautiful, full tone on these rich-sounding instruments, which admit of so much and such delicate shading, essential to true excellence of performance, the object was only to increase mechanical facility, and to cultivate almost exclusively an immoderately powerful and unnatural touch, and to improve the fingering in order to make possible the execution of passages, roulades, finger-gymnastics, and stretches, which no one before had imagined or considered necessary. From this period dates the introduction of *virtuoso* performances with their glittering tawdriness, without substance and without music, and of the frightful eccentricities in art, accompanied by immeasurable vanity and self-conceit,—the age of "finger-heroes." It is indeed a melancholy reflection, for all who retain their senses, that this charlatanry is made the solitary aim of numberless ignoble performers, sustained by the applause of teachers and composers equally base. It is sad to see how, engaged in artificial formalisms and in erroneous mechanical studies, players have forgotten the study of tone and of correct delivery, and that few teachers seek to improve either themselves or their pupils therein. Otherwise they would see and understand that, on a good piano, such as are now to be found almost everywhere, it is possible with correct playing, founded on a right method, to play, without external aids, *forte*, *fortissimo*, *piano*, *pianissimo*,—in a word, with every degree of shading, and with at least formal expression; and that this style of playing, with the requisite mechanical skill, sounds far more pure, and is more satisfactory than when a feeling is affected through the crude, unskilful, and absurd use of the pedal, especially of the soft pedal of which we are now speaking. This affectation

*From Advanced Sheets of "Piano and Song: How to Teach and how to Learn." Translated from the German of FRIEDRICH WIECK, by MARY P. NICHOLS. Boston: Noyes, Holmes & Co.

THE

FIRST WALPURGIS-NIGHT,

A POEM BY

GOETHE,

(THE ENGLISH VERSION BY W. BARTHOLOMEW, ESQ.)

COMPOSED BY

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

Op. 60.

BOSTON:
OLIVER DITSON & COMPANY, WASHINGTON STREET.
NEW YORK: C. H. DITSON & CO. CHICAGO: LYON & HEALY.

THE FIRST WALPURGIS-NIGHT.

OVERTURE.

No. 1.—*Druid* Solo (Tenor), *and* Chorus *of Druids and People.*

Now May again
Breaks Winter's chain,
The bud and bloom are springing;
No snow is seen,
The vales are green,
The woodland choirs are singing!
Yon mountain height
Is wint'ry white;
Upon it we will gather,—
Begin the ancient holy rite,—
Praise our Almighty Father.
In sacrifice
The flame shall rise;
Thus blend our hearts together!
Away, away!

No. 2.—Solo (Alto).—*An Aged Woman of the People.*

Know ye not, a deed so daring
Dooms us all to die despairing?
Know ye not, it is forbidden
By the edicts of our foemen?
Know ye, spies and snares are hidden,
For the sinners call'd "the heathen?"
On their ramparts they will slaughter
Mother, Father, Son, and Daughter:
If detected,
Naught but death can be expected.

Chorus *of Women.*

On their ramparts they will slaughter
Mother, Father, Son, and Daughter!
They oppress us,
They distress us!
If detected,
Naught but death can be expected.

No. 3.—*Druid Priest* (Baritone), *and* Chorus *of Druids.*

The man who flies
Our sacrifice,
Deserves the tyrant's tether.
The woods are free!
Disbranch the tree,
And pile the stems together.
In yonder shades,
Till daylight fades,
We shall not be detected;
Our trusty guards shall tarry here,
And ye will be protected.
With courage conquer slavish fear,—
Show duty's claim respected.

No. 4.—Chorus *of Druid Guards.*

Disperse, disperse, ye gallant men,
Secure the passes round the glen!
In silence there protect them,
Whose duties here direct them.

No. 5.—Solo (Bass).—*Druid Guard.*

Should our Christian foes assail us,
Aid a scheme that may avail us!
Feigning demons, whom they fable,
We will scare the bigot rabble.

No. 6.—Chorus *of Guards and People.*

Come with torches brightly flashing,
Rush along with billets clashing.
Through the nightgloom, lead and follow,
In and out each rocky hollow,
Owls and ravens,
Howl with us, and scare the cravens!

No. 7.—Solo (Baritone).—*Druid Priest, and* Chorus.

Restrain'd by Might,
We now by night,
In secret, here adore Thee!
Still it is day,
Whene'er we pray,
And humbly bow before Thee!
Thou can'st assuage
Our foeman's rage,
And shield us from their terrors—
The flame aspires!
The smoke retires!
Thus, clear our faith from errors!
Our customs quell'd,
Our rights withheld,
Thy light shall shine for ever.

No. 8.—Solo (Tenor).—*A Christian Guard.*

Help, my comrades! see a legion
Yonder comes from Satan's region!
See yon group of witches gliding
To and fro, in flames advancing;
Some on wolves and dragons riding,
See, ah, see them hither prancing!
What a clattering troop of evil!
Let us, let us quickly fly them!
Imp and devil
Lead the revel,
See them caper,
Wrapt in clouds of lurid vapour!

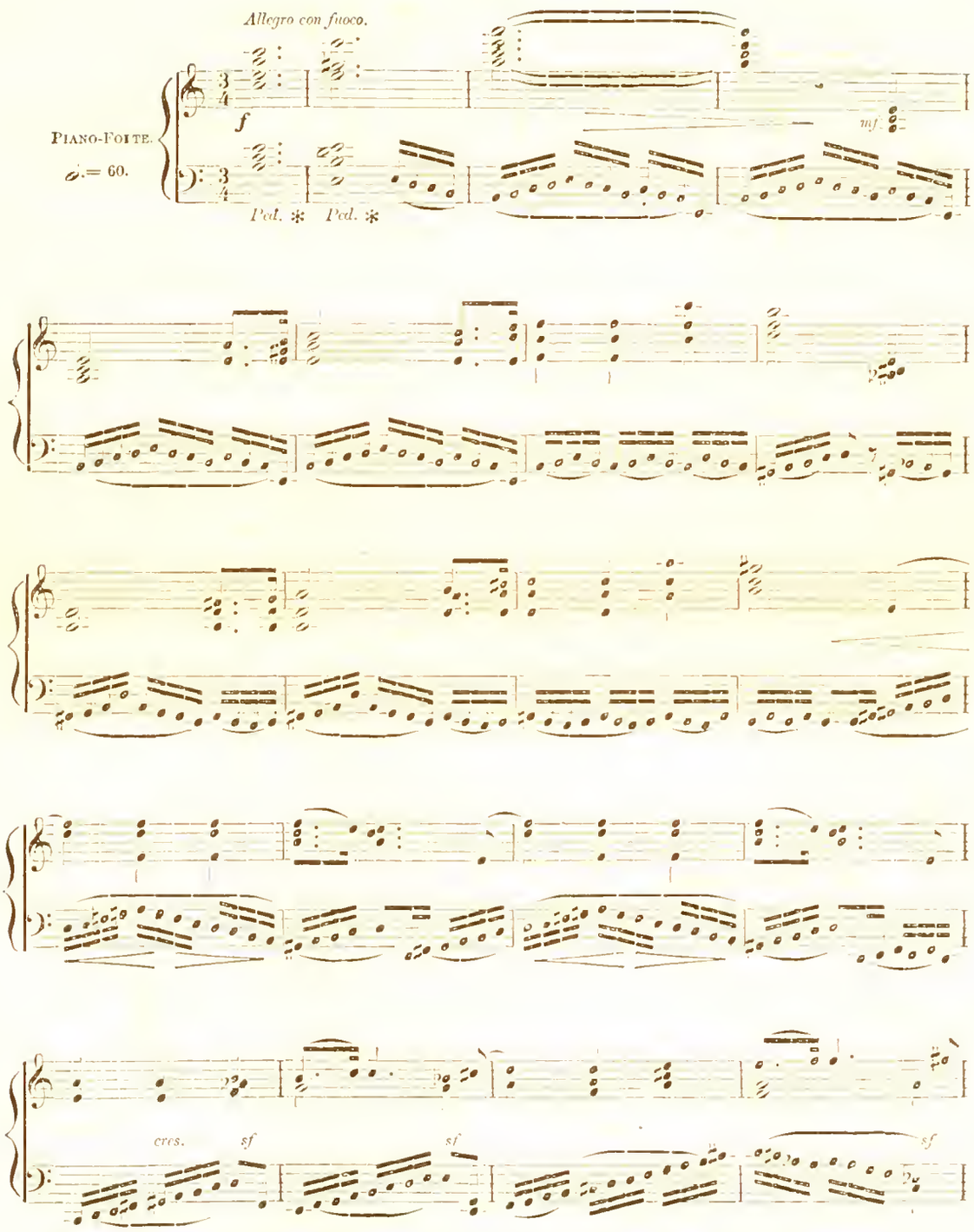
Chorus *of Guards.*

See the horrid haggards gliding,
Some on wolves and dragons riding,
See, ah, see them hither prancing,
With the Fiend in flames advancing!
See them caper,
Wrapt in clouds of lurid vapour!
Let us fly them, let us fly!

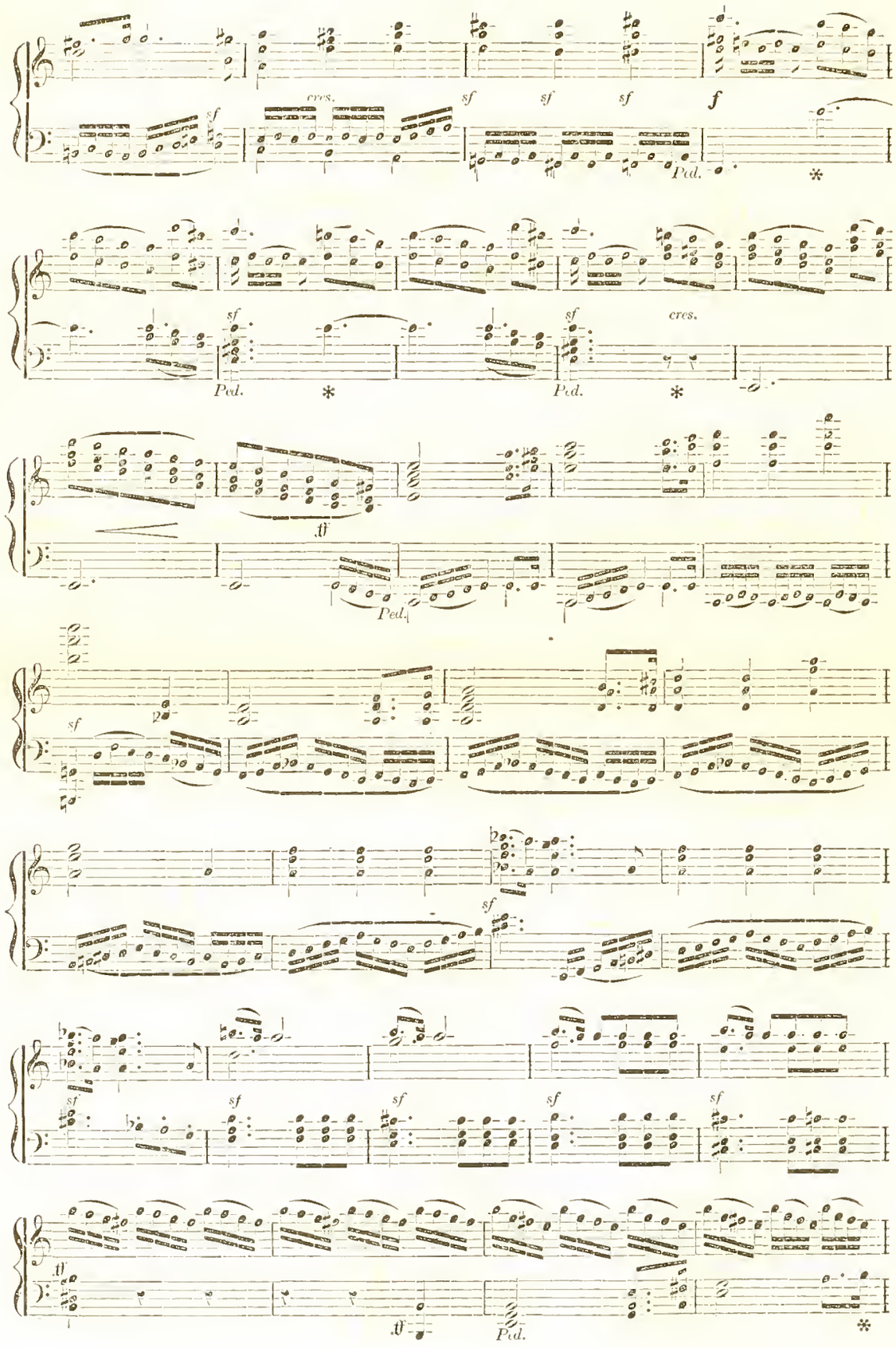
No. 9.—Chorus *of Druids and People.*

Unclouded now, the flame is bright!
Thus faith from error sever!
Though foes may cloud or quell our light,
Yet Thine, Thy light shall shine for ever!

OVERTURE.



This Poem is, in its true sense, intended to be highly symbolic. For, in the history of the world, it must continually repeat itself, that that which is old, and tried, and fundamental, and comforting, shall (although not annihilated) be pushed and moved and pressed into the smallest possible space by upstarting innovations. The medium-time in which hatred can and may counteract is here pregnantly enough represented, and a joyful indestructible enthusiasm burns up again, glowing and bright. (*From a letter of Goethe to the Composer, 9th Sept.* 1831.)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only gives one more proof of our unhealthy, stupid, and unmusical infancy in piano performances. A good-natured public, drummed up and brought together by patient persuasion and by urgent recommendations, of which *virtuosos* can obtain an abundance (for the tormented cities which they have visited cannot otherwise get rid of them), attend these concerts and listen to dozens of such inexperienced piano players. One plays exactly like another, with more or less faulty mechanical execution; and none of them are able, with all their thumping and caressing of the keys, to bring out from the instrument a broad, healthy, full, and beautiful tone, delicately shaded and distinct even to the softest *pp*. But, instead of this, they fall into a pedal sentiment; *i.e.*, they play with outside pretension, and with intrinsic emptiness.

You unworthy performers, who have so disgusted the artistic public with piano-playing that they will no longer listen to fine, intelligent, sensible artists, whose dignity does not permit them to force themselves into the concert-hall, or to drag people into it from the streets! you base mortals, who have exposed this beautiful art to shame! I implore you to abandon the concert platform, your battle-field! Hack at the piano no longer! Find positions on a railroad or in a factory. There you may perhaps make yourselves useful; while by the lessons you give (for it usually comes to that, after you have travelled all over the world) you will only ruin our young people, now growing up with promising talent for piano-playing, and will produce successors like yourselves, but not artists.

I must whisper one thing more in your ear. I will say nothing about simple truthfulness, about tenderness and sincerity of feeling, or wholesome refinement, about poetry, inspiration, or truly impassioned playing. But, if your ears are not already too much blunted, you should be able to discover, at least in a very few minutes, on any instrument, unless it is of the worst sort, or has already been battered to pieces by you, how far you can carry the *pianissimo* and *fortissimo*, and still preserve the tone within the limits of beauty and simplicity. You will thus be able to interpret a piece with at least superficial correctness, without mortally wounding a cultivated ear by exaggerations and by maltreatment of the instrument and its two pedals.

This style of playing has nevertheless found its numerous defenders and admirers in our century, which has made every thing possible. This senseless enslavement and abuse of the piano has been said to be "all the rage;" a fine expression of our piano critics to justify insane stamping and soft-pedal sentimentality.

How far what I have here said relates to our modern errors in singing, and how far it may be applied to them, I leave to the intelligence of my readers and to my explanations in subsequent chapters.

To return to my theme: I have still one word on this subject for rational players. Even they use the soft pedal too much and too often, and at unsuitable places; for instance, in the midst of a piece, without any preparatory pause; in melodies which require to be lightly executed; or in rapid passages which are to be played *piano*. This is especially to be noticed with players who are obliged to use instruments of a powerful tone and stiff, heavy action, on which it is difficult to insure a delicate shading in *piano* and *forte*. For this reason, a sensible and experienced teacher, whose sole aim is the true and the beautiful, should make the attainment of an elastic touch and well-grounded style of playing an indispensable requirement. I prefer that the soft pedal should be used but seldom, and, if the pedal which raises the dampers is used at the same time, it must be only with the greatest nicety. The soft pedal may be used in an echo; but should be preceded by a slight pause, and then should be employed throughout the period, because the ear must accustom itself gradually to this tender, maidenly, sentimental tone. There must again be a slight pause before the transition to the usual more masculine tone, with the three strings. The soft pedal is, moreover, most effective in slow movements with full chords, which allow time to bring out the singing tone, in which consists the advantage of the stroke of the hammers on two strings alone.

The Music of the Past.

SERMONS WITH ILLUSTRATIONS IN KING'S CHAPEL—LATIN HYMNS AND GERMAN CHORALS.

No place in this city is more richly endowed with old associations and soft, suggestive reminiscence, impressive aids to the proper rendering of this church music, than King's chapel. Invested with the blessing of two creeds, one cannot sit within its honored walls and not feel something of the influence that its age bestows. There is nothing of the blazonry of modern churches inside this edifice; the pews are not narrow and uncomfortable, the pulpit looms up as a relic, the organ is old and sweet.

A series of sermons on church music, from the earliest times to the present, illustrated by the music itself, was given during last December. The Rev. Mr. Foote, the pastor, delivered a sermon touching on the circumstances and surroundings of the royal Psalmist, King David, and the spirit of his psalms. The choir sang in illustration several of the representative hymns from the Old Testament, and also a few from the New. The music at this service was not confined to any particular periods, but was selected with a view faithfully to represent the spirit of the hymn. This service was, however, more of an introduction, and the next came nearer to the idea of illustrations of the church music of the past. The first hymn, translated from the old Latin by Mrs. Charles, "Christe, qui lux es," was written during the seventh century, the melody was taken from the music of the eighth. The "Te Deum" sung on the occasion is ascribed by tradition to Ambrosius, archbishop of Milan, A. D. 380. The melody is supposed to be the oldest known. It was adapted to the version in use in King's chapel by the organist, Mr. J. W. Tufts. In his adaptation, of course, modern harmony was supplied, yet keeping as near to the theme as possible, and never overburdening it so as to lose sight of it. Naturally the melody was very peculiar, and in every instance the prolonged cadence was retained. A "Veni Creator Spiritus," credited to Gregory the Great, about A. D. 600, the melody ascribed to Charlemagne, A. D. 742–814, or Charles the Fat, A. D. 884–887, was sung in the place of the Magnificat. Then followed the "Crusaders' Hymn," beginning "Fairest Lord Jesus," which is more familiar than the other selections. The translation was by Willis. At the close was given a "Da Nobis Pacem" set to music, written close after Gregory's time. The entire illustrations were rendered by a double quartet under the direction of Mr. Tufts in a way well worthy of the immortal music, and the sermon was most instructively interesting. The third of the most marked services was given on last Sunday, and the music was also from the magnificent German chorales. With the exception of the last, they were all sung without accompaniment, the organist merely playing as a prelude four measures of the choral music. They all belonged to the magnificent collection of figured chorales, and included the following: "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden,"—"O sacred Head, now wounded," words by Gerhardt, 1607–76, melody by Schein, (?) 1621, harmonized by Bach; "Wer nur den lieben Gott,"—"Leave God to order all thy ways," melody by Gastorius, 1675, harmonized by Bach; "In allen meinen Staten,"—"Wher'eer I go, what'eer my task," by Fleming, 1631; "Alles ist an Gottes Segen,"—"All things hang on our possessing," author unknown, from the Nuremberg hymn book, 1676; and "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott,"—"A mighty fortress is our God," Luther, 1483–1546, melody by Luther, harmonized by Bach and translated by the Rev. F. H. Hedge, D. D. In the rendition of these the regular choir of the church were unassisted.

Another illustrative service will be given tomorrow afternoon, when a specially interesting programme will be rendered. It will include a "Gloria in Excelsis" and an "Adoramus Te" by Palestrina, an "Ave Verum" by Mozart, and five selections from Mozart's Requiem illustrating the "Dies Iræ." These include "Tuba Mirum," "Liber Scriptus," "Judex Ergo" and "Quid sum Miser." Pergolesi's "Quis est Homo" and "Quando Corpus, Amen," illustrating the Stabat Mater, will conclude the services. Of the services yet to be given another afternoon will be devoted to German chorales, one to English church music after the time of Henry VIII., and one to modern American music. The regular choir consists of Mrs. O. T. Kimball, soprano; Mrs. Flora E. Barry, alto; Mr. Charles Clark, tenor; and Mr. D. E. Spencer, bass. Mr. John W. Tufts is organist and director.—*Advertiser, April* 24.

Music to Goethe's "Faust."

(*From the "Leipziger Tageblatt und Anzeiger" of March* 22.)

To-day and to-morrow both parts of Goethe's "Faust" will be performed on our stage; the first with the music of Prince Radziwill and Lindpaintner the second with that of Pierson.

Among the most thankless tasks in the way of composition must unquestionably be reckoned music to plays. The public concentrates its attention fully upon the subject and representation of the piece. Music however draws off the attention or interrupts the action of the play; at best, a pretty march or dance finds favor, or some of those movements which respond to the frame of mind excited by the piece, but least of all entr'acte music, because between the acts people like to refresh themselves. Also in regard to the preparation of it, such music will, as a rule, be treated with want of tenderness, and often arranged with but meagre strength of voices and band. The conductor's and manager's red pencil work away with extreme activity on that account, and often enough the music falls a victim to it, even in those Nos. which are spared, precisely at that point where, so to speak, the composer was warming to his work, and getting into train. In short, the greater part of such play music, if it be new, and not shielded by a celebrated name, plays a lamentable "Cinderella rôle," which lets the composer appear as a martyr to his thankless task in so far as that he must generally confine himself to holding the candle to the playwriter, and must continually let his fancy be cast down for fear of hindering the dramatic action with his music. On this account few composers but those of the long-suffering German race have undertaken such tasks.

Amongst those authors who have written music to Goethe's "Faust" at any length Robert Schumann must unqualifiedly be named before all others, but he cannot be considered in connection with stage performances, because he treated isolated scenes for the concert hall as he chose, and with unrestricted freedom. The comprehensive music of Radziwill, too, is hardly intended for the stage; yet certain Nos. of it have made their way, and obtained for their author on this occasion a word of notice.

Anton Heinrich, prince Radziwill, born 13th June, 1775, Stadtholder of the Grand Duchy of Posen, Knight of the Black Eagle, &c., was an ardent patron and furtherer of music, and through him many a distressed man of talent was brought into notice, and in the most friendly manner assisted by word and deed. Prince Radziwitz, who from his youth up had enjoyed the society and instruction of the most distinguished Berlin musical artists, was not only an ardent composer, but also possessed a beautiful tenor voice, and was a considerable amateur violoncello player. As an intimate friend of Zelter, and manager of the Berlin singing academy, he wrote for this latter his Faust music, to which he devoted the greater part of his life. This music made during 1830–40 no small sensation in Berlin, but one must not on that account be deceived as to its worth. Though much that was attractive was discovered in it, it is yet, on the whole, the work of a princely dilettante, though certainly of a clever man, and shows both in design and execution striking meagreness and weakness. In stage representations the Easter chorus "Christ has risen," one of the most spirited Nos., and the Soldier's chorus, were chiefly made use of.

Further we must mention the Faust music of the court conductor of Stuttgart, Peter Joseph Lindpaintner, born 8th Dec., 1791, at Coblenz, a favorite director and song writer (*e. g.* "The Standard bearer,") in addition to many distinctions ennobled. Lindpaintner wrote 29 operas, music to many plays, 6 masses and other church music, melodramas, ballads, concerti, &c. His invention is devoid of genius and unwieldly, conventional, prosy, but his music betrays everywhere the mature musician. Of his Faust music the overture and the entr'acte have chiefly made their way.

Unquestionably higher and more akin to modern views on the other hand is Pierson's music to the second part, which on this account deserves higher and more willing estimation. . . . . Of talent thoroughly original, Pierson was singularly in advance of his age; his music frequently approaches near to the style of a Schumann, a Liszt, or Wagner, and that, at a time when Schumann's and Wagner's important creations were only just emerging, and when Liszt had written scarcely a note of his symphonic works.

If Pierson was not dowered with the copious giftedness, the intense coining power of thought, or the sovereign boldness or power of such spirits to a like degree, the spiritual kinship to them remains, a most surprising one; and, indeed, his often striking, enchaining characteristic style, and the earnestness and nobility with which he handled his task merit much warmer recognition than fell to his lot, espec-

.s later years. Authorities like Robert n and others spoke earlier with remarka- cmth of his works. As especially regards a prominent creation as his Faust music, the cent of originality and tendency towards rhap- ody in his nature steps forth most unveiledly in the overture, where he has been probably led on by the kaleidoscopic graphic style of Goethe's work. Proportionately, therein, the mystic introduction, and the angelically glorified conclusion, which, however, one could wish a little more festive, exhibit most genius. In a still more favorable light does the first highly fragrant and extensive vocal piece, Ariel and Chorus of Elves, show the composer. While the march to the introduction of the Kaiser draws with a few powerful strokes the pompous dissolving character of the court and government, a protracted intermezzo illustrates in attractive style the appearance of Paris and Helena. The introduction to the second act unites with masterly touches the leading features of the overture; and the rise of the Homunculus is enveloped by the chorus of element spirits in mysterious vapors.

One of the most winning sketches is the introduction to the third act, and in like manner the female chorus following enchants us with its attractive melody. Also the later march and chorus is a splendid piece, full of lustre and freshness. One of the most symmetrically worked out pieces is the intermezzo which follows, full of melody; but unquestionably one of the most brilliant Nos., is the lovely closing chorus "Sound immortal harp." In the fourth act are prominently characteristic the introduction and the somewhat protracted battle music. The "Te Deum" is most original. In all probability the decline of the German empire at that period swept before the composer's vision, so characteristically do traces of splendor alternate with decay. The introduction to the fifth act is most telling from its delicately lofty design. The song of the warder if rendered with confidence and freshness, cannot fail to enchain through its judicious coloring, and just as striking is the piece of instrumental coloring at the entrance of "Want," "Guilt," and "Necessity." Among the following Nos., stands prominent the ideally glorified delineation of the angel-choirs; also the chorus of anchorites and the double chorus contain features of true worth. The final chorus, though it does not possess any very considerable verve, constitutes, when perfectly performed, with two slight curtailments, a worthy and noble ending. It is to be regretted that Pierson's music can hardly be done full justice to on the stage, partly because the composer commonly writes at such length that curtailments are unavoidable, and thereby much that is good has to be left out, partly because at times very considerable demands are made by him on the resources of the theatre, and one can seldom find a choir sufficiently strong to meet all his demands. On this account, as a rule, many brilliant choral Nos. must be omitted from the performance.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 1, 1875.

One Hundred Symphony Concerts.

The Harvard Musical Association has just completed its tenth Concert Season, having given in all *one hundred* classical orchestral concerts. The first course (1865–66) was an experiment; but it was well guarantied by the members of the Association among themselves, who with their families and friends composed the nucleus, and indeed by far the larger part, of an appreciative, fit audience. They intended "that this City should have one series of concerts every winter, which should be unexceptionable in tone, and which should take the field so well guarantied as to be independent, and have no motive for catering to any interest except the higher one of Art;"—"Concerts purely artistic in their motive, and as good in matter and in execution as the orchestral means of Boston would allow." It was thought "that one successful season on this plan would pave the way to a permanent organization of Orchestral Concerts, whose certain periodical recurrence, and high uncompromising character may be always counted on in future by the friends of good music in Boston." And so the announcement of the first experimental series, of *six* Symphony Concerts, contained the pledge of an orchestra of *fifty* instruments, as well as of pure programmes: "Symphonies and Overtures to be secured first; Concertos, Solos, vocal and instrumental, to depend on the sale of tickets, but in no case to be introduced to the injury of the general tone and unity of the programme."

The experiment was so successful that the number of subscription concerts for the second and the third year was increased to *eight*. A "three-fold guaranty" was offered: "1. of *pure programmes;* 2. of the *right audience*, of which there could be no better nucleus thon the members of the Harvard Association and their friends; 3. of *disinterested management*,—the concerts to be given not for individual profit, but for Art." "The programmes were controlled entirely by the Concert Committee. The Subscription was kept at first wholly within the circle of the H. M. A.; and not until its members had pledged themselves for season tickets enough to make the financial success of the Concerts reasonably certain was the list opened to the public. Finally the whole income of the concerts was either invested in the concerts themselves (in making them more perfect, increasing the orchestra, the amount of rehearsal, &c.,) or reserved—a moderate portion of it—in the treasury of the Association as a partial guaranty for future concerts." (This reserved fund, steadily growing for eight years, has made good the losses of the last two seasons, and doubtless it will still suffice, if needed, for several seasons more, until the concerts shall have fairly tided over all temporary obstacles of outside competition, hard times, changing tastes and fashions, in music as in all things.) In the fourth year the number of concerts was raised to *ten*, which has remained the number to this day. During the earlier years several extra concerts were given as complimentary benefits, or in aid of humane causes, such as the last struggle of the Cretans, the musical e lucation of the Blind, &c.; these make the number up to the full hundred May the second hundred prove as good in matter, in artistic spirit and in influence, as they certainly will prove much better in the manner of performance!

It is a good time now to look back and realize what an amount of noble music, for the most part of the very highest, these one hundred concerts have given us. Of the manner of performance, the orchestra, and several other aspects of the concerts we shall speak another time; our concern is now merely with the *matter* of one hundred programmes; which may be summed up as follows under the names of the several composers, indicating the number of times each work has been given (when more than once) by a figure after its title. To those which were given in Boston for the first time we prefix a *star*.

J. S. Bach.

Orchestral Suite in D (Overture, Aria and Gavotte) 5 times.

Organ works: * Toccata in F, arranged for Orchestra by Esser, 4; * Passacaglia in C minor, do.; Do. on the Organ (J. K. Paine); Grand Prelude and Fugue in A minor (Do.)

Piano-Forte: * Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, D-minor and F (Miss Marie Krebs);—* Organ Prel. and Fugue in G minor, arr. by Liszt (Miss Anna Mehlig); Do. in A minor (Do.)

Violin: Chaconne in D minor, 3, (Carl Rosa 2, B. Listemann.)

Arias: * "Erbarme dich," Alto, from the Passion music, with violin obligato, 2, (Mrs. F. E. Barry); Alto Aria: * "Well done," from a Cantata (Mrs. Barry); Cradle Song from Christmas Oratorio, 2, (Do. and Miss Alice Fairman); "My heart ever faithful" (Do.)

* Bass: "Give me back my dearest Master," from Passion Music, 2. (M. W. Whitney), with Violin (Listemann);—* "Grief and Pain," Alto, Passion Music, (Mrs. Barry).

Handel.

* Concerto, for Oboe, in G minor (A Kutzleb.)

Pastorale, from "Messiah."

Arias from Italian Operas: * "Sonmi Dei," from "Radamisto" (Miss A. S. Whitten); * "Il vostro Maggio," from "Rinaldo" (Do.); * "Gin-ché morir non posso," from "Radamisto" (Mrs. Barry), * "Son confusa pastorella," 3, from "Poro" (Do.); * "Verdi Prati," from "Alcina," (Do); * "Con rauco mormorio," from "Rodelinda," (Do.); * "Cangio d'aspetto," from "Admeto" (Miss Fairman).

Air from "Israel in Egypt:" "The enemy said" (Nelson Varley); Tenor Airs from "L'Allegro" (G. L. Osgood).

Durante: * Magnificat, in D, for chor., soli and orch., 2. (first time under Mr. Kreissmann; second time by The Cecilia, under B. J. Lang.)

Thomas Weelkes: * Six-Part Madrigal: "When Thoralis delights to walk" (Cecilia.)

Gluck.

Overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis," 3; Tenor Aria from Do.: "Nur ein Wunsch" (A. Kreissmann); * Rec and Aria from "Orfeo:" "Addio, O miei sospiri" (Mrs. Barry); * Chaconne from "Orfeo," for orchestra.

Tartini: Violin Sonata, "La Trille du Diable" (Listemann).

Haydn.

Symphonies (Breitk. & H. ed.): No 1, E flat, 2; No. 2, D; * No. 3, E flat; No. 4, D; No. 5, D; * No. 8, B flat, 3; * No. 9, D minor; No. 11, "Militaire," in G; No. 12, B flat; No. 13, in G, 4—Of the Wullner edition: * No. 1, in B major (very short); * No. 2, in G, ("Oxford.")

Serenade, from the Quartet, by all the Strings, 2.

* Cantata: "Ariadne at Naxos," 2, (Mme. Rudersdorff.)

Mozart.

Symphonies: No. 1, in D, 3; No. 2, G minor, 2; No. 3, E flat, 3; No. 4 ("Jupiter,") C, 3; * No. 6, C, 2; * No. 9, ("French,") D.

Overtures: * Idomeneo; Marriage of Fig ro; Zauberflöte, 3; * Tito, 2.—Marches from Figaro and Zauberflöte.

Pianoforte: * Concerto for two Pianos, in E flat, 2, (Lang and Parker); * Concerto, No. 20, in D, (H. Daum); Concerto, No 8, D minor, 2, (Miss Mehlig, Rich. Hoffman); * Conc. in C minor, Köchel, 491, (H. Leonhard); * Conc. in B flat (J. C. D. Parker.)

Violin: * Sinfonia Concertante for Violin and viola, with orch., in E flat, (C. N. Allen and H. Heindl); * Conc. in D, Köchel, 218, (Camilla Urso)

Chorus with Orch. "Ave verum corpus;" "O Isis," Priests in Zauberflöte, 3.

Vocal Solos with Orch.—"Deh vieni," from Figaro, 2, (Mrs. Barry.)

Concert Aria: "Non temer," with violin obligato, (Miss J. E. Houston.)

* Song of the Harem Keeper from "The Seraglio" (P. H. Powers); "Non più andrai," from Figaro (F. J. Rudolphson); Tenor Aria: "Costanze!" from "The Seraglio" (G. L. Osgood); "Non più di fiori," *Tito*, 2, (Mrs. Kempton; Miss Ryan); * Song: "Loin de toi" (Miss Anna S. Whitten); Song: "Quando miro" (Mrs. Barry); Aria from *Zauberflöte:* "Ah! lo so" (Miss Whitten); * Conc. Aria, Bass: "Mentre ti lascio" (M. W. Whitney); * Conc. Aria, No. 6, "Ch'io mi scordi," with piano and orchestra, 2, (Mrs. Barry, Mme. Rudersdorff); * Conc. Aria, Tenor: "Misero, o sogno, o son destro?" 2, (Nelson Varley); * Conc. Aria, Bass: "Alcandro, lo confesso" (M. W. Whitney); * Aria from Tito: "Deh, per questo istante" (Miss Clara Doria); Tenor Aria from Don Giovanni: "Dalla sua pace" (Osgood.)

Beethoven.

Symphonies: First, in C; Second, D, 2; Third, "Eroica," E flat, 4; Fourth, B flat, 6; fifth, C minor, 5; sixth, Pastoral, F, 3; seventh, A, 7; eighth, F, 6; ninth (Choral), D minor, 2, (Chorus from Handel and Haydn Society.

Overtures: "Men of Prometheus," 2; "Coriolan," 7; "Egmont," 6; * "Leonore," No. 1, 3; * "Leonore," No. 2; Do. No. 3, 10; "Fidelio," 2; * "Namensfeier," op. 115, in C, 2; * "Weihe des Hauses," op. 124, C, 5.

Miscellaneous Orchestral: Adagio and Andante from "Prometheus," 4; Turkish March, 2; March from "Fidelio."

Piano with Orch.—* First Concerto, in C, (B. J. Lang); * second, in B flat, 2, (Lang); third, C-minor, 3, (Lang, Miss Alice Dutton, Parker); * fourth, in G, 5, (H. Leonhard); fifth, in E flat, 6, (Otto Dresel, E. Perabo, 2, Miss Mehlig, Miss Krebs, Mme. Schiller); * Triple Concerto (piano, violin and 'cello), 3, (Lang, Perabo, 2); Choral Fantasia, piano (Perabo) chorus and orch.; * Fantasia on "Ruins of Athens," arr. by Liszt, piano (Miss Alide Topp) with orch.

Piano Solo: * Polonaise, op. 89, in C, (Miss Krebs); * Thirty-two Variations on Theme in C minor (J C. D. Parker).

Violin Concerto, in D, first movement, 4, (Carl Rosa, Mme. Urso, B. Listemann, 2.)
Chorus with Orch.—Chorus of Dervishes from "Ruins of Athens," 2; "Hallelujah" from "Mount of Olives."
Rec and Aria, with orch., from Fidelio: "Abscheulicher!" 2, (Miss Whitten, Mme. Johannsen); *Duet from Ruins of Athens; Sacred Songs to words by Gellert, op. 48, Nos. 4 and 6 (M. W. Whitney); Quartet from Fidelio; Song: "Adelaide," 2, (C. Gloggner-Castelli, Nelson Varley.)

—But we find we are in for a more formidable job than we anticipated. To save any room for other matter, we must stop here, and leave the completion of the list for another time.

Chamber Concerts.

Mr. B. J. Lang gave the first of two Concerts, at Mechanics' Hall, last Thursday afternoon (April 22), which drew the large audience which his concerts always command; and it was a concert full of interest. Mr. Lang was assisted by Miss Ida Welsh and Miss Grace Sampson. The latter, a promising pupil of his, a young lady of modest, prepossessing appearance, who seemed entirely intent upon her music, opened the Concert with her teacher; the two giving us a very finished and artistic rendering of Mozart's Sonata in D for two pianofortes. We are not sure that it has been given here before; at all events it was as fresh as anything in the familiar Mozart style could be. It has three movements; a spirited *Allegro*, starting with a bold and simple theme; an *Andante*, very melodious, rich in harmony, and tender in feeling; and a Finale (*Allegro molto*), which is exceedingly graceful, buoyant and light-hearted, keeping up its playful humor with exhaustless fancy. The whole work sparkles with fine thoughts, set off to advantage, and must have been quite a bravoura piece in its day. It is thoroughly genial; the only drawback is that the movements are all long. Miss Sampson's touch is nice, her execution clean and even, and her whole performance had not a little of the fineness as well as the vigor of her master's.

Liszt's "Benediction of God in Solitude," from his "Harmonies Poétiques et Religieuses," was first played here by Mr. Lang a few years ago. The key to it is in these verses:

D'où me vient, ô mon Dieu, cette paix qui m'inonde?
D'où me vient cette foi dont mon cœur surabonde,
A moi qui tout à l'heure, incertain, agité,
Et sur les flots du doute à tout vent balloté,
Cherchais le bien, le vrai, dans les rêves des sages,
Et la paix dans des cœurs retentissant d'orages?
A peine sur mon front quelques jours ont glissé,
Il me semble qu'un siècle et qu'un monde ont passé,
Et que séparé d'eux par un abime immense,
Un nouvel homme en moi renaît et recommence.

The peace of a new life is surely a great theme; whether the Abbate felt it all within him we can hardly tell from this music. There is a certain depth of sentiment in the first half of it, serene, rich and full in harmony, as if in sympathy with all around; this is sustained to a good length and comes to a pause; when with a new and quicker rhythm memories of the storms of passion and of trials past seem to return; and finally the "new man" congratulates himself. For Liszt the sentiment is deep and earnest; but compare it with one of the later Sonatas of Beethoven! What promised nobly in the beginning seems to lose unity and to continue itself vaguely and unsatisfactorily for the mere sake of continuance, toward the end. It is very difficult, abounds in fine effects of sonority and light and shade; and Mr. Lang played it with remarkable delicacy and grasp of its full breadth.—His next selections were Chopin's *Impromptu* in F sharp minor, op. 36, and a strong, hearty, joyous *Bourrée*, in G, by Handel, both effectively and characteristically presented. Finally, the brilliant *Concertstück* in G, op. 92, by Schumann, which has been before twice played by him with orchestra. This time the orchestra was represented on a second piano, played by the pupil. It was well worth recalling and extremely interesting even so, and very admirably given.

Miss Welsh evidently suffered from a cold, and sang with more exertion than when she won such favor in "Paradise and the Peri." This was most apparent in her first two pieces; Beethoven's "In questa tomba oscura" (for which her voice seemed too light and child-like) and Schumann's "Er der Herrlichste von allen,"—or, as she sang it in English, "The Noblest." In the two ballads; Sterndale Bennett's "The Past," and Schumann's "A red, red rose," she was more successful. There her admirable distinctness of enunciation came well in play. If Miss Welsh, who is yet very young, shows symptoms of one danger more than another, it is that of the *tremolo*—not yet distressing, but how easily it may become so! Musical feeling, quick apprehension, and spontaneous expression she appears to have beyond the common.

Mme. Madeline Schiller gave a concert in the same hall on Tuesday afternoon, April 27, which was largely attended, and with every manifestation of deep interest. This lady, in the two years that she has resided here, has quietly and steadily won recognition as the equal, we had almost said the superior, of any of our pianists in the technical command of all the resources of the instrument, which she appears to wield with perfect ease and certainty; nor is this by any means her only claim to a place among the very foremost. There is nothing which she cannot execute with exquisite precision, with taste, with delicacy, and with sustained power. Her readings are always careful, honest, and utterly without affectation; she does not place herself before her music. That her understanding, her poetic insight, depth of nature is equal to fathoming the full depth of meaning and of passion in the profoundest works of Beethoven, we do not say; how many have that power? Nor do we always feel that she evinces the best judgment—or tact, rather—in her selections; if she only did, her concerts, we imagine, would be always crowded, for it is indeed a rare, peculiar pleasure to hear her and to see her as she sits at the piano. Her programme was as follows:

Beethoven.—Sonata in A flat Major. Op. 110
Moderato Cantabile—Allegro molto.
Adagio ma non troppo. Fuga.
Chopin.—Variations.—"Je vends des Scapulaires." Op. 12.
J. K. Paine.—Trio in D minor. *First time.* (*Dedicated to Mr. John Kiske.*)
Allegro. Adagio. Allegro giocoso.
Schubert.—Impromptu in B flat Major. Op. 142, No. 3.
Beethoven.—Polonaise in C Major. Op. 89.
Reinecke.—Variations on a theme by Bach. Op. 52.
Schubert.—Valse illustrée par Liszt. Soirées de Vienne, No. 3.

That Beethoven Sonata is certainly one of the deepest in its interior springs of feeling, spiritual longing, and imaginative suggestion, as well as one of the most beautiful. This, too, is a meditation, "patapia et revêtens," in a far deeper and more real sense than that work by the Abbé Liszt of which we have spoken above. Its tenderness and pathos are of the sweetest, noblest, manliest; the wound is deep; "the heart knoweth its own sorrow," its own unquenchable love and faith likewise, and like Prometheus chained to his rock, it can by the aid of genius, summon around itself airy counsellors and sympathizers, beautiful, bright thoughts, and fond diversion, which so enrich, relieve, but not evade or hide the serious confession. How calmly, sweetly it begins! Then comes that sudden flight of soft and luminous arpeggios of gossimer lightness, all over the keyboard, which Mme. Schiller can give with such perfect evenness and lightness, and then the singing monologue goes on again, continually giving out such delicate and fleeting coruscations—the "heat lightning" of the brain! The *Allegro molto*, answering for a *Scherzo*, was beautifully played. The wonderful *Adagio*, so deeply impassioned, now recitative-like, now *cantabile* (Arioso *Dolente*), fitful, yet in perfect keeping with itself, seems almost beyond the power of adequately expressive rendering through material means. How naturally it comes to a close, lingering thoughtfully on the last note, and then the quick Fugue begins in circling six-eight rhythm; the mournful melody returns, and then the Fugue theme, inverted, brings the Sonata to a close. Mme. Schiller's rendering was all that could be desired in the way of execution; no wonder she could not enter into and interpret all its depth of passion and of meaning, as only kindred genius can.

The Chopin Variations, on an air from one of Halévy's operas, are comparatively insignificant among his works, but full of brilliancy, variety and grace, and call for great command of technique, which in this case was not wanting. Nothing more exquisitely perfect, more faultlessly even and connected than her rapid runs and figurative passages of all forms, have we ever witnessed; and there is always delicate and tasteful shading. The Schubert *Impromptu* was made perhaps a little prolix by coaxing out its sentiment; the Reinecke Variations did not require that to make them both prolix and tedious. The Polonaise by Beethoven, played once in a Symphony Concert by Miss Krebs, is brilliant, but not much for Beethoven. The Schubert *Valse* was a most agreeable relief after the Variations upon Bach, and, being played superbly, made an effective ending of the Concert.

Mr. Paine's Trio, (in the performance of which Mme. Schiller was assisted by Mr. C. N. Allen and Mr. Wulf Fries,) we listened to with much interest, and it was received with cordial applause. We will not attempt to give an impression of it without at least a second hearing.

Chicago, April 17. One of the most interesting concerts of the season was that of the Beethoven Society, last night, under the direction of Mr. Carl Wolfsohn. The Chorus numbered perhaps nearly two hundred, and the orchestra about thirty. The programme was as follows:

PART I.
The First Walpurgis Night ..... Mendelssohn.
Soprano solo, Mrs. Stacey; Alto, Mrs. Johnson, and bass, Mr. Jas. Gill.

PART II.
1. Quartet from "Fidelio," (*All the voices*). Beethoven.
2. Larghetto for 'Cello and orchestra ..... Mozart. Mr. Eichelm
3. Spinning Chorus from "Flying Dutchman." Wagner.
4. March and Chorus from "Tannhauser." "

The "Walpurgis Night" was well done the chorus manifesting precision of attack, generally good intonation, and being for the most part well balanced. The *crescendos* and *diminuendos* were not, on the whole, as perfect as they might have been. It is to Mr. Wolfsohn's praise that the orchestra was made to play so softly as not to overpower the not strong solo voices. The solos themselves, although not undertaken by voices of exceptional compass and volume, were done in correct pitch (so far as I observed), distinct enunciation of the words, and intelligent conception of the music. The second part of the programme requires little comment except in regard to the first number, which in my opinion is unsuited to the use here made of it, although for anything I know to the contrary it may be useful practice for the singers. As this was my first acquaintance with this cantata of Mendelssohn', I may perhaps be pardoned for expressing my sense of its light and genial character; but especially I am struck with the weakness of Mendelssohn's imagination as compared with that of Schumann, which immediately appears when we seek in it for individuality in the various parts. For although these are by no means alike, they are very far from manifesting that "humoristic fancy" (as Brendel calls it) which is such a marked feature of all of Schumann's music.

Mr. Wolfsohn's Schumann recitals still continue. The fourth and fifth were these:

FOURTH.
Novelletten, Op. 21, Nos. 1 and 2.
Blumen Stück Op. 19.
Carnaval, Op. 9.

FIFTH.
Novelletten, Op. 21, Nos. 3 and 4.
Arabeske, Op. 18.
Song: "Belshazzar."
Mr. C. T. Root.
Sonata, F sharp minor, Op. 11.

The songs in the fourth recital I do not just now recall. In both these Mr. Wolfsohn's playing has been better than I described it the other day. Especially was this true of the *Carnaval* and the Sonata, in both which his readings were intelligent and interesting, and I am happy to go on record as not so ultra refined in my taste as to be unable to derive pleasure from such music as this of Schumann's, even though I might be able here and there to point to some slip in the execution, or some conception not entirely consonant with my notion.

The Apollo Club gave a concert about ten days ago under the direction of Mr. Bergstein. The programme included part-songs by Kücken, Mendelssohn, and one by the conductor himself, Mr. Carl Bergstein, which was well received. The solo performances were those of Mrs. Jones (soprano), and four pieces played on the pianoforte by Miss Julia Rive of Cincinnati.

The Club had about fifty voices and sang in good tune and with taste, though, as will be seen they were not put to any very severe test. The most notable feature of this concert was the playing of Miss Rive. Her selections were varied in character and performed with a clearness and beauty of execution such as I have never seen surpassed, especially in the *Tannhauser* March and second Hungarian Rhapsody. Whether this young lady is an artiste in the sense of being an authoritative exponent of such music as that of Schumann and Beethoven I do not know; but as a pianist at all events she must be accorded a place with the most accomplished. Mrs. Jones, a soprano here, received an imperative encore, which I confess surprised me, inasmuch as the singer was suffering from a very bad cold, in consequence of which she made a marked departure from true intonation on the very note which brought down the house. Verily the public "is curis."

Der Freyschütz.

New York, April 26, 1875.—The last fortnight, bringing the musical season to a close, has been crowded with concerts, so that a brief notice of some of the best of them is all that I can give. Beginning with the two concerts by the Thomas Orchestra, at Steinway Hall, on Friday evening, April 16, and Saturday afternoon, April 17, we find two programmes, which, though of lighter character than those of the Symphony Concerts, are yet very interesting.

The evening concert opened with a performance of Beethoven's Second Symphony in D, op. 36. A work, the whole of which is seldom played in New York, although the second movement, (Larghetto), is well known here. The rendering seemed to be exceptionally fine, even for the Thomas Orchestra, with which perfection is an every day matter. An instrumental novelty was an orchestral setting, by Carl Reinecke, of R. Schumann's delightful series of "Bilder aus Osten," for the piano, (four hands). The adaptation is such as to preserve the exact spirit of the original music, while its gorgeous Oriental coloring is intensified by ingenious orchestration. It is "Lalla Rookh" in music.

Berlioz's bright little Scherzo, "La Reine Mab, ou la Fee des songes," which we have heard at the garden concerts, was the next instrumental piece, and the concert ended with three selections from Wagner's "Meistersinger," namely, The Introduction to the 3d act, Walther's Prize Song, and the Overture. The Introduction and Prize Song are new to us. The magnificent overture we have heard many times, but cannot hear too often*. The beautiful prize song of Walther was entrusted to Mr. H. A. Bischoff, tenor, who proved to be anything but a "Meistersinger," for he pitched his voice too low at the outset, and had a painful struggle with the music. Nor did he succeed with "Siegmund's Love Song," (from "Walkuere,") another novelty which came earlier in the evening. Of course we have to consider the difficulty which all singers find in Wagner's music, and it is said that Mr. Bischoff did much better at the matinée, when the same selections were given.

Two pieces, sung by Miss Annie Louise Cary, completed the bill of the evening. One was the famous "Che faro senza Euridice," from Gluck's "Orpheus," and the other the well known arietta, by Beethoven, "In questa tomba oscura." Miss Cary was in good voice, and sang well, as indeed she always does.

At the Saturday Matinée, Mendelssohn's Reformation Symphony was performed. We have not heard it in full for several years past, although the Scherzo has been frequently played. The composer, who was an excellent critic of his own works, anticipated the verdict of posterity upon this symphony, and effectually disarmed criticism; but it is too good to be wholly lost to our ears, and ought to be occasionally played.

To continue the bill, Schumann's "Abendlied," and a serenade, by Haydn, were performed by the strings. The Wagner music of the evening previous was repeated. Beethoven's "Leonora" overture was played, and Miss Cary sang Mozart's "Voi che sapete," and the Romanza "Non conosci," from Mignon. The name of the last piece always brings a thought of an artist who left us not very long ago, and the splinters (? sic.) of musical sense are still too fresh and fine for us patiently to hear the same piece sung even by so charming a singer as Miss Cary.

This brought the season of Thomas Concerts in New York to a close, and the great Conductor, with his orchestra, has gone West, not to return until the season for opening the garden concerts. There has been some needless alarm lest these delightful summer nights entertainments should be discontinued; only those who are obliged to remain in the city during the long, hot season, can fully realize the great satisfaction and good to be got from the Central Park Garden, and how like our daily bread it has become.

I give below the programmes of the six Symphony Concerts which Mr. Thomas gave during the season just ended.

FIRST CONCERT.

Harold Symphony.....Berlioz
Piano-forte Concerto, Op 16 (new).....Grieg
Mr. F. Boscovitz.
Heroic Symphony, No. 3.....Beethoven

SECOND CONCERT.

Suite in B-minor, [first time].....Bach
Adagio and Rondo brillante, A-major.....Hummel
Mr. H. H. Timm.
Symphony No. 1, in B flat.....Schumann
Trio, "Tremate, empi" [first time].....Beethoven
Miss Lasar, Mr. Eritsch, Mr. Remertz.
Symphonic Poem, "Die Ideale".....Liszt

THIRD CONCERT

Overture—"Paris and Helen" [first time].....Gluck
Symphony No. 6, D-minor [new].....Raff
Wotans Abschied and Feuerzauber [first time]
Wagner
Vocal part by Mr. Remmertz.
Symphony No. 5, C-minor.....Beethoven

FOURTH CONCERT.

Symphony No. 4. B-flat.....Beethoven
Concerto for two violins and orchestra [first time].
Bach
Hungarian Dances [new].....Brahms
Piano-forte concerto [new].....Raff
Mme. Schiller.
Frithiof Symphony [new].....Hofmann

FIFTH CONCERT.

Oxford Symphony, G-major.....Haydn
Sinfonia, Recitative and Aria from "Semele".Handel
Mlle. Anna Drasdil.
Overture, "Leonora," No. 2.....Beethoven
Dramatic Symphony, No. 4 [new].....Rubinstein

SIXTH CONCERT.

Jupiter Symphony.....Mozart
Piano-forte Concerto in E-flat [new].....Rubinstein
Mme. Schiller.
Symphony in A. No. 7.....Beethoven

The last concert of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society took place on Saturday evening, April 17th. The attendance was large, and has been so throughout the season.

The following selections were performed under the direction of Theodore Thomas:

1. Symphony in E-flat, Köchel—543—[first time].
Mozart
2. *a.* Part Song "How Sweet the Moonlight."
H. Leslie
b. Glee, "The Hunting Song".....J Benedict
The Glee and Madrigal Society of Brooklyn.
3. Concerto in C-minor, Op. 37, [first movement.
Beethoven
Mr. Richard Hoffman and orchestra.
4. Faust.—Characterbild—Op. 68.....Rubinstein
5. Barcarole [from the fourth concerto.W. S. Bennett
Mr. Richard Hoffman.
6. *a.* Part Song "Sands of Dee.".....Macfarren
b. Lullaby of Life.....H. Leslie
The Glee and Madrigal Society.
7. Symphonic Poem, Tasso.....Liszt

The Mozart Symphony is one of the three best of the series, and contain the most popular of all the Minuettos. It was composed in 1766, in Vienna.

The Rubinstein "Character Bild," has been played by the Thomas Orchestra in New York, only once or twice within my recollection. The Symphonic Poem "Tasso," is one of the best of Liszt's compositions. It is really suberb, as far as instrumentation goes, though it is a noticeable fact that the only bit of pure melody contained in the work is a text not claimed by the composer as his own. It is a song of the Venetian gondoliers; a melody to which the first strophes of the "Jerusalem" are chanted upon the lagoons.

"Canto l'armi pietose e'l capitano
Che'l gran Sepolcro liberò di Cristo."

Still we have to thank Liszt for a setting of this form, such as perhaps no other man could give.

The singing of the past songs and glee were well enough, although the music was obviously inappropriate upon such an occasion. But, our Brooklyn friends have their own way of doing things, and doubtless were satisfied with the arrangement. I could not keep wishing, for my part, that some of the songs which took up so much time, and were *repeated* in two instances, had been left out, and an opportunity thus afforded Mr. Richard Hoffman to play the whole of Beethoven's Concerto, of which only the first movement was given. Once in each year this artist comes to the front, is heard with breathless attention, and immediately returns to private life, which he prefers, probably because he has already many of those honors for which a capricious public often exacts a long and toilsome service.

[The remainder of this letter next time.]

* Verily there is no accounting for tastes!—ED.

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"Each remembered note recalls,
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"But she'd eloped with a circus man."
A pretty comic song, full of surprises.

The Cragsman. 3. A minor to e. *Molloy.* 35
"The golden crested eagle's wing
Shall deck her nut brown hair."
A wild, strange song of the egg-hunter and his perils.

Frogtown Spellers. Kommick Song and Koruss. 2. G to e. *Beg.* 30
"An orful spell is ore us kast."
Just in time for the prevailing mania. As this will only last for a spell, hasten to enjoy the fun.

Longing. Canzonetta. 4. B*b* to f. *Barker.* 35
"Over the tranquil sea,
Where the bright moon is shining."
Also arranged for Contralto in G, and in either key a beautiful song.

Old sweet Story. 3. E*b* to e. *Lindsay.* 35
"And the forests heard, and the leaflets
Whispered it down to the flowers."
Exceedingly sweet, whatever it was; for at the close we are left in doubt.

My fairest Angel. (Biondina Bella). 4. C to f. *Gounod.* 40
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The translation may be "Beautiful Blonde" and the comparison to a white robed angel is prettily carried out, raising this in sentiment above the average of Italian songs. Fine Gounod music.

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Age delights to hear."
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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 889. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1875. VOL. XXXV. No. 3.

A "Seance Solennelle" of the "Orpheon" in Paris.

(From old Editorial Correspondence.)

PARIS, August 10, 1860.

My short visit to Paris is in the unmusical season of the year; a mere lingering to make what may be made of chance opportunity, to see what may be seen and hear what may be heard on the way through to other countries. Brushing quickly past the gay flowers, and chiefly occupied in seeing, I had not thought to gather musical honey for these letters. But I have seemed to meet on all sides symptoms of a new musical impulse in France. Certainly the French have not borne hitherto the highest musical reputation; the French taste, even the French ear has not been reported very true to concert pitch; and the French as a people have been proverbially famed for singing out of tune. This is a slander so far as my small experience of the past fortnight goes. In the churches at Rouen, in the operas, the *cafés chantants*, the Conservatoire, and above all the singing classes of "the million," in Paris, one could not but be struck by the very opposite, by just that same exactness in regard to tune and time, which makes the whole every day movement of this most orderly and military nation. Here every thing goes in procession; all partakes of the controlling military rhythm; and with whatever latent discontent there is (doubtless not a little) under the purest despotism, there is still a certain lyric sense of glory and of pride in power, in art, in order and in beauty, which goes well with music. There is a great educational work in progress over all France in respect to music. The *people* are becoming singers, in a more real and substantial sense (I cannot help thinking) than we were wont to boast of with our swarms of money making singing masters and "professors" in New England. Here a great musical movement, real and sincere, seems to have sprung up in the people, and to have a living soul in it. It enjoys the fostering care of government. The empire, which styles itself "Peace," is shrewd enough at least to show that it is also Art, and also Music. And it does look as if that power, which, while it turns Paris into a camp, at the same time unites the Louvre with the Tuileries, builds noble palaces and boulevards and bridges, redeems to sight the beautiful old tower of St. Jacques, long hidden in a dirty mass of buildings, restores and renovates the glorious old cathedrals, and other monuments of Gothic architecture throughout France, — doing in fact everywhere a great æsthetic work and cultivating the artistic glory of the land, — was at the same time quickening a new musical impulse and preparing a new musical era in its people.

What I witnessed last Sunday was significant. "Orphéon" is the collective name of a great system of popular singing societies, for both sexes and all ages, within a few years organized, and still spreading out its branches over all France. The reports are still fresh of the impression which a delegation of some thousands of the male Orphéonists made on their visit to the Crystal Palace in England some weeks since. It was my good fortune to receive an invitation in company with an intelligent amateur of our town, to what was styled a *Séance Solennelle* of the *Orphéon (Ville de Paris)*, held in the vast round of the Cirque Napoleon, at 2 P. M., on Sunday, August 5th. This "solemn session" was a free grand concert; there were no tickets sold; it was the people's own affair and open to the people, subject only to the limitation, for the sake of comfort and order, (for here the rule is absolute and universal, in theatres, in cars, in omnibuses, never to admit one person over and above the actual number of seats) of invitations dated from the Prefecture of the Seine.

The assembly was immense. There could not have been fewer than five thousand guests; and these ranged in circle above circle (to the number of twenty circles), from the spacious area below to half way up the richly decorated walls of the great circus, made a most brilliant and lively spectacle, in itself enough to occupy the hour we were kept waiting. All classes were assembled, but chiefly of the people; mechanics with their wives and daughters, a vast brilliant flower bed of kaleidoscopic colors; here and there an actual blue blouse, or the picturesque Arabic costume of the Zouave. A wide section of the round, from top to bottom, was filled or filling with the singers, numbering one thousand or twelve hundred voices in all. Above, on one side, sat the basses and the tenors, and below them the women. On the other side, the boys and girls. At the foot of all a patch of the tenderest plants, silvery-voiced youngest girls, found room upon the central area. The rest of this was occupied by dignitaries and distinguished guests in stately arm-chairs, such as Auber, who moved about a sort of oracle among them, and others of the musical celebrities of France; M. le Préfet also, whose entrance was unanimously greeted, as was that of several others; all scrupulously dressed, too, as if it were indeed a great occasion, and as if in solemn honor to what they recognized as a great cause.

Here and there among the younger singers stood their teachers, to reflect the hints of *tempo* and expression from the conductor, who stood below, upon their immediate neighborhood. There was much affectionate enthusiasm manifested towards some of these among the boys. For everything spoke out here; the scene was thoroughly French: and what a noise there was! what an infinite babblement of animated tongues, over the whole space, but especially among the boy singers as they came rushing down into their seats, and "thought aloud" of everything that passed before the call to order. They were bright-looking, handsome, intelligent boys for the most part; the handsomer for carrying so much of the air of cheerful discipline in their faces and in all their movements; lively, happy, noisy, but not rude; one is pleasantly struck by the faces and the manners of the boys in all the streets of Paris. If I could only sketch that quaint old figure of a teacher who stands up there on my left, answering the laughing, eager questions of a dozen tip-toe boys at once! He was a subject for a Cruickshank. With his back turned he seems the very image of a Scotch or Yankee country schoolmaster; but when he turns round the face is one of those picturesque oddities you only find in Europe; very tall and lank and bony; an old man with bushy grey hair and long grey moustache, a fabulously long beaked nose, and very high retreating forehead; face red, and full at once of routine, discipline and good natured humor, and of that enthusiasm in a good work which preserves youth; altogether a picturesque, quaint specimen! I think it was he, who, when the moment for commencing was announced, stepped downward a few steps, and placing a wreath of immortelles upon a bust, said in a clear voice: *A la mémoire de* WILHELM! he being the patron saint as it were of the Orphéon, since of Wilhelm's singing classes for the million (now imitated by Mainzer in England) this Orpheon is the natural fruit. There was the clapping of hands and the enthusiasm, immense of course, after the French way; they always have a sentiment.

The conductor of the first part, M. BAZIN, a remarkably intelligent and wholesome looking man, gave the sign, when all rose, and the few chords of the brief introductory *Domine salvum* instantly revealed a wonderfully pure, sonorous, musical ensemble of tone. The pieces were all unaccompanied. No. 1 was for the whole choir, *Veni Creator*, by Besozzi, a dignified composition in contrapuntal church style, and was sung perfectly, as regards purity of intonation, precision of outline in the coming in of different sets of voices, light and shade, and all the qualities of good choral singing. The parts of the harmony were nicely balanced, and all the voices told. We do not think we ever heard so large a mass of vocal tone that was so pure, so fresh, so vivid; the molten mass ran bright and without dross. No. 2 was humorous, a fable of Fontaine, set very happily to music by M. Bazin, in Opéra Comique style, about the two physicians, Dr. *Tant-pis* and Dr. *Tant-mieux* (so much-the-better and so much-the-worse). It was rendered with most delicate *esprit*.

No. 3. *L'Angelus*, by Papin, was a chorus of children's voices; a sweet religious strain, flowing in upon an accompaniment of boy contralti, imitating church bells. The quality of tone was lovely, especially where the tender, silver soprano of these youngest girls took up the strain by itself, and the boy voices did not shout and blart in that offensive, overwhelming manner which was once a fault in our musical school festivals in Boston. Insatiable applause, especially on the part of the grown up singers, compelled a repetition of this. Then the men took their turn and sang, in four parts, a delightful little *staccato* chorus from Grétry; *La garde passe*, representing the watch going the round of the streets at midnight, and warning everybody to go into the house and keep silence. The lightly marked, distinct *pizzicati*

mo tramp of footsteps in the beginning was most perfect. The sense of near approach, conveyed by the *crescendo*, from verse to verse, equally so; and the retreat. Machinery could not do the thing so nicely as those five hundred voices. The children then returned the compliment of clapping, backed by the whole audience. No. 4 was a respectable church piece, short, in contrapuntal style, by M. Auber. No. 6, for full chorus, by Halévy, and in his most characteristic and dramatic style, full of modulations, interminglings and responses, had essentially the same poetic subject with the piece by Grétry, and was called *Le Couvre-feu*:—very effective and completely rendered. It is a chorus from his *Juif errant*, an opera which he produced while the interest in Eugene Sue's novel was yet fresh, but which had not at all the same success as *La Juive*.

Part second was conducted by a plump, little, bustling, blonde individual, full of gesticulation, yet efficient, M. Pasdeloup, and opened with a clever composition of his own, a Prayer, for all the voices. Next came a "Spring Song," being one of those sweet and rather sentimental German-Italian part-songs for male voices, by de Call. But to our mind the freshest, happiest and most interesting morceau in the day's selection was a vintage song (*Les Vendanges*) from old Orlando Lasso, to which very pretty and poetic French rhymes had been adapted. There is a rare touch of fine, imaginative, graceful play in the music, which many would not expect from that "learned," "scientific" old fellow, that pioneer in contrapuntal art; and it was beautifully sung. So was the next piece, No. 10, one of a very different character and perhaps the next most interesting in the programme, by a living French composer, Gounod: a chorus for male voices from M. *Faust*, martial, stirring, grandiose in style, startling in modulations, and laid out evidently upon a large orchestral background. The unaided voices made the most of it. A *Cantique* by Haydn, one of his elegant and faultless common-places, followed, and the *séance* closed with an enthusiastic *Vive l'Empereur!* vigorously composed by Gounod, and sung apparently with a will, to words which couple the occasion and the whole artistic impulse of the land with his name:

C'est l'élu de la France;
Il fut son sauveur,
Il ouvre un temple à l'industrie,
Aux beaux-arts il rend leur splendeur,
A nos drapeaux leur vieil honneur;
A la France il rend son génie (!)

And so ended one of the most interesting and exciting musical occasions at which I ever have been present. Of course it is a greater thing to hear greater compositions. But one could not hear that singing, and feel that audience, without feeling also that it has a future in it; that the Orphéon really is a sound, live, vigorous musical movement, springing out of the life of the people and destined to identify itself with all that people's enthusiasms. It is pregnant with a great musical activity, hereafter; and whether it is to call forth composers of the true imaginative, creative stamp or not, it is at least moulding the ear and the soul of the French nation to a fine appreciation and a deep love of the art of music. There is more of *Future* in that, we fancy, than in all the theoretic products of the Wagners, Liszts and Berliozes: and we are far from thinking that the Art owes nothing to those men, especially the first named. D.

Continuations of Die Zauberfloete.*

Among Mozart's more important operas, apart from his youthful efforts, *Die Zauberflöte* is the one which, from the very outset, boasted of the most decided success. The dying master enjoyed, at least partially, the enthusiastic welcome which his last operatic score, written with his ebbing heart's-blood, met with in the first theatres of Germany. This popularity has continued, without change, to be the portion of *Die Zauberflöte* up to the present day—despite the stupid libretto which defies all criticism. This libretto is unquestionably the worst Mozart ever glorified by his divine music, and, as a literary production, is far inferior, in invention as in style, to the libretto of *Così fan Tutte*.

At first sight, the book of *Die Zauberflöte* appears to be the creation of an inflamed brain; of a mind which probably never moved in the normal track. A momentary fit of delirium might, perhaps, have brought forth something similarly eccentric—but never anything so absolutely flat and worthless. The entire story resembles a confused and irregular dream, without any intimation either of the time or locality in which the shadowy action takes place. The personages are represented if not without invention at least without character or national color. The separate scenes are deficient in aught like organic connection, and are held together by a merely apparent link. In addition to this, a fearful want of poetry reigns supreme in the form. The dialogue excites our indignation by its triviality, and the verses appear imitated from the mottoes of the cracker maker. The jokes running through the text are low and insipid—without a spark of true wit.

Down to the most recent period, there has been no want of interpreters, who have endeavored to discover a red thread in this web of absurdity, an illuminating point in this chaos of insipidity. But their explanations differed vastly from each other, most of the writers seeking deep worldly wisdom under the grotesque outer envelope, and each one striving to discover and value it after his own fashion. It was even supposed that political secrets and diplomatic artifices might be gleaned, like grains of gold, from the sterile medley. Poor Schikaneder was said not to have been the author, but merely to have given his name to the work of some one in a very high position—perhaps the Emperor Joseph II. himself. Others went so far as to scent Jesuitico-Rosicrucian mysteries beneath the veil of our common mother Isis. At last, the majority of oneirocritics, guided by the well-known catch-words, agreed in adopting the conclusion generally accepted at the present day, namely: that the book of *Die Zauberflöte* is an apotheosis of the order of Freemasonry, in the holy halls of which Mozart, as well as Schikaneder, is known to have been at home. And, indeed, it is only this fact which enables us to understand how the composer of *Don Juan*, of *Figaro*, and of *Idomeneo*, could throw away his magnificent strains on such a hodge-podge of Viennese jokes, lofty philosophy, and ridiculous marvels.

That, however, such an apotheosis might have been treated in a more noble manner, even for a Vienna public, is proved by the *Sonnenfest der Bramimen*, which appeared shortly after Mozart's death, and for which the well-known Wenzel Müller wrote the now long since forgotten music.

Be this, however, as it may, it was soon evident that the book of *Die Zauberflöte* was not only totally deficient in artistic finish, but that the actual end was wanting. It is true that the wonderful story at length stopped, but terminated or completed it certainly was not. What might not still happen to Sarastro; to Tamino and his lady: nay, to Papageno and his little wife? Just as these strange personages had accidentally, without any kind of demonstrable motive, met, loved, and followed each other, so, after the knot had been, well or badly, cleft through, Princes, Magicians, Priests, Queens, Bird-Catchers and Moors passed, vanished—through the bronze gates of the Temple of Wisdom, or, by the common high road, *ad astra*.

After the first intoxicating outburst of enthusiasm had evaporated, the vant of purport and form in these shadows, which passed without object, or any kind of reasonable tendency, over the boards representing the world, necessarily became palpable to all, as did, likewise, the incomplete and fragmentary nature of the entire play. It was only Mozart's wondrous music, and, it is true, the especial interest of Freemasonry in conjunction with it, which could preserve the empty will-o'-the-wisp of this comedy of fog, puppets, and animals, from being speedily extinguished. This was felt by every reasonable man,—not excepting even the manufacturers of Viennese farces.

They endeavored, therefore, to patch up, to emendate, and to elucidate the production, and thus there sprang into existence continuations and second parts of *Die Zauberflöte*. These, written with more or less skill, were played for a time in the theatres of Vienna, Munich, and Mannheim, and then entirely disappeared without leaving a trace. Meanwhile, Mozart, who could have breathed the breath of life into these phantasms, had gone to those lofty halls where, in truth, revenge, envy, and—poverty, are unknown.

Of all these posthumous pieces of wonder and magic, the one which produced the greatest sensation was a "grand heroic-comic opera," with a libretto supplied by the inevitable Schikaneder himself. It was expressly announced as a "Continuation of *Die Zauberflöte*," and entitled: *Die Piramiden von Babilon* (*The Pyramids of Babylon*). It was first produced at Schikaneder's Theatre in 1797.

Why not one of the numerous composers of folk's operas (W. Müller, Joh. Schenk, Kauer, Süssmayer, Weigl, etc.), then resident in Vienna, set these *Piramiden* to music must remain an open question. They dreaded, probably, Mozart's crushing rivalry. A few years later (1801), however, Süssmayer brought out upon the stage a piece in the style of *Die Zauberflöte*, under the title: *Phasma, oder die Erscheinungen in Verschwiegenheitstempel*. The *Piramiden von Babilon* were set by the Bohemian Mederitsch (under the name of Johann Gallus) in conjunction with Peter von Winter, Gallus taking the first act and the overture, and Winter the second act.

The pianoforte arrangement of this opera now lies before me. In consequence of the absence of the dialogue I can say nothing positive concerning the course of the plot—supposing there to have been one—and must, therefore, confine myself to a few hints about the music. This is in the first act unquestionably superior to what it is in the second, which does not, in the remotest degree, remind us of the composer of *Das unterbrochene Operfest*. The first act by Gallus, on the contrary, displays a certain energy, and an excellent working out of the most interesting motives. The extremely boisterous overture (in C major) brings in rather intrusively the inevitable blasts on the trombone, as well as the mysterious knocking. The entire work is, however, thoroughly homophonous—and does not remind us in the slightest degree of the manner of Mozart. The air of Senides: "Sendet uns, ihr guten Götter," is, on the contrary, evidently formed upon that of Sarastro. A pompous and effective march of Priests, too, though not so simple and dignified as that in *Die Zauberflöte*, stands out advantageously. In the second act (by Winter), we have Cremona's grand bravura air (A minor—A major), "Ha! da ist die Piramid!" It strikes the hearer at once as a copy of the bravura air in *Die Zauberflöte*. In like manner we find, very true to nature, the bird-catcher in the little songs: "Wenn ich nur alle Mädchen wüsste," and "Voller Angst und voller Schrecken." Gallus, too, has copied him and his wife very well in the duet: "Heute sind es gerade drei Wochen, Wo ich mich ohne Weib noch befand." But, notwithstanding this and everything else, these Babylonian Pyramids have long since disappeared without leaving a trace behind. Save the musical historian, scarcely anyone knows even their name.

A still less satisfactory result must have been achieved by a continuation undertaken, in the year 1798, by Winter alone, under the title, *Das Labyrinth, oder der Kampf mit den Elemen-*

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*. (Translated in the *London Musical World*.)

ten, though Schikaneder had the pianoforte arrangement illustrated with twelve copperplate engravings. Gerber himself (*Neues Lexicon*, part IV. p. 598), can tell us nothing more about this score than that: "It is said to contain much that is beautiful." The spirit of Mozart did not hover, illuminating, warming, and vivifying, over these troubled waters—so they ran out and dried up before their time. And yet it was time they did!

Finally, towards the commencement of the present century, Goethe wrote his fragment: *Der Zauberflote zweiter Theil (Second part of the Magic Flute.)* More than anyone else was he, the universal poet, and first among the initiated, competent and fitted to execute such a work. But the very first sketch assumed such vast dimensions that even the cleverest composer could scarcely hope to manage musically the entire work when completed. Then, again, there was the fact that the aristocratic and absolutist tendencies apparent in this fragment, as in everything Goethe did, could scarcely inspire a musician with enthusiasm for the wonderful poem. Goethe perceived in time both these evils, and thus this *Second Magic Flute* remained a fragment. Isolated portions have been set by Zelter, J. F. Reichardt, C. Löwe, Reissiger, and others—but, as far as I know, without especial success.

In Robert's opera *Die Sylphen*, to which F. H. Himmel, Reichardt's successor, wrote admirable music, we find Papageno, Papagena, and Leporello, introduced as episodical personages, so that this work, also, if not exactly a continuation, may be called an echo of *Die Zauberflote*.

In conclusion, a word must be said concerning the source whence was derived the text of *Die Zauberflote*, as well as of all the continuations and imitations of it, with the exception of that of *Die Sylphen*, which is founded on a fairy tale by Gozzi. This common source is the *Histoire de Sethos avec Anecdotes de l'ancienne Egypte*, a work published at Amsterdam, MDCCXXXII, and purporting to be translated from a Greco-Egyptian original. This apocryphal and bungling production was translated into German, in 1777, under the name (falsely affixed to it, perhaps) of Matthias Klaudius. It was this version which Schikaneder evidently employed throughout, sometimes for the apothegms—copying it word for word. But the shadowy *comic* forms in *Die Zauberflote* are indisputably his own property. There is not the slightest trace of them in the *Geschichte des Sethos*.

JOSEPH SEILER.

Raff's "Im Walde" in London.

(From the Daily Telegraph, April 13.)

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The second concert of the present season took place in St. James's Hall on Monday night, and was made specially interesting to lovers of novelty by a performance of Raff's third symphony, entitled *Im Walde*. This work has never been heard in England before, although it is accounted its composer's masterpiece, and has been some years before the world. English ignorance of a symphony, however, is no argument against it. Though we are gradually acquiring a healthy curiosity about things of the kind, we care less to enlarge the scope of our musical acquaintance than to dwell admiringly upon the excellencies of old friends. Besides, we are distrustful, not without excuse, of the school to which Raff belongs, and shrink somewhat from contact with its teaching. These considerations explain, if they do not justify the fact, why the composer and his *Im Walde* have so tardily made their appearance in our concert-rooms. It was, doubtless, very wrong of our indifferentism to keep them out, and hence we had a double reason to rejoice on Monday night—we enlarged our knowledge, and took Raff in. The title of the symphony at once suggests that it belongs to the order of "programme music," and is simply illustrative. So far, the work holds a secondary rank among its kind; for even now, when the tendency is to proclaim the need of a defined poetic basis, few will venture to assert that the noblest example of programme music—Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony—is equal to the same composer's symphony in C minor. "Pure" music, self-sufficient, and in all respects self-contained, must ever come before that which needs an interpreter, and which has no meaning apart from certain moral or physical phenomena. But, while this is the case, nobody disputes the legitimacy of the descriptive in musical art. Words like *Im Walde* have their rightful place, and he who can produce a "Pastoral" is second only to him who creates a "C minor." There are some regulations, however, upon which, if programme music is not to run riot and become a nuisance, it will be necessary to insist. In the first place, its meaning should be definite, or, failing that, it must, as music, be capable of exciting pleasure. We scarcely need stop to argue this proposition, because music that is neither intelligible nor agreeable has no champions even among the many who seem disposed to fight for any artistic folly. The rule laid down is just that which the *Pastoral* Symphony satisfies. From beginning to end of Beethoven's descriptive work not a passage conveys a doubtful impression. All is as clear as the waters of the brook it shows us, while, regarded as music, it can be heard with delight for its own sake. Here, then, we have a standard by which to test every work of the kind, and so tried, Raff's *Im Walde* is found wofully deficient. The composer divides his symphony into three parts—"Day," "Twilight," and "Night;" throughout all of which we are, of course, assumed to be "in the Forest," and subject to the influences of a scene that imagination can easily depict. An *allegro*, entitled "Impressions and Feelings," constitutes the first part; the second is made up of a *largo*, "dreaming," and an *allegro assai*, "Dance of Dryads;" while in the third we are told to look to a final *allegro* for "Busy stillness of Night in the Forest—Arrival and departure of the Wild Hunt, with Frau Holle and Wotan—Daybreak." Here is, verily, an ambitious programme, but we need not test its execution in detail. It will suffice if we indicate the last movement as enough to condemn the work when tested by the standard of Beethoven. Some may quarrel with Raff about his choice of subjects, and ask what gain can come to music from association with the ghastliness of his *Lenore*, or the devilry of the Wild Hunt in *Im Walde*. But upon this we will not insist. If a man wishes to make music sketch a gibbet, or a spectral bloodhound, by all means let him indulge his fancy. We do, however, complain that Raff's picture is, as to its ambitious *finale*, no picture at all, but a great smudge of vivid color made in the dark, as it would seem, with the brush of a house painter. Witnessing it, the eye is dazzled by glare without being conscious of form. We want to know what this means, what that is intended to convey, why our senses are harrowed in one place, and soothed in another; but we ask vainly, notwithstanding our acquaintance with the composer's general idea. Other portions of the work are more happy. There are some charming glimpses of forest life in the opening movement, and both the Largo and Scherzo have points of interest and attraction. But the Finale, like that in *Lenore*, ruins the work, and proclaims it, as an example of programme music, to be a failure. We will not criticize *Im Walde* as music *per se*, further than to say that, with many happy effects, and great skill in use of the orchestra, it is chiefly remarkable for a bold defiance of rules sanctioned by the highest genius, the result being often of a character which leaves Raff without excuse for his daring. We do not advocate finality in music, but innovation should at least be in the direction of improvement, and not suggest change for the sake of change. On the whole, *Im Walde* cannot be said to have advanced its composer's position in this country. A majority of the audience received it with coldness, and, we believe, were right in doing so. The performance, taken for all in all, reflected credit upon Mr. Cusins and his orchestra, who deserve none the less praise because they had a thankless task.

Over the rest of the concert we must pass very briefly. The second symphony was Beethoven's No. 8, and the concluding overture Spohr's *Jessonda*. Mdlle. Krebs played Schumann's concerto with splendid effect, overcoming its many difficulties, and reading the work like a consummate artist. The vocalist was Mdlle. Levier, who sang Röschen's great air from Spohr's *Faust* most effectively.

Father Wieck on Singing and Singing-Teachers.

From Advanced Sheets of "Piano and Song: How to Teach and how to Learn." Translated from the German of FRIEDRICH WIECK, by MARY P. NICHOLS. Boston: Noyes, Holmes & Co.

(*A Letter to a Young Lady Singer.*)

MY DEAR MISS ——,— You are endowed with an admirable gift for singing, and your agreeable though not naturally powerful voice has vivacity and youthful charm, as well as a fine tone: you also possess much talent in execution; yet you nevertheless share the lot of almost all your sisters in art, who, whether in Vienna, Paris, or Italy, find only teachers who are rapidly helping to annihilate the opera throughout Europe, and are ruling out of court the simple, noble, refined, and true art of singing. This modern, unnatural style of art, which merely aspires to superficial effects, and consists only in mannerisms, and which must ruin the voice in a short time, before it reaches its highest perfection, has already laid claim to you. It is scarcely possible to rescue your talent, unless, convinced that you have been falsely guided, you stop entirely for a time, and allow your voice to rest during several months, and then, by correct artistic studies, and with a voice never forced or strong, often indeed weak, you improve your method of attack by the use of much less and never audible breathing, and acquire a correct, quiet guidance of the tones. You must also make use of the voice in the middle register, and strengthen the good head-tones by skilfully lowering them; you must equalize the registers of the voice by a correct and varied use of the head tones, and by diligent practice of *solfeggio*. You must restore the unnaturally extended registers to their proper limits; and you have still other points to reform. Are you not aware that this frequent tremulousness of the voice, this immoderate forcing of its compass, by which the chest register is made to interfere with the head-tones, this coquetting with the deep chest-tones, this affected, offensive, and almost inaudible nasal *pianissimo*, the aimless jerking out of single tones, and, in general, this whole false mode of vocal execution, must continually shock the natural sentiment of a cultivated, unprejudiced hearer, as well as of the composer and singing teacher? What must be the effect on a voice in the middle register, when its extreme limits are forced in such a reckless manner, and when you expend as much breath for a few lines of a song as a correctly educated singer would require for a whole aria? How long will it be before your voice, already weakened, and almost always forced beyond the limits of beauty, shall degenerate into a hollow, dull, guttural tone, and even into that explosive or tremulous sound, which proclaims irremediable injury? Is your beautiful voice and your talent to disappear like a meteor, as others have done? or do you hope that the soft air of Italy will in time restore a voice once ruined? I fall into a rage when I think of the many beautiful voices which have been spoiled, and have dwindled away without leaving a trace during the last forty years; and I vent my overflowing heart in a brief notice of the many singing teachers, whose rise and influence I have watched for twenty years past.

The so-called singing teachers whom we usually find, even in large cities and in musical institutions, I exempt from any special criticism, for they would not be able to understand my views. They permit soprano voices to sing scales in all the five vowels at once; begin with *e* instead of *f*; allow a long holding of the notes, "in order to bring out the voice," until the poor victim rolls her eyes and grows dizzy. They talk only of the fine chest-tones which must be elicited, will have nothing to do with the head tones, will not even listen to them, recognize them, or learn to distinguish them. Their highest principle is: "Fudge! we don't want any rubbish of Teschner, Miksch, and Wieck. Sing in your own plain way; what is the use of this murmuring without taking breath? For what do you have lungs if you are not to use them? Come, try this aria: 'Grâce,' 'Grâce!' Produce an effect! Down on your knees!"

There are again others who allow screaming,—"the more the better,"—in order to produce power and expression in the voice, and to make it serviceable for public performances. They may, indeed, require the singing of *solfeggio*, and prattle about the requisite equality of the tones; and they consequently make the pupil practise diligently and strongly on the two-lined *a*, *b* flat, *h*, where kind Nature does not at first place the voice, because she has reserved for herself the slow and careful development of it. As for the unfortunate gasping medium voices, which are still less docile, and which sigh in the throat, and after all can only speak, such teachers postpone the cultivation of these to the future, or else they exclaim in a satisfied way, "Now we will sing at sight! Hit the

notes! Let us have classical music!" Of these, also, I forbear to speak.

And as for the singing-teachers, whose business it is to educate the voice for "the opera of the future," I am really unable to write about them. In the first place, I know nothing about "the future," the unborn; and, in the second place, I have more than enough to do with the present.

And now I come to those who honestly wish to teach better, and who in a measure do so. But even they are too pedantic: with prejudiced views, they pursue one-sided aims. Without looking around to the right or to the left or forwards, and without daily learning, reflecting, and striving, they run in a groove, always ride their particular hobby, cut everything after one pattern, and use up the time in secondary matters, in incredible trifles. For the formation of a fine tone, not a minute should be lost, particularly with lady singers, who are not strong, and usually cannot or ought not to sing more than twenty days in a month, and who surely ought to be allowed to use their time in a reasonable manner. Moreover, these are the teachers whom it is most difficult to comprehend. Though they use only seven tones, they are plunged in impenetrable mysteries, in incomprehensible knowledge and a multitude of so-called secrets, out of which, indeed, nothing can ever be brought to light. For this, however, they do not consider themselves to blame, not even their hobby-horses; but, as they say, "the higher powers." We will, for once, suppose that three-fourths of the measures which they are accustomed to employ in their treatment of the voice and of the individual are good and correct (the same is true of many piano-teachers); but the remaining fourth is sufficient to ruin the voice, or to prevent its proper development, and therefore nothing correct is to be gained. There are other teachers who never can get beyond the formation of the tone, and are lost in the pursuit of *perfection*,—that "terrestrial valley of tears." Truly a beautiful country, but which is only to be found in Paradise!

Others, instead of thinking, "I will try for the present to do better than others have done," so harass and torment the poor mortal voices with their aim at perfect equality and perfect beauty of tone, the result often is that every thing becomes unequal and far from beautiful. Some teachers make their pupils so anxious and troubled that, owing to their close attention to the tone, and the breath, and the pronunciation, they sing their songs in an utterly wooden manner, and so in fact they, too, are lost in optimism and in tears; whereas, for singing, a happy confidence in the ability to succeed is essential. Others pursue an opposite course, and are guilty of worse faults, as you will see if you look around. Some of them have no standard of perfection, but use up the time in an exchange of ideas with their pupils, with mysterious and conceited "ifs" and "buts." They are very positive, but only within the narrow circle of their own ideas. They make no advance in a correct medium path. Some allow pupils to practise only *staccato*, and others only *legato*, aiming thereby at nobody knows what. Some allow them to sing too loud, others too feebly; some philosophize earnestly about beauty in the voice, and others grumble about unpleasantness in the same; some are enthusiastic about extraordinary talents, others fret about the want of talent; some have a passion for making all the sopranos sing alto, others do just the reverse; some prefer a shadowy, others a clear voice. They all rest their opinions upon the authority of some famous screaming-master who has written a singing-system. Upon like authority some cultivate chiefly the deep tones, because it is very fine, and "creates an effect," for soprano voices to be able suddenly to sing like men, or rather to growl, and because it is the fashion in Paris. Others, on the contrary, pride themselves upon the head tones; but they are none of them willing to pay much attention to the medium voices; that is too critical and too delicate a matter, and requires too much trouble, for the modern art of singing. As a last resort, they bethink themselves of kind Nature, and lay the blame upon her.

Well, I will say no more upon this point, but will proceed. Have I not already, in my piano instructions, insisted on the importance of a gradual and careful use of every proper expedient to extend, strengthen, beautify, and preserve the voice? I am thought, however, to infringe upon the office of the singing-masters, who hold their position to be much more exalted than that of the poor piano-teacher. Still, I must be allowed to repeat that voices are much more easily injured than fingers; and that broken, rigid voices are much worse than stiff, unmanageable fingers, unless, after all, they amount to the same thing. I demand of singing-teachers that they show themselves worthy of their position, and allow no more voices to go to destruction, and that they give us some satisfactory results. I believe in fact, in my homely simplicity, that the whole thing may be accomplished without any mystery, without trading in secrets or charlatanry; without the aid of modern anatomical improvement, or rather destruction, of the worn-out throat through shortening or increasing the flexibility of the palate, through the removal of the unnecessary glands or by attempts to lengthen the vocal passage, or by remedying a great many other things in which Nature has made a mistake, and on which special doctors for the voice, in Paris and London, are now employed.

We supply the want of all these by the following little rule:—

Three trifles are essential for a good piano or singing-teacher,—

The finest taste,
The deepest feeling,
The most delicate ear,

and, in addition, the requisite knowledge, energy and some practice. *Voilà tout!* I cannot devote myself to the treatment of the throat, for which I have neither time nor fitness; and my lady singers are so busy with the formation of true tone, and in attention to the care and preservation of their voices, that they only wish to open their mouths for that object, and not for anatomical purposes. In piano-playing also, I require no cutting of the interdigital fold, no mechanical hand support, no accelerator for the fingers or stretching machine; and not even the "finger rack" invented and used, without my knowledge, by a famous pupil* of mine, for the proper raising of the third and fourth fingers.

My dear young lady, if the Creator has made the throat badly for singing, he alone is responsible. I cannot come to his assistance by destroying the throat with lunar caustic, and then reconstructing it. If the throat is really worn out, may it not perhaps be owing to the teacher, and to his mistaken management.

Nature does many things well, and before the introduction of this modern fashion of singing produced many beautiful voices: has she all at once become incapable of doing any thing right?

We will, then, simply return to the *three trifles* above-mentioned; and in these we will live and work "with all our heart, with all our soul, and with all our mind."

* Reference is here made to Robert Schumann, who, in order to facilitate the use of the weaker fingers, employed a machine for raising the fingers artificially, which resulted in loss of power over them, and necessitated the abandonment of piano-playing.—*Tr.*

Keyed-Stringed Instruments of Music.

SIR ROBERT STEWART'S LECTURES AT DUBLIN UNIVERSITY.*

I.

On Saturday (March 13) Sir Robert Stewart delivered the first of a course of lectures upon "Keyed-stringed Instruments of Music," in the usual place—the Examination Hall (a handsome room capable of containing some 600 or 700 persons). Long before the hour for commencing the proceedings the hall was filled with an auditory about equally composed of both sexes. The raised dais at the upper end was devoted to purposes of illustration; on one table were placed an Indian harmonicon of ironwood, a dulcimer, and two zithers; upon another were arranged various photographs of instruments of the harp, lyre, and dulcimer class, both ancient and modern. A grand pianoforte occupied the centre. Along the side of the hall were suspended large diagrams—figures of life size, representing players upon the "kinnor," Assyrian dulcimer, and similar instruments.

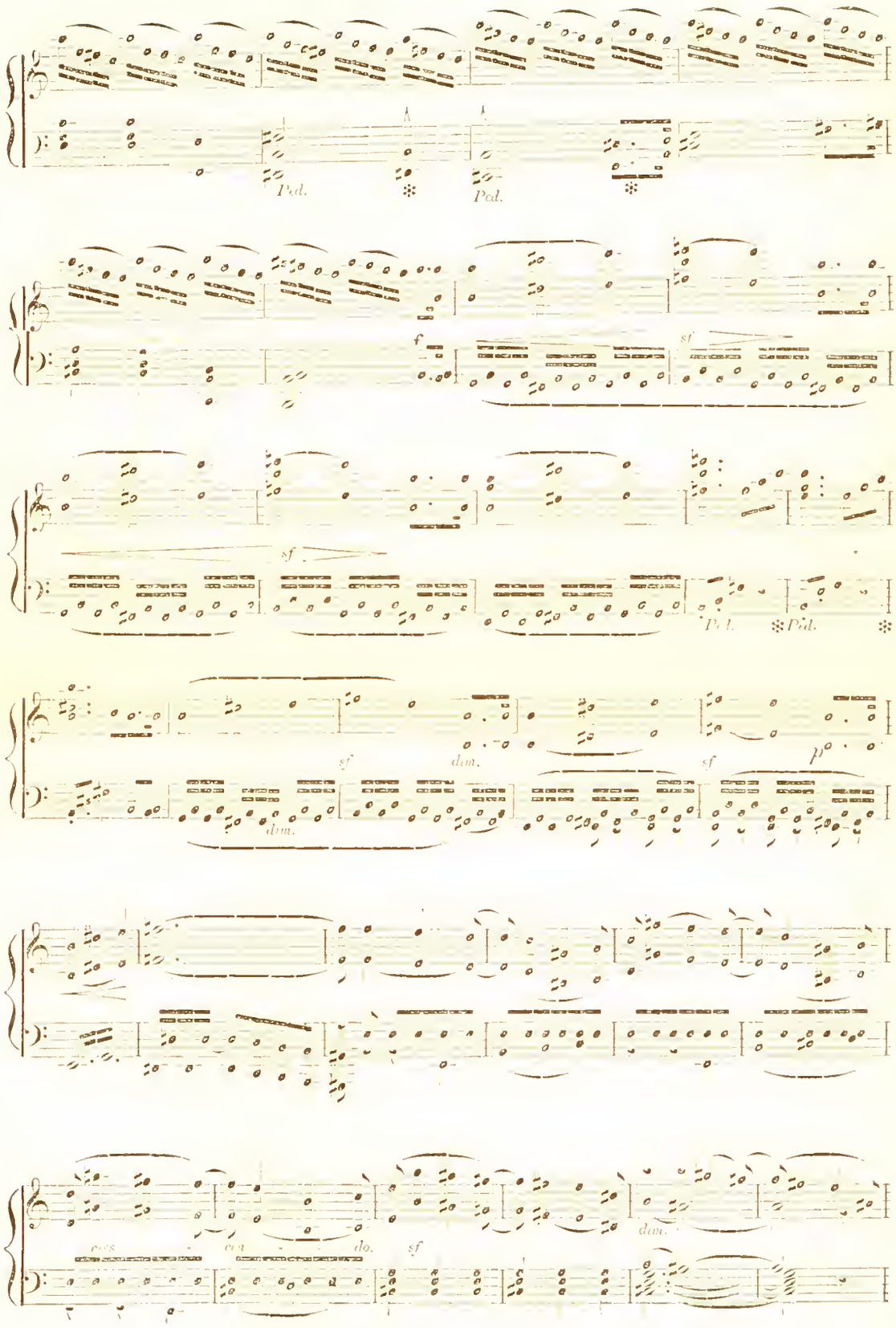
After paying a tribute to the memory of Sterndale Bennett, he said:—

I daresay you have all heard the origin of music referred to in the wind whistling among the reeds, or the dried sinews of animals, or to men imitating the songs of birds—theories equally stale and untenable. To anyone who gives the subject a little thought it will be evident that music arises from the speech of man, which, by raising and the sustaining of the voice, at once becomes a song. The horn of an animal, or even a reed, would supply a rude sort of pipe, while the first stretched string that sounded was a type of the lyre, nor could it fail to be perceived that the sound was rendered more acute by increasing the tension. Referring to the Bible account of Jubal, who was, we are told "the father (or chief) of all that handle the harp or organ," these words, Sir Robert said, like most of the musical terms in the authorized translation, were very loosely rendered, mere representing such instruments as were common in the time of Edward VI. and James I. The "Kinnor" and "Nebel" were harps, "Ugab" some sort of pipe. The lecturer quoted the various and sometimes conflicting opinions of Adam Clarke, Jebb, and Dr. Stainer, amongst moderns; and of Josephus, amongst early writers, upon the subject. The "kinnor" was generally believed to have been a small triangular harp for solos; larger instruments were used to accompany choruses. Of the lyre and the harp extremely varied and numerous forms existed. Six hundred of these had been examined by Montfaucon, who, professed he saw but little real distinction between any of them. In addition to the Jewish "kinnor," they would perceive representations of lyres ornamented with birds and other animals. These, at least, could not have been Jewish instruments, for the Israelites were strictly forbidden to make graven images, lest they might fall into idolatory; and the ibis, stork, hawk, and crane, were, as is well-known, worshipped by the surrounding nations. The "plectrum," with which many of the lyres of antiquity were touched, was either a quill, a piece of metal, or the tooth of a lion or tiger. Josephus thought the triangular harp, the "kinnor," was played with a plectrum; but if, as was generally supposed, this was the harp used by David, Josephus must be wrong, as it is distinctly recorded, that David played with his hand. The ancient Irish harpers used a natural plectrum, and played not with the fleshy tips of their fingers, but with their nails, suffered to grow for the purpose. Sir R. Stewart referred to an example of the dulcimer, upon which he would play a few notes; this, one of the oldest instruments in the world, still maintained its place, and might be heard now and then in one of the by-streets of the Strand in London. Dulcimers had, not long ago, been skilfully played by clever urchins in the streets of Dublin. That the dulcimer was a word familiar to all persons, being found in the Bible, was apparent to him, while engaging in searching for old instruments for these lectures; thus few people knew in what a spinet or harpsichord differed from a piano; but every one seemed to have heard of the dulcimer, just as the old lady, who, not understanding, what the sermon was about, had yet derived much comfort from "that blessed word, Mesopotamia." (Laughter.) (A Scotch melody was here performed upon the dulcimer by the lecturer, who apologized for his own want of skill in performance). Reference was made to the various instruments referred to in the tenth chapter of 1st Samuel, and also to the transposed enumeration of the instruments, as played when Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, refused to worship the golden image (supposed to be Baal). The words, instead of sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, should really be harp, dulcimer, and bagpipe. The lecture was concluded by a reference to the zither, a little instrument much used in Germany and Austria. It was capable of peculiar and beautiful effects; two ladies had kindly lent him specimens; but although more than a dozen persons in Dublin had practised the zither, none of them could be induced to perform the simplest melody upon it. It was, to some extent, a reproduction of the lyre of antiquity, played with a thimble plectrum. Some of its peculiar effects had been imitated in a little pianoforte piece by his valued friend, Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, of Cologne, called "Zur Guitarre." The delicate arpeggios and gentle glissandos of the zither would be recognized by all who had heard the little instrument. A young lady here played Dr. Hiller's sketch, and the lecture was concluded.

II.

THE second of this course was given on Saturday (March 20), when the hall and even the lofty gallery (where is erected the ancient organ said to have been captured in the Spanish Armada), was quite filled. Visitors were even seated upon the ground at the steps of the dais. The diagrams of the former lecture had not been removed, but facing them were a number of others upon large sheets of drawing-paper representing the spinet, harp-shaped and on tressels, as it were; the clavichord, box-shaped, and showing the keys; a female figure playing the Elizabethan Virginal; a king, or other crowned

* Reported in the *Musical Standard*.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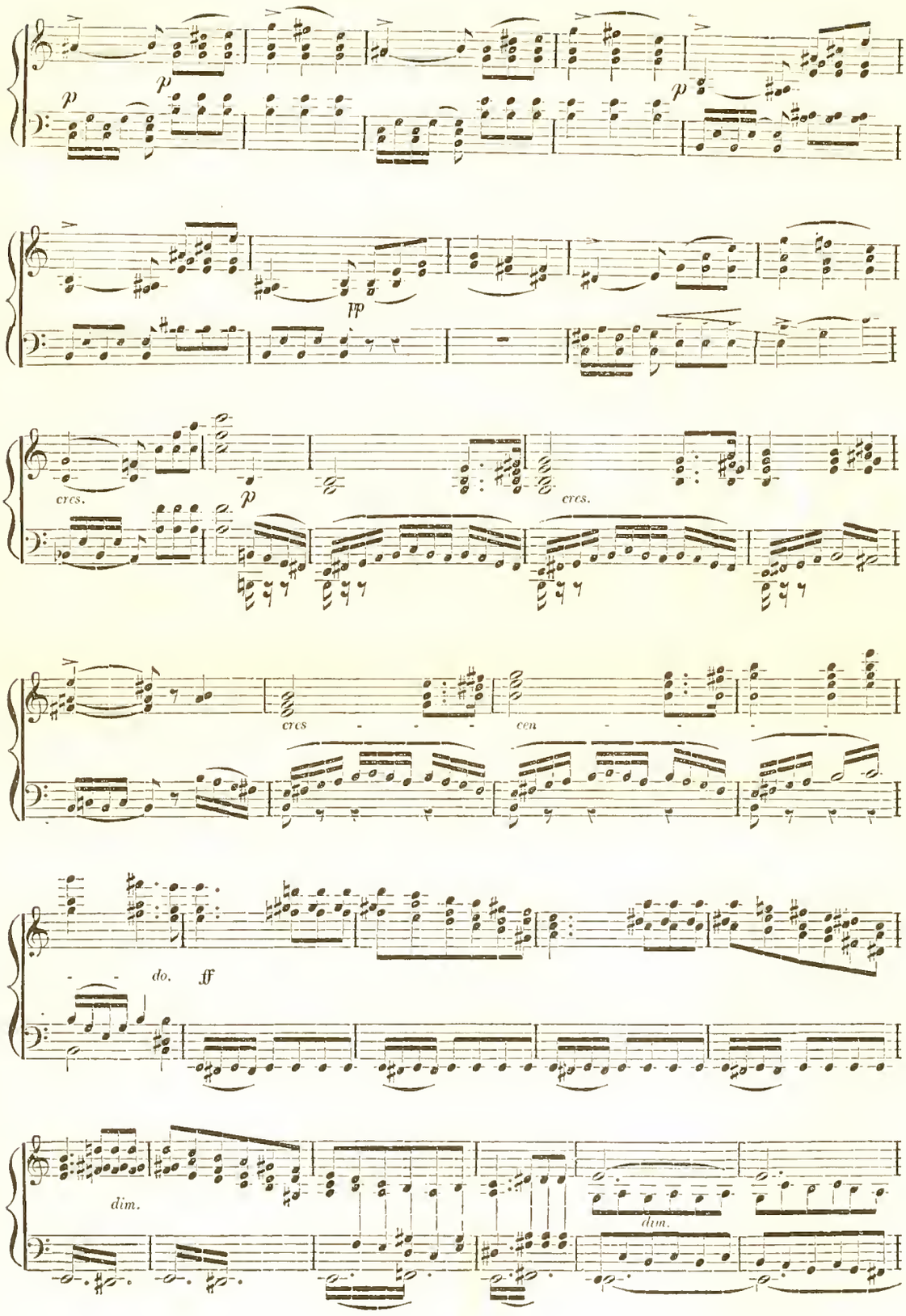
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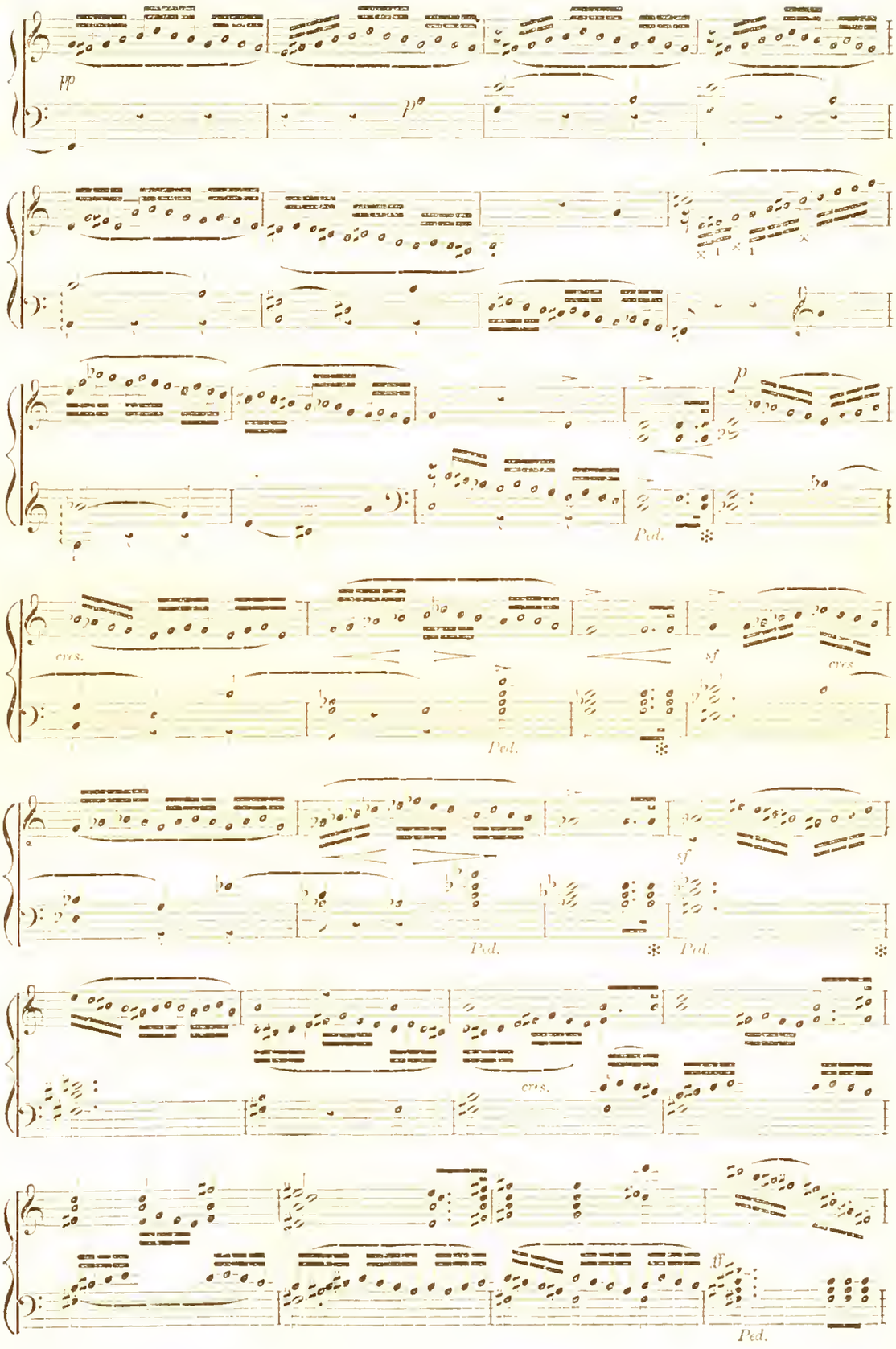
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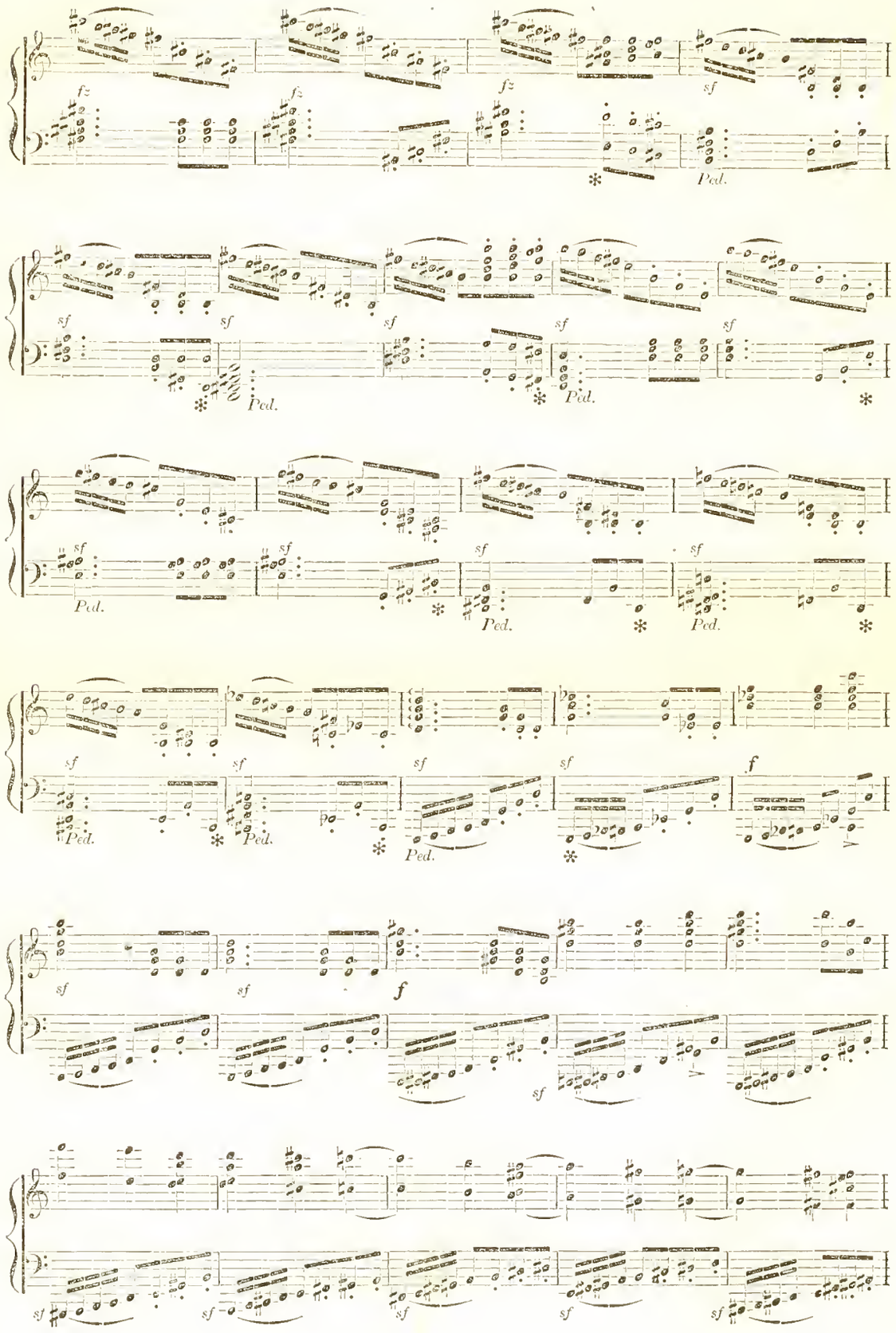
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figure playing the Psaltery, which was pressed up to the breast, and various photographed representations of instruments, from the South Kensington collection. Upon the platform was placed a modern grand piano; on a table were a tiger's teeth, a dulcimer, a bagpipe, a Viola d'Amour (an instrument which the lecturer subsequently explained had been sometimes called erroneously by the appellation of Psaltery), and an ancient spinet of Queen Anne's day, made by the well-known virginal maker, Stephen Keen, and lent for exhibition by the owner, a lady in Dublin. At two o'clock Sir Robert Stewart came forward, and said:—

Last week we took note of some of the earlier members of the stringed-instrument family, the ancestry, so to speak, of the pianoforte of our own times. Of these, perhaps, as many were made to vibrate with the plectrum, as with the fingers; for as the world grew older, however the form of stringed instruments might alter, there was but little difference in the method of exciting their vibrations; some were touched with the teeth of wild animals—some with the fingers alone. Such (said the lecturer) is evidently the case with the little instrument represented in the drawing nearest to me on the left, and copied from a manuscript of the 14th century, in the *Bibliothèque Impériale* of Paris. You will perceive it is played while laid upon the ground, or (like the modern zither) upon the knees of the performer, or a table. This was far from being always the case, for in a grotesque alphabet of A. D. 1466, one hundred years later, a rustic (or the type of Gurth in Ivanhoe) is represented holding an exactly similar instrument up to his breast, and playing upon it with both hands. M. de Coussemaker (to whose researches all musical antiquaries are so deeply indebted) gives in his *Essai sur les Instruments de Musique du Moyen Age*, a representation of a crowned figure, holding and performing on an instrument of the same form, in the same manner. A friend had very kindly copied this for them on a large diagram towards his (Sir Robert Stewart's) right hand. The figure was from a MS of the 14th century, in the Boulogne Library. This was the "Psaltery" referred to by Chaucer and other contemporary writers, but from the unsettled nature of English orthography in those early times, there was now some difficulty in recognizing the word, so variously was it expressed, as salteire, sawtrey, sautrie, and psaltery. As an instance of the provokingly loose manner in which musical terms always were, and doubtless always would be employed, this word Psaltery had been applied to the "Viola d'Amour," a six-stringed instrument of the Viola family, played with the ordinary bow. It had been so announced when Julian's famous orchestra visited Dublin thirty years ago, or more, when solos were played upon it. The Viola d'Amour (of which a fine specimen was before them, kindly lent by a friend for this lecture) had been introduced in the "Huguenots" by Meyerbeer, where, in *Raoul's* first recitative, its arpeggio effects (which Berlioz had described as "seraphic," "angelic," and so forth) were singularly beautiful. Its *accordatura* was peculiar, altogether formed of the chord of D maj.r. But such an instrument in no way resembled the Psaltery—a term which had been variously traced to the word psallo, rendered by Kircher to "strike with finger-tips," but by Adam Clarke (who was notoriously hostile to the use of instruments in Divine service) as merely "to sing." It has been even referred to the Latin word *saltare*, in allusion to the religious dances of early times. A certain onomatopoia might be traced in the term psaltery to the word *Psoo*, of which the sound had been compared to the twitch a carpenter gives when he pulls a chalked line in order to mark with it. It was also, probably, connected with the Chaldean "santeer," to which the Egyptians would add the article "pi" (pesanteer), and the Assyrians would tack on the termination "in"—pesanterin: the very word translated in Daniel iii. as the Psaltery. A similar onomatopoia might be observed in the word rendered "flute," in the same place, "sharak"—a shrieking, or piercing toned pipe. We shall not (continued the lecturer) now dwell further upon these matters. At the end of the lecture you shall hear a combination of what we may term "Nebuchadnezzar's orchestra," consisting of the pipe (sharak), the dulcimer (or psaltery), and the bagpipe—in lieu of the residue included as "all kinds of music," the gong—a never-failing concomitant of heathen orgies—shall be also sounded. Quite similar to the psaltery was the "citole," a little box, across which 10 or 15 strings were strained. This, which was also played on the player's knees, and twanged with the fingers, is referred to in Chaucer's "Knight's Tale," when speaking of Venus, he says—

"A citole in her right hand had she."

"Citolers" are further enumerated among the musicians of Edward III. All these instruments were, however, deficient in one respect—very few notes could be sounded on them at once. The harp was indeed capable of harmony, but from neither psaltery, dulcimer, or citole could more than two notes at a time be produced. The keyboard (which, like many other improvements, has been attributed to Guido the monk) was in existence since the 12th century. B flat it had from the outset, F sharp was added in the 14th century, C sharp and E flat early in the 15th century, and later on in the same century the G sharp appeared. The first attempt at a keyed stringed instrument seems to have been made by attaching in a rude sort of way quills worked by keys to catgut strings. This (A.D. 1150 to 1200) was the "clavicytherium" (keyed kithara, or harp). It was probably by accident that the next discovery was made. I allude to the "clavichord," which for six centuries played an important part in the history of music. Taking its rise in the 12th century, it was only when the pianoforte became almost perfect, towards the close of the 18th, that the clavichord gave way to it. However, it continued to be used in remote German districts by village schoolmasters and others, and was well known in England, as we learn from the "Delany Correspondence," 1760 to 1770. Mr. Bernard Granville (for whom a fine MS. collection of Handel's works was copied out by Smith, under the direction of the composer) was a famous clavichord player. The "clavier," to which in the life and letters of Mozart such frequent reference is made, was the clavichord. For this instrument, too, were composed most of the expressive preludes and fugues in the "48" of J. Seb. Bach; there are others of this famous collection in which the influence of the bolder and more vigorous harpsichord might be plainly traced. [Here the lecturer played a few bars of two preludes of varied styles.] It was for the clavichord that the concerto which, to the astonishment of his father, the infant Mozart when but six years of age, had composed, when he said, "It is a concerto, papa, and must be practised to be properly played!" The lecturer here described the construction of the clavichord, as explained by that admirable musician, Herr Dannreuther, with its keys, tangents and other peculiarities, which Dr. Burney had noticed in the playing of Charles Philip Emanuel Bach. The English historian had remarked how that performer produced from his clavichord, made by Silbermann, a "cry, as it were, of sorrow and complaint." Sir R. Stewart also read extracts from the treatises of Turk and Wolff, musicians of the 18th century, referring to these peculiar clavichord effects, which he (the lecturer) had himself plainly traced in the "six sonatas" of Seb. Bach for the double clavichord with pedals, and also in Chopin's variations on "La ci darem" (Op. 2), as well as in those works of Beethoven referred to by Herr Dannreuther. Dr. Griepenkerl, one of the ripest musicians of Germany, did not seem to have perceived this clavichord "Bebung" effect, and Fetis professed himself quite unable to account for Chopin's design in so fingering the passage to which he (Sir R. Stewart) referred. In Kuhnau's clavichord piece, "The Battle of David and Goliath," the terror of the Israelites had been attempted to be expressed by the "Bebung" accent. (Here, as no clavichord could be discovered in Ireland at the present day, Mr. Healy imitated upon his violin, the peculiar rhythmical accent referred to in the Bach Sonatas, and in Kuhnau's "Biblical Story.") The clavichord, with its brass tangents, was, in fact, "key-violin playing," the piece of brass referred to, acting in a double capacity—as a stop on the string, and also a means of feebly setting it in vibration. Its powers of expression, however, made it a favorite with J. S. Bach, and after him with Mozart. At first there was but one string for each note, and the semitones next above; thus one sound both for C and C sharp, there being a tangent for each on a different part of the string. It was not till 1720 that a German named Fabermann clavichords with a separate string for every note in their scale. Nothing was more singular in the history of keyed instruments than the fact, that, with the hammers of the dulcimer on the one hand, and the feeble, but expressive clavichord with its complete keyboard on the other before them, our forefathers never stumbled on the idea of a piano till a comparatively recent date; yet so it was—dissatisfied with the dull tones produced from catgut by quills, and the weak "tangent music" of their clavichords; they—like a pack of hounds at fault—tried back, and once more had recourse to the quill plectra, now, however, applied to wires instead of catgut. Thus arose the "Virginal," a box-shaped instrument laid on the table, and the spinet, a similar one, but more like a harp on its side—resting on slender and somewhat shaky-looking legs. The virginal was the favorite instrument of Henry VIII. and of both his daughters, Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scotland. That king, who bore such a bad character in his latter years, was in his youth a generous and highly accomplished prince, who paid particular attention to languages, to manly sports, and to music. A facsimile of some pages of King Henry's music book would be exhibited after the conclusion of the lecture. It formed part of vol. xli. of the "Archæologia," and had been communicated to the Society of Antiquaries by Mr. Chappell, to whose kindness he (Sir R. Stewart) was indebted for these rare and interesting documents. The lecturer here read the account given by Sir J. Melvil (Ambassador from Mary Queen of Scots to Elizbeth in 1561) of his interview with the foundress of Dublin University, of her coquetry, and her skill on the virginal; part of her preference for this little keyed instrument might be traced to the fact that Elizabeth (who with all her sound sense was not without a woman's weakness, and dearly loved admiration) had beautiful hands, snow white, and covered with rings. Sir R. Stewart now played, partly on the spinet, and partly on the pianoforte, some pieces from the "Virginal Book" of Elizabeth—a volume of more than 400 pages, filled with music by Tallis, Gibbons, and Byrd (whose music they so often heard sung in the adjoining chapel). The music consisted of Dr. Bull's variations on the six notes of the hexachord, and Byrd's "carman's whistle." Much amusement was caused by the singular tone of the spinet, one of Stephen Keen's instruments, as old as the days of Queen Anne. Previous to playing on the instrument, Sir Robert entered into an explanation of the various meanings of the word "Jack," reading Shakespeare's 128th sonnet, and also other early writers, where the "jacks," by means of which the spinet was played, were referred to. It was not impossible (he said) that the toy called "Jack in a box" had been derived from the jumping up of the spinet mechanism. As the spinet had no *sforzando*—no difference in the tone—composers for it were accustomed, whenever they desired to direct particular attention to any note, to precede it with a beat, or short and rapid shake. The works of Couperin (one of the distinguished family of clavecinists, who were to France like the Bachs to Germany) absolutely bristled with these little "beats."

A young lady here played "Les Moissoneurs," a rondo of François Couperin, with much neatness. The lecture was concluded by a march played on flute, dulcimer, bagpipe, and Chinese gong, in combination, which was redemanded. Next week Sir Robert said he would devote to the harpsichord, of which a perfect specimen would be exhibited.

Wagner Anticipated.

In *Le Guide Musical* appears an article to show that Méhul, influenced by Gluck, anticipated the theories of Wagner. I defy the world to mention (says the writer) among the most noisy disciples of the Wagnerian school, any composer more imperturbably attached than Méhul to the practice of the system:—

Have you ever heard of a one act comic opera entitled, "Uthal?" I doubt it very much; and yet, though a person would scarcely believe it, this simple comic opera, in one act only, into the bargain, was big with all the theories which we have since seen breaking over us with such hubbub. "Uthal!" It strikes you at once as having something of a shamoperia about it. You fancy you recognize in the title the heroic precursor of "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin." The action takes place in the good old times of Ossian; and Méhul, considering that it was not sufficient for his music that he should merely apply himself to the study of character, believing, like Cæsar, that nothing is done while anything remains to be done, resolved to give the world something in the way of historical, or, still better, local coloring. To produce a monotonous music, tinged with crepuscular melancholy, a sort of *grisaille*, similar in its effect to the dull ocean vapors which envelop in fog the Caledonian coast, such was his set purpose in this work, "imitated from Ossian," as we read on the title page of the engraved score, the system being so deliberately carried out that we see him, though it is almost impossible to imagine such a thing now-a-days, push the scruples

of temperance to the length of refraining from the use of violins, which he excludes from his orchestra as too Venetian in their coloring for such a subject. "In the execution of this work the violins must be replaced by tenors." He takes care to explain his theory by way of preface. The flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons, and four horns, with the tenors (*quintes*), constitute the orchestra, which is inexorably confined to one grey key. We must not forget, however, a stroke on the gong, struck at the right moment, and even less must we forget the harps, which cannot fail to be present, seeing that in an opera imitated from Ossian there are always bards. I think that no one ever sacrificed with greater conviction and austerity to the divine idol called dramatic truth. But the work failed; neither connoisseurs nor public would have aught to do with it. Every one acknowledged readily enough that, viewed in the light of fidelity of expression, it was sublime, but no one returned to hear it a second time.

After speaking of "Joseph," the writer goes on to observe that when he reflects on the condition of a work like this, and hears the noise made about the theories of Richard Wagner, he fancies he must be dreaming:—

What is there new, I should like to know in them? What organic law of modern opera do all these pretended prophets of the Future advance which has not been carried out by this musician of the Past? Listen to that orchestra always purposely moderate, where modulation is introduced only at the call of dramatic truth; listen to that accompaniment always in keeping with the nature of the subject, and then ask yourself whether it is true, as we are informed, that such simultaneity of expression is a discovery of our own time. From the instrumentation let us proceed to the portrayal of the characters; another invention for which some individuals are pleased to claim the credit. Do we find that Joseph, Simeon, Benjamin, and Jacob are figures wanting plasticity, impersonal and abstract figures, heroes of classical tragedy such as were imagined at the same epoch by Marie Joseph Chénier? Let these figures sing, and, like the philosopher who, to prove the existence of movement, walked, they will forthwith convince you of their musical individuality. The reminiscences and the melancholy of Joseph, the remorse and repentance of Simeon, the candor of Benjamin, the sorrow of the old man, Jacob; his rage and his joy, are so many admirable motives treated with the inspiration and the talent of a master never found deficient in any of the principles really appertaining to his art.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 15, 1875.

One Hundred Symphony Concerts.

(Continued from Page 15.)

—We have to complete our list of the compositions which have figured in the programmes of the first ten years of the Harvard Symphony Concerts; having already enumerated those by Bach, Handel, Durante, Weelkes, Gluck, Tartini, Haydn (12 Symphonies), Mozart (6 do.), and Beethoven (9 do.). Next in Chronological order (nearly) come:

CHERUBINI.

Overtures: * Anacreon, 5 times; The Water-Carrier, 6; Les Abencerrages, 3; * Medea, 6; * Faniska, 3; * Lodoiska.
Introduction to fourth act of "Medea."

HUMMEL.

Piano Concerto, A minor, (Parker).
Septet, Piano, &c., (Perabo,) 2.

SPOHR.

Symphony: "Weihe der Töne."
Overtures: Jessonda, 2; * Faust.

SCHUBERT.

Symphonies: No. 9, in C, 6; Unfinished, B minor, 2.
Overtures: * Fierabras, 6; * Alfonso and Estrella, 3.
* Fantasia, op. 15, for piano, arr. with orch. by Liszt (Lang, 2).
Songs: * "Suleika," 2, (Osgood); * "Wohin?" from *Die Schöne Müllerin* (Miss Doria); *" Love's Message," from *Schwanengesang*, No. 1, (Osgood); * "Nähe des Geliebten," op. 5, No. 2, (Do.); "Sei mir gegrüsst" (Do.)

SPONTINI. * Overture to "La Vestale."

WEBER.

Overtures: * "Ruler of the Spirits," 2; Preciosa; Freyschütz; Oberon, 5; Euryanthe, 7; Jubilee, 2.
Piano with Orch.—Concertstück, 2 (Miss Alice Dutton, Miss Mehlig).
* Clarinet Concerto, in A flat (G. Weber).
* Finale from first act of Euryanthe, for Soprano (Miss Whinery), Chorus (Cecilia) and orch.

MOSCHELES. * Piano Concerto, G minor, 2, (Parker); "Les Contrastes," 2 pianos, (Dresel, Perabo, Lang and Leonhard).

ROSSINI. Overture to "Tell," 2; Romance: "Selva opaca," from Do., (Miss Doria).

MENDELSSOHN.

Symphonies: No. 3, A minor, 3; No. 4, A major, 2; * "Reformation" Symphony," D minor; Scherzo from Do. 3.
Overtures: Midsummer Night's Dream, 2; Hebrides, 4; Melusina, 7; Ruy Blas, 5; Meeresstille, &c., 7; Athalie, 2; * "Trumpet" Overture.
War March of Priests, from Athalie, 2.
Piano with Orch.—Concerto in G minor, 2 (Lang, Parker); Concerto in D minor, 3 (Dresel, Parker, Miss Mehlig); * Serenade and Allegro giojoso, 2, Parker, Leonhard); * Rondo, op. 29 (Perabo); Capriccio, B minor, op. 22 (Miss Finkenstädt).
Violin Concerto, E minor, 4 (Carl Rosa, Camilla Urso, Miss Teresa Liebe).
Chorus, with Orch.—"Midsummer Night's Dream" music (B. J. Lang, conductor); "First Walpurgis Night," 2, (Cecilia); "Hear us, Bacchus," and "Wonders in Nature," double chor., from *Antigone*; "Thou hast come, O stranger," from *Oedipus*; * "Lorelei" fragments (Cecilia).
Part-Songs: "Huntsmen's Farewell" with horns, &c.); "The Lark;" Canon, (Cecilia); Abendlied.
Songs with Piano: Cradle Song (Mrs. Barry); Hunting Song (Mrs. Kempton); Wanderlied (Miss Whitten); "Song of Spring" Mrs. Barry); "Morgengruss" (Miss Addie Ryan).
Concert Aria, with Orch., "Infelice" (Miss Whinery).

SCHUMANN.

Symphonies: No. 1, B flat, 4; No. 2, C, 5; * No. 3, "Cologne," E flat, 4; No. 4, D minor, 4; * Overture, Scherzo and Finale.
Overtures: * Genoveva, 9; * Manfred, 3; * Entr'acte and "Incantation," from *Manfred*, 5.
Piano with Orch.—Concerto, A minor, 5, (Dresel, Leonhard 3, Miss Krebs); * Concertstück, in G, op. 92, 2 (Lang.)
Piano Solo: *"Etudes Symphoniques," op 13, 2, (Perabo, Miss Mehlig); Canon (Dresel).
* Cantata: "Paradise and the Peri" (Cecilia).
Choruses: "Gypsey Life" (A. Kreissmann conducting); Forester's Chorus from "Pilgrimage of the Rose" (Do).
Songs: * Schöne Fremde," 2, (Osgood); "Two Grenadiers" (M. W. Whitney); Dichterliebe (Kreissmann); * "Rose, Meer und Sonne" (Mrs. Barry); * "The Soldier's Bride" (Mrs. Barry); * Requiem: Old Latin Hymn of Héloïse, op. 90, (Miss Doria); Frühlingsnacht (Do.); * "The Hidalgo" (Nelson Varley); * Serenade, op. 36 (Do.); * Wanderer's Song, op. 35 (Do.)

CHOPIN.

Piano with Orch.—Concerto, E minor, 5, (Leonhard 2, Miss Alide Topp, Miss Mehlig, Mme Schiller); Concerto in F minor, 3 (Miss Mehlig, Leonhard, G. W. Sumner); Andante spianato and Polonaise, op. 22, (Leonhard); * Krakowiak, op. 13, 2, (Do.)
Piano Solo: Rondo, E flat, op. 16 (Dresel); Fantaisie Impromptu, C-sharp minor, (C. Petersilea); Polonaise, in A flat, op. 53, 2 (Miss Krebs, Richard Hoffman); Nocturne in B, op. 32 (Hoffman); Nocturne (?), (Miss Mehlig); Tarantella, op 43, A flat (Miss Mehlig).

LACHNER, FRANZ.—* First Orchestral Suite, D minor, op. 113.

HENSELT: * Piano Concerto, F minor (Petersilea).

LISZT.

Symphonic Poems: "Les Preludes;" "Tasso: Lamento e Trionfo."
Piano, arr. with Orch.—Weber's Polonaise in E, 3, (Lang 2, Miss Topp); * Fantasie on Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens" (Do.); Schubert's Fantasia, op. 15, 2 (Lang).
Piano Solo: Rhapsodie Hongroise (Miss Topp); Paganini's "Campanella" (Miss Mehlig,) 2; Transcription of "Midsummer Night's Dream" (Mme. Schiller); Do. of Bach's Organ Prelude and Fugue, in G minor (Miss Mehlig); Do., Do., Prel. and Fugue, A minor (Do.)

GADE.

Symphonies: No. 1, C minor, 4; * No. 2, E, 2; * No. 3, A minor; No. 4, B flat.
Overtures: * "Nachklänge aus Ossian," 3; * "Im Hochland," 4; * Concert Ov., op. 14.

NORBERT BURGMUELLER: *" Symphony, No. 2, in D; * Piano Concerto, in F-sharp minor, 2 (Perabo).

STERNDALE BENNETT.

Overtures: "Naiades," 3; * "Wood Nymph," 3; * "Paradise and the Peri."
Piano with Orch.—* Concerto, No. 4, in F minor, (Perabo); * Capriccio in E (Lang).

TAUBERT.—* Overture: "Tausend und Eine Nacht;" * Song: "Bäuerlein" (Miss Doria).

JUL. RIETZ.—Concert Overture, 4; * Oboe Concerto, F minor (A. Kutzleb).

LIPINSKI: Military Concerto, Violin, in D, first movement (B. Listemann).

VIEUXTEMPS: Ballade et Polonaise, violin with orch., 2 (Camilla Urso).

ERNST: Violin Solo: "Elegie" (Camilla Urso).

FERD. DAVID: * Andante et Scherzo, violin with orch., op. 16 (Terese Liebe).—Violin Solos: * "Hungarian Air;" * "Am Springquell" (Rosa.)

LINDBLAD: * Song of a Maiden from Dalecarlia" (Miss Doria).

DESSAUER: * Song: "Allurement" (Mrs. Kempton).

RICHARD WAGNER: Overture to "Tannhäuser;" Vorspiel to "Lohengrin."

ROBERT FRANZ.

Songs: "Weil auf mir, du dunkles Auge" (Mrs. Barry); * "Wandl' ich in dem Wald' des Abends" (Do.); *Romance: "A rider thro' the valley rode" (M. W. Whitney); * "In the Spring," op. 22, (Mrs. Barry); Goethe's "Mailied," 2, [Do]; * "April-Launen," op. 44, [Do.], Ave Maria [with Quartet accomp.], [Do.]; Serenade: "Der Mond ist schlafen gangen," op. 17 [Miss Doria]; "Stille Sicherheit" [G. L. Osgood]; "Nun die Schatten dunkeln" [Do.]; "Evening," op. 16, [Do.]; Tieck's "Schlummerlied" [Miss Abbie Whinery]; "Er ist gekommen" [Do].

OTTO DRESEL: Song: "Come into the garden, Maud" [Mrs. Barry].—*Longfellow's Ballad on Agassiz's 50th birthday, with orch.

CARL REINECKE: * Overture to "Dame Kobold."

JOACHIM: * Hungarian Concerto, for Violin, D minor, 1st movement [B. Listemann]; * Schumann's "Abendlied,' arr. for violin.

J. RAFF: * Symphony, No. 2, in C; Suite, in C, op. 101, for orchestra.

ANT. RUBINSTEIN: * "Ocean Symphony; * Piano Concerto, No. 3, in G [Lang].

BARGIEL: Overture to "Medea."

GOLDMARK: * Overture to "Sakuntala," 3.

GOLTERMANN: * Concerto for Violoncello, A minor, [A. Hartdegen.]

GERNSHEIM, FR.—* Piano Concerto, C minor [Perabo].

DUDLEY BUCK: * Overture to "Don Munio."

SVENDSEN, J. S.—* Violin Concerto in A, op. 6, [Aug. Fries].

Concerts of the last Fortnight.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY. The enthusiasm with which the revival of Haydn's melodious and wonderfully descriptive Cantata, "The Seasons," was received by the eager audience who nearly filled the Music Hall on Wednesday evening, April 28, must be taken as a symptom of a wholesome reaction in favor of a sound, classical, pure style of music,—music which is a law unto itself, [because the vital principles of form are really intrinsic, lie in the very soul of Music], and which without try-

ing to shake off old forms, moves with far more of the freedom of genius and inspiration, than any of the "new" music with which we have been dosed and drugged of late. Tired of excitement and astonishment, we go back for something we can *love* in music.—But not so fast! we do injustice to our true musical public, by confounding them with the half musical and the unmusical who are carried away so easily; the true musical public never has been much delighted with the new school, and stood in no need of reaction. But the time was with us when Haydn, as compared with Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, &c., had come to seem tame and too amiably all alike; now Wagner and Berlioz and Raff, Brahms, Volkmann, &c., have made him fresh again, in vocal forms, as he has long been in Symphony.

The "Seasons" had of course more novelty for us than "The Creation," and though it is less great than that, yet what wonderful variety and beauty it contains! How faithful the whole expression and atmosphere of the music, and all the imitative hints, to the texts of every season! The orchestral preludes and accompaniment are exquisite; it must be owned they suffered somwhat in performance, the orchestra sounding at once thin and coarse and showing need of more rehearsal; yet portions enough were so fairly rendered that it did not spoil the general impression of the work.

The choruses were for the most part finely sung! and most of the audience must have been most agreeably surprised by their great variety of power and beauty, their poetic suggestion, and vivid, imaginative characterization. Not to speak of the familiar "Come, gentle Spring," with its fine contrast of female and male voices, which went very perfectly, what could be more impressive than the "deep, tremendous voice" of the thunder storm chorus, prepared as it has been by music so expressive of the heat and languor of the Summer, especially the recitative immediately preceding, through which "a boding silence reigns," with the more bodeful rumble of the deep sub bass of the Organ, until the voices burst forth, and "to its foundations the solid globe is shook." If with some this chorus fell short of the expectation raised in the beginning, it was no doubt partly owing to the cutting out of so much of the middle portion; the storm was incomplete. In the Autumn we have the strong chorus in praise of Industry; the ringing, echoing Hunting Chorus, full of vigor, likewise most suggestively introduced by fragments of recitative, and little bits of figurative instrumentation, which make you see the pack of hounds on scent. Then, best of all, the very remarkable "Wine Chorus, with its episodical bagpipe and dance movement (exquisite dance melody for an old man of seventy!) But this too was weakened by the omission of some of the finest music in the middle, whereby the piece lost its symmetry, and the great climax at the end, its justification. In the Winter we have the fascinating minor chorus of the Spinning Wheel, alternating with Soprano Solo, full of serious suggestion. The final chorus: "The everlasting gates of life," has grandeur, but it was made to jump to its conclusion, by leaving out the middle portion, which is a fugue, not perhaps a great one but a good one. Putting head and tail together does not make a body. Brevity of course was the motive of these cuts, for the work is very long; but if we remember rightly, these choruses were given in their integrity when Mr. Lang brought out the "Seasons" some ten years ago, and we do not remember any sense of weariness.

The solos, duets, trios, so many and so beautiful, were admirably sung. Miss Beebe had precisely the voice, the execution and the culture for the Soprano melody, which is full of delicate embellishment, and in parts brilliant. We may name, among other numbers, the long descriptive Recitative: "O, welcome now, ye groves," and the Air following: "O, how pleasing to the senses." Mr. Wm. J Winch was in fine voice, and sang the tenor solos with fine taste and expression; particularly the Recitative and Cavatina describing the sultry midsummer heat: "'Tis noon, and how intense the sun," and "Distressful nature fainting sinks,"; and afterwards in opposite contrast, the Winter picture of the traveller lost in the snow storm, where the staccato figures of the violins seem to fill the air with fluttering flakes. Equally welcome was the grand Bass of Mr. M. W. Whitney, just arrived from London on a short visit home; who gave a most satisfactory rendering of the part of Simon. In truth the Society could not have secured a finer trio of principal vocalists; and the result was, in spite of the two drawbacks above mentioned, a very delightful feast of pure and noble music.

Mr. B. J. Lang's second Concert, Thursday afternoon, April 29, was a fit pendant to the first, and this the programme:

Duet for two piano-fortes, "Hommage à Handel." Moscheles.
Aria and Scherzo from Sonata No. 1, op. 2 Schumann.
Song of Separation.. .....Mozart.
Sonata, op. 46, "The Maid of Orleans." Sterndale Bennett.

1. Andante Pastorale.
   In the Fields.
   "In innocence I led my sheep
   Adown the mountain's silent steep."
2. Allegro Marziale.
   In the Field.
   "The clanging trumpets sound; the chargers rear;
   And the loud war cry thunders in my ear."
3. Adagio Patetico.
   In Prison.
   "Hear me, O God in mine extremity!
   In fervent supplication up to Thee
   Up to Thy heaven above I send my soul."
4. Moto Di Passione
   The end.
   "Brief is the sorrow, endless is the joy;

Songs { May Song ....Sterndale Bennett.
{ The Asra ....Rubinstein.
Concerto in E-sharp minor, op. 69 Ferdinand Hiller.
Moderato ma con energia con fuoco—Andante espressivo—Allegro con fuoco.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

In Memoriam.

Mr. Editor,—Although I hailed with delight the few lines appearing in your Journal some months ago, from the pen of Gen. H. K. Oliver, concerning Joseph A. Keller, I have since felt greatly disappointed that they have been followed by no corresponding and similarly appreciative words, from some of his many pupils and friends, who must have felt his noble influence in the days of his success. It may not however, be unwelcome to them to hear from a pupil who admired and loved his master, some of his impressions concerning him.

In the spring of 1857, my father, wishing to secure for me the best musical instruction that this country could afford, placed me under the tuition of Mr. J. A. Keller, and that I might enjoy his more especial and immediate care, I became a member of his family.

In the two succeeding years, all my expectations in him were realized, in every respect, as I found in him not only a most superior teacher but a model in gentlemanly deportment, and a shining example for me in purity of life and manners. In subsequent years, the impressions made upon me by him at the early age of fifteen, have been indelible, and although I afterwards enjoyed the best instructions in Germany, I found cause for ever increasing gratitude, and to regret *nothing* received from him.

Recalling the admiration excited in me at that time by his knowledge and skill, I wonder now at the extraordinary versatility of his brilliant genius. When seated at the Organ, one could say, he belongs there, let him never come down from the organ bench, where he so wonderfully calls forth devotional aspirations, and elicits the praise of God from the most insensible hearts.

So at the Piano, he possessed an unrivalled delicacy of touch, a smoothness and beauty of execution rarely heard, and in free fantasie, showed himself a perfect master of the laws of harmony, and always obedient to the strict rules of musical composition. It is scarcely credible, however, that in addition to this, he possessed wonderful skill upon the violin and violoncello, which more than all others were his favorite instruments, as is proved by those many sweet toned treasures that he collected during his life, and left silent at his death.

The trumpet, clarinet and flute also spoke with as sweet and pure tones from his lips as from those of our most skilled performers, and many other orchestral instruments I have heard him use in a manner that would put to shame most of our public soloists.

His vocal training must also have been far superior to that of most of our teachers of highest repute. For, as at the organ he seemed to be inspired by direct teaching and communication from Bach himself, in the instructions received in later years from the illustrious and venerable "Father Mieksch," and his pupil Kisse, I noticed with surprise that the rules for Vocal Culture derived from Mr. Keller, were all corroborated and confirmed, making it appear that his vocal education must have come in a direct line from that celebrated school of Bologna, from which were diffused those established principles that still govern the genuine world of song.

As a conductor of orchestra, he had few if any equals, possessing in a high degree, that magnetic charm which drew every performer with him by its subtle influence, and an electric fervor of soul that was an inspiration to all who formed the musical circle around him.

Reference need only be made to the records of the old "Boston Academy of Music," for evidence of his noble efforts to give the fine and classical works of his father land a hearing in Boston. To such influence how much do we owe, at the present day, of the educated taste that enables us to enjoy music of such an elevated character, and to appreciate any above the most common musical works!

Of Joseph A. Keller it may truly be said, no *good* man ever knew him but to honor and admire, and whatever enemies he had he honestly earned by determined and unshrinking opposition to *trickery and humbug* in every form. To such men, who have labored and struggled with trial and sorrow in their most aggravating aspects, and maintained a pure and upright life, it is due that their memory be honored, and not allowed to die without suitable recognition of their claims to the gratitude and respect of all who reverence the good, true and beautiful in the noble Art of Music. E.B.O.

Bayreuth.—The following intelligence from a responsible source, has been transmitted to us for publication. It will interest our young friends who contemplate a pilgrimage to this Saxon Mecca of "The Future," where they may worship all their moral gods, Thor, Wotan, Freia, and the rest, who have great Richard for their prophet.

Berlin, April 12.

Dear Sir: I wrote to Wagner the other day, suggesting that, by giving his great entertainment, at Bayreuth in July 1876, he would fail almost entirely of the attendance of Americans, since all citizens of the United States would aim to be at home, at that time, for the Centennial. I added, that in ordinary seasons, he might rely upon several thousand dollars from American travelers in support of his undertaking, and urged that he should defer the main performances until September.

In acknowledging the value of the suggestion, Wagner wrote that it would be impossible to have performances so late as September, because his artists will be available only in July and August, the vacation months of their several theatres; but with a view to accommodate American travelers, he will have a repetition of all the main performances in the last week of August, 1876.

At his request, and for the information of my countrymen, I beg you to give this fact publicity through the *Musical Journal*, and to ask other papers to extend the notice as widely as possible.

The musical world of Berlin is in high expectation of the Concert to be given next week, at which Wagner will in person lead the orchestra in the interpretation of portions of his latest work.

Yours, truly, J. P. T.

(Concluded from Page 16.)

New York, April 26. Mr. Hoffman's performance of the Beethoven Concerto was marked by great clearness and delicacy of handling, and by a poetic fire such as I have seldom known infused into the composition. In the second part of the programme his treatment of the Barcarole (from Bennett's Fourth Concerto, in F minor Op. 19) was so refined and artistic that an encore was a matter of course.

I give the Repertoire of the Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn—Seventeenth Season.

SYMPHONIES.

BEETHOVEN—No. 5 in C Minor, Op. 67.
SCHUMANN—No. 1 in B Flat, Op. 38.
SCHUBERT—B Minor [unfinished.]
MENDELSSOHN—No. 3 in A Minor.
HAYDN—Oxford [first time.]
BEETHOVEN—No. 6, Pastorale in F Major.
MOZART—E Flat, Köchel 543 [first time.]

BACH—Suite in B Minor [first time].
LISZT—Symphonic Poem—Orpheus.
BACH—Ciaconne [new] adapted for orchestra by J. Raff.
LISZT—Symphonic Poem—Tasso, Lamento e Trionfo.
RUBINSTEIN—Ein Musikalisches Characterbild, Op. 68 [first time].
BRAHMS—Hungarian Dances [new].
WAGNER—Kaiser March.
BRAHMS—Theme and Variations, Op. 18 [first time].

CONCERTOS.

BEETHOVEN—C Minor, Op. 37 [first movement].
RAFF—Opus 158 [new].
BENNETT—Barcarole from Fourth Concerto.

OVERTURES.

WAGNER—Eine Faust Overture.
RUBINSTEIN—Triomphale, Op. 43 [new].
BEETHOVEN—Leonore No. 3.
SCHUMANN—Bride of Messina.

VOCAL SELECTIONS.

HEROLD—Aria from "Le Pré aux Clercs."
THOMAS—Polacca from "Mignon."
BEETHOVEN—"In questa tomba oscura."
ROSSINI—Tancredi—"Di tanti palpiti."
RUBINSTEIN—"E Dunque ver?" Op. 58.
REINECKE—Miriam's Song of Victory, Op. 74.
WAGNER—Wotan's Abschied und Feuerzauber [first time].
MEYERBEER—"Pietà, pietà," from "Le Prophete."
MOZART—Batti batti, from "Don Giovanni."
LESLIE, H.—"How Sweet the Moonlight!"
BENEDICT, J.—Hunting Song.
LESLIE, H.—Lullaby of Life.
MACFARREN—Sands o' Dee.

For want of space I cannot give a detailed account of a number of concerts in New York which deserve notice. They must wait over until my next letter. And for the same reason I can give only a brief notice of the last concert of the N. Y. Philharmonic Society, which was given last Saturday evening.

I give the programme:

PART I.

Overture, "Manfred".....Schumann
Scena and Aria, "Ah perfido!".....Beethoven
Miss Annie J. Borie.
Piano-forte concerto in E flat, No. 1.....Liszt
Miss Julia Rive.
Fantasie—Overture, "Paradise and the Peri," Op. 42 (first time).....W. S. Bennett
Introduction: moderato (choral).
1st scene. 2d scene. 3d scene.

PART II.

Overture, "Les Francs Juges," in F.....Berlioz
Faschingsswank aus Wien.....Schumann
Miss Julia Rive.
Symphony in C minor, No. 5.....Beethoven

The orchestra, it seemed to me, did not play as well as usual, for there was a terrible blemish in the performance of the first movement of the Symphony, caused by one of the violins coming in some measures ahead of time.

The best feature of the evening was the pianoforte playing of Miss Julia Rive, a young lady who I believe has but recently returned from abroad, where she has finished her studies under Liszt. She has played at concerts in some of the Western cities, and I have heard enthusiastic accounts of her from there, but I hardly anticipated the very favorable reception which awaited her here. It is not too much to say that this young lady, who came to us so quietly and modestly, achieved a great artistic success upon her first appearance. She played the magnificent concerto of Liszt's from the first note to the last without a slip or a blemish. She not only gave a correct rendering of the piece but a poetic rendering. Her playing was not that of a prize pupil but of a mature artist. She made light of the immense difficulties which invest this piece like a hedge of thorns, and she did this without the slightest sign of self-consciousness or of being conscious of anything save the music.

The Schumann "Fantasiebilder," her second piece, was a little too good even for a Philharmonic audience; but her playing was appreciated to the extent of an encore, to which she responded with Liszts' second Hungarian Rhapsody, which she played with such effect that there was a *furor* in the audience and even orchestra and conductor joined in the applause when, at the close of her performance, she was recalled time after time to the stage. You will certainly hear much of her in the future.

A. A. C.

TORONTO, C. W. Raudegger's Cantata "Fridolin" (of which we have already had a description in this Journal) was twice performed here some six weeks ago, under the direction of Mr. Torrington, well known in Boston. According to the *Toronto Liberal*, it was a great success, especially the second time.

Mrs. Dow's fine soprano voice showed to better advantage than ever, and after the recitative and song of the Countess, she received round after round of well-merited applause. The Hunters' Chorus was performed in a brilliant and spirited manner, and was again enthusiastically encored. This fine chorus bids fair to become a lasting favorite with Toronto audiences. The Handmaidens' Chorus evinced less sign of improvement than any of the others, the alto being almost too faint to be heard at the further end of the auditorium. The Chorus of Villagers in the Forest Glade was exceedingly beautiful, and well executed, while the grandest and most difficult of all, the Chorus of Smiths, showed a marked improvement over the corresponding part of the previous evening's performance. Both chorus and orchestra deserve the highest praise for the manner in which they executed this confessedly difficult piece of combined vocalization and instrumentation.

During the recess the Beethoven Quintette Club again played a piece not on the programme—Theme and variations from the "Kaiser Quartet," by Haydn. The exquisite character of the performance kept the majority of the audience in breathless stillness, as if afraid to lose even a single note of the music. The applause and encore with which it was greeted were responded to by the performance of Schumann's "Träumerei," which so enchanted the audience the evening before.

Mr. Torrington wielded the baton with his usual skill and energy, keeping chorus and orchestra perfectly under control through even the most difficult passages. Only once did even an approach to a serious error occur, and then it was scarcely perceptible.

BALFE'S "TALISMAN" (also given in this city when the Kellogg troupe were here) is thus neatly, and fairly, hit off by the *Baltimore Bulletin*, May 1.

The Talisman is Balfe's posthumous opera. It is easy to see the reason why posthumous; for as long as life flickered in that senile breast, he had sense enough not to bring it out. But it may be that he died in giving birth to it. It is difficult to conceive anything more limp and washy than the music: so tepid in its passion, so tame in its furies. It may roughly be described as *Bohemian Girl* and water, slightly colored with Lydia Thompson languors and flavored with the negro serenaders. It was indeed a cruel thing for Balfe's literary executors to permit its production; but man is frail, and a new opera well puffed has "money in it."

The music, tame as it was, was tamely rendered. Mr. Maas was "Sir Kenneth, the Knight of the Leopard." He was a dear little love of a leopard with his mane oiled and parted in the middle, and his tail freshly released from the curl-papers. He roared you gently as any sucking dove. The human mind cannot possibly accept dear little Mr. Maas as a stalwart crusader, any more than it can accept the two excrescences on the shins of "Nectobanus" as typical of any known physical deformity. "Nectobanus" should have been a malicious cripple, but he was not. He was gentle, and showed an undue fondness for the prompter's box, where he seemed to have one of his feet nailed down to the stage. Mr. Catleton's "Richard Cœur de Lion," and Miss Kellogg's "Edith Plantagenet," alone saved the opera from the open derision and jeers of the populace. Yet Miss Kellogg's only success was when she abandoned the score and inserted a ballad by Clay: "She Wandered Down the Mountain Side." Nothing could give a juster idea of the value of the music of the opera than that this little song by another composer, seemed like a bright patch on the dreary background. It met with some little success, but it was the only moment during the evening when the baskets of flowers which had been prepared for the occasion could with any possibility have been presented.

The opera, in addition to its short-comings as music, is wholly bare of dramatic situations and of plot. The leading characters come in one after another, as at a variety show, and sing their solos, and then meander off again; nothing leads to anything else. There is no musical declamation, dialogue or concerted music worth mention—nothing but the *spectacle*. Now a spectacular opera ought to be spectacular. Pompous processionings, haughty kings and princes, sumptuous costumes and calcium lights will make very poor stuff go off moderately well; but when a spectacular opera is conducted rather with a view to economy than to show, the effect is not apt to be imposing. Thus it fared with the *Talisman* as presented by Miss Kellogg's company. "Edith Plantagenet" had some pretty clothes, and "Kenneth," the raging leopard, also had a shiny helmet and spangled shoes; but the rest of the kings and dukes and earls of high degree appeared to have been born of poor but honest parents—humble indeed, but knowing their place. The only thing like action in the whole opera is where six supes on one side and five on the other, representing the armies of England and Austria, closed in deadly combat, and clashed feebly their pasteboard battle-axes, taking great care not to injure the tin foil, until the "King of France," looking like an obese Jack of Clubs in reduced circumstances, appeared suddenly and put an end to the carnage—seeming like a right bower played by some invisible hand which had taken the trick.

Such was the *Talisman*, as presented at the Academy of Music last Friday night, to one of the largest audiences that ever assembled there. In justice to that audience we must say that we never saw a full house so cold, so utterly unrippled by applause. They were, on the whole, patient and well behaved, so that we hardly ever saw a better audience or a worse performance.

Special Notices.

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"Chi vuol fiori ce ormi quà."
"Who wishes flowers? Hither come."

Very bright and flowing concert song.

The Clang of the Wooden Shoon. 3. C minor to c. *Molloy.* 40

"Oh! the dance and the merry tune."

Those who have heard the clatter of the wooden sabots of the "old countries," will be pleased with this, which is, in a curious way, a vocal clog dance.

Staccato Polka. Bravoura piece. 6. F to b. *Mulder.* 75

A true bravoura, which will make a sensation when brightly sung.

Otto Lob's Sacred Trios. ea. 35

No. 1. Lord thy Glory. (Sop. Alto, Tenor). 4. G to g. *Weber.*
No. 2. Praise thou the Lord. (Mezzo-Sop. Tenor, Bass). 4. Eb to g. *Mehul.*
No. 3. Loud Proclaim. (Sop. Tenor, Bass). 5. Db to f. *Spohr.*
No. 4. Bow down thine ear. (Alto, Tenor, Bass). 4. C to g. *Wagner.*

These are trios of a high classical character, and of some difficulty. And these reasons commend them to quartet choirs.

I fear those beaming Eyes. 3. F to f. *Glover.* 30

"I fear to touch that hand."

A musical effusion for a plaintive lover.

I will love thee. (to t'amero). 5. D to d. *Campana.* 30

"Thee will I love,
When swallows are returning."

Melodious, as the author's pieces are wont to be.

Instrumental.

Flight of the Nightingales. Commencement March. 3. D. *Whitney.* 35

Powerful. Grand. Many octaves introduced.

Reverie. 6. Eb. *Lange.* 60

An elegant arrangement of a Reverie by Vieuxtemps.

Fandango. Morceau Caracteristique. 5. Db. *S. Smith.* 75

Very bright, as it must be, being made by Sidney Smith.

Capt. Folsom's March. 3. Eb. *Reeves.* 40

A spirited composition.

Little Beauty Waltz. 2. F. *Turner.* 30

A little beauty of a Waltz.

On the Wing. Galop. 2. C. *Faust.* 30

A brilliant Faust galop.

L'Esperance Waltz. 3. Db. *Fraser.* 40

A rich and mellow composition.

A Night in June. Idyl. 4. Ab. *Wilson.* 50

Very neat picture title, and will probably be pronounced one of the sweetest of this writer's sweet Idyls.

Home, Sweet Home. 6. Bb *Kuhe.* 50

Sweet Home on the 4th of July, evidently, as it is full of musical fireworks. Splendid piece.

Icebrook Galop. 2. C. *Speck.* 40

Played with great success by La Favorita Orchestra.

Firm Step March. 3. G. *Steiner.* 30

A firm, powerful march.

Beauties of Ruy Blas. 3. G. *Knight.* 30

One of Mr. Knight's brilliant arrangements of favorite airs.

La Poste aux Grelots. Galop de Concert. 4. Db. *Boscowitz* 75

Very spirited, bright, and rather powerful for a galop.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter: as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 890. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1875. VOL. XXXV. No. 4.

The Cincinnati Musical Festival.

FIRST NIGHT, TUESDAY, MAY 11.

(From Correspondence of the *Baltimore Bulletin.*)

CINCINNATI, MAY 12. There is a sketch hanging in the windows around town, which not inaptly represents the present high pressure musical excitement of the city. It is a battle scene. A strongly entrenched height at the back, whose salients bear the names of Liszt, Wagner, Schubert, &c., is keeping up a destructive fire of musical notes upon the assailants below. Crotchets and quavers are exploding in every direction. Theodore Thomas, mounted upon a prancing steed, is leading up a solid phalanx of fiddlers to the assault, and a heavy battery of trombones and ophicleides is hurling bass notes into the forts.

The whole town is decorated. Not merely the streets leading out to the Industrial Hall, but the whole business part of the town is hung with flags, festooned with gay cambrics, and wreathed with greens. The city may well take pride in the festival; for it has spared no pains in the grand affair.

The musical hall is an unpretending room, having, however, the merit of rare acoustic qualities and capacity for eight thousand listeners. The end of the room slopes up in a steep incline with seats for about seven hundred singers. The middle and top of the incline is occupied by the organ. A large horseshoe, on a lower level, is scooped out of the incline where a grand orchestra sits—an orchestra built on a scale of ten double-basses, and quite plastic under the wand of Theodore Thomas. On either side of him stand the soloists, Mrs. Smith—a lively soprano voice, Miss Cranch, Miss Whinnery, Miss Cary, Messrs. Bischoff, Remmertz and Whitney—a rare collection of fine artists.

The chorus has been in training for six months or more, under the very able direction of Mr. Otto Singer. He is a man who has not only a sound musical culture, but a tremendous enthusiasm. He is evidently deep in the affections of his chorus, for they applaud him most affectionately whenever he takes the stand. When Mr. Thomas is conducting, Singer roams the field. He is everywhere at once, singing all the parts, and by gesture and facial expression and violent contortion, imploring, beseeching, commanding and expostulating with the chorus. When things go smoothly, his face beams; if there is a roughness he is the picture of woe. At one moment he is found leading a dashing charge of tenors; at another he is holding back a torrent of impetuous bass that threatens to carry everything before it. It is easy to see that Otto Singer is one of the phenomena that account for the great art excitement in Cincinnati.

. . . . . The Cincinnati chorus is almost wholly American. I had been led to expect a large preponderance of German societies, but I find that not five per cent. are German. The voices are decidedly American in quality, and all the chorals are sung in English. The ladies are mostly young, and their voices have a freshness and purity that are charming. They belong largely to the best classes of society, and they sing with a grace, intelligence and spirit that show their own enjoyment in the art. The *piano* and *pianissimo* of the female voices are of heavenly sweetness.

There is another thing of interest. This chorus is almost wholly of Cincinnati. I had expected to find the choral societies of Chicago and St. Louis represented, but it is not so. No other city sends a delegation. This shows what a single city can do when it has art love in its heart, and sound business men who back it up, seeing clearly that art *pays*. This Festival, with its excitements, decorations and illuminations, pays—pays Cincinnati.

The *Triumphlied* of Brahms, which opened the Festival last night, is a work of great genius, and written on the highest key of exultation and triumph; and it is of immense difficulty. The fact that this chorus has been able to produce such a work in such splendid style is sufficient evidence of its excellence and of its devotion to work. It is more difficult than Handel or Bach; a chorus that can sing this need fear nothing. It is an eight-voice choral. There are two choirs, which are kept distinct in every movement but one, where they are massed for a short time. The two choirs answer each other, in dialogue and reiteration, and echo in the most intricate entanglements of harmonies. Moreover, each of the eight parts is full of difficulties, and requires a voice of good compass and good training. In short, it is a composition whose successful production taxes the very highest powers of a chorus. They achieved in it a success so marked and decided as to establish their fame, even should they do nothing else. The house was full but not crowded. There were a little less than eight thousand listeners—but when eight thousand people burst into applause, it sets things jarring.

This was followed by the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven, played by the orchestra. The orchestra has been increased to a little over one hundred players, and some of the additions are ex members of the orchestra, and well grounded in its traditions. To say that the symphony was rendered with the utmost refinement and finish is to say not half.

[We are sorry that the writer does not give us the other, larger half; for then perhaps he would inform us whether Thomas rushed the quick movements through at the unfeeling rate he did in Boston.]

* * * Those who are accustomed to see Thomas conduct his own orchestra, and note the calm composure and grace of his leadership, ought to see him on his war-horse, when he leads a vast chorus in addition. He is indeed a master of the situation, through all excitement, violent in gesture, imperious, impetuous, striking with his baton, beating out with both arms, stamping his feet like a big drum, even shouting out the word of command; he seems to centre in himself the passion and the energy of the chorus. He fixes the eyes of all the singers on himself, and carries them with him in the rush of his rapture. [*Sic.* "Rush of his rapture" is good!] All the singers say how excited he makes them: he is a born leader.

A sad misadventure spoiled what was expected to be the great feature of the opening night—*Lohengrin*. Just as it was about to begin, a violent storm came up and made such noise on the roof as to render the delicate parts of the music inaudible. After two abortive starts, Mr. Thomas put it to the vote of the house whether to go on or wait for the storm to blow over. But though we waited and waited until we were worn out, the storm continued with unimpaired cheerfulness. At last the music had to go on, but the audience had cooled down, and the music fell somewhat flat. Wagner cannot fall flat. He is sublime or nothing. Mr. Bischoff sang the "Swan Song." Mr. Whitney sang the "King's Invocation" very grandly, and the quintet with Mrs. Smith, Miss Cary, Bischoff, Remmertz and Whitney, supported by the superb chorus, warmed the house up again. There was waving of hats and scarfs, and thunder, noise and shoutings of applause. It seemed indeed a triumph over the tempest outside. But the tempest took a mean revenge—the moment that *Lohengrin* ended it cleared up. I. R.

SECOND DAY, MAY 12.

(From a Staff Correspondent of the New York Tribune.)

CINCINNATI, MAY 12. The first matinée of the festival was given this afternoon at 2 o'clock, with an audience of about 4,000 persons. The programme was good, though it contained nothing novel and nothing of very high importance, if we except Beethoven's "Second Leonore Overture" and the "Overture to Tannhäuser," followed by the "Romance of the Evening Star," which Mr. Remmertz sang beautifully. Besides these we had the "Hungarian Dances" by Brahms, the "New Meditation" by Gounod, with 30 violins playing the melody; the trio from "William Tell," given with admirable effect by Messrs. Bischoff, Remmertz, and Whitney; the Beethoven trio "Tremate, Empo"—and vocal selections by Miss Cranch, Miss Cary, Mrs. Smith, and Mr. Winch. A miscellaneous programme of this kind is proper and pleasant enough as an amusement for the afternoon, but it is not in such selections that the serious value of the celebration consists. The real work of the festival is done at the evening concerts. The first part of the performance this afternoon was ruined by the noise of late arrivals. All through the Leonore Overture they tramped along the aisles, and they nearly destroyed the effect of Mr. Winch's sympathetic delivery of his aria from "The Creation." They were still tramping when Miss Cranch began her Mozart aria. At last Thomas stopped the performance and warned the people that if they did not keep quiet it would be necessary to shorten the programme. The remonstrance was not made a moment too soon. The audience gave the director three hearty rounds of applause, and for a while there was peace; but I am sorry to say that after the intermission the noise was renewed. A part of the confusion to-day was caused by a misunderstanding as to the hour for beginning the performance; but after all it is no easy task to keep 4,000 people quiet.

This evening the attendance was more prompt, but Thomas was nevertheless obliged to order a pause after the third number. The crowd was much greater than at either of the previous performances, and the enthusiasm was also unlimited. Mendelssohn's "Elijah" constituted the entertainment, and, considering what else the chorus had to go through this week, it was probably the best possible selection. It makes no extraordinary demand upon the powers of the vocalists, and it is sure to please the great multitude of the inexperienced to whom Brahms is a puzzle, and even Bach will possibly be something of an enigma.

Last night I was more struck by the magnificent triumphs of the chorus in overcoming unheard-of difficulties than by any conspicuous excellence in the voices. I have already explained why a great volume of tone ought not to have been expected in the eight-part song of triumph; but besides that, there was a lack of fresh color, especially in the male voices, which I was in doubt how to account for. It was plain to-night, however, what the trouble was; it was merely fatigue. The great exer-

tion of incessant rehearsals carries its unavoidable penalty, and I have no doubt that the chorus has been a little over-trained. A day of rest has nearly cured the hundreds of inflamed throats, so in the solid harmonies of "Elijah" the voices came pouring forth with a richness, as well as volume, which left nothing to be desired. They first showed their fine quality in that majestic passage, "His Mercies on Thousands fall," and thence to the intermission there was a succession of superb choruses, with hardly a weak page to interrupt them. I have rarely, if ever, heard those three famous numbers, "Blessed are the Men," "Baal we Cry to Thee," and "Thanks be to God" better than they were sung to-night. The second in particular, which derives so much splendor from its orchestral accompaniment, made a remarkable impression. I suppose the chorus had a pleasant consciousness of its own success when it greeted Theodore Thomas with a round of applause on his resuming the stand after the intermission.

In the second part of the Oratorio there was no falling back from the high point of excellence reached in the first. On the contrary, the chorus went on increasing in spirit, precision, and sonorousness, from one beautiful number to another. In the "Be not Afraid," in the "He Watching over Israel," in the "Holy! Holy!"—in all those familiar choruses which have made the Elijah loved wherever music is cultivated, these singers covered themselves with glory. I hope the audience understood how good the performance was. I feel as if I could hardly praise it too warmly. The delicious accompaniment by the band had of course a great deal to do with the grand effect; but we have heard Thomas play it in New-York, and we know what he can do with it. The organ also contributed in no slight degree to the successful result. It seems to be a good instrument for the purpose to which it is here put, for it has a grand pedal bass, and a good, rich, full tone in the upper register. More important still, it was admirably played by Mr. Dudley Buck, and I ought not to forget to say that the same gentleman did remarkable service last night in the "Triumphal Hymn," when he supplied a perfect organ part from the orchestral score. Brahms used the organ when he directed this work of his in Cologne; but, strange to say, the part was not written out, or at any rate has not been published.

Mr. Whitney to-night sang the music of the "Prophet" with all the taste, dignity and correct dramatic instinct which we have so often admired, though in one or two of the solos his voice was not quite so clear as usual. The soprano solos were divided between Miss Whinnery, who appeared in the first part, and Mrs. Smith who had the principal work to do in the second. The alto was likewise divided, Miss Cranch singing the "Woe unto them," and Miss Cary, "O Rest in the Lord." Mr. Winch gave a highly refined and truthful interpretation of the tenor solos, showing himself to be an artist of rare sensibility; but he, like Mr. Whitney, seemed a little fatigued. Those two little gems, the "Quartet of Angels," "Cast Thy Burden upon the Lord," and the terzetto "Lift Thine Eyes," were charmingly sung, and the double quartet, "For He shall give his Angels"—intrusted to a little choir of 15 persons—was executed almost without a fault.

There is no doubt now that the festival will meet all the expectations of its most sanguine friends. The expense of the whole affair is about $40,000, and the receipts already amount to $30,000, with the certainty of an enormous increase to-morrow, when the Ninth Symphony is to be given. There will be no need to touch the guarantee fund There is serious talk of a similar festival next year at Chicago, and I think it is highly probable that before long there will be a great musical gathering every year in one of the cities of this region, Cincinnati, Chicago, and perhaps Indianapolis, taking turn in the good work. The whole country is beginning to taste the fruit that Theodore Thomas has been so long cultivating.

J. R. G. H.

THIRD DAY, MAY 13.

[From the Same.]

CINCINNATI, MAY 13. The matinee to-day was the festival of the school children. About 1,200 of the little songsters filled the chorus benches and two sections of the gallery, all prettily dressed—the boys in the rear; the girls in white gowns and gay ribbons blooming in the front. They were all in a flutter of excitement and tremendously elated at the prospect of singing under Theodore Thomas, whom they regard with profound awe as the greatest and most celebrated musician in all this world. I think if they had known that a great and celebrated soldier—I mean Gen. Sherman—was moreover listening to them, the weight of so much accumulated honor would have broken them down. A great crowd of people came to hear the performance, many of them as usual coming very late, and making a great clatter about it. The first chorus was a prayer arranged from Gluck. The next was the favorite, "Night Shades no Longer," from Rossini's "Moses in Egypt." They were charmingly sung, not only with correct intonation, but with a beauty of shading which is extremely rare in children's singing, while the freshness and purity of the multitude of young voices had a peculiar effect which maturer art can never imitate. I am opposed to encores on principle, but I could not help feeling glad when the little folks stood up to repeat the Rossini chorus, after the whole house had insisted upon it. Subsequently they sang the choruses in Mozart's miniature cantata, originally written for a Masonic celebration, and entitled in English: "Praise of Friendship." The three solo parts were taken by Mrs. H. M. Smith, Miss Whinnery, and Miss Cranch. The juvenile performances were interspersed, during the rest of the concert, with orchestral selections and some good vocal solos by Mrs. Smith, Miss Whinnery, Miss Cranch, Mr. Bischoff and Mr. Whitney.

The evening performance was the culmination of the festival. It was for this that Chorus, Orchestra, and Conductor had worked with greatest zeal; and toward it the public had looked forward with greatest eagerness. The programme consisted of Bach's "*Magnificat* in D," never before performed in this country, and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

BACH'S MAGNIFICAT.

The "Magnificat" was given, as nearly all Bach's principal vocal works must be given nowadays, with the additional accompaniments by Robert Franz. The invaluable labors of this scholarly musician upon the scores of Bach and Handel are entirely unlike the unfortunate attempts to modernize the older masters which we are occasionally called upon to lament. Bach left but the merest sketch of an accompaniment for his great vocal compositions, supplying a few parts for flutes, hautboys, strings, and now and then one or two other instruments, together with the monotonous *continuo*, and a figured bass which he filled up extemporaneously on the organ. The secret of clothing these skeleton scores with life and beauty of outline died with him, and Franz discovered it only after long and patient study. He has harmonized the whole in the polyphonic style of which Bach is the great model, and has added instruments to the orchestra with such taste, moderation, and clear insight into the composer's intentions that one could almost believe the improved score to be entirely the work of Bach himself. He retains the organ, though of course it no longer asserts itself so prominently in the accompaniment as it had to do in the composer's time, when the orchestra had not yet been developed. Bach wrote parts for 2 flutes, 2 hautboys, 2 oboi d'amore, 3 trumpets, tympani, 1st and 2d violins, viola, and bass strings (the *continuo*); to these Franz adds only clarinets (using them partly as substitutes for the obsolete oboe d'amore), bassoons, and, very sparingly, the bass trombone. A good example both of the necessity for his work and the manner in which he has performed it is shown in the noble bass solo, "Quia fecit." As Bach left it, with only an organ and *continuo* accompaniment, this aria was almost impracticable; but Franz, supplying the string quintet, with 2 clarinets and two bassoons, besides the organ, throws upon it a pure bright light, which sets out all its beauty, and makes clear its meaning. The terzetto "Suscepit Israel," for two sopranos and alto, would also have been impossible without the aid of Franz, for the only accompaniment in the original score consists of two hautboys in unison, violoncelli *senza violone e bassoni*, and organ. Franz re-enforces the hautboys with two clarinets in unison, and supplies a harmony by first and second violins, viola, and violoncello solo, with very soft organ. In some parts of the work he redistributes more or less of the accompaniment—as for example in the opening chorus, where he assigns to the clarinets certain passages which Bach, who had no clarinets, gave to the trumpets; but wherever it is practicable he adheres to the original instrumentation as far as it goes.

The Magnificat in D consists of 12 short numbers, as follows: 1. Introduction and Chorus, "Magnificat anima mea." 2. Aria, 2d soprano, "Et exultavit." 3. Aria, 1st soprano, "Quia respexit." 4. Chorus, "Omnes generationes." 5. Aria, bass, "Quia fecit." 6. Duet, alto and tenor, "Et misericordia." 7. Chorus, "Fecit potentiam." 8. Aria, tenor, "Deposuit potentes." 9. Aria, alto, "Esurientes." 10. Terzetto, 2 sopranos and alto, "Suscepit Israel." 11. Chorus, "Sicut locutus est." 12. Chorus, "Gloria Patri." All the choruses are in five parts—two sopranos, alto, tenor, and bass. There is a short instrumental introduction. The florid and joyful opening chorus was given correctly and fluently, though with not enough spirit. The delicious aria for second soprano was almost lost in the noise of the unquiet audience, but in the snatches of it which I heard, Miss Whinnery seemed to be singing with unusual sentiment and taste. There was a long pause after the fourth number, and the rest of the work, although it was sometimes disturbed in an unpardonable manner, was at least audible.

I can spare time for only a few words of general praise for the artists, Mrs. Smith, Miss Whinnery, Miss Cary, Mr. Winch, and Mr. Whitney, whose privilege it was to sing in this divine work at its first representation in America. They caught its exquisite spirit and its deep religious sentiment, and gave it forth with a conscientiousness and eloquence which I cannot commend too warmly. If I must single out any numbers for especial mention they must be the exquisite alto and tenor duet, and the alto solo, with obbligato accompaniment, for two flutes. Both these are gems of purest ray serene in Bach's most characteristic vein. But it is hardly fair to particularize where everything is so noble. The choruses are all marvels of polyphonic harmony, and they culminate in an outburst of grandeur on the words "Gloria Patri," which have hardly a parallel in sacred music. Then the work closes with a repetition of the opening chorus. There was no weakness in any of these choruses except the first. They all went on superbly, and I must say that the work gave me more delight than anything I have heard for many a day.

THE NINTH SYMPHONY.

(From the Cincinnati Gazette.)

It was evident that the audience had a bad attack of Ninth Sympho-mania. So soon as the clanging of the bell announced the end of the intermission, there was a hurrying to and fro in the crowded aisles, and a crush through the doors leading into the hall fearfully destructive to silk hats, ladies' dresses, and human tempers. It took quite a long time for the fortunate owners of reserved seats to regain possession of them, but after this was done, a hush, an unnatural silence came over the immense assemblage which spoke well for the character of

the audience. The impressions of two years ago in some cases, and the conviction that the inner sanctuary of the divine art was to be entered, exerted a power over all which held them in almost breathless silence. Not a bar of the music was lost; the tremulous whisper of the strings in the massive first movement, the bated accents of the first violins as they dropped the strangely suggestive figure which imparts to the movement its chief characteristic, all were borne to the furthermost recesses of the hall. How so many people stood throughout each long movement without shifting in their positions is almost a mystery. We had been led by a study of the first movement to expect some sign of weariness or ennui long before its completion, but the reality was gratifying—disappointment. All their senses seemed to have flocked into their ears, and they hung upon each sound as though it was a voice from the spirit world proclaiming to them things upon which depended life and death. Superlatives are idle in attempting to describe the work of the orchestra; it was simply perfect. Every note in the delirious whirl of the *Scherzo* as well as the intricacies of the extraordinary variations of the *Adagio* and *Andante* themes, dropped from the strings with a crisp clearness and brilliancy which almost shut out the belief that fifteen first violins and not one were executing the music. It was certainly the most extraordinary revelation of artistic and mechanical perfection ever experienced in this city.

Naturally enough there was no great outburst of enthusiasm after the performance of the first movement. The realistic [?] manner in which its apparent design and meaning are portrayed make it almost tedious to all save those who are far enough initiated into the mysteries of the musical art to become engrossed with its wonderful internal structure and development. It depicts more powerfully, than anything in music within our recollection, a continuous, desperate struggle for something which appears to be unattainable.

It is a mass of musical tones put in violent agitation by the power of a will too weak to accomplish that which it attempts—to evolve order out of chaos. Amid the pregnant trembling of the second violins and violoncellos the reeds discover a germ of melody, a sweet and promising strain; but hardly does it appear before it is seized by the serried ranks of brass and strings and plunged into the foamless abyss.

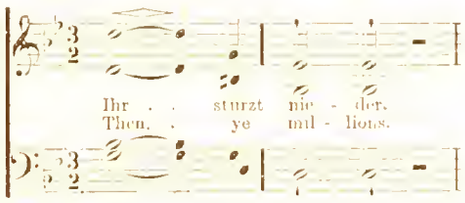
The whole movement is made up of these struggles; promising beginnings, a brief development, and a disastrous, despairing end. When its last minor chord is hurled out by all the instruments, no feeling of satisfaction or even of relief comes over the mind of the listener. He must needs wait for the giddy mazes of the *Scherzo* to obliterate the vague, restless impression made and left on the mind of the vain longings and efforts of the first movement. The influence extended by the *Scherzo* is widely different. The mind is taken captive and whirled off into the world of pleasure. He can not pause; the power that bears him onward is irresistible, he is powerless as against it. It cannot be said to prepare him for the movement which follows the *Adagio* with its celestial voices, but it does place him in a mood which enables him to appreciate and receive its benign influences. In fact, try as we may, we cannot connect the first three movements until the key is not only furnished, but the unification itself accomplished in the choral finale. It is this fact, so plainly apparent, which has prompted the critics to deny that the work has any unity in design. Of the transporting beauties of the *Adagio* and *Andante* themes, and their wondrous variations and treatment, what shall we say? Are they not typical of the highest beauty, the purest and most lasting joys? Can any one listen to them without feeling his soul expanding with love toward all the world? Are they at all unmeaning or ambiguous? Let those answer who have been swayed by their influence. Both of these movements were received with bursts of honest applause such as well they deserved, for a more finished performance perhaps never was heard.

But now the Finale was reached and the expectant hush grew awfully impressive. Mr. Thomas appeared to be completely under some strange magnetic influence; we never saw him direct with such earnestness or heard so prompt and significant a response. The souls of the players appeared to be infused into the 'cellos and basses as they declaimed the recitatives which bridge the chasm between purely instrumental and vocal music, and when Mr. Remmertz, with his powerful voice, took up the strain first given out by the ambitious instruments, and clothed it with the words of Beethoven, a sympathetic thrill seemed to run through the listening thousands. There is something inexplicable in the power of the simple theme to which Beethoven has dared to set the beautiful words of Schiller's ode. It appears to be too trivial to be in keeping with the grandeur of the sentiments which the words express, yet its power is irresistible. Perhaps, however, the most effective part is the chorale set to the words:

Ihr stuerzt nieder, Millionen, Ahnest du den Schöpfer, Welt? or, as the words are tamely translated:

"Then, ye millions, kneel and praying, fear the Maker of the world."

Its solemn grandeur is overwhelming. One of its beautiful effects, however, we find is destroyed, as is the entire beautiful ode, by the translation. The setting of the line is as follows:



The literal translation of the German line is "Ye fall down," and it will be observed that Beethoven in the realistic spirit which pervades the whole symphony [?] has suited the music to the action described. The melody and harmony, not only of the chorus but also of the accompanying instruments, flutes, clarionets, violas and violoncellos, describe the fall, and the effect is heightened by the sudden hush and staccato rendering of the last notes, and then opening in the harmony. In the English version this excellent effect is entirely lost, since the line in itself describes no action as the original does.

The chorus attacked the difficult music with a spirit which served to carry it through to a successful end. The sopranos especially showed a deal of pluck. In the severe strain of holding high A through thirteen bars they did not falter, and even succeeded in making the *sforzos* in other high passages very gracefully. As the conclusion of the part approached, however, the severe strain which the voices of those who sang had undergone told upon them, and there was a falling off in fire, strength, and precision. All the massive choral passages were grandly rendered. There is hardly any work in all the range of vocal music so tyrannous to the voice as the solo parts of this symphony. Mrs. Smith, Miss Cary, and Messrs. Winch and Remmertz did them justice, however. Only once did Mr. Winch's smooth, sweet voice falter after a strain of musical difficulty even in the Ninth Symphony. Mrs. Smith's voice scaled the lofty heights with the clearness which it always possesses, and held them with its old power.

As a whole, though the performance was excellent and eminently satisfactory, it did not equal that of two years ago. Then the chorus sang as though it was composed of people who were more than human. The applause last night was not such a spontaneous and overwhelming outburst of enthusiasm as that which is still fresh in our memories. True, there was a storm of applause and a thunder of "bravos," and calls for Thomas and Singer, but it sounded more like a token of appreciation for the excellent work done, and the plucky manner in which difficulties had been vanquished, rather than a display of wild enthusiasm. Perhaps it was because to very many of those present the work had lost its novelty, and they were, therefore, better prepared to listen with critical ear than when every bar was a musical revelation. But when Mr. Thomas appeared and forced Mr. Singer to mount the platform with him, the joyous tumult with which the two were greeted was extraordinary. Hats and handkerchiefs were waved, and the volume of sound almost threatened to lift off the roof.

CLOSING DAY.

[From a Staff Correspondent of the New York Tribune.]

CINCINNATI, MAY 14. The festival closed this evening, and Cincinnati will long remember it as a bright chapter in the history of Western culture. It has accomplished more [?] than any previous musical celebration in America, and though it can hardly be denied that the principal selections have been rather above the comprehension of the majority of the audiences, and that the public zeal has been inspired sometimes by local pride much more than by musical appreciation, yet one can hardly give too much credit to this beautiful and enthusiastic city for the noble work which it has done in such a noble manner. It is to the high honor of the Festival Committee and of Theodore Thomas that they did choose works like the "Song of Triumph" and Bach's "Magnificat," which are as yet far above the apprehension of the public; and it is to the honor of the people that, though they did not pretend to relish all these things, they never allowed their interest to flag in the slightest degree. The æsthetic development of such a population as this will go on with a rapidity which must soon astonish the world. Fortunately, there is a circle of highly-cultivated and public-spirited people in Cincinnati, who are making a much better use of their money and time than the corresponding social circle in New York.

The matinée this afternoon was the best of the week. The principal selections were Beethoven's overture, "Consecration of the House," the superb Meistersinger selections, in which Mr. Bischoff made a brilliant success with his "Walther's Prize Song," and the orchestral arrangement of Liszt's second "Hungarian Rhapsody," by which the vast audience was almost carried away. Mr. Whitney sang Beethoven's "In Questa Tomba," with Thomas's arrangement of the accompaniment for wind instruments, more beautifully than I ever before heard him.

The programme to-night was as follows:

PART I.

Symphony No 9, in C ..... Schubert
Wotan's Farewell and Magic Fire Scene, from the "Walküre" ..... Wagner
Vocal part by Mr. Franz Remmertz.

PART II.

Symphonic Poem, "Prometheus" ..... Liszt
Music to Herder's "Prometheus" ..... Liszt
Solo voices, chorus, and orchestra.

The only novelty in this fine programme — at least to a New Yorker—is in the second part. Liszt's symphonic poem of "Prometheus" is known by our audiences, but the vocal music which he wrote for Herder's poem on the same subject is as yet a sealed book to us in its complete form, though the Liederkranz has sung some extracts from it. The programme calls it a cantata; but it is not a cantata; it is a series of musical illustrations of the poem, mostly choruses with a few solo passages interspersed, intended to accompany a recitation of the text, as Schumann's music was written to accompany and relieve a reading of Byron's "Manfred." Nor is there any connection between the vocal composition and the symphonic poem except the identity of subject. They were written many years apart; but their collocation is of course natural and logical, and the earlier work serves very properly and effectively as an overture to the later one. To those who know Liszt only by his instrumental works, the sweetness of this melodious vocal composition will be a great surprise. The most delicate vein of poetry runs all through it, imparting to the whole an appearance of grace and refinement quite as remarkable as its strong dramatic character. The poetic basis is always conspicuous in Liszt's songs and choruses; but here the union between the melody and the poem seems to be particularly close. One beautiful conception follows another with the most rapid step, but each is perfect and distinct. The divinities of the ocean and the nymphs of the grove, the blithe reapers and the jovial cultivators of the vine, the spirits of the Under World, and the muses on Olympus, all have their appropriate and clearly discriminated numbers, and all move before us like the living figures in a drama. The soprano and alto solos are short; in fact are little more than fragments of sweet melodic phrases. The male solos—two tenors and two basses—are more important, and in the latter part of the work are intrusted with a noble quartet. It is in the varying and always fascinating choruses, however, that the principal charm of the composition lies. The orchestra not only embroiders the vocal parts with a rich and delicate ornament, but combines with them to form a compact and carefully planned texture, and carries on so beautifully the spirit, if not the musical motives, of the symphonic poem which has been adopted as the introduction, that we can hardly realize that we listen to two independent compositions.

The performance of the entire Prometheus music was directed by Mr. Otto Singer, and when he took his place at the desk there was a curious scene. It seems that nearly all the chorus singers had small bouquets concealed about their persons, and Mr. Singer's appearance was the signal for a rain of flowers, which was prolonged for some time. They soon gave abundant reason for their partiality toward the accomplished musician under whom they

learned the "Prometheus;" for their execution of the work under his sympathetic hand was one of the most glorious successes of the festival. The tone was magnificent; the shading and expression were extremely nice; the ever changing nuances, from which Liszt's music derives so much of its effect, were observed with perfection; the singing was equally admirable for technical precision and for fine intelligence. The solo parts were all excellently rendered by Mrs. Smith, Miss Cary, Mr. Winch, Mr. Bischoff, Mr. Remmertz, and Mr. Whitney.

The first part of the concert, of course, was directed by Mr. Thomas in person. I have said that it offered nothing actually novel, but perhaps I am wrong. The great Schubert Symphony was a novelty in one sense; for such a performance of it has probably never been heard in this country, and I do not believe a better one is possible anywhere. It fairly blazed with splendor, and the tremendous finale was given with a magnificence which roused the whole house so that at the close the audience rose in their places and cheered. The music of the "Walkuere," which I supposed to be almost unknown in Cincinnati, was also presented with unusual brilliancy, and made a very strong impression. It was better sung and better played than I ever heard it in New York, Mr. Remmertz being at his very best, while the increase in the orchestra added much more to the effect than I should have expected.

The attendance to-night was overwhelming — nearly as great, in fact, as it was last night, and the festival broke up in the midst of an indescribable scene of enthusiasm, singers and audience all hurrahing together, and loud shouts for Thomas rising above the din.

Keyed Stringed Instruments of Music.

Sir Robert Stewart's Lectures at Dublin University.*

III.

*Reported in the London *Musical Standard*.

Last week, I alluded to the difficulty in accounting for the "virginal" being so named, that instrument having been in use before the reign of the Royal Virgin who founded this ancient university. The tuning of the virginal had been alluded to in a wall inscription or "proverb" at the manor house of Leckingfield, Yorkshire, which dated from the time of Henry VII.:—

A slack string is a Virginal, it soundeth not aright,
It doth abide no wresting, it is so loose and light.

The derivation of the "clavichord" was readily traced to "clavis," a key (not the tuning key as some had supposed, for this was common to the harp also), and "chordon," a string. An expression constantly in use for clavichords and virginals demanded some notice. One of these was constantly described as "a pair," not that there was any bi-form construction in either, but that it was the practice thus to call many things in the ordinary social life of England at the time. Thus they spoke of "a pair of organs" not (said Sir Robert Stewart) like that large instrument in yonder gallery, with its choir organ standing out in front, nor like the organ in the College Chapel. These may, indeed, be called "double organs," with their carved and gilded cases divided into two separate parts. It was not, however, to such instruments our forefathers alluded when they spoke of "a payre of organs." The expression merely meant an organ with more pipes than one—a clavichord or virginal, with more strings than one. In Jonson and Heywood, and their contemporaries, we find a "pair of beads," "a pair of chessmen," of "stars," of "stairs," of "steps," just as we speak of a "pair of tongs" or a "pair of bellows." And this is the form of expression employed in the extract from the "Pilgrim's Progress" to which I alluded last week. The family are in Mr. Interpreter's house, and having been shown many curiosities, including "Eve's Apple," "Jacob's Ladder," etc., Prudence takes them "into a dining-room, where stood a pair of virginals, so she played upon them, and turned what she had showed them into this excellent song." Singular to say, although there was little or no difference between the spinet and virginal, no one ever spoke of "a pair of spinets;" the expression was never employed. He (Sir R. Stewart) would direct their attention to the many beautiful photographs of spinets and virginals which had been lent by the South Kensington authorities; some of these instruments were profusely ornamented with precious stones, one (which had been purchased for £1,200 at the Paris Exhibition) contained 1,928 jewels of various sorts. One spinet was of the date of 1741; of this, the owner, Mr. Rogers, of Limerick Cathedral, had kindly contributed a photograph, which was suspended on the adjoining wall, and had over the key-board the inscription—

Intactum silco: percute, dulce cano.

It had been customary to inscribe similar quaint mottoes upon these instruments. Thus the following was found on an old virginal:—

I once was living in the woods,
But now I am cut down
By stroke of cruel axe, indeed,
But yet in my renown.
For while I lived I spake nought else
But what the boisterous wind
Compelled my murmuring strains unto.
But dead, I please the mind
And ears of such as hear me sing.
So pleasant is my music's ring.

The pitch of ancient keyed instruments had been by no means uniform; many spinets were tuned a fifth above, and one, called "Ottavino," even an octave above the customary tuning. There did not seem to have been any standard of pitch like what prevails at present, and some authorities (amongst them Mr. Chas. Salaman, to whose taste and skilled research the subject owes a great deal of the light thrown upon it of late years), thought the pitch of the 16th and 17th centuries was about a third lower than ours; if so, it was difficult to account for the deep vocal bass parts of those days. The inquiry was, in truth, surrounded by difficulties. Some years ago, when passing a few days with Sir Frederic Ouseley, at Tenbury, he (the lecturer) had remarked that Sir Frederic's harpsichord was about a third below the correct pitch. Of this, a fine instrument with two rows of keys, they could see two photographed views which the distinguished Oxford professor had kindly contributed for these lectures. It had been made in 1773 by B. Shudi, predecessor of the eminent firm of Messrs. Broadwood, who had presented it to Sir F. Ouseley. The harpsichord was, in fact, only a large spinet; the latter had but one string to each note, while "harpsicors" (the old appellation of the harpsichord) had two, three, and even more. He (Sir R. Stewart) had last week explained to them the way the tone of the spinet was produced, each string being twanged with a quill, and hence the name spinet, from *spina*, a "thorn" or "point." Even F. Couperin, one of the greatest composers and players upon these instruments, had complained of their monotony. With a view to remedy this the *plectra* had been formed of brass, steel, ivory, and leather of various sorts, while the various rows of "jacks" so fitted were brought into play by stops like the organ, or by levers worked by the performer's knee. But with all these contrivances, which were called 1st and 2nd unison, octave stop, lute, mandolin, flageolet, oboe or violin, there was really not much difference in the tone produced, which continued to be just what Dr. Burney had caustically described it—viz., "A scratch with a sound at the end of it." It was, doubtless, in allusion to these fancied imitations of various instruments that an essayist in No. 153 of *The Tatler* had described the harpsichord as "a consort (or concert, as the word was spelled in modern days) in itself." They were fortunate in having a real harpsichord to examine that day—a beautiful old instrument, which probably had cost £100 or £120 originally, but had been purchased last year for an absurdly small sum at the sale of Archdeacon Agar's effects in St. Stephens-green, and had belonged to Lord Normanton, formerly Archbishop of Dublin. Fortunately it had now fallen into the hands of a gentleman of taste, who, having cleaned the fine mahogany case and rich brass work hinges of the instrument, had requilled a few of the jacks, and very kindly lent it to them to-day. As a proof that music of its own epoch and style was capable of producing a good effect upon it, Sir Robert now played a portion of one of Handel's concertos. He also quoted a little poem of Bishop Atterbury (who was accused of favoring the Pretender)—"Lines in praise of a goose quill," and alluding to the harpsichord—

The quill of the goose is a very slight thing,
Yet it feathers the arrow that flies from the string,
Makes the bird it belongs to rise high in its flight,
And the jack it has oiled against dinner go right,
Makes the *harpsichord vocal, which else would be mute*,
And enlivens the sound, the sweet sound of the flute.

The harpsichord before them had been built by Ferdinand Weber, a German artist, born 1715, who resided in Mecklenburgh street, Dublin, nearly a century ago. The testimonial given to Herr Weber when quitting the atelier of his German master, Herr Hahlen, was now read *in extenso*, and caused much amusement, being a most voluminous document, engrossed on parchment. Attested as it was by seals and official signatures, it finished an interesting relic of the ancient guilds of Europe, by which, in feudal times, every art and mystery of trade was fenced about. It began by reciting some twenty or thirty titles of honor belonging to Frederic Augustus, King of Poland. The lecturer would direct the attention of his hearers to this curious legal instrument of the year 1735, which, framed and glazed, and suspended on the wall to his right, was scarcely less worthy of their notice than the more musical instruments (spinet and harpsichord) upon the left. Some interesting details were here given referring to the necessity of keeping harpsichord lids raised in order to let their tinkling sounds escape, and also to admit of the *louvres* of the Venetian swell being opened, which was done by a lever worked with the player's knee. In allusion to this custom of raising the lid an anecdote was recorded of a leader of the Covent Garden band having once asked Dr. Arne, (as if in hopes of discovering the secret of his success in Artaxerxes)—"Dr. Arne, when you composed your fine opera, whether did you write it with the lid of your harpsichord up or down?" It became the custom to paint the lids of some instruments elaborately, both within and without. Thus had Salvator Rosa once wagered that he would render a worthless harpsichord valuable; and he had made good his assertion, for the instrument fetched a thousand *scudi* from the manner in which it had been embellished by his pencil. Viscount Powerscourt's harpsichord (of which a photograph hung on the wall close by) had thus been decorated by Vander Meulin, the great Belgian painter, who had celebrated so many of the events of the reign of Louis XIV. He (Sir Robert Stewart) had, for the lecture of this day, obtained from a friend a number of fine engraved portraits of this painter, of Queen Elizabeth, of Mary Queen of Scots, of Henry Purcell, and of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette—she, to whom had once belonged this beautiful relic, now in the possession of Lord Powerscourt, had been always musical, and in her youth was associated with Mozart, for when that child-musician slipped upon the polished floor of the palace at Vienna, and fell to the ground, Marie Antoinette stopped, and assisted him to rise, while another young archduchess passed on. Little Mozart was so affected by this kindness on the part of the future Queen of France that he declared to her that he "would marry her" forthwith. A small portion of the wire with which this beautifully painted harpsichord had been strung was well worth inspection, and had been framed along with the photograph, like that of Sir Frederick Ouseley. It was of uncommon fineness; but when the hammers of the pianoforte came into use, the strings received such powerful blows, that fine wire of this sort proved incapable of resisting them, and hence the heavy stringing of modern days. This instrument, made in 1612, had been restored by Pascal Taskin in 1774; not being now in playable order, it had little save Vander Meulin's paintings and the memory of Marie Antoinette to recommend it. The case and legs were all gilded, so that the wood was nowhere visible. It had two rows of keys, four sets of jacks, and a compass of 5 octaves, F to F, and had been exhibited at South Kensington within the last few years. Sir R. Stewart now briefly alluded to the harpsichord works of Rameau (whose ingenious system of harmony had been fully developed in our day by Logier), and to François Couperin, also to Scarlatti, and the amusing rencontre between him and the Irish musician, Thomas Rosingrave, who compared his playing to ten hundred devils. Rosingrave's father Daniel, had been organist of St. Patrick's Cathedral; concluding with an allusion to Henry Purcell, the most original musical genius England had ever produced. Purcell had died before his time, it was said from the effects of a cold brought on by exposure outside the door of his own house, his wife having refused to admit her truant lord when returning home from some convivial party.

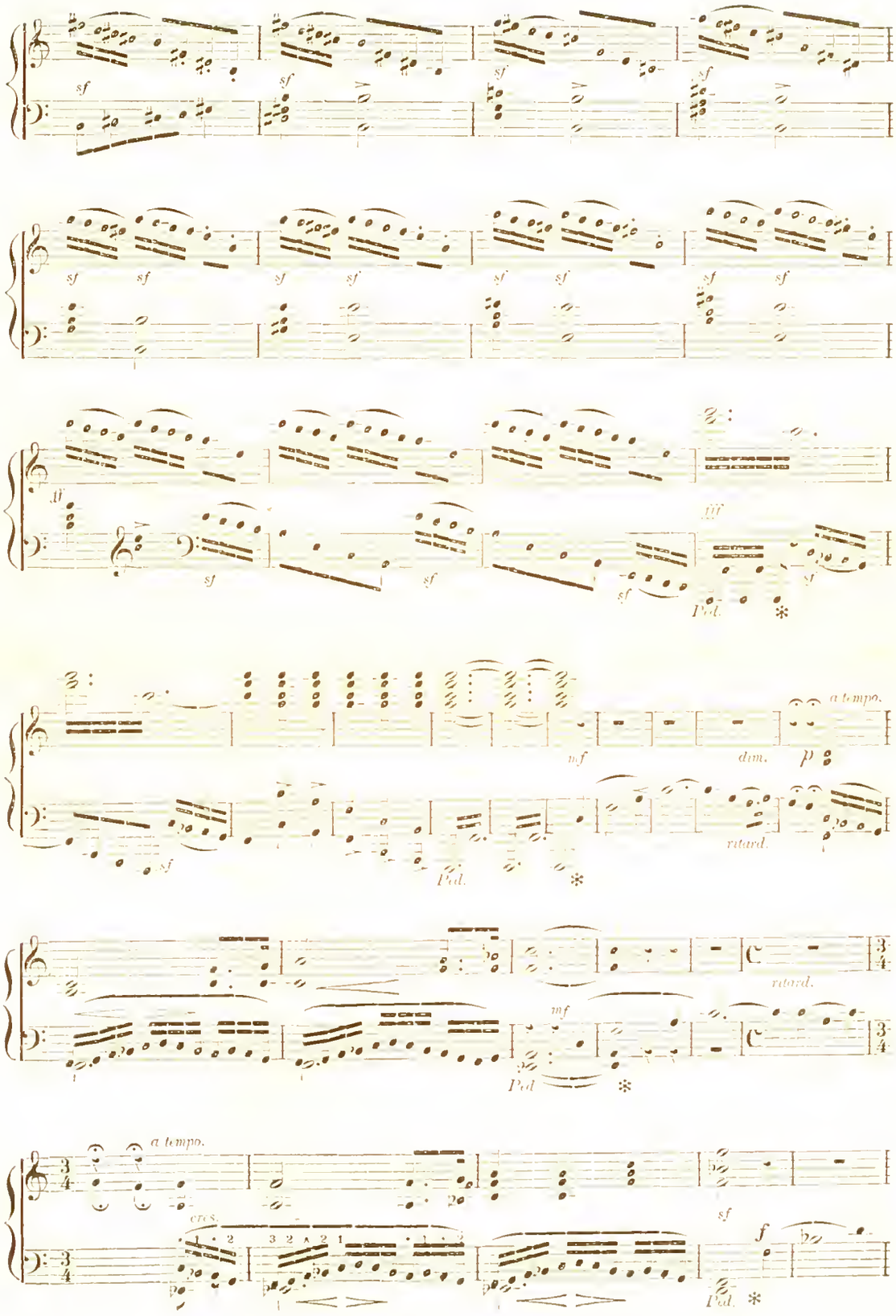
The musical illustrations included pieces by Rameau, Couperin, D. Scarlatti, and H. Purcell, performed by the lecturer and some of his pupils, and one lady sang with much sweetness a little *chanson* composed by Queen Marie Antoinette. Sir Robert said that this lecture would conclude his notices of the harpsichord and spinet. Next week the subject of the pianoforte would be entered upon.

(To be Continued.)

Three Opera Debutantes.

[From the First Number of "Concordia," the new London Journal of Music and the Sister Arts, May 1, 1875.]

Mice, according to the proverb, amuse themselves in the absence of the cat; and, though there is a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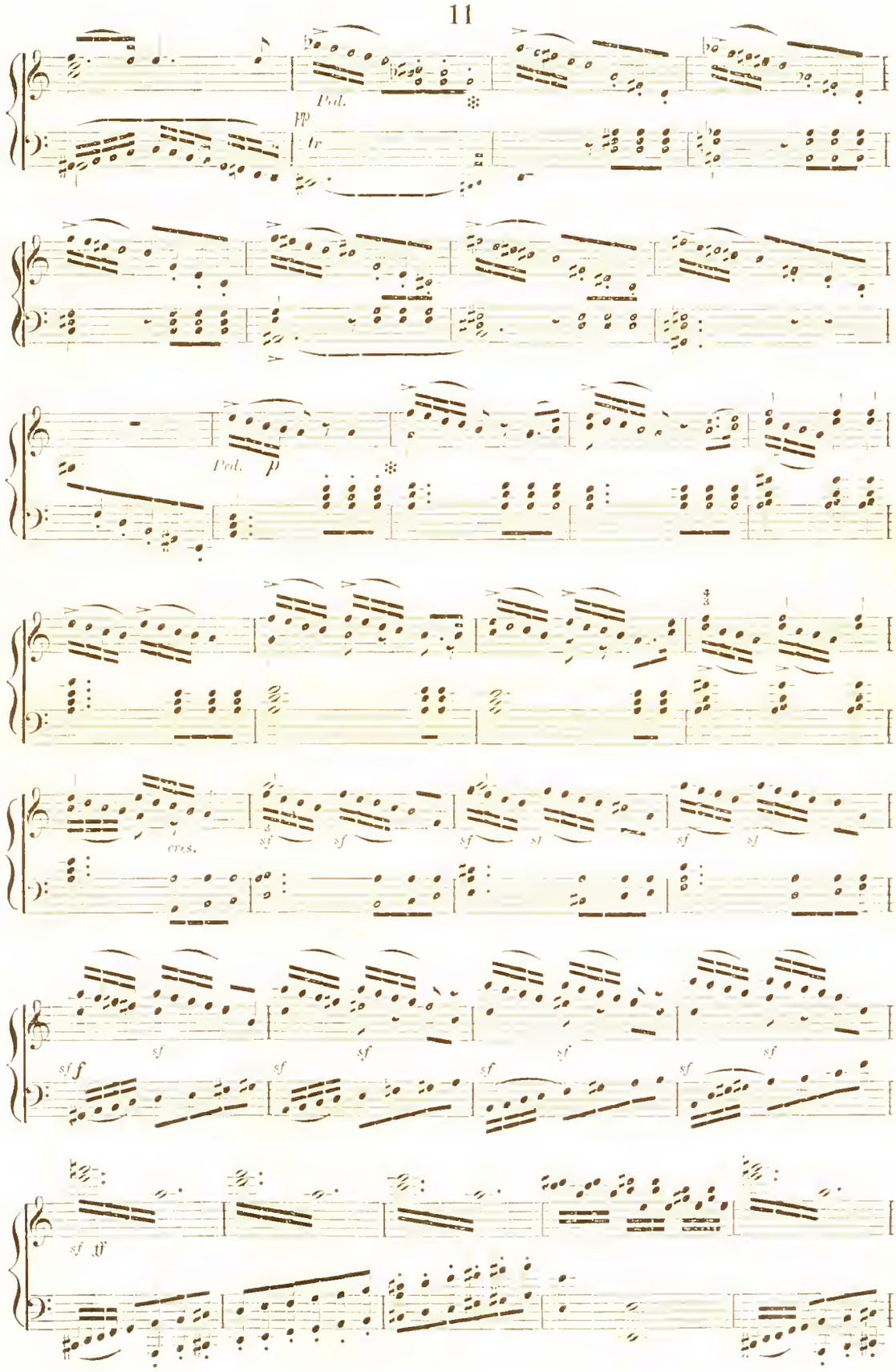
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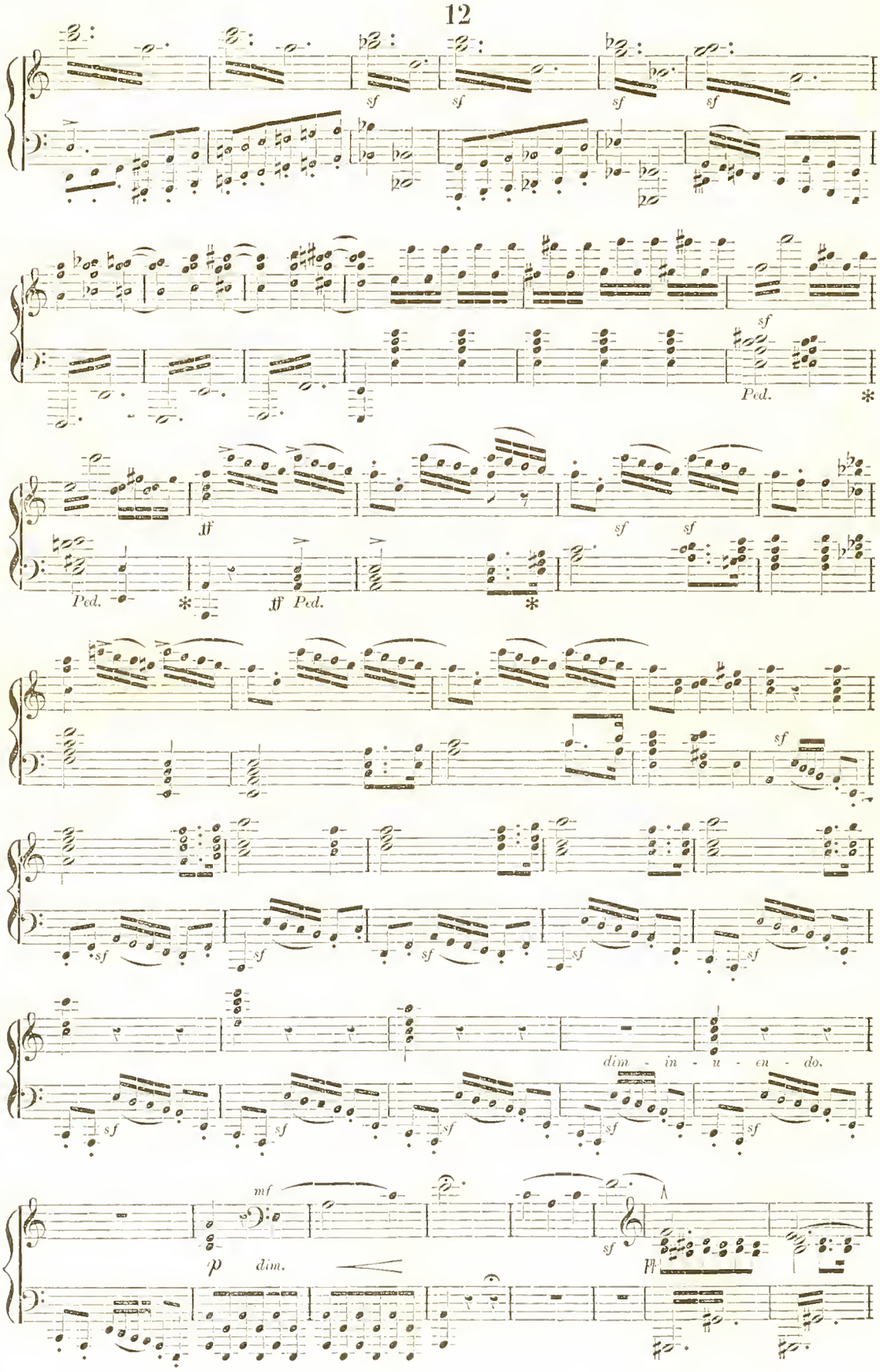
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marked difference, especially as regards voice, between a cat and a *prima donna*, the early gambols of light and heavy sopranos at the Royal Italian Opera have been generally kept up on the understanding, expressed or implied, that they were to come to an end on the arrival of the chief warblers of the establishment. At Her Majesty's Opera, too, allowances have, before now, had to be made for the *débutantes* of the first part of the season. Mdlle. Titiens we have always among us, and all the so-called "dramatic parts," both in Italian and German opera, are filled by this artist as by no other. But the light parts are frequently made vehicles for experiments; and the experiments with which we have been favored this season, putting together those at the Royal Italian Opera have been unusually numerous, and, without exception, successful.

The *débutantes* of the present season are all remarkable for their youth; and, by a friendly understanding between the two rival managers, it seems to have been arranged that the youngest among them should come before the public first. From the abundant statistical information published in connexion with Mdlle. Zaré Thalberg, Mdlle. Elena Varesi, and Mdlle. Anna Bellocca, it appears that the united ages of these three ladies amount to 57 or 58. Mdlle. Thalberg, the most juvenile of the new-comers, carries her certificate of birth in her countenance — perhaps, also, in her charmingly fresh voice, but not in her style of singing, which is already formed. It seems strange that a child of not quite seventeen should come out, without any preliminary trial, in a part which one associates with so many vocalists of the highest distinction, and it is gratifying to see that when so many rights are denied to women, that of appearing at the age of sixteen in the character of Zerlina and delighting an audience of upwards of two thousand persons in one of the first operatic theatres in the world still belongs to them. We have heard doubts expressed as to the prudence of Mdlle. Thalberg's advisers in allowing her, child as she is, to appear in public when she would be better employed in continuing her studies away from the excitement of the stage, and from the risk of straining her young voice by singing in an immense theatre. If, however, Mdlle. Thalberg is able to stand this excitement and this supposed strain, she cannot do better than persevere, without more interruption than will, from time to time, as a matter of course occur, in the career for which she has already proved herself so well fitted, and in which a high place is evidently reserved for her. It is only on the stage that the art of acting can be learned, and it can scarcely be learned too soon. According to some authorities Mdlle. Thalberg never stood before the footlights until a fortnight ago, when for the first time in public she sang the part of Zerlina. Others of equal weight assure us that Mdlle. Thalberg has been in the habit of acting from the time when she first began to walk. All that really concerns us in the matter is the fact that she is, at this moment, a charming little actress, whether the histrionic talent she undoubtedly possesses has been slowly developed, or whether it displayed itself suddenly the other evening at one unpremeditated burst.

After all, though it may be a little out of the ordinary way, there is nothing unprecedented in the fact of a girl of seventeen appearing with success in the character of Zerlina. Young women of genius come of age earlier than others, and at least two of the most popular *prima donnas* of the present day, Mdlle. Titiens and Madame Patti, were on the stage and singing with brilliant success when they were no older than Mdlle. Thalberg is now. It will be interesting to see in what character Mdlle. Thalberg will next appear. A pretty girl with a beautiful voice, a talent for singing and some knowledge of the stage can always get on well enough in the simple, melodious part of Zerlina, which is so singable that it, so to say, sings itself. How would the interesting *débutante* acquit herself in the character of Amina or of Dinorah—both of which are said to be in the repertory of her intentions? Here it will occur to many, that although there are great advantages there are also some disadvantages for a young *prima donna* in joining a company so strong in artists of the highest merit as that of the Royal Italian Opera. The part of Amina, for instance, at this establishment, belongs to Mdlle. Albani, that of Dinorah to Madame Patti; and if any part suitable to Mdlle. Thalberg be named, which can be claimed neither by Madame Patti nor by Mdlle. Albani, it will probably be found to belong to Mdlle. Marimon. Already, we fancy, the nights on which Mdlle. Thalberg can be allowed to appear as Zerlina are numbered. Even the most absolute of "absolute *prima donnas*" is not, it seems, privileged to maintain exclusive rights in a part unless she can and does, present herself in person to exercise them. As long as Madame Patti remains away Mdlle. Thalberg may continue to play the part of Zerlina. But as Zerlina happens to be one of Madame Patti's most popular, as it is also one of her most charming impersonations, it is difficult to believe that she will be asked to give it up to a beginner—even to a beginner who has begun so well as Mdlle. Thalberg has done. When the *Marriage of Figaro* is next brought out at the Royal Italian Opera, why should not the present Zerlina appear as Cherubino?

Our second *débutante* is Mdlle Varesi, who has already been heard in two different characters, first, in that of Gilda, secondly in that of Lucia. Mdlle. Varesi is, like Mdlle. Thalberg of good musical parentage; and there was a certain appropriateness in the daughter of the original Rigoletto appearing as Gilda. Twenty is the number of years assigned by the most accredited musical historiographers to Mdlle. Varesi. Her voice is of about that age; but by her execution we should take Mdlle. Varesi to be older than Mdlle. Thalberg by a good deal more than three years. However, as Mdlle. Thalberg has been heard only in Zerlina's simple airs, it would not be altogether fair to assume her inability to sing in a style which she has hitherto not attempted. Indeed Mdlle. Varesi did not prove herself to be the consummate vocalist she in fact is until, after singing twice as Gilda, she undertook for her third appearance in England the part of Lucia. Mdlle. Varesi is not the possessor of one of those full rich voices which impress the great body of the public. But she has a voice and a style which will be appreciated by musicians and by educated amateurs; and the brilliancy of her singing in the mad scene of *Lucia* excited an enthusiasm which need not be undervalued because it scarcely extended beyond the stalls and boxes. Mdlle. Varesi's voice is pure and penetrating; somewhat thin, but remarkably clear, and never, in the highest regions, either uncertain or shrill. Without being either a Bosio or a Persiani, she sang Gilda's graceful and expressive music with something of Bosio's charm, and in Lucia's difficult scena displayed such flexibility of voice and such skill as reminded many of Persiani's so-called "agility." Even if it were necessary it would not be possible to divide the great mass of sopranos into "light and agile," on the one hand, "athletic and robust" on the other. But admitting such a classification Mdlle Varesi could only be placed in the first of the two groups.

Débutante No. 3, Mdlle. de Bellocca by her family name, Mdlle. Bellocca by her chosen stage appellation, could not be definitively assigned either to the "light and agile" or to the "athletic and robust" division. Singing the music of Rosina with variations which Rossini would scarcely have recognized, but singing everything which she either finds in the part, or imports into it with great brilliancy, she might certainly be and to be received among the "light and agile." But she would probably not remain with them. Does she not, in this very character of Rosina, introduce Matteo Orsini's Brindisi from *Lucrezia Borgia*, and does she not sing it with a fulness of tone and an amount of verve which prove her fitness for dramatic parts whenever she may feel inclined to assume them? We will say nothing about the droll effect that ought to be produced by Bartolo's well-watched ward breaking out suddenly into a voluptuous drinking song of which the following is the French original:—

> Ami's, vive l'orgie!
> J'aime la folie nuit;
> Et le vin et le bruit,
> Et la nappe rouge, &c., &c.

That is certainly a nice song for a very carefully brought up young girl of fifteen or sixteen; which we take to have been the age of the unmarried but eminently marriageable Rosina, regard being had to the fact that she was a Spanish young lady. Mdlle. Bellocca, too, sings it as if she meant it; which if she sings it all, is of course quite right.

We have said that, to judge by her singing of the Brindisi from *Lucrezia Borgia*, Mdlle. Bellocca must be quite capable of taking dramatic parts with vigor and effect. Meanwhile she gives direct proof, by her performance as Rosina, that she possesses in the highest degree all the necessary qualifications for playing elegant comedy. That indeed is fully expressed when it is said that Mdlle Bellocca's impersonation of Beaumarchais's lively heroine is marked by vivacity, distinction and grace. In short, a more charming Rosina than the one presented to us by Mdlle. Bellocca could scarcely be named. And this new Rosina will remain. Mdlle. Thalberg will play the part of Zerlina until the arrival of Madame Adelina Patti. Mdlle. Varesi may be expected to appear as Lucia until the return of Madame Nilsson. But no artist will come to Her Majesty's Theatre who can possibly be substituted for Mdlle. Bellocca in the character of Rosina.

M. Taine on Beethoven.

(From the "Life and Opinions of M. Frederic Thomas Graindorge, Doctor of Philosophy of the University of Jena, special partner in the house of Graindorge & Co., Oils and Salt Pork, Cincinnati, U. S. A.")

I turned over the leaves of the poor, sheep-covered German volume, in which the faithful companion of Beethoven, a true German famulus, a sort of Wagner, pupil of another Faust, has gathered all the details he has heard or seen of his life. These minute details seemed no longer vulgar to me. The soul ennobled all its surroundings. I saw, once more, the man in his old great coat, with his battered hat, his broad shoulders, his untrimmed beard his thick hair on end, walking with naked feet in the morning dew; writing Fidelio, and Christ in the Garden of Olives, on a stump, from which grew out two oak trunks; going straight ahead without noticing the obstacles in his path, or heeding the bad weather; turning in the evening to his disordered chamber, the floor covered with books and music, pell mell, empty bottles, the remains of his breakfast and his press proofs in a pile in a corner, the mass *in re* serving for wrapping paper in the kitchen; usually sombre, hypochondriacal, but suddenly startled by attacks of strange gayety, running over the key board with a formidable grimace; silent, reserved, listening to operas with the immobility of an idol; disproportioned in everything, and unable to accommodate himself to life. But I felt, also, that these strange freaks sprang from an overflowing generosity and grandeur of soul. His love letters, among the phrases of the day, bore these sublime words, "My immortal beloved." He lived in the ideal world which Petrarch and Dante described, and his passion took nothing from his austerity. Unable to marry, he remained chaste, and he loved as purely as he wrote. He hated licentious speech, and blamed the Don Giovanni of Mozart, not only because of its Italian manner, but still more "because a thing so holy as art should not so prostitute itself as to serve to link together so scandalous a story." He carried the same elevation of soul into the other great interests of life; always proud before princes, waiting for them to salute him first, keeping the same manner before the greatest, holding the politeness and condescension of the world to be but treason and falsehood, and, like a Rousseau or a Plato, earnestly hoping for a republic which would make citizens and heroes of all mankind. In the innermost depths of his heart, as in a sanctuary, there dwelt an instinct yet more sublime, that of the divine. To his eyes, neither the various arts nor the languages of man gave it expression; music alone in its secret essence had some correspondence to it, and he would not be questioned on the one or the other subject. Just then I read this inscription, which he had copied from a statue of Isis, "I am all that is, that has been, that shall be. No mortal man has lifted my veil." Only the wisdom of the Pharaohs has found a word as august as its thought.

Wilhelm played for more than an hour, but I certainly did not look at the clock. He first played two or three complete sonatas, then some parts of symphonies, fragments of sonatas for piano and violin, an air from Fidelio, some other pieces, the name of which I did not know. He bound them together with chords and pauses, as a man who, opening his favorite poet, reads now in the middle, now from the end of the volume, choosing here and there a verse, according to the feeling of the moment. I listened, motionless, with eyes fixed upon the hearth, and I followed, as on a living countenance, the movement of this grand, lifeless spirit; dead only for itself, for us it still lives, and we have it all entire in this pile of blackened paper. How unjust public renown has been to him! He is acknowledged as sovereign in the realms of the gigantic and the sad. There would they set the bounds of his kingdom. His domain they would limit to a desert land, swept by hurricanes, desolate and grand, such a land as that where Dante dwells. The solitude is his, and no other emperor but he may enter it, but he has other domains than this. All that is richest and in fullest bloom in the abounding fields, all that is softest and most smiling in shaded and flowery vales, all that is freshest and most original in

the early, timid dawn—all these are his also. Only, amid them all, his soul is not at peace. Joy as well as grief moves it in its deepest recesses; his sensations of delight are too intense. He is not simply happy, he is ravished with pleasure; his is the thought of the man who, after a night of anguish, panting, suffering, looking forward to a still more painful day, sees all at once some quiet morning landscape spread before his sight; his hands tremble, a deep sigh of relief escapes from his bosom; all his bent and crushed forces rise up afresh, and the spring of his felicity is as irresistible as the fall of his despair.

There is zest in each of his pleasures; his happiness is poignant, not soft. His allegro movements bound like young colts let loose, stamping upon and crushing the fair meadows where they are at play. His presto movements, still more vehement, more violent, are wild frolics, short and trembling stops, irregular gallops which hammer the keyboard with their resounding tread. At times, in the midst of his insensate joy, the serious and tragic rush in, and without change of movement, with the same fury, his spirit dashes forward as to a combat, intoxicated by the impetuosity of its speed, and with such strange leaps and such variety of fancy, that the spectator pauses, almost terrified by the wild exuberance of this savage nature, by the dizzy fertility of his invention, by the short, crisp movements, the fury of the unfolding rhythm, unexpected, broken and redoubled, beyond power of conception, always expressing, yet never exhausting his thought.

"Now," said Wilhelm, "listen." And he began the last part of the last sonata, (opus CXI.) It is a phrase of a single line, slow and of infinite sadness, which comes and goes ceaselessly, like a long and protracted sob; beneath it, smothered sounds drag themselves along; each ascent is prolonged beneath those which follow it, and dies silently away, as a cry subsiding in a sigh; so ordered that each new burst of suffering has its train of old complaint; and these are heard through the supreme lamentation, the fading echoes of the early grief. There is nothing bitter in this complaint; neither anger nor revolt of spirit. The heart from which it sprung, says, not that it is wretched, but that joy is beyond its reach; and finds its peace in resignation. So, some poor wretch, mangled by disaster in the desert, lying in the sand and seeing the sparkling jewels of heaven studding the dome of his last night, is slowly lifted from himself, forgets his own existence, no longer dreams of avoiding the inevitable; the divine calmness of nature pours over him its secret balm, and opening his arms, powerless to raise his crippled body, he stretches them toward the ineffable beauty which sheds its lustre across the mystic universe. Insensibly the tears of suffering make room for those of ecstasy, or, more truly, the two are melted in mingled anguish and delight. At times despair bursts forth, but is quickly followed by a rush of poetic thought, and the saddest modulations are exhaled, wrapped in such wonderful and magnificent chords, that the sublime overflows and covers all with its piercing harmony. At the close, after a grand tumult and struggle, the sublime alone remains; the complaint changes to a hymn, which rolls in massive sound, swept on in a stream of triumphant notes. All around the song, above, below, in hurrying crowds, interlaced, enfolded, there rolls a chorus of acclamation which increases, swelling as it goes, constantly doubling its dash and joyousness. The keyboard is no longer equal to the task; there is no voice which does not take its part in this festival, the deepest with its thunder, the highest with its warbles, all gathered together in one, grand and multiple as that radiant rose which Dante saw, whose every leaf was a happy soul. A song of twenty notes holds in itself all these contrary emotions.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 29, 1875.

The Cincinnati Musical Festival.

The Cincinnati Thomas Festival was evidently a great success. The reports of each day's proceedings, which we have brought together from various sources, are but fair specimens of the glowing, all-accepting eulogy with which the whole Press has proclaimed it both before and after. The hero-worship knows no bounds; Thomas is set upon a pedestal as one more than mortal. There was no doubt a superlative orchestra, an admirable chorus, thorough drill and able leadership, excellent solo-singers, consummate business management, with trumpets, both of the Wagner and the paper kind, *ad libitum;* and there was the *esprit de corps* of a whole city roused, and vast enthusiasm. No doubt there was sincere and wide spread enjoyment, and music is held in more general respect throughout the West than it was before. Much of the feast, too, was in the highest sense artistic, the programmes containing much of the very best, though mingled with a greater proportion of the new and strange and questionable (we do not pretend to say without worth or merit.)

It is curious to see how these reporters swallow it all whole. In one sentence they group Bach and Beethoven in the same constellation with Liszt, Brahms and Wagner, as if they were stars of equal magnitude and glory. And one of the influences of such a festival, among a population rather new to music, will be, we fear, to fill them with this false impression that the gods of the new worship have really and finally taken their places in the same third heaven, and sit on equal star thrones with the great before them. For observe, this scheme of programmes, while it includes great works of Bach, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, opens with the imposing *Triumphlied* by Brahms, and ends with Liszt's "Prometheus." Its Alpha and Omega, we might say its keynote, is furnished by the New School. But have the Titans won Olympus yet?

Curiously again, the Western press, in setting forth the transcendant glory of the enterprise have shown a strange desire to make it appear an altogether finer and truer thing than Gilmore's "Jubilees," which he chose to inflict on Boston. Why compare it with them? Has Boston had no other Festivals? No festivals of the same rank, and on the same scale, with this, only less mixed? Yet one telegraphs: "Boston will have to yield the musical palm to Cincinnati; Mendelssohn, Bach, Beethoven and Liszt have taken root on the Ohio and are yielding triumphant fruitage." And one of the local critics writes: "Boston has not yet worked up any single festival in which so many great and difficult works have been produced." Indeed! Let us see:—

The Handel and Haydn Festival of 1874 was but one of half a dozen of nearly or equal magnitude, in years preceding. Now a comparison of this with the Cincinnati Festival, as to the number of great works presented, gives the following result:

Cincinnati, for Oratorio, gave *Elijah.* Boston gave, besides *Elijah, Judas Maccabæus,* the *Messiah,* and (for a new work) Mr. Paine's *St. Peter.*

Of Bach, Cincinnati boasts the *Magnificat;* here we had a far greater, and more deeply appreciated work of Bach, the *Matthew Passion.* The former is no doubt great; but hear the critic of the New York *Times:*

Grand as it is, it failed to impress the audience favorably, and it was coldly received; and, to own the truth, fell flat. It is too severe in style, and, it must be confessed, *rococo,* if not antiquated, for a miscellaneous audience, even at a musical festival.

Of other choral works Cincinnati had: the Brahms "Hymn of Triumph," scenes from *Lohengrin,* Liszt's *Prometheus* and Mozart's Cantata: "Praise of Friendship." Here we had the "Spring" from Haydn's *Seasons,* Mendelssohn's *Christus,* and "Hear my Prayer," besides Mr. Buck's Psalm.

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony was a feature in both festivals, as it had been here in several before; and here the orchestra must have been nearly equal, since it included Thomas's whole force. The other Symphonic works at Cincinnati were Beethoven's No. 7, and the great Schubert in C; to which we offset here: Schumann in B flat, Schubert's "Unfinished," Raff's "Leonore" and Liszt's "Tasso" (pardon the indiscriminate grouping).

The Overtures at Cincinnati were: Beethoven's *Leonore,* No. 2, and *Weihe des Hauses;* Weber's *Oberon;* Rossini's *Tell;* Wagner's *Lohengrin, Tannhäuser* and *Meistersinger;* and a Fest Overture by Lassen. On our side the list stands: *Euryanthe,* "Midsummer Night's Dream, *Jessonda* (Spohr), *Iphigenia* (Gluck), *Coriolan* (Beethoven); *Faust* (Wagner), "Magic Flute," Schumann's *Genovera,* and Wagner's *Meistersinger.*

—We have no room to follow the comparison into smaller details; but this is enough to show that the weight of great material is on our side,—at least so far as classical music is concerned. The peculiar *forte* of the Thomas festival lay in the new composers.

Concert Review.

[We resume our notes upon some of the last Concerts of our season, at a point where they were suddenly cut off, in the very beginning of our remarks upon Mr. Lang's second Concert, by the printer's cry of "All full!" The text got in, but not the sermon; the programme, but not the rest, which follows here.]

It is the peculiarity of this programme that its larger selections are all drawn from composers of a somewhat paler cast, men of genius in a certain half sense it may be, but of *mezzo carattere,*—Moscheles, Bennett, Hiller; fine musicians, genial composers, not to be neglected, but not great, not magnetic, like Beethoven, or even Schumann, who forms the exception here. But if we must go outside of the circle of the *Dii majores,* we for our part thank Mr. Lang for turning to these, rather than following the fashion of the times in "giving a chance" to the "new" challengers wherever it may lead. Are we (the learning public, yet a child in music), so thoroughly well versed in the music of the great masters, those works of highest genius which are called "classics," simply because they are of no age,—are we so settled in our taste, that these heaven-stormers, piling Ossa upon Pelion, can expect us to spend all the precious spare time we can save for music, in settling their tremendous claims?

The "Hommage à Hændel" was very finely played by Mr. Lang, with his pupil Miss Grace Sampson. The two middle movements from Schumann's "Florestan and Eusebius" Sonata (the Aria, of exquisite and tender melody, and the rapid frolic Scherzo) were rendered by Mr. Lang, the former with great delicacy and the latter with a bold, free humor; and this Scherzo has a jocose Intermezzo which warrants it. Bennett's last Sonata did not disappoint us, since we expected only Bennett. It is all refined and elegant, and in a quiet tone without extravagance; in the pastoral first part, he could not but succeed; but we felt no peculiar force of characterization in the other scenes; the *adagio patetico* is the sweetest part; the martial movement is not exciting, nor the *moto di passione* much impassioned—at least, not with the passion of a deep nature. We were glad to hear it for once, if only because of its English fame; and of course it lost nothing in the interpretation. The Hiller Concerto, very capitally played by Mr. Lang, with a sketch of the orchestral accompaniments given on a second piano, by Miss Sampson, confirmed the good impression which the work made in a Symphony Concert; the Rondo finale is a particularly fresh and piquant movement.

Miss Ita Welsh gave such full and tender expression to the song by Mozart, that she had to repeat it; and in all her songs she succeeded admirably, showing strong dramatic pathos in the one by Rubinstein.

Mr. H. G. Tucker's Concert at Mechanics Hall (Wednesday evening, May 5), was an occasion of considerable interest. His programme was as follows:

Piano-Forte Sonata in F-minor, op. 5. Johannes Brahms.
Allegro maestoso.—Andante.—Scherzo.—Intermezzo. Finale.
Song of Night.... Schumann.
Polonaise. [Fantasie.] in A-flat maj op, 61. Chopin.
Piano-Forte Solos.
Etude, [Gnomenreigen] ..... Liszt.
Phantasiestucke, op. 12, [Grillen.] ...Schumann.
Songs. { Maid of Ganges..... Mendelssohn.
{ Spring Time..... Fesca.
Piano-Forte, Paraphrase on a theme from Rigoletto. Liszt.

Mr. Tucker, well known as one of the most accomplished pupils of Mr. Lang, gave ample evidence of steadfast improvement in all these various renderings. He is an earnest student, and quite unaffected; and his great strength, which serves him so well, is accompanied by great self-possession, and is becoming also more refined into a delicacy of style resembling his master's. His execution is indeed quite remarkable, and often brilliant. The Sonata by Brahms, an early work, seemed more a thing of suggestions, and of ambitious aspirations, than a clear, balanced, complete master work.

The songs were sung by Dr. Langmad, and in his sweetest, most expressive style. The selection, too, was choice; and furthermore enriched by his beautiful singing of that pure and heavenly strain: *Du bist die Ruh'* ("Thou art the Rest,") of Schubert.

Historical Concerts. The fourth and last of the interesting series of Concerts by Messrs. Osgood and Boscovitz (Thursday, May 13), offered the following selections:

1. Songs..... Mendelssohn
   a. "Night Song."
   b. "Old German Spring Song."
2. *a.* Song Without Words..... Mendelssohn
   b. Volkslied.
3. Four-Part Songs..... Mendelssohn
   a. "Farewell to the forest."
   b. "Spring Song."
4. *a.* Cradle Song, } .....Schumann
   b. Grillen, }
   c. Des Abends, }
5. Songs from the "Poet's Love."..... Schumann
6. *a.* Trio for female voices..... Schumann
   "Of loving will the token," from "The Pilgrimage of The Rose."
   b. Four-Part Chorus for Female voices.
   "The Spanish Tambourine Girl."
7. *a.* Nocturne,
   b. Mazourka, op 17 No 1, }
   c Nocturne, " 32, " 2, }
   d. Berceuse, " 57, } .....Chopin
   e. Mazourka, " 33, " 4, }
   f Barcarolle, " 60, }
8. Songs ..... Rob. Franz
   a. "Evening."
   b. "Mad the wheat and the corn."
   c. "The rose complained."
   d. "The Hurry of Spring."
9. Ballade. Op. 52 .....Chopin
10. Four-Part "May Song" ..... Rob. Franz
11. *a.* Nocturne ..... John Field
    b. Spring Song ..... Henselt
    c. Etude..... Wolff
    d. Album-Leaf ..... Raff
    e. Humoreske..... Gregg
12. Songs.
    a. "Spanish Serenade."..... Brahms
    b "Thou'rt like unto a flower."..Rubinstein
13. Rhapsodie. Hongroise No. 12 ..... Liszt

Mr. Osgood's two opening songs from Mendelssohn were happily chosen and well sung. Those from Schumann, though altogether characteristic, are of the most familiar in our concert rooms, and many of them mere breaths or snatches of melody; that cannot be said, however, of the one marked *f.* "Allnachtlich im Traume," which has a deep and mystical expression. The singer entered truly into the spirit of each one of them. The four songs by Franz are very fine ones and were beautifully rendered; these, and the preceding, having the advantage of Mr. Dresel's accompaniment. But we should have liked, in such a concert, to have heard one or two of the more bold and striking specimens both of Schumann and of Franz; say, of the latter, the wild and grand "Gewitternacht."

☞ The four-part songs, too, were interesting and very beautifully rendered by the well-trained little chorus. But "Farewell to the Forest" was taken altogether too slow. The "Spanish Tambourine Girl," by Schumann, was quite unique and taking. But the most fresh and delightful of them all was the May Song by Franz, in which the voices blended exquisitely. This was the last piece we were able to hear, as the concert was unusually long. We could have endured Franz songs for some time longer, but in truth so many piano-forte pieces became wearisome, and that seemed to be the general experience. Mr. Boscovitz of course played with all his usual finesse and brilliancy; only the number and variety of pieces were too great for one occasion of the kind, and several of them were long; for instance the *Ballade* by Chopin,—one which we do not remember to have heard before, and which we would have gladly heard with fresh senses.

Mr. Osgood's Historical Notes appended to this programme were particularly suggestive, and we regret the want of room for them here. In closing them he expresses the hope that "while our four programmes have, of necessity, been limited, they may not have failed to afford the listener an acceptably clear idea of the connecting links in the chain of development of piano-forte and vocal chamber-music, from the mediæval masters down to the best composers of modern times. Perhaps they may suggest to those who control the necessary material, historical programmes in the province of quartet, orchestral, and oratorio music."

Opening of Central Park Garden.

New York, May 24. This popular place of resort opened for the season on Monday evening, May 17. The interior has been slightly changed since last year. The corridor at the entrance is made wider; the promenade in the Garden newly laid out and brilliantly illuminated; and various improvements have been made, which will be appreciated by the habitués of the summer-concerts. The Central Park Garden is now the most popular place of resort in America, and the proprietor will take care that it shall continue to be so. Among the great concert gardens of Europe I do not know of one which combines so many attractive features. In most of the beer gardens of Germany the music is below the standard which is maintained by Thomas; and in the famous summer concerts in the Champs Elysées at Paris half of the effect of the music is lost because it is played in the open air. It is encouraging to note the increase of attention, and consequently of good manners, on the part of our audiences from year to year. Of course the talker, usually a woman, who sits in the front seats and annoys every one, conductor and orchestra included, is still there; but there is certainly more decorum in the audience, during the performance of the music, this year than ever before. The main body of the auditorium, at such a time, presents an appearance something like a concert hall on the occasion of a symphony soirée. The audience is closely seated, silent and attentive. The tables are banished to the back of the hall and with them the beer drinking and smoking by tacit understanding, although no rules are laid down by the management in regard to these matters. From the concert-room it is but a step to the cool garden with its long rows of tables where one can enjoy a cigar while watching an endless procession of gay promenaders filing under the gas lights. The pauses in conversation are filled in with the musical clink-clink of countless glasses and the softened strains of the orchestra. This is the elysium of talkers. The hall is the paradise of listeners.

But to return to my subject, which is the opening night. On this occasion the weather was anything but Spring-like. It was chilly, damp and disagreeable; overcoats were in order, but let no one suppose that this made any difference. I really believe that a snow storm would not have induced one in that audience to remain at home. The place was filled to its utmost capacity. It was in the nature of an ovation to Thomas, fresh from his triumphs in Cincinnati. The programme was attractive. It contained among other novelties Gounod's Ballet-music to "Romeo and Juliet," written for the Royal Opera House in Vienna.

On Thursday evening, May 20, the famous Coronation Marsch by Svendsen came first on the programme, and was followed by the Three Hungarian Dances by Brahms, which have become quite popular through frequent repetitions, by the Thomas orchestra, during the winter. Next came Beethoven's lovely Romanza in G, op. 40, and Wagner's *Tannhauser* Overture, which closed the first part of the list. Part second was entirely taken up with Schubert's Symphony of "heavenly length" (No. 9 in C), which the Orchestra gave in all its beauty, without a blemish in the performance. Such a rendering of such a work is an event in a life-time. After the second intermission a Strauss Waltz was played; then Gounod's Ballet Music to "Romeo and Juliet" and Rubinstein's "Triumphal Overture," which ended the programme.

Among the selections which have been played during the past week are the following:

Overture: "Wedding of Comacho," Mendelssohn, (first time); Finale, "Prometheus," Beethoven; Selections from *Lohengrin*, Wagner; Fantasie Caprice, Vieuxtemps; The second *Rhapsodie Hongroise*, Liszt, (arranged for Orchestra); Overture *Masaniello*, Auber; Overture, *William Tell*, Rossini; Kaiser Overture, (first time), Westmayer; Scherzo, "Reformation Symphony," Mendelssohn; Overture and Nocturne, "Midsummer Nights' Dream," Mendelssohn; Allegretto of 8th Symphony, Beethoven; Allegretto of 7th Symphony, Beethoven; *Marche Heroique*, St Saens, &c., &c. The coming season promises to be one of great interest and pleasure to all lovers of good music. These Concerts will take place every evening during the summer.

Among the concerts which came at the end of the regular season are two which deserve notice. One is the annual concert of Mr. F. Bergner, April 19, at Steinway's; on which occasion Beethoven's String quartet in F major (Op. 18, No. 1), was finely performed by Messrs. Brandt, Matzka, Schwartz and Bergner. Mr. S. B. Mills played one of Liszt's Rhapsodies; and Master H. Rietzel, a pupil of Mr. Mills, made his debut as a pianist in the first movement of Beethoven's C minor Trio. The little fellow played surprisingly well for one so young, (he is only twelve years old) and gives great promise.

The other concert was given by Mr. R. Goldbeck, the well known pianist and composer. The programme consisted largely of vocal selections from Mr. Goldbeck's compositions. I was prevented from attending this concert but have heard some of the pieces highly praised. A. A. C.

Handel in Berlin. Speaking of the close of the musical season, the *Echo* counts up the Oratorios, &c., by Handel which have been performed in Berlin during the present year. A copious list! To-wit: *Israel in Egypt*, by the Singakademie, the *Messiah*, by Stern's society; *Hercules*, at the Conservatoire; *Acis and Galathea*, by the Bach Society; *Semele*, by the Cecilien Verein; finally, *Samson*, by the Schnapf'scher Verein, and this is not all, for, to bring the season to a worthy close, the Conservatoire has just given *Saul*. So the music of the great Saxon master gains ground even in Germany, where one would have supposed that it had no more conquests to make.

Recent Attempts at Oratorio in France.

A remarkable article on the present state of oratorio in France appears in our Paris contemporary, *L'Art Musical*, from the pen of M. Léon Escudier. Like all good French writing on such subjects, especially where there is an element of satire, the expressions and delicate turns of irony cannot be fully rendered in a translation; but the following is a gist of the article. The writer says:

Oratorio was great; it was the highest expression of musical religious thought. It is in oratorio, more or less extended in form, that the art developed itself. This is an historical fact. At present, in this century of progress, this period of musical meteors, of sublime empiric inventions, oratorio, alas! having been over cultivated, is in rapid de-

cline. It is so strange, (we should say "comic" if we were speaking of an ordinary thing; let us be content to say so monstrous,) that we devote a few moments to glancing at it.

First, what is oratorio? If I may be permitted to quote an article from my *Dictionnaire de Music*, a work which cost many years of work and research: "Oratorio is a kind of drama; the subject of which is religious, and which is designed to be performed by singers with orchestral accompaniment. The old composers had only one object to which they could consecrate the inspirations of their genius: religion. So they did not confine themselves to the setting to music the words of the mass, or canticles; a kind of religious drama was imagined. Oratorio, at first, was only a simple allegory, a cantata for several persons, which was executed either at church, or at a theatre, as a concert piece. Eventually, oratorios became more developed, and acquired all the proportions of an actual drama, except the tinsel of costumes and theatrical pomp."

Now we have made no mistake in saying above, that oratorio *was* great. The musical stage was in its infancy, and for a long time oratorio inspired masterpieces. And this is easily explained when the force that religious sentiment gave to the artistic movement of the renaissance is remembered. It was the first real form of musical art. Oratorio has had a fine career; but now, what has it become? Its last manifestation is entitled "Eve;" a pleasant prank [miévrerie aimable], which displays neither force, nor belief, nor true dramatic sentiment; neither conviction, nor powerful inspiration. "Eve" is a graceful *grisaille*. Several months ago, we had "Marie Magdalene," with the same pleasing flavor, the same absence of power. We have, also, had "Ruth,' a wearisome and dull composition, by a musician of great talent; then, "Redemption;" then, "Samson;" without reckoning "Gallia" and "Le Lac de Tibériade," works of the same stamp; remarkable chiefly for their pretension, in which process seeks to hide the absence of inspiration; where the orchestra seems to forget that the human voice is the supreme instrument.

But, at the same time, enthusiasts have been giving us the masterpieces of Händel, Beethoven, Haydn, Bach, Mozart, and Mendelssohn. The crushing of the young school has been complete; and their little anodynes have been carried away by the wind. Of all of them there is nought remaining; not a single work will take its place, in the great popular library, by the side of the oratorios of the masters. The young men, whose sacred compositions we have just mentioned, are learned musicians, who have written some charming things; but sacred music is beyond their conception. And what do they do then? They seek to bring this *genre* to the level of their own temperament. To achieve this, they stick at nothing—not even a travesty of biblical text, such as we should term profanation, if we were giving a complete criticism of some of the works.

Who, for instance, was this Marie Magdalene; who was this Christ whom M. Massenet has made to sigh so tenderly? We neither recognized the repentant woman, nor the divine Nazarene. Reduced, in fact, to the proportions of opera-comique they are both as insipid as possible. And in this last work—in this "Eve," which we condemn without reserve, without mercy,—what we do remark? Briefly: extreme coolness, with which the poet and musician have mutilated a grand poem; equally admired by atheists and fanatics. They have reduced this splendid mystery of the origin of mankind, into a petty amorous nocturn which two lovers might sing to the moon. Is this incapacity or scepticism? No doubt, alas! a little of both.

It is sad, not to say culpable, to have thus understood the admirable faith of the first woman. You have made "Eve" a sort of nervous female; having when the weather is stormy, vague aspirations towards—that which she cannot define. My good young men, there was no need to go to the Eden of the Bible for this: a young flower girl, walking in the evening with the shopman of her heart, would have inspired you as well; and her amorous or nervous aspirations would have been much the same thing. To treat in this manner a subject so immense and so respected, is like a child throwing the ink over a masterpiece of the pen.

But why write oratorios, young men, when faith and power both fail you? Why, thus, parody the sublime Bible? Why, indeed? Perhaps the answer should be something of this sort:—Because, not having the power which a symphony demands, you make "suites d'orchestre;" because being devoid of scenic sentiment, you seek to make a concert a theatre. When you approach the stage you meet with failure, because you have false musical ideas, because you unceasingly fight against the good that is in you. Then you attempt to apply your petty processes to oratorio, as you applied them to symphony. But to do this it is necessary to lower your subject to your own level, and you do not hesitate to do it.

It is sad, very. It is but a deplorable business you follow, messieurs. Your labor will bring you neither glory nor profit; it will add nothing to the common store; and, believe me, you will meet with no mercy, you who do not fear to turn the Bible into small verse and set it to asthmatic melodies.—*Lond. Musical Standard.*

"American College of Music." The *New York Tribune* has the following account of the progress of the scheme:

Since it first became known to the public that a proposal was on foot to found and endow in this city an American College of Music the greatest curiosity has prevailed in all quarters to ascertain all the facts connected with the subject. The scheme has reached such a stage that it is expected that in a short time the College will be actually in existence. Its founder is a gentleman stated to be worth about $5,000,000. Of this sum he proposes to devote about $1,000,000 to start the College. Further grants will probably come after, as well as endowments from other sources. A number of wealthy and prominent citizens have been called in to assist in the plan and act as trustees. The names of the trustees already chosen and who have signified their willingness to serve are Dr. Elmer, Henry G. Stebbins, William Vanderbilt, Marshall O. Roberts, Alfred Simmison, Charles L. Tiffany, ex-Gov. Morgan, Judge Jewett, Attorney-General Edwards Pierrepont, and D. Kingsland. These gentlemen have met and consulted together, but are not yet properly organized into a board. A few more gentlemen will be added to their number, and the Board of Trustees, when constituted, will take the building arrangements and formations of committees entirely into their hands. A bill has been presented to the Legislature asking that the Park Commissioners be employed to designate a site for the proposed College in Central Park. The bill is already upon its third reading, and there is said to be every probability of its passage.

The site proposed for the building is in the plot of ground between Seventy-ninth and Eighty-fifth-sts., where the new Museum of Art is building, the Lenox Library being close by. The College will be attached to the Museum of Art, and will be in keeping with it in construction and appearance. In addition to the class-rooms for pupils, the building will contain halls and galleries for painting and statuary. Attached to it will be an opera-house. For lady students there will be apartments provided, where they live as at school, paying for their board and lessons. Male students will not be allowed to reside in the college. Payment for lessons, board, &c., will be demanded of all who can afford it. But pupils who show capacity, but are without means, will receive lessons free of charge. This provision is only for the advantage of children of American parentage.

One of the most attractive features of the college will be a floral park, where an artificial temperature may be maintained for singers, especially during the trying months of March and April. The park will be of considerable extent, and will be filled with flowers, trees, statuary and decorations. Open-air concerts will be given in it.

All questions of allotment of ground for the College are left to the decision of the Park Commissioners. The financial affairs will be entirely in the hands of experienced business men. The gentlemen who have the matter in hand are constantly receiving assurances of support from every side. One gentleman who had long cherished the idea of founding just such a college offered $500,000 in the hope of becoming himself the founder. It was finally arranged that the sum should be as a gift to the general fund. Another gentleman only yesterday offered $100,000 as a loan, to be repaid to him as soon as the College would be in such a condition as to be self-supporting. The offer was accepted. Within the coming week the trustees will be organized into a board. Final action will then be taken. The building will be begun as soon as the plan shall have been decided upon, the plans being open to all architects for competition. The College itself will be open in the Fall, when some building, to be selected by the trustees, will be used temporarily.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

So oft I've heard of Love's sweet pain. 3. G to d. *Lippit.* 30
"Heigho! Heigho! I thought it
Something, something not like this."
Very pretty, Frenchy, semi-comic song.

Sing, Sweet Bird. For Contralto. 5. A to e. *Ganz.* 40
A contralto arrangement of a very favorite song.

Old Oaken Bucket. 2. B♭ to d. *Kialmark.* 30
The dear familiar air, nicely arranged with a solo and chorus.

Golden Locks are Silver Now. 3. B♭ to f. *Pratt.* 40
Song and Chorus. Fine illustrated picture title, which appropriately ornaments a very popular song.

Foreboding. 5. C minor to e. *Eichberg.* 35
"The wild vine crimsons on the old gray stone,
The stars of winter rise."
Words by Celia Thaxter, and finely picture the days of the dreary November, as does Mr. Eichberg's well wrought harmony.

Happy Moments. Duet. 3. D to f. *Deems.* 30
"I love to roam on some fair isle,
Where nature greets me with a smile."
A very graceful and smoothly going duet.

Christmas Bells at Sea. 4. D♭ to d. *Sullivan.* 30
"Softly pealing, gently stealing,
Silv'ry bells in volleys ringing."
Beautiful fancy of unseen bells ringing Christmas Chimes at sea.

Wait till the Moonlight falls. 3. C to e. *Bagnall.* 30
"Waking up the dickey birds,
Before the dawn of day."
Lively popular ballad."

Colinette. 3. D to e. *Alary.* 30
"Oh! poor Colinette!"
"Pauvre Colinette."
Neat, natty, sweet French ballad. French and English words.

Jennie's Old Song. 3. G to d. *Abt.* —
"Young Jennie sat singing an old, old song,
One eve at her cottage door."
Uncommonly pretty ballad, with no nonsense in it.

Instrumental.

Splendid Night. 4. A♭ *Gobbaerts.* 35
A Nocturne to be sure, but awakening instead of soothing in character, and suggests a brilliant starlight.

Sounds fr. the Heart Waltzes. (Gemüthstone.) 3. *Pietke.* 75
Rightly named, for although they have the gay "dance" quality, there is also a certain delicacy and refinement of expression, which adds to the pleasure of playing.

Celebrated Marches. arr. by *Maylath.*
No. 1. Marches from Jeptha & Saul. 3. D. 40
" 2. War March of Priests. (Mendelssohn). 3. F. 40
" 4. Raeozey's March. (Liszt). G min. 35
" 5. March from Fidelio. (Beethoven). 3. B♭ 30
" 6. Funeral March fr. Beethoven. 2. E. 30
Easier (not very easy), arrangements of well-known marches.

Meadow Pink Schottische. 3. B♭. *Cloy.* 30
Easy, sweet and in excellent taste.

Spring. Easy pieces by *Maylath, ea.* 25
No. 9. Amaryllis. (Air du Roi, Louis XIII). 3. F.
" 15. Aida Waltz. 2. G.
Neat arrangements of favorite airs.

Home Treasures. *Smallwood, ea.* 40
No. 7. The Bridge. 2. F.
Melody of a popular song, sweetly and simply arranged.

Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked 1 to 7. The *keys* marked with a capital letter: as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

SOME OF THE
BEAUTIES OF THE SEASON!
IN THE WAY OF POPULAR SONGS.

As publishers well know, it is almost impossible to prophecy the future of a song when it issues from the press. One can tell whether it is a good song; whether it "ought to go"; whether it has the elements of prosperity. Whether it *will go* can only be ascertained by trial. The following have been tried, are successes, and it is safe to purchase them.

Chiming Bells of Long Ago.

Song and Chorus. Fine Illustrated Title! Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by C. F. Shattuck. Price, 40 cents.

Like a Dream ye come to cheer me,
Round me echoed soft and low,
Still your Memories linger near me.
Chiming Bells of long ago.

Sweetly fell your silv'ry numbers,
Down the still and fragrant air,
Woke my soul from gentle slumbers,
Listening to your echoes fair.

Friends and hopes of happy childhood,
Blest me in their purest glow,
Softly rung o'er grove and wildwood,
Chiming Bells of long ago.

This is one of those rich, high-toned, beautiful songs that will not readily weary. The chorus is very pretty.

Dreaming, Still Dreaming!

Song by Mrs. Zelda Seguin. Composed by J. R. Thomas. Illustrated Title! Easy, sweet, smooth and classical melody! Price, 50 cents.

Dreaming, still dreaming of days that are past,
Flowers that have faded, too lovely to last,
Sweet is the vision that greets me again,
Cheering my sorrow, and soothing my pain.
Childhood's endearments and innocent smiles,
Passionate longings and love-lighted smiles.
Dreaming, still dreaming, while life glides away,
Visions of glory, bright, bright as the May.

Messrs. Cooper and Thomas were dreaming to some purpose when they thought out the new ballad. Mrs. Seguin has already given it fame, and the sale will doubtless continue to be large.

What Mollie Said!

Answer to

MOLLIE DARLING.

Song and Chorus. Elegant Illustrated Title. Words by Grace Carlton. Music by W. F. Wellman. Price 50 cents.

Smile upon your Mollie, darling,
Like the stars above, to-night,
Make the heart within my bosom
Throb again with sweet delight.

Mollie talks well, and her sweet chatter blends neatly with the music. Although an "answer" to another ballad, this one can very well stand alone, and may, perhaps excel the other in popularity.

Drifting into the Harbor,

or

I can see the Shining Shore.

Words by Rev. J. W. Carhart. Music by J. P. Webster. Song and Chorus. Price 35 cents.

I am drifting, drifting, mother,
From the earth so rocky here,
But I'm going home, sweet mother,
Where is neither storm nor fear.
I am drifting from the darkness,
From the mist across the sea,
Where the day is brightly breaking
And the angels beckon me.

The words are founded on the words of a dying lady, and this is quite worthy of a place with the sacred pieces of a similar character that have attained such popularity.

SCATTER

Seeds of Kindness!

Sung by Phillip Phillips.

Words by Mr. Smith. Music by S. J. Vail. Price, 30 cents.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path.
Let us keep the wheat and roses
Casting out the thorns and chaff.
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from the way.

The beauty lies in the sentiment, which with a simple and attractive melody, and the powerful endorsement of Mr. Phillip Phillip's singing, is quite enough to cause the song to be in demand.

TWILIGHT IN THE PARK.

Illustrated Title. Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by W. H. Brockway. Price 40 cents.

Twilight in the Park!
Cupid lingers there,
No one near to mark!
Some one by your side,
Happy as a lark.
That's the time I love,
Twilight in the Park!

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WHOLE No. 891. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1875. VOL. XXXV. No. 5.

Executants and Editors.

(From "Concordia," London.)

"Clear your mind of cant, Sir."—*Johnson to Boswell.*

Since the advent of Kant's critical philosophy, men have become cautious in dealing with abstract notions. The wish to see things as they really are, the desire for precise and detailed knowledge, has increased greatly. Scientific thinkers are agreed that to understand any phenomenon truly, it is necessary to *dissect* it, examine its component parts minutely, and then build up the conception of it anew. And this modern tendency towards an enlightened criticism has borne good fruit in the field of music.

From this point of view then, I hope the following fragments may appear tolerably consistent, and may tend to throw some little light upon a few questions much debated of late, as to whether or not certain novel readings, arrangements, editions, are to be recognized as authoritative.

It is a matter of daily experience that the observations of average minds not specially trained to observe prove worthless; they act like convex mirrors, transforming, or rather malforming, whatever passes through them. And in the presence of this fact it seems evident that no candid musician can refrain from doubting the calibre of the greater part of whatever is dished up to him as "oral tradition." Such tradition, as a rule, has no practical value whatever; and anyone who has met with half-a-dozen *soi-disant* pupils of Chopin, and heard them play bits of his compositions, will, I am sure, "subscribe to my advice."

Take the works of Beethoven, many of his later and most original productions were not performed at all under his supervision, others again he presented to the public with one rehearsal! And these works were at the time *absolutely new* in thought and expression, and of almost insuperable technical difficulty. Directly after his decease, the pianoforte players who had come into immediate contact with the master, quarrelled about the *tempi* and the proper expression of his sonatas; and one of the most eminent among them, Moscheles, goes to the length of differing with himself; for in his second edition of the Sonatas, published in Stuttgart, his indications are, in many respects, diametrically opposed to his first many years earlier—London edition.

It has, therefore, become the duty of all musicians, who are not content with blindly following the blind, to construct for themselves a correct and consistent style for the rendering of Beethoven, Weber, Schubert, Chopin, &c., much as Mendelssohn reconceived Bach's "Passion Music," and Liszt, Von Bülow, and Joachim, Bach's instrumental solos. It has moreover become their duty to construct such a style not only for some immediate practical purpose, but also to *record* it with all detailed accuracy for future use. For music ought to appeal, and in truth does appeal, quite as much to our immediate sensuous perception as to our imagination; and in accordance with this, the best living executants and editors, chiefly pianists—Liszt, Henselt, Von Bülow, Klindworth—are striving with all their might to leave nothing unsaid or undone, which may help to transplant the works they are interpreting from a more or less vague region of abstraction and incomplete suggestion, to the clear light of the hearers' sensuous perception.

I am aware that by doubting tradition and commending attempts at constructing a model style, solely upon the basis of theoretical inferences, from scanty indications in the original copies, I lay myself open to being twitted with that irrepressible story of the German professor who evolved the idea of a camel from his "inner consciousness." But it is encouraging to find the facts, on the negative side of my position at all events, so completely favorable.

Take Sebastian Bach's works. He habitually neglected to give hints concerning tempo, phrasing, light and shade, &c.; even the actual pitch in which certain of his earlier works are to be played, is open to doubt, and can only be got at by a complicated process of comparison between the amount of transposition in the notation of some of the wind instruments, the pitch of which is known, and the pitch of the organs he wrote for, most of which are still extant; and which, by the way, were in some cases tuned a full third above the usual "chamber pitch."

It is easy to conceive the mental position Sebastian Bach must have taken up if he troubled himself at all about the notation of nuances of expression. He had a circle of articled pupils who could not help being familiar with his mode of execution. The amateur element in his time was very small; only people with means and leisure could afford to take up music for a recreation. There was little or no social influence to be gained with true musical attainment, certainly no momentary success. And so no one dreamt of encountering the difficulties of the art, unless propelled by genuine love for it; which, as a rule, implies some degree of talent. Thus amateur and professional were virtually in unison; and Bach may have said to himself: "He who, after having heard myself or my disciples play some of my music, is still puzzled with its peculiar spirit, had better leave it alone altogether."

Then again it must be borne in mind that before Beethoven musical productions, no matter of what dimension or how elaborate, were usually written for some particular occasion, when the master was personally present, and by voice and look could animate everything. The monumental character, duly and truly ascribed to many older works by nineteenth century criticism, would probably have astonished their originators.

And we must also not lose sight of the fact that the range of craftsmanship in Bach's time was clearly defined, and always kept within manageable limits. For instance he could afford to trust to his executants being fully master of the art of accompanying from a figured bass. But in Haydn and Mozart's time, when music advanced with such large strides in the direction of personal sentiment, when the influence of the stage was felt on all sides, when the technique for the expression of sentiment was enlarged day by day, the craftsman's art of thorough bass was gradually superseded. Musical shorthand proved less reliable, tradition lost whatever of precision it may have had, and composers were compelled to take a little more care to note the evanescent details of expression, *and to write out their scores more completely.* If in many cases Haydn and Mozart were content to abide by the customary absence of dynamical inflections—if they continued to trust with more than naïve confidence in the sagacity of executants—if they neglected to take account of the humiliating fact that an individual of a later generation, no matter how gifted, is necessarily reared in a different emotional atmosphere, and therefore cannot be expected to comprehend at once and intuitively that which is probably uncongenial both to his individuality and to his training, these works have hitherto suffered in proportion to their negligence. Would it not have been infinitely better if Haydn and Mozart, especially the latter, had taken the trouble to indicate their intentions more minutely?

But if Bach's works, or even Beethoven's, are in some sense riddles difficult of solution, our perplexity is increased tenfold, when we come to deal with works wherein the composer has vouchsafed no direction whatever as to execution, and where suggestive contemporary comments are not forthcoming.

Take any work by Palestrina. There is no indication of tempo or sentiment; the actual pitch is left to the discrimination of the singers; chromatic inflections are not indicated (though doubtless no contemporary craftsman hesitated as to their proper introduction). Is it not a matter of serious regret, that a clear method of dynamical notation was not then thought of?

Experiments have for some time been made at Berlin, Regensburg, Munich, and elsewhere, with a view to reconstruct the proper method of rendering Palestrina; but I know not whether any definite result has attended them. I am aware that a claim to the pure tradition of the true style for singing Palestrina is put forward by the members of the Papal choir at Rome; and though such a thing is *primâ facie* not improbable, I still venture to doubt its authenticity as much as that of the authenticity of the *embellimenti* introduced by the Papal singers into Allegri's "Miserere" which Mendelssohn quotes, in a letter to Zelter, is doubted by him. By the way does Mozart's copy of these embellishments tally with Mendelssohn's?

It is true that tradition formerly stood a better chance of remaining untarnished than it does now. Up to about the middle of the eighteenth century, when Mozart began his European pilgrimage, tradition was confined within narrow limits. The physical boundaries, wherein any particular style of execution was cultivated, were not national; they were rather limited to particular counties, and even towns. And certainly as long as a craftsman worked under the pressure of the laws and beliefs of a particular guild only, and was nowise touched by those of other guilds, tradition flourished; but even here it must be admitted that from generation to generation one continually meets with the old complaints about the degeneration of craft, and the decay of art.

But with us, when the idea of artistic guilds, of associated craftsmanship, is almost entirely lost sight of; when free trade in the arts has given us a professional *proletariat*, only slightly above the level of helpless and floundering dilettantism; when young musicians, instead of being reared in a master's atelier, are made to practise the cornet-à-pistons in the back kitchen, the plea of "classical tradition" has not a leg left to stand upon. If the expression have any meaning at all, it must signify that the present Philistine thinks it likely that his grandfather was a Philistine also, and in that generation behaved after his kind.

Meo voto, the point for us poor latter-day singers is this: Seeing that no "acting copies," no "stage directions" are given us, we must attempt what actors are said to do—"*create*" *a part*. Correct reading of the text, as far as the notes go, is ever insufficient. The executant must employ the scientific method; he must dissect the text, construct his notions of the entire piece from a minute examination of the parts, and then, from the Platonic idea of the whole, find the proper expression for all details. Thus a great player, like a great ac-

tor, is, in some sense, *creative*, and on a level with composer and poet. And as everybody is ready to admit that the secret of a telling performance lies in the individuality of the executant, I would ask, why commit the suicidal mistake of tying him down to the *ipsissima verba* of authentic dynamical nuances; or rather, as is most frequently the case, the total absence thereof? Why should one continually be told about a performance or an edition? "This is all very fine, but it is not Bach! or it is not Beethoven!" Indeed! What is it then?

> "Mein Freund, die Zeiten der Vergangenheit
> Sind uns ein Buch mit sieben Siegeln;
> Was ihr den Geist der Zeiten heisst
> Das ist im Grund der Herren eigner Geist,
> In dem die Zeiten sich bespiegeln,
> Da ist's denn wahrlich oft ein Jammer!
> Man läuft euch bei dem ersten Blick davon."
> *Faust.*

If executants are admonished to stick to the letter and not hing but the letter—which, by the way, now and then includes queer misprints, what literal τραγέλαφος, what chimerical beast, shall not be foisted in upon us some day, with all the alarming authority of "classical tradition?"

EDWARD DANNREUTHER.

(To be Continued.)

Lohengrin in London.

(*From the "Daily Telegraph."*)

At last, after years of waiting—weary waiting, perhaps, we may not call it—the English opera-goer has seen and heard Richard Wagner. There is reason for congratulation in the fact itself, stripped of all attendant significance. Ever since the reformer of opera began to make a noise in the world, he has been to us a vaguely-defined and shadowy personality. Now and then, in concert-rooms, we have caught a glimpse of a figure which, we were told, resembled him very slightly; and once, on the stage of Drury-lane Theatre, appeared a strange, but not unattractive, personality which Wagner's friends said was a representation of his immature youth. Otherwise, the great man has resembled to us one of Ossian's shadowy heroes, "orating" from a distant mountain-top, while his form loomed vaguely and mysteriously through a fog. For a long time English amateurs cared little about the matter. They had their Beethoven and Mozart, their Rossini and Meyerbeer, their Donizetti and Auber—operatic composers quite good enough for them; and so it happened that, if ever their eyes rested upon the misty outlines of Wagner's figure, no special desire was excited. But men and women cannot long see anything dangled just out of their reach without wishing to grasp it. For this reason, if not on account of an intelligent interest in the question which Wagner represents, there grew up amongst us a real curiosity to know what the most notorious of modern musicians really is. The extent and depth of that curiosity may be measured by the fact that Mr. Gye now counts upon it to repay an expenditure of some £4,000 upon the production of *Lohengrin*. It was well, therefore, to have it appeased. But what Wagner did the people go out for to see on Saturday night? There are many forms of him. Here he shows himself barely distinguishable from the mass who labor in the same field of art. There he is recognized by wearing a kind of motley, half conformable to usage, half eccentric, if not wholly new. Yonder he stands alone in his glory, bearing no likeness to anything in heaven above or in the earth beneath. The revelation of this latest development would perhaps have been too much for us, and it was fortunate that Mr. Gye presented Wagner in an earlier and less strange aspect. There are some things, and Wagnerism is one, up to which men must be educated. The eye accustomed to darkness is blinded by a rush of light. It needs to pass gradually into the full glory of day. So must the musical amateurs of our benighted nation—Philistine, we believe, is the appropriate term — progress towards the complete Wagner. The *Nibelungen Trilogy* would confound us. The milder dose of *Lohengrin* may do us good. Let us see how the dose was mixed, administered, and received.

Nearing Covent Garden we are sensible of a special occasion. The long "rank," the hurrying of visitors on foot, the prevalence of "scores" appropriately bound in the loudest of colors, and the feverish activity of those who sell books of the words "in both languages," all bespeak a great night. The lobby is crowded, and long before the time when Signor Vianesi lifts his bâton the unreserved parts of the house are crowded to excess. A good look at the packed amphitheatre and gallery, the tenants of which will "assist," in no conventional meaning of the term, at the performance, repays trouble. The Teutonic element is there in strong force, signalized by round florid faces, a profusion of straw-colored beards, many spectacles, and a prevailing expression of that solemn thoroughness which characterizes the worshipping German mind. It is a great occasion with our cousins. They are in earnest, and, should the indifference of Englishmen be very conspicuous, may wax angry—a grave matter in these times, if not a *casus belli*. Lower down, the reserved seats fill quicker than they are wont to do, and even there a certain gravity prevails. Eyes that most often have opera-glasses glued to them are fixed upon unfamiliar pages; heads that usually nod to a circle of acquaintances are quiescent in the act of trying to comprehend the "myth-matter," which, as we have lately been told, represents to us, who are only "compounds of consecutive generations," the "pure symbols of primeval forces." Even Royalty basks in the dawning light of the day of future opera. First to enter the Royal box are the Duchess of Cambridge and the Duke and Duchess of Teck, after whom come the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke of Connaught with their respective suites. But much more conspicuous to discerning eyes than these "dignitaries" is the gathering of men and women famous in the worlds of literature and art. "Everybody is here who can claim to be anybody," a magnificent compliment to Wagner, which should gratify his ambition, even though his opera be hissed off the stage. But now appears Signor Vianesi, with a shade of care upon his face, which those who know what Wagnerian opera exacts can readily understand. A minute's pause, and then the prelude begins. We do not like the manner of its beginning. Liszt describes the opening bars as a "vaporous ether," but we find them neither vaporous nor ethereal, but simply a commonplace sequence of chords for violins, in eight parts, played much too loudly. This ill-advised opening lessens the effect of the *crescendo* which illustrates the descent of the Holy Grail. Wagner himself says of this prelude that it suggests a "miraculous troop of angels bearing in their midst the sacred vessel." He goes on: "The holy procession draws nearer; the heart of the elect of God gradually exalts itself, it enlarges, it dilates; ineffable aspirations awaken in him; he experiences increasing happiness in finding himself attracted by the luminous apparition, and when, at last, the Holy Grail itself appears in the midst of the sacred *cortège*, he falls into ecstatic adoration, as though the entire world had suddenly disappeared." All this is hidden from the bulk of the audience, who recognize no more than a highly-colored but vaguely suggestive movement, wherein the orchestra is handled with consummate skill. The Teutons aloft are, of course, an exception. With them "the entire world had suddenly disappeared," and they like vacuum so much as to clamor for its renewal, which boon Signor Vianesi obligingly grants. Then the curtain rises, and we are translated to the banks of the Scheldt, near Antwerp, nine hundred years ago—a splendid picture, and one that does infinite credit to Messrs. Dayes and Caney. Over the foreground stretch the arms of royal oaks, and in the distance, bordered by rushes, flows the "lazy" river, while a bright sun sheds its glory upon all. But the proper study of mankind is man; and we turn from the natural features of the scene to the glittering array of princes, knights, and soldiers, drawn up around King Henry the Fowler. The action soon begins. Four trumpeters—there are sixteen somewhere about the theatre, and all are not good—execute a fanfare, and a Herald (Signor Capponi) steps forward to explain why the King has summoned his vassals. The vassals say they are ready to fight, and the King (Herr Seidemann), in a voice which suggests that the damp air of the Low Countries scarcely agrees with him, gives particulars, winding up by demanding of Frederic of Telramund (M. Maurel) why disunion and strife prevail in those parts. Frederic steps forward to say that Elsa (Mdlle. Albani), his ward, and daughter of the late Duke of Brabant, was strongly suspected of having made away with her brother Gottfried. On this account, he (Frederic) could not marry her, as had been arranged, but had chosen Ortrud (Mdlle. d'Angeri), whom he presents to the monarch. Frederic winds up by charging Elsa with fratricide, and claiming the Duchy as his own. All this (13 pages) goes on mostly in such recitative as proves the truth of what was said of *Tannhäuser*—"the four-and-twenty keys do not afford a good basis for the ear." A German critic once wrote, *àpropos* to the music of this scene: "It is mere bungling—nay, it is filth, the most despicable violation of the rules of art; and if any one should cry out and tell us that we are stupid because this music does not please us, we appeal to a far more certain organ than the brain, and reply, 'You cannot possess ears if you are fond of revelling in such discord.'" We will hardly go so far as this writer, but in good sooth Wagner's wild shrieks of liberty from the dominion of the tone-family are distressing enough to make us ask him for an explanation. He is ready, of course, and tells us, referring to the discovery of the relationship of all tones, that "music shot up into an immense and varied expanse, in which the absolute musician, swimming about without an object and without repose, began to lose courage. Before him he saw naught but an endless heaving mass of possibilities, but was conscious of no object within himself to determine them. . . . . Thus the musician almost felt obliged to regret his immense swimming capabilities; he yearned for the still creeks of his original home again, where, between narrow banks, the water flowed tranquilly in one definite stream." Hence the sway of the limited tone-family, from which a strong swimmer like Wagner is of course free. He can plunge about, shooting rapids, tumbling down cataracts, and gyrating in whirlpools, with an immunity of which Captain Boyton never dreamed—and he does it. But the action of the drama goes on. Henry determines to sit in judgment then and there upon Elsa, whom the Herald summons to appear. The royal maid is supposed to be wandering that way. At any rate, she hears the trumpeters (as we do emphatically), and enters, attended by her women. The King asks if she will be judged by him. Elsa consents, and goes on to tell, in dreamy fashion, of a resplendent knight and champion, whom visions have made known to her. The music is here full of tenderness and beauty. It is melodious besides, and the ear rejoices in it as the eye, after long gazing at sandy desolation, revels in the sight of verdant fields and towering palms. Moreover, Mdlle. Albani sings charmingly, and gives a foretaste of the excellence which will characterize her performance as a whole. Moved by the favorable impression which Elsa has produced, Frederic claims the ordeal of single combat. The King consents, and, the lists having been prepared in solemn form, calls upon Elsa to name her champion. She chooses the hero of her dreams, vowing that his shall be her hand and crown; whereupon the Herald, backed by his noisy trumpeters, again and again calls for the favored warrior without avail. In an agony of apprehension, Elsa and her ladies fall upon their knees

to pray for his advent. As they do so, the crowd nearest the river utter words of astonishment, and presently is seen, in a small boat drawn by a swan, a Knight covered with resplendent silver armor. It is Lohengrin (Signor Nicolini), who comes, not in visions now, to fight for the cause of innocence and beauty. A wonderful double chorus expresses the astonishment of the on-lookers—such a chorus as only genius could have written; because suggestive in itself, without help from words, of the tumultuous feelings incidental to the situation. Here, not the Germans up aloft merely, but everybody is delighted, and, in response to loud applause, Signor Vianesi repeats the chorus. Well for him that Wagner is not present to witness the dramatic absurdity of a crowd making believe to see an apparition in the distance, when, all the time, it is waiting only a few feet off. The assembly welcomes Lohengrin in a few jubilant bars, after which the strange Knight dismisses his swan, and comes to the front as a short chorus is sung in his honor. At this point recitative begins again. Lohengrin is accepted by Elsa as her champion and husband, subject to the condition of asking no questions about his name, race, or country. This matter arranged, Lohengrin denies the charge of Frederic, and the two knights prepare for combat, while the Herald warns all and sundry not to interfere. But, before the struggle, it is necessary to invoke the justice of Heaven; Henry descends from his throne to act as priest as well as king; and another vast *ensemble* echoes his prayer. The episode is grandly conceived and worked out, but its execution is a sad business; ears already shocked enough by Wagner's doings among the "endless heaving mass of possibilities," being tortured by singing not even approximately in tune. We now watch the encounter with breathless interest. Frederic is worsted, of course; and, as he creeps away, Elsa begins a song of triumph, which expands into a lengthened and elaborate finale of a common place character, and productive of no more than vulgar effects. Upon this the curtain descends amid roars of applause that only cease when the principal performers have twice bowed their acknowledgments. So far the opera is a success. We are dazzled by the splendor and chivalry of the scene, impressed by the poetic beauty of the story, and, hardly less, by the novel character of its musical treatment. But are we satisfied as well as excited? Some of us, at least, must answer, "No." Weary of blazing tone-color, endless surprises, unmelodious declamation, and the constant strain at which the composer works, we doubt—while calling to mind the dungeon scene in *Fidelio*, and the supper scene in *Don Giovanni*—if this be the only true dramatic music.

The curtain rises for the second time upon the Palace and Minster of Antwerp. It is night, and we can just discern the figures of Frederic and Ortrud clad in sombre garments and seated on the steps of the church. A long orchestral introduction is supposed to describe their feelings, and certainly manages to be lugubrious with facility; after which comes an extended duet. Here we find Wagner's theory of the absolute subordination of music carried out to the bitter end, and productive of nothing but "a continuous surging of shapeless, and, as it were, fluid sounds." One result is, however, that we are forced back upon the story, to discover that the husband and wife, after calling each other hard names, agree not to abandon hope. Ortrud, a sorceress and a Pagan, undertakes the work of revenge upon Elsa and Lohengrin and fortune aids her by sending the Royal maiden to breathe the early morning air on the balcony of the Palace. In a charming strain—one of those gems of melody which show that Wagner might have worn the mantle of Weber as head of the romantic school—Elsa expresses her joy, and then Ortrud, who has sent Frederic away, appeals to her compassion. Another long duet ensues, but it does not weary us like the first, because Elsa is present, and around her Wagner preserves an atmosphere of tenderness and beauty, sometimes inexpressibly grateful to the senses. The music, moreover, ably suggests the contrast between the two characters, and so sustains its interest to the end. Though the plot is not far advanced by all this, the seeds of mischief are sown when Ortrud cautions Elsa against her lover's deceit, and urges the fatal step of discovering his name and lineage. Elsa rejects the counsel with mingled pride and pity, but her enemy is confident enough to end the scene with a burst of triumph. Mdlle. D'Angeri plays her part effectually here, and again Mdlle. Albani surprises us by the excellence of her singing and her truthful, engaging conception of the character. She had done nothing so well before. The duets over, we enter upon another scene of pomp and splendor. Day breaks to the noise of multiplied trumpets, and its business begins with a vigorous double chorus, which is interrupted by our friend the Herald and his attendant wind instruments, who come to place Frederic under ban, and proclaim Lohengrin, Guardian of Brabant. The multitude of knights, and soldiers acquiesce in both proceedings, after which the Herald announces the immediate marriage of Lohengrin and Elsa, to be followed by the departure of all for the wars. Here is occasion for another vigorous chorus, while four knights hold aloof and grumble among themselves at the favor shown to a stranger. With these Frederic makes common cause, promising to unmask his conqueror, for whose crowning fortune preparations are now visible. The wedding procession of "Lohengrin" has been so often heard in concert rooms lately that we permit its familiar beauty to pass almost unnoticed as our eyes rest upon one of the most splendid scenes ever shown within the walls of the "Garden." Each of the dresses of the ladies is a study in its way, and the *coup d'œil* presented by the glowing masses of color and the sheen of burnished armor cannot readily be forgotten. Among those who stand aside to let Elsa precede them into the church is Ortrud, but the trial to her pride is more than she can bear. Fiercely she confronts Elsa at the door of the minster, and hurls at her bitter scorn, contemptuously demanding amid the exclamations of the on-lookers, who the bridegroom is and whence he comes. The scene is prolonged without lack of vigor till the King and Lohengrin enter. Reassured by their presence and their reproof of Ortrud, another attempt is made to enter the church. But now Frederic confronts the procession, and once more altercation begins, this time being carried on throughout a lengthy and turbulent *ensemble* which, however it may aid the dramatic effect, cannot boast of great musical value. As it goes on, Frederic finds opportunity to instil more doubt into the mind of Elsa, and with a perturbed spirit the Royal bride, for the third time ascends the steps of the minster, pursued by Ortrud's vengeful looks. At this point the curtain falls, and gallery and amphitheatre thunder a second approval, louder, if possible, than the first. The principal artists again acknowledge the applause, to which some of them at least have a good right. First among these is Mdlle. Albani—a true Elsa under all circumstances—and after some Mdlle. d'Angeri, M. Maurel, and Signor Nicolini, who, as far as looks goes, is a Lohengrin *sans reproche*. We are now within half an hour of midnight, and numerous departures from boxes and stalls take place. But the enthusiasts up above hold out, and in secret, diminished numbers address themselves to what yet remains of the work.

Every amateur knows the very bright and effective introduction to the third act, and will therefore, not be surprised to hear that it was encored in spite of the lateness of the hour. The pretty chorus sung by the attendants of the wedded pair as they conduct them to their chamber is not well rendered, and makes no effect, scarcely any applause following the retiring footsteps of the singers. Elsa and Lohengrin are now alone for the first time, and we have a love duet marked here and there with passages of such exquisite beauty that the veriest stickler for accepted form might pardon its absence on their account. In the course of this duet Elsa puts the fatal question as to her husband's name, and insists, notwithstanding his entreaties, upon an answer. At this moment Frederic and his four knights burst into the room, but Lohengrin passes his sword through the leader, dismisses the followers with contempt, summons Elsa's ladies to conduct her to her own apartments, and declares his intention of revealing who he is and whence he came at the place and under the circumstances which witnessed his arrival. The rush of these events is great; after the calm of the long love duet, and the music, albeit full of characteristic passages, has a nervous force impossible to overlook. A change of scene takes us again to the banks of the Scheldt, and once more Wagner revels in trumpets. The strident instruments are heard everywhere, clashing against each other, and stirring the pulses of the listeners, as knight after knight, all mounted, and attended by squires and menat-arms, arrive upon the scene. Finally, the King enters, and German chivalry is ready to march against the enemies of Fatherland. Nay, not quite ready. Lohengrin, the chosen leader, has not come, and great is the wonder at his tarrying. Elsa next appears sad and weeping, and then Lohengrin. In a few words, the knight declines to proceed with the campaign, announcing that Elsa has been false to her allegiance. He then, in a long and trying solo, declares himself a servant of the Holy Grail, sent on the mission he had performed, but now bound to return because his name and character had been revealed. Amid the wondering exclamations of the crowd and Elsa's remorseful entreaties, the swan meanwhile again appearing, Lohengrin prepares to bid farewell, bequeathing to Elsa's brother, should that missing youth return, his sword, horn, and ring. As he steps towards the shore, Ortrud pursues him with reproaches, boasting that she by sorcery had transformed the young heir of Brabant into the swan, and that had Lohengrin tarried the spell would have been undone. But her triumph is shortlived. The dove of the Holy Grail descends, and hovers over the head of Lohengrin, who loosens the chain from the swan's neck. Immediately the bird disappears, and in its place we see the missing lad, now restored to Elsa's arms. Lohengrin looks sadly upon their joy, and, harnessing the dove to his boat, is drawn away, while the music of the prelude drowns the death shriek of Ortrud, as the curtain descends for the last time. It is now nearly one o'clock, and the house has thinned, but there are enough enthusiasts left to keep up a stentorian roar of approval, to cheer Mdlle. Albani, Signor Nicolini, and Signor Vianesi as they deserve, and to put a final stamp of success upon the evening's work. Success in many respects has, no doubt, been richly deserved. The splendor of the *mise en scène*, the stage management of M. Desplaces, the remarkable attraction of Albani's Elsa, the earnest efforts of the other principals, and the comparative excellence of the orchestra, are features well worthy of approval. On the other hand the chorus often sang distressingly out of tune, and there were frequent *ensembles* of a nature to call for precautions against repetition.

And now the question arises, Will "Lohengrin" commend itself to the taste of English opera goers, and establish Wagner among us? Of its present success we have no doubt. It will be the feature of the season. But how as to future seasons—how as to the theories it illustrates? Can our amateurs transfer their allegiance to music without form; to music as the slave of poetry; to music which is melodious only by snatches, and is charming only in the degree in which it is a violation of Wagner's advanced opinions? They may do so, and it is even possible that Beethoven, Mozart, Rossini, Weber, and the rest, may vanish from our lyric stage in favor of an entertainment which dazzles and excites without satisfying the higher faculties of mind and intellect. But success of such a nature could only be temporary. Music is not an affair of declamation, tremolos, trumpets, chromatics, and general swimming about in the vast ocean of tone. Music is tune, form, key relationship, and adherence to those contrapuntal laws which can never be violated with impunity because they spring from a natural necessity. Wagner may triumph awhile, but the masters will return to their old place, and after all, temporary good fortune means little. "Success," writes the German critic already quoted, "certainly does prove something for Wagner, it proves that we have to do with a consignificant person but with one distinguished by varied intelligence and endowed with energetic mental powers, for without these such success and such works would be impossible. But a man may be still richer in gifts of this description, and yet know, in vain for admittance at the gate within which eternal art resides."

(From the Pall Mall Gazette.)

A king, two knights—one good, the other bad), a virtuous princess, a wicked enchantress, a swan, and a dove are the active personages in this drama, which includes three states of ecstasy, including two visions, several miracles (including one miraculous transformation), one tournament, one attempt at murder, one death from stabbing, three marriages, four grand pageants, and five horses. The piece is full of tumult, picturesqueness, character, and color. All that is pure in the play is presented in symbolical white. The miraculous swan, the mystic dove, are of course white. The girlish little lad into whom the swan is ultimately changed, or rather

retransformed, shines in white armor, and whiter silk. Lohengrin wears a silver helmet, surmounted by a silver swan, carries a silver shield, is encased in silver armor, and has nothing unsilvery about him but his little horn of gold, and a black heart-shaped escutcheon on his breast, from which stands out an emblematic swan—once more in silver. Elsa, typical maiden of ancient ballads, suffering under foul calumny, but spotless as snow, is clad in white, in white and silver and in white and gold. The King, too, rides a white horse, which Wagner would not have allowed him to do if he had not intended to show that he considered him a good King at heart. The bad characters, on the other hand, are ill dressed in dark brown or in dull red. The vile Frederic of Telramund is exhibited in the garb of a beggar; and the wicked Ortrud flaunts about in crimson and spangles.

Whatever else it may be, "Lohengrin" is not dull. Apart from the beauty of much of the music and from the general interest of the drama, it is full of passages which strike the eye, the heart, the imagination, or all three together. Nothing can be grander than the combination of sights and sounds in the scene where, while a procession of soldiers in gorgeous uniforms and priests in the brightest of robes moves across the stage in the midst of a crowd waving branches on all sides, the ringing of church bells and the pealing of the cathedral organ are heard simultaneously with the varied tones of the many voiced orchestra. This and other scenes like it in an opera which abounds in pageantry may render "Lohengrin" open to the charge of sensationalism—for the amount of pure art which goes to the composition of such scenes is very small. But there are also scenes of the greatest simplicity for Elsa, for Lohengrin, and for Elsa and Lohengrin together, scenes which are full of emotion and which, apart from scenery and with the commonest costumes, could not but effect the listener. "Lohengrin" is, in fact, a highly poetical melodrama, in which the mystical and the actual are strangely blended together, though not more strangely, perhaps, than in some of the plays of Shakspeare and of the great Spanish dramatists. It is full of the most delicate subtleties and of the most palpable realities; fights on the stage and suggestions of spiritual influences, overpowering blasts of trombones and luminous apparitions, real horses in the Astley style, and visions of miraculous troops of angels. Liszt's rhapsodical description of one of the most striking scenes of the opera—that of Elsa's bridal procession, to which Wagner has composed music worthy of Weber and quite in Weber's style—may be quoted as an example of the sort of enthusiasm with which Wagner in his best moments inspires his fanatical admirers. "During this scene," says Liszt, "Elsa reappears at her balcony, and passes along the galleries of the palace before descending to the street. Behind her slowly passes a long cortége to music of a soft but earnest character, admirably in keeping with the approaching religious ceremonial. Trembling with emotion, the Princess advances, looking more lovely than ever in her crown and silver-mounted robes. The passionate strains of the orchestra are inspired at once by love and devotion, but so mingled that it is impossible to discriminate between the two. The Princess, at once a saint and a woman, walks with downcast eyes; yet the strains of the music seem to reveal her thoughts, and in the vague mystic ardor of its majestic crescendo we may read how burning and yet how chaste are the glances which are concealed beneath the drooping eyelids." That is, of course, extravagant. But it seems to us less extravagant now than it did two days ago, when we had not seen "Lohengrin" at the Royal Italian Opera, and Mdlle. Albani as Elsa. Elsa is the soul of the work—or, perhaps, it would be juster to say the heart and soul of the work are Lohengrin and Elsa together. Both characters are perfectly played at the Royal Italian Opera.

The grief of Elsa, falsely accused, her ecstatic vision, and the mysterious arrival of Lohengrin, Elsa's prayer and Lohengrin's victory (in Act 1), Elsa's bridal procession (in Act 2), the orchestral introduction and bridal chorus, the duet for Lohengrin and Elsa, and finally Lohengrin's declaration, farewell, and departure (in Act 2) are the scenes and incidents that chiefly stamp themselves on the memory. If we also remember the singing of Ortrud and of Frederic, singly and together, it is to wish we had not heard it. The vocal utterances of those diabolical personages, represented, we feel sure, with great ability by Mdlle. D'Angeri and M. Maurel—though with an ability we are unable to appreciate—are obviously intended to contrast with and to enhance the beauty of the melodious phrases assigned to the angelic couple, Lohengrin and Elsa. Set to music as Herr Wagner has set them, the cries of the false knight and of the malicious enchantress who is urging him on his villainous course suggest not the wicked so much as the wearisome. The so-called singing of this objectionable couple is both harsh and tedious, and about half the second act is filled with it. Is it absolutely necessary that bad characters should sing bad music? We think not. Bertram in "Robert le Diable," Mephistopheles in "Faust," sing melodies which are no doubt of a sinister character, but are melodies all the same. Kaspar, again, in "Der Freischutz" is at once tuneful and grotesque. Ortrud and Frederic, however, seem to be, not singing, but grumbling and grunting, spitting, cursing, and swearing in music; which is neither nice nor necessary. To Elsa and to Lohengrin the composer, as of right, gave his best.

To Ortrud and Frederic, however, he has given neither his best music nor his worst. He has not given them music at all, but only certain unmusical sequences of musical sounds. The duet between Ortrud and Frederic at the beginning of the long second act is something terrible. The succeeding duet between Ortrud and Elsa is a little better by reason of the passages for Elsa. But Ortrud's defiance and Frederic's accusation in the same interminable act are odious. Neither the first nor the third act should be touched, both being full of beautiful music for Elsa and for Lohengrin. But the second act is nearly half as long again as either of the two others, and what makes it so long are Ortrud's and Frederic's very disagreeable solos and duets.

The part of the King was feebly sung by Herr Seideman, a new arrival from Germany, whose voice, under a long course of Wagner, seems to have given way. Signor Capponi, perhaps because he has been trained in another school, but probably for more simple reasons, and because he possesses a naturally magnificent voice, did full justice to the Herald's music. The chorus, shaky at the onset, got firmer as it went on; but it has yet to familiarize itself with a style of music the like of which it had never known until "Lohengrin" was placed before it. It is required to ejaculate, to declaim, to express emotion in various ways, but not, as a rule, to sing. The orchestra was perfect, and the conductor, Signor Vianesi, well deserved the special summons with which he was honored at the end of the performance. Wagner's orchestration is known to be one of his strong points; and the effect of his various combinations of instruments, which are often made not for their own sake but to serve from time to time as a characteristic accompaniment to the personages on the stage, was sure not to be missed. More worthy of remark was the style in which the instrumental introductions or preludes were played. The soft, spiritual prelude to Act 1 and the vigorous quasi-martial prelude to Act 3 were both encored. Elsa was also compelled to repeat her beautiful prayer—rather a mistake from a Wagnerian point of view, since by the Wagnerian doctrine all "repeats" are forbidden; and Lohengrin had to arrive twice over, for the sake of the wonderful orchestral rush by which his miraculous approach is indicated. This was clearly absurd. But a great deal of what a mad doctor might call "furor Teutonicus" was raging in the galleries; and it seemed probable enough at one time that every piece, or rather every distinguishable beauty in every scene, would be redemanded. Yet some of the finest things even in the first act, when admiration was fresh and fervent, had to be passed over. It was impossible, for instance, to call upon Mdlle. Albani to give a second time the eloquent outburst of gratitude and joy with which poor Elsa hails the victory of her champion, the Knight of the Swan, over Frederic, her accuser. This was one of Mdlle. Albani's most dramatic points—though it is not for particular points here and there, but for her general conception of the part, that she deserves praise. The fair-haired heroine of the mediæval legend, calm under calumny, strong in her innocence, full of devotion to her deliverer, but urged by a fatal curiosity to put to him the question which he must not answer, is perfectly represented by this admirable artist, whose voice, moreover, gives melody to phrases which are not always in themselves melodious. Mdlle. Albani has had the advantage of studying the part of Elsa under Herr Wüllner, the Kapellmeister of the Court Theatre at Munich, and to his intelligent and careful instruction much of her success in this difficult but far from ungrateful character may be attributed.

The moral of "Lohengrin" seems to be that if a husband treats his wife well she should not be too inquisitive about his private affairs, apart from her; and also that to be able to resist his enemies a man must be perfect at all points. Lohengrin, if he loses one atom of his flesh, will be at the mercy of every one. Let him, however, preserve his bodily integrity and he may defy attacks from all sides. This can only mean that the true knight, like Lohengrin, must be careful of his honor. Once touched it is gone.

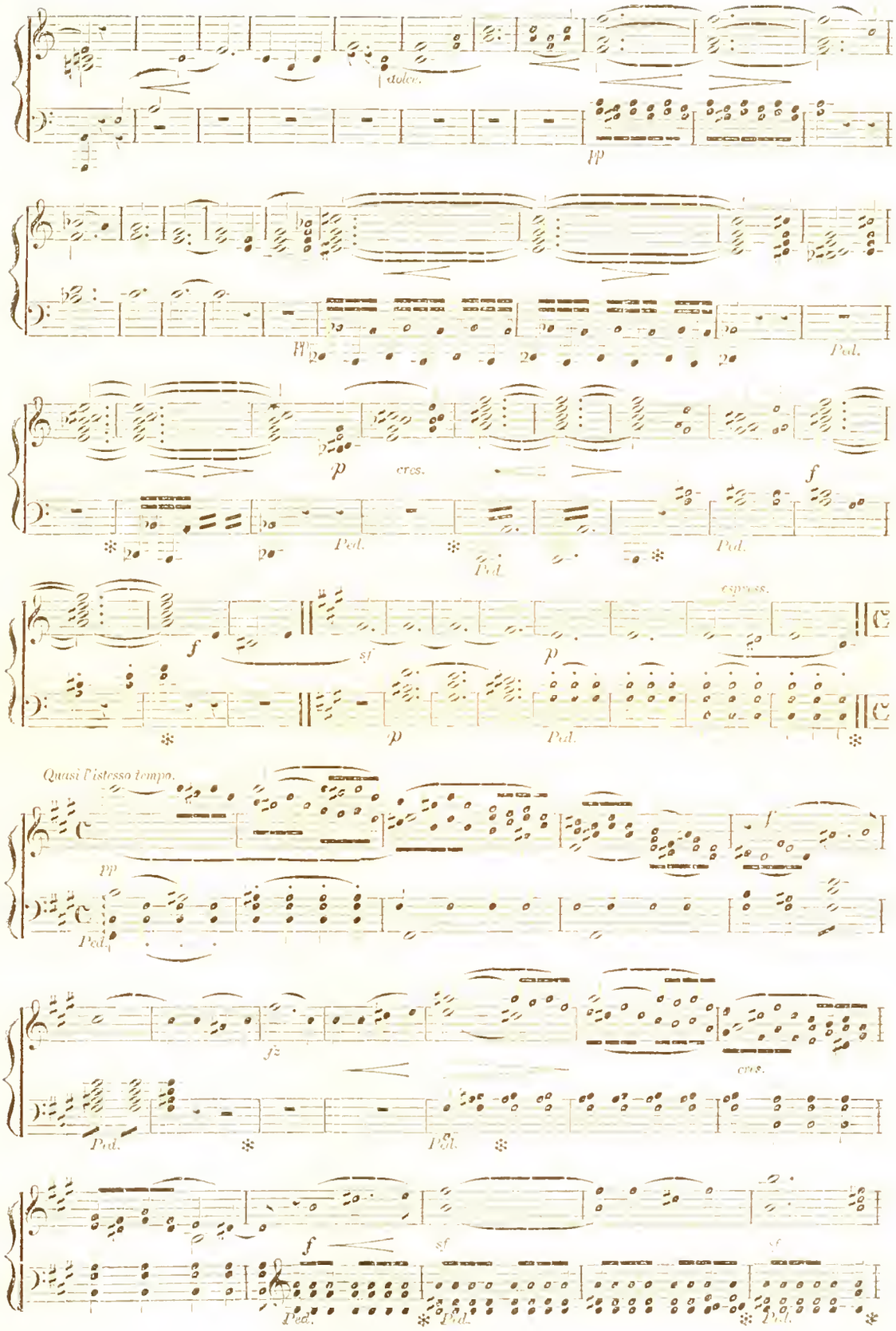
"Lohengrin" may be viewed in a great many different lights—as an opera in the ordinary sense of the word, as a spectacular piece, as an interesting drama, as a sort of miracle play, full of naiveté, quaintsss, and symbolism of all kinds. Its restless character will tell against it here, till English audiences acquire a degree of hardihood to which they have yet to be disciplined; but no one who is capable of taking an interest in things dramatic can fail to be moved by it in some way; and most persons must carry away from its representation a deep impression of its beauty. If we except the well known introduction to the third act, with its vigorous melody for trombones accompanied by a twittering of violins; the graceful music of Elsa's bridal procession, which is "tuneful in the ordinary sense of the word, and the thoroughly beautiful "prelude," none of the "Lohengrin" music ought ever to be heard apart from the drama to which it belongs. But the work, as a whole, is very effective, and Elsa and Lohengrin are the two most poetical figures of the modern stage.

(From the Musical Standard, May 25.)

The most important part of his theory, and the most prominent feature of "Lohengrin," is his fondness for recitative and *aria parlante*. The Italians designate *aria parlante* as that species of *cantilena* which lies between air and recitative *a tempo*. There is nothing new about the form; Handel frequently used it, and the greater part of Purcell's famous song of "Mad Bess" is written in this declamatory style. It unquestionably has its advantages, one of which is to allow the ear to repose after the fatigue occasioned by long continued or too strongly accentuated rhythm. But it may be carried to excess, and this is the great point in which Wagner so grievously sins. Hundreds of pages, indeed almost a whole opera, of *aria parlante* constitutes a weariness almost insupportable. Half an hour's discourse in no particular key, and accompanied with apparently purposeless modulations, will not make up for a patent lack of melody, whatever the most uncompromising partisans may say *au contraire*. The paucity of melodic airs is not an improvement, and the substitution of *aria parlante* does not constitute any pleasing advance in art. Melody is a gift that is but sparingly possessed by Wagner; but to pretend that this is an advantage, and to sneer at prettiness—as is done by some of his adherents—is as ridiculous as was Berlioz's pretended dislike of the fugal form. One is insensibly reminded of Cherubini's sharp comment on this, "Yes, he dislikes fugue because it dislikes him."

And yet there is melody in "Lohengrin," and some beautiful music; but these portions are just those that the Wagnerites protest against, and regard as weaknesses of the composer's immature youth involving principles which in his later works he has entirely cast away. What success attended the performances of "Lohengrin" on Saturday and Monday last is, we believe, to be ascribed solely to these fragments. It would be affectation, which the most pronounced adherent would hardly be guilty of, to pretend that the interminable recitatives met with the slightest favor. The house was filled with Teutons rallied to the support of their countryman, but even they could scarcely raise a hand in support of these dreary restless things. The inherent good in the work shines out all the more brilliantly by the contrast with this *aria parlante*; and contrast—that most valuable feature of music—lent a certain amount of charm to the gems, and unquestionably increased their brilliancy by comparison with the dulness of preceding parts.

Excepting the *arias parlantes*, or recitative, as some may prefer to call it, the solos in the work are insignificant. The same may be said of the choruses with but trifling exceptions. They are for the most part short, jerky, very ugly, and very hard to sing. The orchestral preludes, &c., are, though small in number and limited in scope, interesting, and in some cases novel; but Wagner does not believe in pure abstract music, and so, with the exception of the attempted illustration of the descent of the Holy Grail, to be found in the opening prelude, he places little reliance on these mere instrumental movements. We may dismiss the concerted music for the soli voices without remark; it is of no im-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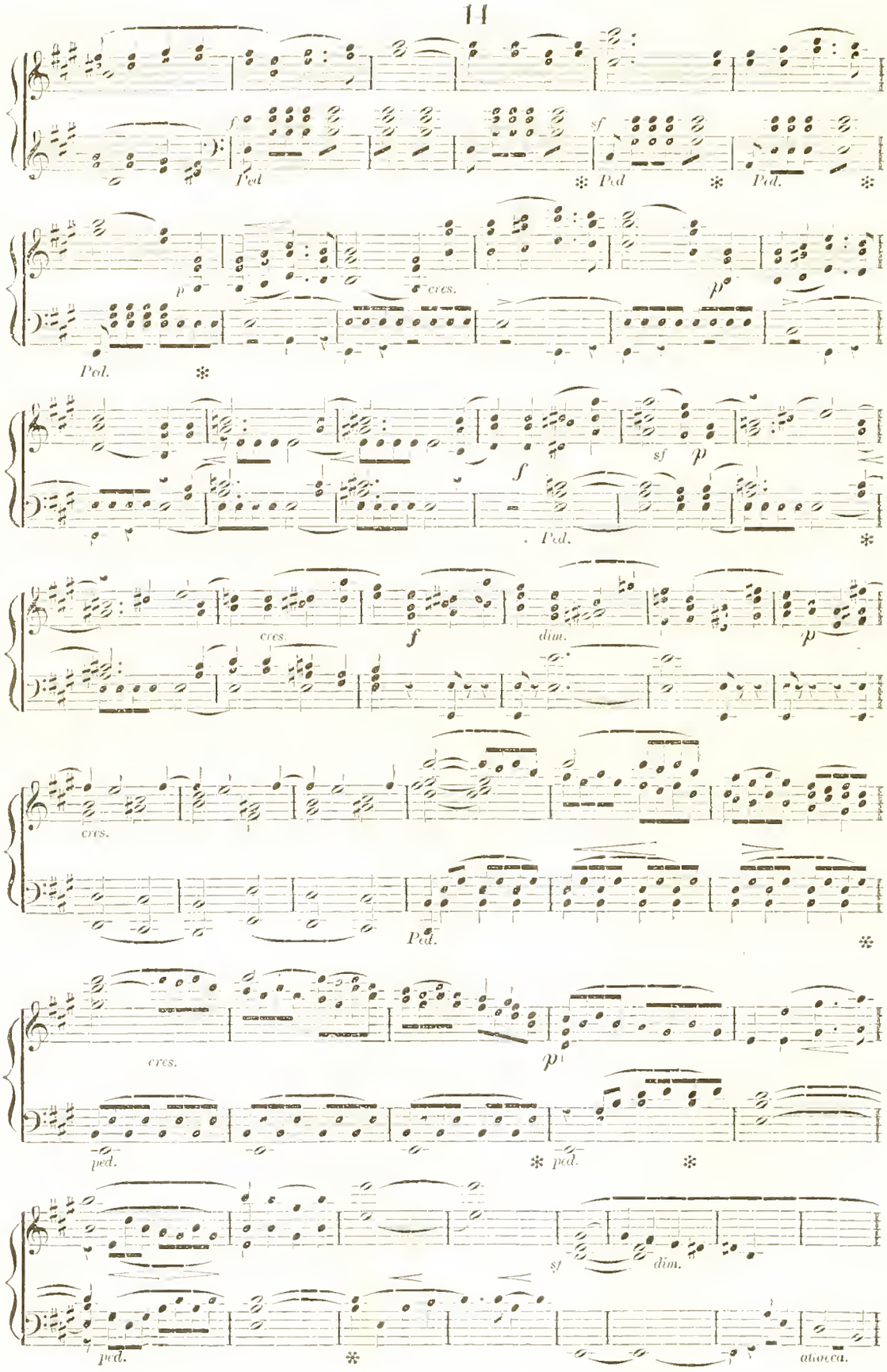
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ritenuto.

No. 1. Solo and Chorus.—NOW MAY AGAIN.

A Druid.

Tenor Voice.

L'istesso tempo. *ritard.*

Now May a - gain..... Breaks Winter's chain. The bud and bloom are springing.

Accomp.

pp *Ped.* *rita d*

Chorus of People.

Soprano. *Tempo*

f

Now May a - gain..... Breaks Winter's chain. The

Alto

f

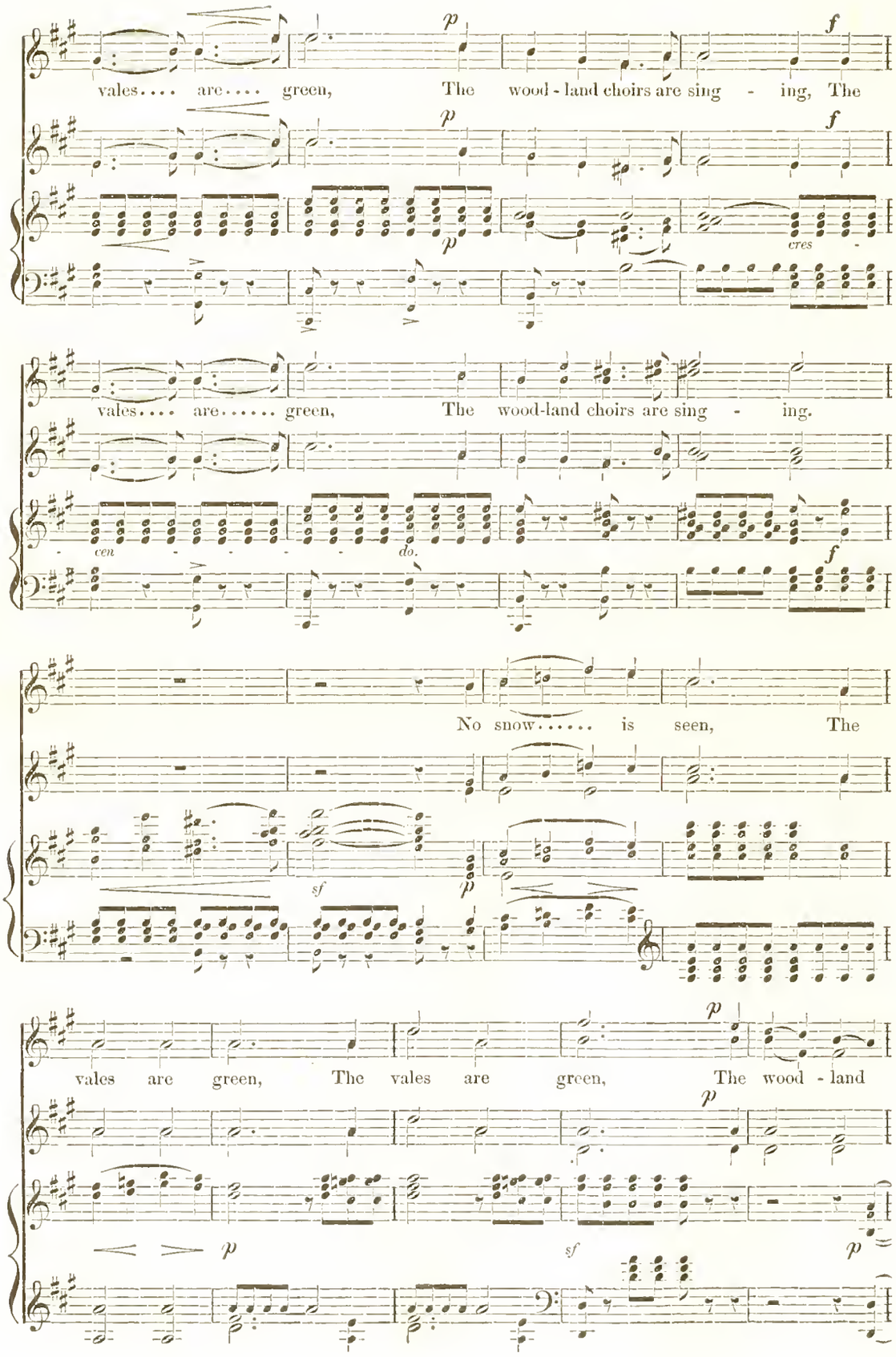
Tempo

f *sf* *sf*

land and bloom are spring - ing; No snow is

sf *f* *p*

seen; The vales are green. The wood - land choirs are sing - ing. The


vales.... are.... green, The wood - land choirs are sing - ing, The
vales.... are..... green, The wood-land choirs are sing - ing.
cen - - - - do.
No snow..... is seen, The
vales are green, The vales are green, The wood - land

portance, save for its absence of recognized form, and its singularly harsh unvocal phrases. One peculiarity is certainly worthy of note. Wagner has succeeded in doing one thing that no composer has ever done before: he has written a duet for one voice. The whole of the first scene in the second act—running to 24 pages in the vocal score copy—is taken up with a duet between Frederick and Ortrud, who are seated on the steps of the minster. Each character sings alone, and though they plot long enough to overthrow a dynasty, they never sing together, save in the last 28 bars, and here they sing in unison! This is surely the most original duet extant in music.

Tested by Wagner's own principles, we have shown that his music fails; examined from a more sensuous point of view—that of pleasing the ear—it is equally at fault. To a great extent, Wagner has been taken on trust in this country; no first-class musician, no prominent amateur, no noted critic has definitely declared in his favor. It is now the duty of the small, but ardent circle of his admirers to explain the cause of his failure; and, as they can pour out words *ad libitum*, no doubt this will be done. Happily there are not enough Baal worshippers here for this country to bow the knee to the new idol. Neither the principles nor the materials of which "Lohengrin" consists will find acceptance in England. To maintain that they represent a desirable advance in art, would be to glorify chaos; to place ugliness on a pedestal and worship it as a virtue.

Something more, too, than pretty scenes, rich dresses, a large outlay of money, fine singing, and thoughtful acting, is necessary to constitute an opera which shall take rank, and retain it, on the stage. Musicians demand a sound and intelligent construction; and to that must be added, artistic beauty. Neither of these essentials does "Lohengrin" possess in a sufficiently ample degree. Wagner is a sort of musical chameleon, and so almost all that has been written about him possesses a certain amount of truth. His music is occasionally beautiful, and yet often intensely ugly; tender, and yet noisy; powerful, and yet puerile, suggestive, and yet incoherent and meaningless; his orchestration sonorous and yet ethereal. Rameau, Gluck, and Méhul have preceded him in theory; Cherubini and Meyerbeer have supplied him with examples of "laying out and treatment" that he has made good use of; while his orchestration is largely borrowed from Weber and Berlioz. His vocal writing is, unhappily, copied from no one; indeed, so singular is it, that one might almost term "Lohengrin" an orchestral opera with a vocal accompaniment, and frequently the vocal parts quite spoil the highly colored orchestral writing.

Keyed-Stringed Instruments of Music.

SIR ROBERT STEWART'S LECTURES AT DUBLIN UNIVERSITY.*

IV.

The fourth lecture on keyed instruments, which took place on Saturday, April 3, was the most fully attended of the series. The body of the hall was filled, also the platform reserved for the families of the College "dons" and the performers who illustrated the lecture. The crowd still increasing, however, the organ gallery was opened and soon occupied. At two o'clock Sir Robert Stewart came forward and said—

Such of my auditors as heard the lecture of last Saturday, and can recall the singular tones produced by the quills on the strings of the harpsichord, may have, perhaps, felt surprise that our forefathers could have so long endured, much less admired, anything so different from the keyed instruments of our day. But, in such matters, allowance must be made both for the effect of habit in the hearers and difference in the instruments themselves; for, although we were fortunate in obtaining a spinet and a harpsichord for you to hear (and I do not think that in the whole of Ireland there now exists one other), still we cannot be said to have heard the harpsichord to advantage, the tuners who understood the proper quilling of these instruments having long departed, and the proper style of touching the keys being, to some extent, lost. Custom is indeed all-powerful. To borrow an illustration from dress—can we conceive anything more unbecoming than the fashions of ladies' dress from 1780 to 1820? When young people of the present day are shown fashion-books published between the dates I have named, they smile incredulously, and are slow to admit that such dresses could ever have existed, much less that ladies thus attired were just as attractive, if not more so, than they are now. We may the more readily understand our ancestors' admiration for the thin and biting plectrum twang (here Sir Robert first touched the strings of the piano with his finger-nails, and then struck the keys in the ordinary manner) by reflecting that they were accustomed to this sort of tone in their other instruments. Thus their shawm, chalumeau, or shalmy (derived from the *calamus*, or reed), their hautboy, bassoon, and bagpipe—all partook of this quality. The early English stringed instruments, too, those "chests of viols," in which they delighted, were of nasal *timbre*, and not at all what we should call mellow. Of this there is amusing evidence in the catch written by Henry Purcell (whose portrait hangs on yonder wall) in ridicule of the viol-di-Gamba, or knee-viol, of the Rev. Mr Gostling (the bass singer admired by Charles II.) The burden of this catch ran thus:—

> Whet, whet, whet,
> Sweep sweep sweep;
> Zingle zingle, zing,
> Zat, zan, zounds!

Even so lately as 1768, when Zumpe, a German harpsichord maker, began to make pianos in London, he sought to imitate the harpsichord tone; and when old John Broadwood, by using a thicker covering for his hammers, produced a softer *timbre*, the harpsichord players found fault with it as "tubby and dull." If, however, our tastes have changed, even if we are wiser than our fathers, it seems a pity to destroy their work so ruthlessly as we do. Among the lectures on Irish music read in this hall two years ago, one was devoted to the harp in which I drew attention to the wholesale destruction of those instruments, a demolition so wanton and so sweeping that except the ancient and beautiful specimen fortunately preserved in our own College Museum, scarcely one antique harp can be found in Ireland. Much the same may be said of the harpsichord and spinet. Those who possess specimens (and they are very few) have either permitted the "jacks" to be pulled out by children, or converted the instruments to even baser uses. One lady I know to have employed the case of her harpsichord as a pantry press, and kept butter and eggs in it, the jacks and strings being destroyed. Some of the letters I received on this subject would excite a smile. Here is one:—"Sir—In reply to your advertisement I beg to say I have got a harpsichord, which you can have for £2; it is in capital condition, but the insides is all gone!" In several instances where it was reported that harpsichords existed, such as at Castletown House, in the county of Dublin, and at Ballycocus, on the borders of the Wicklow hills, it turned out that the so called harpsichords were only old pianos with dates of 1791 to 1800. Again two of my former pupils had married into ancient Irish county families; both ladies thought there was a harpsichord somewhere. At length one was found in a harness room in a remote part of the building, the other in a dark cellar. Both the instruments had been utterly destroyed by damp and neglect. I trust, however, that by directing attention to the matter, some of these once valued old instruments (for in some families spinets were left by will to particularly musical individuals), may yet be rescued from their neglected state and rendered playable. Many harpsichords had been destroyed for the sake of their beautifully painted panels. I myself was witness to this process of destruction, for when visiting Erard's factory last year I saw a set of panels, representing nymphs, shepherds, and satyrs, about to be fastened outside the works of a new grand piano. I thought how much better to have left the antique instrument in its own quaintly ornamented case, and to have enclosed the magnificent Erard work in their usual plain but elegant envelope of rosewood. In England people are not generally so destructive; it is a conservative soil, and about forty of these old relics were recently collected at South Kensington. It is interesting to recall such descriptions of old instruments as that of Burney: "The most magnificent harpsichord made by Shudi for Frederick the Great, all silver and tortoiseshell," (what has become of it?). I find (continued Sir Robert Stewart), that the old harpsichord on which Queen Hortense, the mother of Napoleon III. practised, is still religiously preserved at the Chateau of Arenenberg. You will recollect that to this lady (a scholar of Madame Campan) is attributed the well-known air, "Partant pour la Syrie" (a few bars of the air were here played). Most visitors to the interesting "Hotel de Cluny" will recollect the curious Italian spinets included in that collection. When Legier visited Berlin in 1824, he too, found the harpsichord of Fasch (founder of the Singakademie there) still preserved, and has recorded his conviction that the Berliners would not have exchanged it for the finest Broadwood Grand which England could produce. Let us (continued the lecturer) recal the names of some of the virtuosi who, in England and abroad, were famous for their manner of touching the keys of these old relics. There were the German Bachs—a numerous tribe—of whom John Sebastian and his son John Christian were chief. Later on too there was Mozart. Of the French Couperins there were ten, all famous, though none so great as François, called Le Grand. Our French list would not be complete without Madame Laguerre, chamber musician to Mdme. Montespan (1680—1721). Of Fasch, harpsichordist to Frederic the Great, we have just spoken. Then, in England, there was Handel, and Kelway, whom old Mrs. Delany thought little inferior to him. Travers, also, and Battishill—cathedral writers as well as harpsichordists—and Worgan, and wild Tom Rosingrave, who, the son of an Englishman, became, as usual, "more Irish than the Irish themselves." He it was who compared Scarlatti's transcendent harpsichord execution to "ten hundred devils at the instrument." Nay, even his subsequent love making was characteristic of the man; for when jilted by the lady of his choice, he borrowed a simile from the harpsichord, and declared that he distinctly perceived his heart strings *crack* the moment she rejected him; this he called his *crepation*, fancifully deriving his sensations from the Italian verb *crepare*, "to crack." Indeed he sometimes believed that Satan played upon this fanciful stringed instrument. In Ireland the Hon. Garret Wesley (or Wellesley), second Lord Mornington, and the Hon. Mr. Brownlow, afterwards Lord Lurgan, were famous harpsichordists. Three more famous players—ladies—must conclude our list. Lady Hamilton (Nelson's friend), who had a fine Shudi harpsichord at Naples, and was, besides, described by Mozart's father as a "most expressive clavier player." Mrs. Billington, who performed in public at six years of age, and of whose *legato* Salomon (who brought Haydn to England) said, "Sare, she *sings* wit her fingares!" Lastly, the Princess Czartoryski, consort of the Polish noble of that name. This lady—one of the most attractive women of her time—was born in 1743. She visited London in company with the Russian Ambassador. She was also admired by the Duc de Lauzun, the French Ambassador; accompanied by both, she quitted England for Belgium. There the two Ambassadors fell out and had a duel about her. So national was she, that she turned her palace into a hospital for the wounded, during the Polish Revolution of 1830; she died at an advanced age in 1834. Her portrait, including that of her favorite harpsichord, engraved during her visit to London in 1770, hangs yonder, adjoining that of Mrs. Billington. Sir Robert Stewart now dealt with the names of Tabel (a Flemish emigrant, who was the first to manufacture harpsichords, in England; he had learned the art from Rucker's successor), also mentioning his two workmen, Burkhardt Shudi (the founder of the great firm of Broadwood), and Kirkmann. The latter, who married Tabel's widow, seems to have secured the lady by a sort of *coup de main*, giving her but half an hour to decide whether she would have him or not, but swearing that married he had resolved to be that very morning. The lady consented, and by this union of two fond hearts, Kirkmann having secured not only the good-will of the house, but a stock of seasoned timber, and every requisite for harpsichord manufacture, soon rose to wealth. When guitars came into fashion to the detriment of the harpsichord trade, Kirkmann shrewdly averted ruin, and caused a revolution in taste by presenting all the milliner's apprentices and maids with guitars. He had them also taught to play. This degraded the guitar from its place among fashionable accomplishments, and restored the harpsichord to public favor. In the 17th and 18th centuries there was less attention paid to expression in music; such refinements as forte, piano, slurs, and doubly-dotted notes, rarely written down, were taught by the conductor at rehearsal. But as the 18th century advanced, and expression became more sought, men were no longer satisfied with the harpsichord. It has been often remarked that whenever social or political wants are experienced they are generally supplied in various places, and nearly at the same time,—"the hour" in short "produces the man." So it was with the pianoforte; within a few years of each other, in Italy, France, Germany, and England, were produced instruments closely resembling the pianoforte as we see it. The priority of date, however,

* Reported in the London *Musical Standard*.

belongs to the Italian inventor, Bartolomeo Christofali, who, in 1711, first struck the string with hammers, and called his invention by an Italian name. Marius, of Paris, produced his "Clavecin a Maillets" in 1716. Schroeter seems to have hit on his "Hammer Clavier" in the following year at Dresden. From the imperfect communication which then existed between various European countries, and from an examination of the evidence adduced, it is unlikely that any of these three talented men borrowed from the others. To Dr. Rimbault belongs the credit of fixing the date, and by him the evidence of the priority of the Italian invention is clearly established. So heedlessly, however, had this been treated that not unfrequently some one of the three names—Christofali, Marius, or Schroeter—had been altogether omitted by writers on the subject. In the pianoforte action it was necessary altogether to sever the connection between the key and the hammer after the blow has been given; this did not exist in the ordinary mechanism for ringing bells, nor in the organ, clavichord, or harpsichord; but it formed the great difficulty in the pianoforte mechanism. To remedy this had been also the object of the English inventor, Rev. William Mason, Canon Residentiary of York, a friend of the poet Gray, and also a poet, an essayist, and a most ingenious mechanic. Mason had invented the "celestinette," a little keyed-instrument, alluded to in the "Delany Correspondence," and passed with many persons as also inventor of the piano in England.

The musical illustrations of the lecturer included one of the pedal clavichord sonatas of Seb. Bach, composed for W. Friedemann Bach in 1723; also Schumann's study No. 1, in C major, for the pedal piano; these were played as trios for violoncello, harmonium, and piano, in the absence of a pedal instrument. A lady also played the allegro from Bach's "Concerto in the Italian Style," and the lecture was concluded by the members of the University Choral Society singing "Lord of all power," a little anthem composed by the Rev. W. Mason, above alluded to. There will be two more lectures delivered, dealing with the modern grand piano, and the various novelties introduced, from time to time, in keyed instruments.

[To be Continued.]

A Visit to Maitre Wartel—American Operatic Singers in Europe.

We reprint from the *Chicago Times* a portion of a Paris letter describing an interview with M. Wartel, the great singing master.

PARIS, May 7.—We drew up before the door of 39 Rue de la Chausse D'Antin. That is where Professor Wartel lives, and we were going to call on the old teacher and hear him give a lesson. I stepped up to the concierge, who is very polite, and he, divining my inquiry and seeing a roll of music, said, "Maitre Wartel? Yes, he's at home; third floor, first door to the right—entrance from the inner court." He smiled, and we walked toward the court. You see, any one that goes to 39 either wishes a lesson or a stylish dress made, and the old porter knows when the "folks look musical," and when they have an eye to the latest modes. Our appearance evidently said "Wartel" plainer than any French could have done, and following directions, we soon found ourselves pulling a dark bell-rope and awaiting entrance to the famous study-rooms of the more famous French singing teacher. The door opened, I felt a queer sensation creep over me, something as if I were about to be magnetized. Have you ever been to a fortune-teller's? Well, I suppose not; I haven't either, but I have heard all about such things and imagine one's feelings must be something very similar to those that steal over one when entering the room on the third floor of 39. A dark-haired maid answered our ring and told us that Professor Wartel would see us directly. I looked at her and again felt those queer sensations. She said, "Come this way," and we straggled by a table laden down with flowers and pretty nick-nacks into a narrow, dark and very long corridor, that took us past three large rooms into a little ante-chamber, or salon for visitors, where we sat down on an old-fashioned sofa, and awaited the coming of the "Master."

You see Miss Emma Abbott had invited us to hear her lesson, and the appointment being for 3 o'clock precisely, I looked up at the cuckoo's house, and saw that we were five minutes ahead of time. Two minutes passed; three, four, and we heard dainty footsteps in the corridor. As the door opened, and the cuckoo sang the first of its three notes for the hour, in tripped Patti's little protegée with a smile on her face, and a few bright words of welcome, prompt as usual to the minute.

"Emma," said I, looking at the clock, "this is what I call being on time; are you in the habit of making your entrée with that other bird?"

"Oh," she said, laughingly; "I usually manage to get here just the moment the pupil before me finishes her hour, as I never care to lose any time; but here comes Wartel, and I'll introduce you."

I looked up, and saw standing before me Nilsson's professor, P. Wartel, the man that holds his pupils as with an enchanter's power, and teaches them how in their turn to enchain and fascinate others. As he stands before me, a pen picture of him may not be uninteresting to you. He is very tall, with straight form and broad shoulders. The hair is tinged with gray, while the beard is quite white. The eyes are black, brilliant and shrewd, yet a kindly expression flashes from out their depths and lights up the old face with a transient glory that seems to tell something of that wondrous magnetic power that he exercises over each and every person who enters his apartment. The cheeks are sunken, and the complexion is pale and dark. The forehead is very broad and high, and his slight baldness near either temple makes it look still broader. His voice is low, and he speaks with a searching kind of undertone running through every note of it that makes one feel as if "the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," could ever be told him with impunity.

The moment I saw Emma move, I knew that she was ready to commence her work; so we left the little salon and went into the music-room where Professor James, the *accompagnateur*, was already seated at the piano. I am not going to tell you how Miss Abbott sang, as you all know that she sings beautifully, but I shall describe Wartel's method, his manner of teaching, and his rooms. The pupil stands beside the piano and he seats himself directly opposite, where he can watch every move, every gesture, hear every tone, and direct things in general. The pupil commences to sing, and Wartel begins to move his head in time with the music, humming with the scholar a bar here and there, sometimes in unison, sometimes in harmony, always in perfect accord. Sometimes at every other measure the student is interrupted with such expressions as "Softer, my child;" "More legato, my little cat;" "Louder, more expression," etc., etc. It must take no small amount of composure to be able to have one screaming at you every other moment, and yet keep steadily on singing, changing the tone and style according to the teacher's directions; but all of Wartel's scholars get used to this, and it is astonishing how they can obey the tones of his voice.

His great specialty is posing the voice. Tenor and soprano, bass and contralto sing after the one method, but, strange to say, his most successful scholars have been ladies. Somehow or other he knows how to train and pose the female voice to perfection, as all acknowledge that Wartel's pupils know how to sing in tune, and to execute honestly and smoothly the most difficult florid music. He evidently believes in the old saying, "slow but sure," as his scholars often study years before taking up an opera. He has great faith in the *vocalisés*, which are really songs without words, and are from the first interesting to the pupil. He uses the studies of H. Panofka as the first series; next those of M. Masset, and afterward, for the most advanced scholars, the *vocalisés* of Righini and Damereax, which are quite as difficult as any opera that could grace either the ancient or modern repertory. The pupils all study with him at a certain hour of each day, and at another hour they have a lesson with Professor James, who has been with Wartel eighteen years, and who teaches all of the operas and takes them through with the *vocalisés*. Wartel himself never hears them sing in opera, unless just before a pupil leaves she might wish to show the perfection of her voice and style to her dear professor. Then she chooses some aria, or scene, and the old man hears in the selected piece the great good his interminable scales and exercises have done toward forming the voice and preparing her for the more ambitious work of learning Verdi or Mozart. One day the scholar sings nothing but scales, and the next day nothing but the *vocalisés*. Two pupils have an hour together, and one sings ten minutes while the other rests, making the lesson of each one-half an hour in length; this is all they sing during that time, though of course the advice he gives to the other during the alternate ten minutes is the same as a lesson to one who cares to learn from observation. Besides, using the voice hard ten minutes at a time, half an hour is quite enough of exercises for the strongest throat. That is where Wartel is wise, and really his method is too hard on any voice to sing even that amount every day year in and year out, without taking away all of its freshness and beauty before it is what he calls "perfectly posed." However, if scholars study with sense, I do not think they could find a better person to train and "place" the voice (to express properly the meaning of the word "pose" as it is used in this sense.)

To quote the exact words of one of his most promising pupils, "he makes you hit the notes just like a hammer, and that is what poses the voice and makes the intonation perfect." Some voices are naturally posed, and for such as these Wartel's method could have in a very short time only the effect of hardening it,—a thing which is never agreeable, and which is only necessary for those who have a constant tremolo.

Wartel is a great teacher, let people say what they may; as evidence of his work he has given to the world some great singers, and one alone was sufficient to make his reputation as a teacher. This year, Miss Julia Gaylord, after only a few months' study, was engaged by Carl Rosa for English opera, and has had great success. She is an American girl, who will no doubt have a distinguished career as a prima donna, either in English or Italian opera. Her personal attractions are as rare as charming, while her voice is bell-like, and it already shows some careful cultivation. She is creating quite a furore in the British provinces, and also in the larger cities of Liverpool, Dublin and Glasgow. She has great dramatic ability, and we wish her every success.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 12, 1875.

Translations from Writers about Music.

"ART LIFE AND THEORIES OF RICHARD WAGNER,' selected from his Writings and Translated by EDWARD L. BURLINGAME, is the title of a handsome duodecimo of 300 pages, just from the press of Henry Holt & Co., New York. It forms one of their "Amateur Series," which has already given us the Diaries and Correspondence of Moscheles, and the Autobiography and Memoirs of H. F. Chorley. It is to be followed by a similar volume of translations from the Autobiography and Musical Grotesques of Hector Berlioz, by W. F. Apthorp.

In the book now before us, the American reader will find copious and truly representative selections from the nine octavo volumes of Wagner's collected writings, hitherto a sealed book to those not familiar with the German language. The selections are made with judgment, so as to afford a good idea of Wagner's literary faculty under various phases, as well as of Wagner as a man and what he means, what he is striving to accomplish. His ideals, his extravaganzas, his egotism, his sharp power of criticism and of satire, his sincere admiration of Beethoven, Weber, and other great masters, whom he seems so ambitious to supplant, speak for themselves, for the work of the translator is faithfully done.

First comes his short Autobiography, simply told, in a brief and pithy style, beginning: "My name is Wilhelm Richard Wagner, and I was born in Leipzig on the twenty-second day of May, 1813;" but it comes down only to the year 1842: a brief record of his subsequent life is supplied by the translator. Then follows a series of his earlier writings, fantastical, romantic, or satirical, which form the lighter and most readable portion of the book. The first is "The Love-Veto," the story of the first performance of a youthful attempt at opera, with a wild plot suggested by Shakspeare's "Measure for Measure." The cleverest of them all is "A Pilgrimage to Beethoven," told as if it were his own, though it is purely imaginary, and full of humorous description, particularly of the hated "Englishman," who haunted him on the way to Vienna, drawn thither by the same magnet, and who clung to his skirts until he finally gained admission to the inaccessible master. He draws Beethoven into conversation about Opera, and in the coolest way makes him discourse flat Wagnerism! In the next piece, "An End in

Paris," the young Beethoven enthusiast is no longer presented in the first person, but is traced to the melancholy end of unappreciated and crazed genius in the great city. "Der Freyschütz in Paris" is a most trenchant and amusing satire upon the manner in which Weber's romantic masterpiece was brought out at the Grand Opera, with full recitatives by Berlioz, to supply the place of the spoken dialogues of the original, thereby reducing the Arias to insignificant proportions.

Now comes harder reading. Wagner is allowed to present the ideal substance of his criticism on the existing Opera and his constructive theory of the Drama or Art-Work of the Future, in the comparatively short form of his letter to a French friend, used as a preface to a prose translation of some of his Libretti; he adopts the title given by his critics: "The Music of the Future." This is the essay of which we translated an able review by Ferdinand Hiller in this journal a year since. From that review our readers may have possessed themselves of the leading ideas set forth in Wagner's letter, but it will be better to read them here presented in full, in his own order, in sentences as clear no doubt as any close translation could well make them. It may be heavy reading, but it will repay; and it is asking a comparatively slight effort on the part of one who wishes to know the drift of the reformer's thought, to give him this to read instead of the much more bulky, formidable and less temperate "*Oper und Drama*." This is the *vade mecum* of the volume.—Shorter pieces follow, on "The Production of Tannhauser in Paris," "The Purpose of the Opera;" and "Musical Criticism." And the remainder of the selections relate to Wagner's "Niebelungen Trilogy" (or rather Tetralogy), and to the great performance thereof to come off next year at Bayreuth. These include first, an account of the "Legend of the Niebelungen," out of which the plot of the trilogy is woven,—about as mystical, bewildering, full of vast, vague shadowy beings, as any mythology we ever attempted to understand; it would seem to lack the *human* interest which is so essential to opera, and for which the Greek mythology and hero period afford a better field; but after Bayreuth, we shall better know. Then come descriptions of the Opera House at Bayreuth, with the circumstances leading to its inception, the formation of the Wagner Associations, and a history of the progress made in the erection of the edifice, with several drawings to illustrate its plan. The book is further enriched by a complete and careful catalogue of Wagner's published works, by Mr. W. F. Apthorp.—Surely the English reader will not now lack the means of understanding Wagner's ideas and aims, as he himself has set them forth in words. We too, in this Journal, for more than twenty years past, have not been inattentive to the new phenomenon, translating more or less from Wagner's writings, as well as from his glowing advocate, Liszt, besides reproducing the ablest critical abstracts, *pro and con*, that we could find, by leading musical authorities in Germany and England. Wagner literature is getting tolerably well circulated. This, followed up by "Tannhauser" and "Lohengrin," likewise by Thomas, has done the skirmishing; now for the musical new era to proceed from Bayreuth, now for the concrete veritable Art Work of the Future!

"Piano and Song: How to Teach, How to Learn, and How to Form a Judgment of Musical Performances," translated from the German of Friedrich Wieck. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Co.

This is a pithy, entertaining and instructive little book, long popular in Germany, in which the famous old teacher Wieck of Dresden, the father and teacher of Mme. Clara Schumann and of Marie Wieck, has given us his ideas about learning to play the piano and to sing, his criticisms upon false teachers, shallow egotistical virtuosos, the fashionable affectations and vanities of pupils flattered by fond parents, &c., &c., in a style often very quaint and homely, and amusingly satirical. In a series of papers, various in form, partly didactic, partly in dialogue, where he himself takes the name of Dominic and relates his experience at divers musical family parties, the book contains many sound ideas, both with regard to the technique of the two arts and to true taste and expression in performances, or the ideal interpretation of good compositions. Some of his ideas are peculiar. For instance, he would first have the young learner make himself at home on the keyboard and the right use of the fingers for several months, hence learning anything about the printed notes. He does not believe that artistic piano playing depends so by a very large amount of daily practice, but rather by a reasonable amount of practice well directed, taking things only in the right progressive order. He says: "I am constantly asked: 'How many hours a day do your daughters practise?' If the number of hours spent in practising gives the measure of the standing of a *virtuoso*, then my daughters are among the most insignificant." He warns pianists against any showy and unsuitable display. "Who should you wish to attract attention, and to create an effect by foppishness and all sorts of grimaces, or by curious and marvellous exhibitions of *virtuosoship*? You have only to play musically and beautifully, and to deport yourselves with modesty and propriety. . . We want no more public performances from every-the geniuses." The book is full of good sense of this sort, and its rules and criticisms should be weighed by every student. We have already made some extracts from the work, by no means the most important chapters, but fair specimens of its general style and spirit. The translation, from the new German edition is the work of a Boston lady (Miss Mary P. Nichols), and it is excellent in all respects.

A Park for Boston.—Corey's Hill.

Before the question of a Public Park had begun to be seriously agitated—namely in August, 1857,—our friend "The Diarist," (Beethoven's biographer, A. W. Thayer), suggested in this Journal the importance of obtaining that beautiful central hill in Brookline, as a place of public resort for the growing population of our city. At that time the filling up of the Back Bay was not begun; and our friend, if he should return now, would be surprised to see how much of his vision of the "noble arcadia" which he projected into the far future is already realized. Still we lack the park, and Corey's hill will soon be cut up into private lots, if prompt steps be not taken to redeem and save it for the public good. We think the advantages of such a spot, the inestimable worth of such an opportunity, could hardly be set forth more convincingly, than they were at that time by our friend.

Let us have Corey's Hill by all means, and our dear old Common too, without which Boston would be shorn of more than half its charm and glory. Even can better afford several more Great Fires than we can to lose *that*.—let us keep every inch of it as a sacred and inalienable possession of the people! And when we have the Hill then possibly, now that the restless "prohibition" school is laid, some enterprising music loving German, if not American, may obtain leave to erect a light hall with saloon and promenade among the cool trees on its slope, whither the tired prisoners of our hot streets in the summer evenings may resort for Garden Concerts, such as Theodore Thomas gives them every evening in New York. Nothing could more contribute to the refreshment and æsthetic culture of the people in the summer months, when Boston suffers from an utter dearth of all refined amusement. Moreover, with a view simply to the improvement of our musical means, such concerts would afford employment to an orchestra whose members could be kept together the year round, kept in constant practice of good music, and the effect would certainly be felt in the greater excellence of our Symphony orchestra in the winter.—

But let the "Diarist" state his case (see page 1, the subject is "up" as it was not then) and he will now be heard.

* * * * I have taken strangers lately to my favorite point of view, for the panorama of Boston and its environs. One gentleman from the South, as our carriage came upon the apex of Corey's hill, leaped from the vehicle. He was so struck with the richness and beauty of the scene, that for some moments he wished not to speak or be spoken to.

Then and there we discussed the matter and tried to form some estimate of the debt of gratitude which its needing generations would owe the Brookline millionaires, could they be induced to purchase those grounds and lay them out for a public park forever.

I looked forward in fancy to the time when all the surrounding country, far as the beautiful ranges of hills which limit the view, shall be filled with human habitations, and reflected upon the feelings which then would swell the breast of the stranger, who from this point should look down upon the wide spread city, and should be told that this spot, when all other heights around Boston had become private property, was bought by the wise and liberal and generous of 18—, and given to the use, recreation and delight of the poor man.

I fancied my stranger to be one who had seen much of the world, whose eye was open to beauty, whose heart could appreciate a noble deed. But let me interest you in the description, as Sterne says, or something like it.

It is about A. D. 1950. The Back Bay is filled up and noble, stately residences occupy its now battlements surface. From some point near the public garden, as we stand upon the observatory on Corey's hill, we can trace a broad avenue, lined with rows of trees, wider than "Unter den Linden," in Berlin, bordered with magnificent buildings elevated enough to enable the trains upon the railroads to pass beneath, and stretching directly out to that most beautiful of suburban towns, Brookline. From the outer end of this noble avenue winds a broad and beautiful street to the hill on which we stand. The hill is now planted with all the beautiful varieties of American forest trees, and sweet-scented and flowering shrubs. The oak in its several species, intermixed with beautiful clumps of pines, firs and hemlocks, that noble tree, hickories and chestnuts, maples and ashes, all in their places—all beautiful in themselves, all still more beautiful by contrast with each other—all are here; in this spot the fragrant sassafras, in that the sweet birch, there the laurus benzoin, and here again the sweet briar; a patch of the kalmia latifolia refreshes the eye on the one hand, rhododendron or azalea on the other.

It is now "toward the going down of the sun" and the fashionable world of Boston are driving out in long procession over the midland, winding up the side of Corey's, and after long looking at the glories below and around, pass down upon the other side, and beneath the shade of the glorious old elms which line the streets, they drive on to the grand avenue—the "Boulevard" of the city. This drive has become to Boston more than Hyde Park is to London. Down among the groves and shubbery of the hill sides a thousand poor mothers with their children are sitting, and drinking in the scene with emotions which they do not understand, but which on the Great Book are passed to the credit of him of whom it is written, "Blessed is he who considereth the poor and needy."

"I have during my stay in Boston," says the stranger, "visited your institutions of learning, your noble charities, and the magnificent cities of the dead" which the wisdom and the generosity of the last century established. But beyond and above them all, I must place that enlightened taste, that noblemindedness of disposition, which led to the purchase of this hill and its improvement for a park. A hundred years ago I can easily conceive Common yonder, and the broad acres below us, fields, as having been such let for the poorer people. But now, with this dense population, no suitable provision in the way of parks as a pleasure grounds, what could the people do with this spot? True, the enclosure is not very extensive, a patch compared with the public grounds of Boston. But then the views it affords are most perfect as to make up for the smallness of its extent. . . . I consider such a spot as this as one of the noblest of educational institutions. The people are taught refinement while come here; their souls are touched by the sentiment of beauty; they acquire new ideas of the grandeur of civil society, as they look down upon the vast human hive, and they learn to feel the importance of order, the necessity of obedience to the laws, and the value of social harmony. They see the rich pass by them in showy vehicles, but reflect that they share the pleasures of the rich and that from them their privilege of coming hither was obtained.

And now the sun is sinking behind the hills of Waltham, and lighting up Boston, and Cambridge, and Charlestown, with a fiery glow. Young and aged are sparkling with delight at the magnificent changes of color in earth, air and sky. A hush comes over the mixed throng; no noisy conversation is heard; the sense of beauty is diffused in all; the hum of busy life comes up from the cars with singular distinctness; the Good Genius is rising above dome and spire and house-top; and new crowds are wending their way homeward to take the places of those who now retire to their dwellings, perhaps in lanes and alleys, but who carry with them the sweet influence of beauty and grandeur. I hope the names of Perkins, and Lawrence, and Appleton and Peabody, but Mr. Diarist I reverence his memory still more, who in an age of money-making and school-house worship, looked with kindly eye upon the laborer and mechanic, and gave of his abundance, that the toiler's wife and child should forever have this magnificent spot for their recreation, and for the development in each souls of the sentiment of beauty."

Musical Correspondence.

Chicago, June 1. The last week in April brought us Theo. Thomas and his people, who gave four concerts to large audiences. The best things were Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony, Schubert's unfinished Symphony, the Bach Concerto for two violins, Brahms's Hungarian Dances, Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, a good deal of Wagner, the Bach Chaconne arranged for Orchestra by Raff, and large selections from Gluck's Orpheus, the latter with a chorus of a hundred and fifty or so. On the whole the orchestra has never played so well before, nor has Mr. Thomas ever done so well by us for programmes. Too pretty tough, rather, we do have to crack in the shape of about an hour and a half of Wagner after the Pastoral Symphony. Although I am an admirer of Wagner, I confess that something less of his at one sitting would have quite sufficed me. I am not sufficiently cultivated to enjoy it. This continually wrenching with discordances and appealing chords for the half hour together is a weariness to the mortal flesh.

The Gluck chorus was trained by Mr. Orlando Blackman, and very well trained too. This gentleman is an admirable drill-master and a rising man. I hear him spoken of in connection with the "Apollo Club," but I should think a little prematurely. Of the music of "Orpheus" I do not need to speak. It was well received.

The Apollo Club gave their closing concert of the season this week. They sang Abt's "Break of Morn," Frei's "How came Love," Wandler's "Come in the stilly night" and Mohring's "How I loved thee, native land." The club sing with very good expression and intonation. The other elements of the programme were "Hear ye Israel," from "Elijah" and the duet from "Creation," sung by Mrs. J. C. Wenham and Mr. Bergstein, which were not performances such as I like to criticize. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.* Mrs. L. H. Watson played on the piano a Nocturne of Chopin, a Volkslied of Mendelssohn, and Tausig's arrangement of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance." As this lady was a pupil of Tausig I heard her with great interest. She plays in a refined and elegant manner, but is not of the artistic build for success in concert. The Mrs. Rice of whom I spoke before, and who strangely enough has not been heard here in public this winter, is a far more brilliant performer. Nevertheless I should say that Mrs. Watson was a valuable addition to our stock of good players, whom alas! we are far from appreciating in proportion to their goodness in Art, and I hope she will do well. Nevertheless having lost Goldbeck to St Louis and not adequately recognizing some of the best of those we have left, I should say Chicago was not a very good field for pianists. Another feature of this concert (and the great popular success) was the singing of the "Quaker City Quartette" formerly with the Ritchings troupe. This was certainly excellent.

Mr. Wolfsohn's Schumann recitals closed last Saturday. The last three recitals were:

EIGHTH.

Toccata, Op. 7.
Bunte Blätter, Op. 99, Nos. 1, 2 and 3.
Songs: "Poet's Love," 15 nos
Mrs Stacey.
Fantasie Stücke, Op. 12, Bk 1.

NINTH.

Nachtstücke, Op. 25.
Bunte Blätter, Nos. 11 and 9.
Songs. Miss Haskell.
Fantasie Stücke, Op. 12, Bk 2.

TENTH.

Scherzo, Gigue and Romance, Op. 32.
Fantasie Stücke, Op. 111.
Songs. Miss White.
Kreisleriana, Op. 16.

The playing as usual was very uneven. The "toccata," for instance, and the second number of the Kreisleriana went extremely well. Many other things not so well. Nevertheless this series of recitals was a very memorable one, giving so perfect an outline of the Schumann pianoforte *cultus*. That many of us should here have first become acquainted with such works as the Sonata in F sharp, the Davidsbündler, the Etudes Symphoniques and the Kreisleriana is enough to mark any winter with a white stone. It is also pleasant to record that the attendance has been unusually encouraging, I should say an audience ranging from two to four hundred. On the whole therefore we can congratulate Mr. Wolfsohn with having done an excellent season's work for Art here, while he on his part has seen in his appreciative audience the best omen for its ultimate usefulness.

Mr. H. C. Eddy begins a series of organ recitals this week which will present works of the first order, and from what I know of his "play" I am sure in a manner to invite the closest scrutiny. As this gentleman is a poor hand at Auber overtures and *La Grand Duchesse*, he will confine himself to the bounds of the legitimate.

The Beethoven Society gave a private testimonial concert last week to Mr. Wm. Lewis, the violinist, and presented him with an elegant $500 violin—his own having been burned in our great fire (which perhaps you heard of before). A nice programme was played, embracing a Bargiel trio, etc. And this was certainly a nice thing to do, for Mr. Lewis is really an artist, and one of the stannchest advocates of good music we have in the city.

I observe that some party in New York has taken up cudgels in behalf of our fellow-townsman, Mr. Silas G. Pratt, the young composer. He speaks highly of Pratt's ambition, which is all very well. Now I for one have no disposition to cry a man down because he disgraces himself so far as to write Symphonies and Operas. On the contrary I bid him God-speed. And were Mr. Pratt's works offered us as a kind of first-fruits of a h rvest as yet far from ripe (indeed a part of it scarcely planted), it would certainly be unkind to speak of them as critics have. Competent parties who have examined the scores speak of them as "showing talent," "better than they expected," "really clever," etc. And so no doubt they are. But here we have Mr. Pratt ignoring the long apprenticeship at orchestration, the forming the ear to the effect of instruments in combination, such as were served by Haydn for sixty years before he finally wrote the Creation, and by Beethoven while he was assistant director of the theatre orchestra at Boon from his thirteenth to nineteenth years, and then again at Vienna until the year 1800 when at length his first symphony appeared. Beethoven's first symphony, although now it appears small beside the remaining eight, was preceded by such works as the pianoforte sonatas including the opus 14, the trios (strings) op. 3 and 9, the sonatas for piano and violin op. 12, the great septet op. 20, besides a large number of smaller things in various combinations of instruments by all of which Beethoven was getting ready to venture in the important experiment of symphony. Yet the result was so unsatisfactory that we find him producing a symphony only at long intervals until the fifth, which came in 1808, *after* the sonata appassionata (itself a symphony for pianoforte). At this point Beethoven seems to have developed such a richness of fancy as made the pianoforte forever afterwards somewhat distasteful to him, notwithstanding the wonderful results attained in op. 111. And it is only after this time that he wrote the remaining four symphonies, so heavenly beautiful.

Now here in the case of Pratt we have a young man, ambitious, to be sure, and studious. But his experience has not made him a master of instrumental effects or particularly choice in them. Besides which, and a more fatal lack, he has neither a specially rich fancy nor a very expert handling of his material, all of which disadvantages must be scored against the first symphony of the Pratt *cultus*. Now if he shall continue to study, and, as all other composers have done, write small things for various instruments in order to learn practically what is good and what is bad, he will perhaps in time produce art-works of permanent value, or at any rate have the satisfaction of having tried his best—which trial of his own powers will itself be his sufficient reward. I think the two or three careful writers who have spoken unfavorably to Mr. Pratt's effort feel about it as I do. If he is a Samson *in posse*, his hair seems to us not yet fully grown.

Besides this, I would say to Mr. Pratt and all other "unappreciated" and "unsympathized-with" individuals of the artistic persuasion, while appreciation and sympathy are very well, they are after all pretty thin rewards for an artist to hang his hopes upon. Schubert never heard his symphonies. Beethoven never heard the three last of his (as he was then quite deaf). To diligently order one's footsteps in the inner light of the spirit brings for itself an exceedingly great reward. If one hears the voice of God in the soul, one has no need of human applause in the outer ears. All of which is put on record for the satisfaction of my grand-children, who may like to know that their grand-pa was not one of the "cut-and-slash" critics who tried to snub the GREAT COMPOSER Pratt, born in Chicago in 1850 or thereabouts.

DER FREYSCHÜTZ.

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"O pensier del mio gioiro."
"Come then, happy days."
An uncommonly nice Italian duet with pretty, often recurring musical phrases, which give the composition a piquant and charming expression.

The Letter in the Candle. Song and Cho. 2. A to e. *Coote.* 30
"How the little spark is shining,
It points direct to me."
Founded on a pretty superstition, which is very neatly taken up in the verses. Easy and pretty melody.

Rose Aylmer. 3. E*b* to *g*. *Boott.* 30
"A night of memories and of sighs,
I consecrate to thee."
Pure and eloquent words to music of the same character.

Merry Day, sing the Merry Day. 4. F to *g*. *Offenbach.* 30
From "La Jolie Parfeumeuse," and has French and English words.

Old Brown's Daughter. 2. E*b* to e. *Hunt.* 30
"Old Brown's Daughter 's as fair as any pearl."
Very lively and funny.

Instrumental.

The Popular. ZULMA. 2. D. arr. by *Harvey D.* 30
The "Zulma" is a dance which has sprung at once to great favor: so much so that many calls in advance of publication were made for the piece. Take it while it's hot!

Bunker Hill Grand Centennial March. 3. F. *L. Mason.* 30
Appears in time for the great event, now close at hand.

Memory. (Ill. Title). Idyl. 4. E*b*. *Wilson.* 50
Equal to the best of Mr. W's pieces already published. Contains fewer arpeggios than most of the others, and a larger proportion of a full continuous melody.

Farewell. (Scheidegruss). 4 hands. 3. A*b*. *Lange.* 40
Still Wishes. (Stille Wünsche). 3. E*b*. " 40
These two belong to the set called "The Inseparables," which contains about 40 fine 4-hand pieces. They are very graceful, and, with other recently published productions of Lange, render it doubtful if he knows how to write a poor piece.

Voix du Coeur. 4. C. *Aubert.* 60
A "Romance" from the opera of "L'Eclair" and is a fine air beautifully arranged.

L'Ombre. (The Shadow). Potpourri. 3. *Maylath.* 1.00
"L'OMBRE," an opera by Flotow, appears to be like "Martha" a rich succession of pleasing melodies, simple and sweet enough to please everybody. 14 airs are included in the Potpourri.

Sailing in the Twilight. 4. A min. *Carreno.* 60
Commences with a simple, pensive air, quite suitable to the excursion and the hour, but soon merges into runs and successions of 3d's and 6ths, which require fingers with a good "double action," which renders the melody doubly sweet.

Celebrated Marches. *Maylath.*
No. 3. Chopin's Funeral March. Simplified. 4. G minor. 35
" 7. March from A-Flat Sonata. Beethoven. 3. G. 35
Simplified, with a strong flavor of the original.

Spring Leaves. Waltz. 3. E. *Marggraf.* 30
The delicate fancy which selects a taking title, is very apt to show itself in the music; and this waltz is very suggestive of "thoughts of Spring."

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked 1 to 7. The *keys* is marked with a capital letter; as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

SOME OF THE
BEAUTIES OF THE SEASON!
IN THE WAY OF POPULAR SONGS.

As publishers well know, it is almost impossible to prophecy the future of a song when it issues from the press. One can tell whether it is a good song; whether it "ought to go"; whether it has the elements of prosperity. Whether it *will go* can only be ascertained by trial. The following have been tried, are successes, and it is safe to purchase them.

Chiming Bells of Long Ago.

Song and Chorus. Fine Illustrated Title! Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by C. F. Shattuck. Price, 40 cents.

Like a Dream ye come to cheer me,
Round me echoed soft and low,
Still your Memories linger near me.
Chiming Bells of long ago.

Sweetly fell your silv'ry numbers,
Down the still and fragrant air,
Woke my soul from gentle slumbers,
Listening to your echoes fair.

Friends and hopes of happy childhood,
Blest me in their purest glow,
Softly rung o'er grove and wildwood,
Chiming Bells of long ago.

This is one of those rich, high-toned, beautiful songs that will not readily weary. The chorus is very pretty.

Dreaming, Still Dreaming!

Song by Mrs. Zelda Seguin. Composed by J. R. Thomas. Illustrated Title! Easy, sweet, smooth and classical melody! Price, 50 cents.

Dreaming, still dreaming of days that are past,
Flowers that have faded, too lovely to last,
Sweet is the vision that greets me again,
Cheering my sorrow, and soothing my pain.
Childhood's endearments and innocent smiles,
Passionate longings and love-lighted smiles.
Dreaming, still dreaming, while life glides away,
Visions of glory, bright, bright as the May.

Messrs. Cooper and Thomas were dreaming to some purpose when they thought out the new ballad. Mrs. Seguin has already given it fame, and the sale will doubtless continue to be large.

What Mollie Said!

Answer to

MOLLIE DARLING.

Song and Chorus. Elegant Illustrated Title. Words by Grace Carlton. Music by W. F. Wellman. Price 50 cents.

Smile upon your Mollie, darling,
Like the stars above, to-night,
Make the heart within my bosom
Throb again with sweet delight.

Mollie talks well, and her sweet chatter blends neatly with the music. Although an "answer" to another ballad, this one can very well stand alone, and may, perhaps excel the other in popularity.

Drifting into the Harbor,

or

I can see the Shining Shore.

Words by Rev. J. W. Carhart. Music by J. P. Webster. Song and Chorus. Price 35 cents.

I am drifting, drifting, mother,
From the earth so rocky here,
But I'm going home sweet mother,
Where is neither storm nor fear.
I am drifting from the darkness,
From the mist across the sea,
Where the day is brightly breaking
And the angels beckon me.

The words are founded on the words of a dying lady, and this is quite worthy of a place with the sacred pieces of a similar character that have attained such popularity.

SCATTER

Seeds of Kindness!

Sung by Phillip Phillips.

Words by Mr. Smith. Music by S. J. Vail. Price, 30 cents.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path.
Let us keep the wheat and roses
Casting out the thorns and chaff.
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from the way.

The beauty lies in the sentiment, which with a simple and attractive melody, and the powerful endorsement of Mr. Phillip Phillip's singing, is quite enough to cause the song to be in demand.

TWILIGHT IN THE PARK.

Illustrated Title. Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by W. H. Brockway. Price 40 cents.

Twilight in the Park!
Cupid lingers there,
No one near to mark!
Some one by your side,
Happy as a lark.
That's the time I love,
Twilight in the Park!

A jolly song for the boys. Will soon be sung and whistled everywhere.

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Key of C. 4th degree of difficulty. By *Engelbrecht.*

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Chant du Matin. 60

Author's edition, improved. Key of A. 4th degree of difficulty. By *Boscovitz.*

A beautiful "song of the morning" truly. Without attempting commonplace imitations of morning sounds, it brings one's mind very happily in unison with the "perfect occasion" of the sunrise hour. Very neat, chaste, and of delicate imagination throughout.

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A graceful title page, on which is depicted the rustic chapel, of simple architecture but well designed, and in no point offending the eyes. Being such it is a good type of the composition within, which is very simple in construction, original, very pleasing, graceful, and so easy as to afford enjoyment to the multitude who can "admire, not play" so many master pieces.

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Memory. (Ill. Title). Idyl. 4. Eb. *Wilson.* 50
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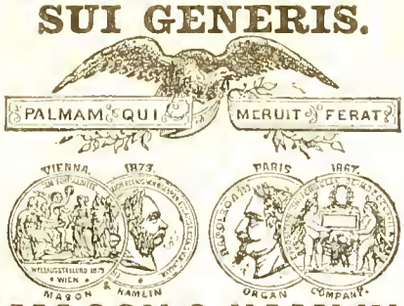

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PUBLISHED BY

OLIVER DITSON & CO., BOSTON.

CHAS. H. DITSON & CO. New York. LYON & HEALY, Chicago.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 892. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1875. VOL. XXXV. No. 6.

The Symphony

BY SIDNEY LANIER.

[From Lippincott's Magazine for June.]

"O Trade! O Trade! would thou wert dead!
The age needs heart—'tis tired of head.
We're all for love," the violins said.
"Of what avail the rigorous tale
Of coin for coin and box for bale?
Grant thee, O Trade! thine uttermost hope,
Level red gold with blue sky slope,
And base it deep as devils grope,
When all's done what hast thou won
Of the only sweet that's under the sun?
Ay, canst thou buy a single sigh
Of true love's least, least ecstasy?"

Then all the mightier strings, assembling,
Fell a-trembling, with a trembling
Bridegroom's heart beats quick resembling;
Ranged them on the violin's side
Like a bridegroom by his bride,
And, heart in voice, together cried:
"Yea, what avail the endless tale
Of gain by running and plus by sale?
Look up the land, look down the land—
The poor, the poor, the poor they stand
Wedged by the pressing of Trade's hand
Against an inward opening door
That pressure tightens ever more:
They sigh, with a monstrous foul air sigh,
For the outside heaven of liberty,
Where Art, sweet lark, translates the sky
Into a heavenly melody.
'Each day, all day' (these poor folks say),
'In the same old year-long, drear long way,
We weave in the mills and heave in the kilns,
We sieve mine-meshes under the hills,
And thieve much gold from the Devil's bank tills,
To relieve, O God, what manner of ills?—
Such manner of ills as brute flesh thrills.
The beasts, they hunger, eat, sleep, die,
And so do we, and our world's a sty;
And, fellow-swine, why nuzzle and cry?
Swinehood hath never a remedy:
The rich man says, and passes by,
And clamps his nostril and shuts his eye.
Did God say once in God's sweet tone,
Man shall not live by bread alone,
But by all that cometh from His white throne?
Yea: God said so,
But the mills say No,
And the kilns and the strong bank tills say *No:*
There's plenty that can, if you can't. Go to:
Move out, if you think you're underpaid.
The poor are prolific; we're not afraid:
Business is business; a trade is a trade:
Over and over the mills have said.

And then these passionate hot protestings
Changed to less vehement moods, until
They sank to sad suggestings
And requestings sadder still:
"And oh, if the world might some time see
'Tis not a law of necessity
That a trade just nought but a trade must be!
Does business mean, *Die, you—live, I:*
Then 'business is business' phrases a lie:
'Tis only war grown miserly.
If Traffic is battle, name it so,
War-crimes less will shame it so,
And we victims less will blame it so.
But oh, for the poor to have some part
In the sweeter half of life called Art,
Is not a problem of head, but of heart.
Vainly might Plato's head revolve it:
Plainly the heart of a child could solve it."

And then, as when our words seem all too rude
We cease from speech, to take our thought and brood
Back in our heart's great dark and solitude,
So sank the strings to heartwise throbbing
Of long chords change-marked with sobbing—
Motherly sobbing, not distinctlier heard
Than half wing-openings of the sleeping bird,
Some dream of danger to her young hath stirred.
Then stirring and demurring ceased, and lo!
Every least ripple of the strings' song-flow
Died to a level with each level bow,
And made a great chord tranquil-surfaced so
As a brook beneath his curving bank doth go
To linger in the sacred dark and green
Where many boughs the still pool overlean,
And many leaves make shadow with their sheen.
But presently
A velvet flute note fell down pleasantly
Upon the bosom of that harmony,
And sailed and sailed incessantly,
As if a petal from a wild rose blown
Had fluttered down upon that pool of tone,
And boatwise dropped o' the convex side
And floated down the glassy tide,
And clarified and glorified
The solemn spaces where the shadows bide,
From the velvet convex of that fluted note
Somewhat half song, half odor, forth did float—
As if God turned a rose into a throat—
"When Nature from her far off glen
Flutes her soft messages to men,
The flute can say them o'er again:
Yea, Nature, singing sweet and lone,
Breathes through life's strident polyphone
The flute voice in the world of tone.
Sweet friends
Man's love ascends
To finer and diviner ends
Than man's mere thought e'er comprehends.
For I, e'en I,
As here I lie,
A petal on a harmony,
Demand of Science whence and why
Man's tender pain, man's inward cry,
When he doth gaze on earth and sky?
Behold, I grow more bold:
I hold!
Full powers from Nature manifold.
I speak for each nodding bell tree,
That, spring by spring, doth nobler be,
And dumbly and most wistfully
His mighty prayerful arms outspreads
Above men's oft unheeding heads,
And his big blessing downward sheds.

I speak for all shaped blooms and leaves,
Lichens on stones and moss on eaves,
Grasses and grains in ranks and sheaves;
Broad fronded ferns and keen bladed canes,
And briery mazes bounding lanes,
And marsh plants, thirsty cupped for rains,
And milky stems and sugary veins;
For every long-armed woman vine
That round a piteous tree doth twine;
For passionate odors, and divine
Pistils, and petals crystalline;
All purities of shady springs,
All shynesses of film-winged things
That fly from tree-trunks and bark rings;
All modesties of mountain fawns
That leap to covert from wild lawns,
And tremble if the day but dawns;
All sparklings of small beady eyes
Of birds, and sidelong glances wise
Wherewith the jay hints tragedies;
All piquancies of prickly burs,
And smoothnesses of downs and furs,
Of ciders and of minevers;
All limpid honeys that do lie
At stamen-bases, nor deny
The humming-birds' fine roguery,
Bee-thighs, nor any butterfly;
All gracious curves of slender wings,
Bark-mottlings, fibre-spiralings,
Fern-wavings and leaf flickerings;
Each dial-marked leaf and flower-bell
Wherewithin every lonesome dell
Time to himself his hours doth tell;
All tree sounds, rustlings of pine cones,
Wind-sighings, doves' lonesome moans,
And night's unearthly undertones;
All placid lakes and wavelets deep,
All cool reposing mountain-steeps,
Vale-calms and tranquil lotos-sleeps,—
Yea, all fair forms, and sounds, and lights,
And warmths, and mysteries, and nights,
Of Nature's utmost depths and heights,—
—These doth my timid tongue present,
Their mouthpiece and leal instrument
And servant, all love eloquent.
I heard, when 'All for love,' the violins cried:
Nature through me doth take their human side.
That soul is like a groom without a bride
That ne'er by Nature in great love hath sighed.
Much time is run, and man hath changed his ways,
Since Nature, in the antique fable days,
Was hid from man's true love by proxy fays,
False fauns and rascal gods that stole her praise.
The nymphs, cold creatures of man's colder brain,
Chilled Nature's streams till man's warm heart was fain
Never to have its love in them again.
Later, a sweet Voice *Love thy neighbor* said;
Then first the bounds of neighborhood outspread
Beyond all confines of old ethnic dread.
Vainly the dew might wag his covenant head:
'*All men are neighbors*,' so the sweet Voice said.
So, when man's arms had measure as man's race,
The liberal compass of his warm embrace
Stretched bigger yet in the dark bounds of space;
With hands a grope he felt smooth Nature's grace,
Drew her to breast and kissed her sweetheart face;
His heart found neighbors in great hills and trees
And streams and clouds and suns and birds and bees,
And throbbed with neighbor loves in loving these.
But oh, the poor! the poor! the poor!
That stand by the inward-opening door
Trade's hand doth tighten ever more,
And sigh with a monstrous foul air sigh
For the outside heaven of liberty,
Where Nature spreads her wild blue sky
For Art to make into melody!
Thou Trade! thou king of the modern days;
Change thy ways,
Change thy ways;
Let the sweaty laborers file
A little while,
A little while,
Where Art and Nature sing and smile.
Trade! is thy heart all dead, all dead?
And hast thou nothing but a head?
I'm all for heart," the flute-voice said,
And into sudden silence fled,
Like as a blush that while 'tis red
Dies to a still, still white instead.

Thereto a thrilling calm succeeds,
Till presently the silence breeds
A little breeze among the reeds
That seems to blow by sea march weeds;
Then from the gentle air and fret
Sings out the melting clarionet,
Like as a lady sings while yet
Her eyes with salty tears are wet.
"O Trade! O Trade!" the lady said,
"I too will wish thee utterly dead
If all thy heart is in thy head.
For O my God! and O my God!
What shameful ways have women trod
At beckoning of Trade's golden rod!
Alas, when sighs are traders' lies,
And heart's ease eyes and violet eyes
Are merchandise!
O purchased lips that kiss with pain!
O cheeks coin-spotted with smirch and stain!
O trafficked hearts that break in twain!
—And yet what wonder at my sisters' crime?
So hath Trade withered up Love's sinewy prime,
Men love not women as in olden time.
Ah, not in these cold merchantable days
Deem men their life an opal gray, where plays
The one red sweet of gracious ladies' praise.
Now comes a suitor with sharp prying eye—
Says, *How, you lady, if you'll sell, I'll buy:*
Come, let us set for heart—a trade? What? *wooing?*
why?
Shame on such wooers' dapper mercery!
I would my lover kneeling at my feet
In humble manliness should cry, *O sweet!*
I know not if thy heart my heart will meet:
I ask not if thy love my love can greet:
Whatever thy worshipful soft tongue shall say,

I'll kiss thine answer, be it yea or nay:
I do but know I love thee, and I pray
To be thy knight until my dying day.
Woe him that cunning trades in hearts contrives!
Base love good women to base loving drives.
If men loved larger, larger were our lives;
And wooed they nobler, won they nobler wives."

There thrust the bold straightforward horn
To battle for that lady born;
With heartsome voice of mellow scorn,
Like any knight in knighthood's morn.
"Now, comfort thee," said he,
"Fair Ladye,
Soon shall God right thy grievous wrong,
Soon shall man sing thee a true-love song,
Voiced in act his whole life long,
Yea, all thy sweet life long,
Fair Ladye.
Where's he that craftily hath said
The day of chivalry is dead?
I'll prove that lie upon his head,
Or I will die instead,
Fair Ladye.
Is Honor gone into his grave?
Hath Faith become a caitiff knave,
And Selfhood turned into a slave
To work in Mammon's cave,
Fair Ladye?
Will Truth's long blade ne'er gleam again?
Hath Giant Trade in dungeons slain
All great contempts of mean got gain
And hates of inward stain,
Fair Ladye?
For aye shall Name and Fame be sold,
And Place be hugged for the sake of gold,
And smirch-robed Justice feebly scold
At Crime all money-bold,
Fair Ladye?
Shall self-wrapt husbands aye forgot
Kiss-pardons for the daily fret
Wherewith sweet wifely eyes are wet—
Blind to lips kiss-wise set,
Fair Ladye?
Shall lovers higgle, heart for heart,
Till wooing grows a trading mart
Where much for little, and all for part,
Make love a cheapening art,
Fair Ladye?
Shall woman scorch for a single sin
That her betrayer can revel in,
And she be burnt, and he but grin
When that the flames begin,
Fair Ladye?
Shall ne'er prevail the woman's plea:
We maids would fair, fair whiter be
If that our eyes sometimes might see
Men maids in purity,
Fair Ladye?
Shall Trade aye salve his conscience aches
With jibes at Chivalry's old mistakes,
The wars that o'er hot knighthood makes
For Christ's and ladies' sakes,
Fair Ladye?
Now by each knight that e'er hath prayed
To fight like a man and love like a maid,
Since Pembroke's life, as Pembroke's blade,
I' the scabbard, death, was laid,
Fair Ladye,
I dare avouch my faith is bright
That God doth right and God hath might,
Nor time hath changed His hair to white,
Nor His dear love to spite,
Fair Ladye.
I doubt no doubts: I strive, and shrive my clay,
And fight my fight in the patient modern way,
For true love and for thee—ah me! and pray
To be thy knight until my dying day,
Fair Ladye:—"
Said that knightly horn, and spurred away
Into the thick of the melodious fray.

And then the hautboy played and smiled,
And sang like a little large-eyed child,
Cool-hearted and all undefiled.
"Huge Trade!" he said,
"Would thou wouldst lift me up on thy head,
And run where'er my finger led!
Once said a Man—and wise was He—
Never shalt thou the heavens see,
Save as a little child thou be."

Then o'er sea-lashings of commingling tunes
The ancient wise Lassoons,
Like weird
Gray-beard
Old harpers sitting on the wild sea dunes,
Chanted runes:

"Bright waved gain, gray-waved loss,
The sea of all doth lash and toss,
One wave forward and one across,
But now 'was trough, now 'tis crest,
And worst doth foam and flash to best,
And curst to blest.

"Life! Life! thou sea-fugue, writ from east to west,
Love, Love alone can pore
On thy dissolving score
Of wild half-phrasings,
Blotted ere writ,
And double erasings
Of tunes full fit.
Yea, Love, sole music-master blest,
May read thy weltering palimpsest,
To follow Time's dying melodies through,
And never to lose the old in the new,
And ever to solve the discords true—
Love alone can do.
And ever Love hears the poor-folks' crying,
And ever Love hears the women's sighing,
And ever sweet knighthood's death-defying,
And ever wise childhood's deep implying,
And never a trader's glozing and lying.

"And yet shall Love himself be heard,
Though long deferred, though long deferred;
O'er the modern waste a dove hath whirred:
Music is Love in search of a Word."

Mozart.

FROM A PHYSICAL AND A MORAL POINT OF VIEW.*

We are acquainted with six authentic portraits of Mozart, which represent him after he had attained the age of manhood. The first, painted by Della Croce, forms part of the family picture, now in the Mozarteum, Salzburg; a lithograph of the second is to be found in Nissen's book; the third by Lange, Mozart's brother-in-law, was never finished. The fourth is by Doris Stock, sister-in-law of Körner, the poet; two other likenesses, in our opinion, more characteristic than any of the others, are a medallion carved by Posch, in which the head is taken in profile, and a picture printed by Tischbein, in London, in October 1790; the last in date is probably the best. At any rate, Posch's medallion and Tischbein's picture mutually supplement each other, and enable us to reconstruct the composer's physiognomy, such as we find it in the testimony of his contemporaries. At first sight, it possesses nothing to impress the spectator; nothing to reveal the man of genius. The lines are correct, but somewhat effeminate; the nose alone, abnormally prominent, breaks their monotony. The curve of the eyebrows is elegant and graceful. The eyes large and fine, but the look, uncertain and absent. Mozart, short and thin, had that pale tint which, in an artist, or a writer, frequently betrays the fatigue of midnight efforts and the tempests of thought. His limbs were well shaped and harmoniously proportioned; his head, however, broad and big, was not in keeping with his slender and delicate figure. He was rather vain of the small size of his foot, and of his plump little hands.

He was lively and restless, continually striking chords and executing scales upon an imaginary instrument; but his fingers, so marvellously skilful on the harpsichord, were singularly ill-suited for anything else. At table, for instance, he could not cut up his food without the risk of wounding himself, and it was absolutely necessary for his wife to wait upon him as though upon a child. He was exceedingly particular about his person, and fond of dressing with great care, and displaying the jewels due to the liberality of Princes. His father used to laugh at him for his coquetry in this respect, and Clementi, who did not know him, when they met for the first time at the Imperial Court, took him for the major-domo of the palace, so elegantly was he attired. His imagination never rested. For this reason he preferred bodily exercises which do not require the assistance of the intelligence, and which do not interrupt the train of ideas. He was fond of riding on horseback, and of a morning took long equestrian excursions, which his absence of mind rendered dangerous, if his steed was shy or badly trained. At Prague, while writing his *Don Giovanni*, he was fond of playing at skittles in his friend Dussek's garden. Seated at a rustic table, he rose when his turn came round, flung the ball, not unskilfully, and sat down again to his work, following the game with one eye, and keeping the other fixed on his music.

He had, however, a marked predilection for billiards, and was a first-rate player. There was a table in his own lodgings, and, in the absence of an opponent, he used to practise on it alone. Hummel, who was a pupil of his, tells us how he would sometimes interrupt the lesson he had begun giving to propose a game. It was an excellent expedient for him, when suddenly attacked by a musical idea. The game enabled him to give the reins to his imagination and to elaborate motives. We all know that is was in this manner he composed the delicious quintet in *Die Zauberflöte*.

He was passionately fond of dancing, which he studied very successfully. He is said to have executed the minuet in an incomparable style. He boasted, moreover, of being a pupil of Vestris, and asserted most gravely that he was a better dancer than composer; hence he never lost an opportunity of exhibiting his talent. He was an enthusiastic frequenter of balls, and always reserved for himself an important part, preferring that of Arlequin in preference to any other, in the ballets performed at parties in Vienna; he frequently traced out the plot and composed the music for them.

These, it must be allowed, were very innocent amusements, and Mozart had no others. If we examine his generous nature—if we dive into his simple and honest soul—and no one ever lived more openly than he—we shall not find a vice or a serious defect to tarnish its purity. The public has a strange mania for identifying great men with their heroes; it never imagines that the life of a poet, or that of a composer is dualistic. While the artist soars into the lofty regions of fancy, the man is often struggling in the mire of existence. It is, perhaps, because he composed *Don Giovanni*, that people have attributed to Mozart the tastes and adventures of the chief character in the opera. Nothing could be more opposed to the facts, just as it is false that he sometimes left his senses at the bottom of the bottle. He liked wine, and entertained a certain tenderness for a glass of punch; the latter was indisputably a salutary cordial, which supported him in his heavy labors and refreshed his ideas.

At Vienna he resided for a long time close to a friend, the Councillor Martin Lorbl, from whom he was separated only by a thin partition. This honest German, a great lover of wine, possessed a fine cellar, and was fond of doing the honors of it with a liberality not free from vanity. The instant he heard Mozart's harpsichord, he went down into his cellar, selected one of the oldest bottles there, and, coming up again, silently passed it upon his neighbor's table. Grateful for this mark of attention, Mozart would express his thanks by a nod, pour out a little Tokay, and then resume his work, without troubling himself any more about the precious liquor, which was escaping in vapor from its crystal prison. During his journey to Paris, under the care of his mother, the latter wrote to her husband: "Do not feel anxious about any excesses at table; you know as well as I do that Wolfgang can restrain himself." Indeed, Mozart says in his own letter: "At my meals I drink nothing but water, and only take a glass of wine with the fruit, to combat its crudity."

These are decidedly not the habits of an intemperate person, and his contemptuous words when blaming, on more than one occasion, the inebriety of his comrades, would alone have sufficed to make us suspect so stupid and perfidious an accusation.

Shall we now speak of the qualities of his heart? Never was there a more respectful son,

*Translated from *Le Menestrel*, May 1874, for the *London Musical World*.

while his affection for his sister was not less ardent and constant. He never failed to claim his share in her sorrows, little and great, and, even when the burden of life weighed heaviest on his own shoulders, he offered to receive Marianne in his own house, till her betrothed was in a position to marry her as he desired.

He was no less devoted to his friends and comrades, and, more than once, was the victim of his own generosity. Anton Stradler, the clarinettist, for whom Mozart wrote his admirable quintet, was not ashamed to take unfair advantage of that generosity. One day, knowing that Mozart had received 50 ducats from the Emperor, Stradler, with tears in his eyes, came and begged the composer to lend him that sum. Mozart, hard pressed himself, could not do without it, but, not liking to refuse, lent Stradler two large repeaters, on which a pawnbroker advanced the cash. At the expiration of the time for which the watches were pledged, Stradler was, of course, unprepared, and Mozart was obliged to find the 50 ducats himself. Unfortunately, he was imprudent enough to entrust the money to his debtor, who unscrupulously put it in his pocket, and left his too confiding friend to get out of the dilemma in the best way he could.

Lessons like this did not render him more circumspect. He could not resist the impulses of his heart, and frequently endured privation himself that he might give to others who were not so badly off. He was naturally generous. One day at Leipsic, where he had given a concert, he remembered, just as he was about starting, that he had not paid his tuner.

"How much do I owe you?" he asked.

"May it please your Imperial Majesty," replied the old man, overwhelmed with confusion by the presence of the Chapelmaster of his Majesty the Emperor. "I do not know—I have come very often—I should be satisfied with a thaler——"

"A thaler!" exclaimed Mozart, "No, No! it shall never be said that an honest fellow like you put yourself out of the way for such a trifle as that," and with these words he handed him two ducats.

Mozart was not liberal with his money only, but with his genius as well. As regards the latter, he always gave without counting, and was never tired of pouring forth the treasures of his imagination to accommodate singers, or satisfy their caprices. VICTOR WILDER.

A Pilgrimage to Beethoven.*

O Want and Misery, protecting deities of the German musician (unless indeed he happens to be the Capellmeister of a court theatre)—Want and Misery—you shall have the first and the most honorable mention at the very beginning of even this reminiscence of my life! Let me sing your praises, steadfast companions of mine! You have kept faith with me and never left me! You have kept from me with your sturdy hands all happy changes of fate, and sheltered me from the oppressive sunbeams of fortune! You have ever cast a black shadow over the vain goods of this world; receive my thanks for your most unwearying devotion! Yet, if you can so arrange it, I beseech you to seek out by and by some other protégé, for I would fain see, from very curiosity, how I could perhaps get on without you. At the least I beg you to descend with special force on those political dreamers of ours—those madmen who seek to unite Germany under one sceptre:—for then there would be but one court theatre, but one single Capellmeister! What would become of my prospects then! Of my only hopes, that even now seem dim and dreary to me,—even now, when there are still many German court theatres? But—I see that I am growing wickedly audacious; pardon, O goddesses, the rash wish that I have uttered! You know my heart, and know how I am devoted to you, and how I would remain your devotee though there should be in Germany a thousand court theatres. Amen.

Before this daily prayer of mine I begin nothing—not even the story of my Pilgrimage to Beethoven.

In case this important document should be published after my death, I believe it necessary to explain who I am, for without such an explanation much that is contained herein might be utterly unintelligible. Listen then, all the world, and you, ye executors of testaments.

My native town is a commonplace city of central Germany. I hardly know for what I was originally intended; I only remember that I heard one evening a symphony of Beethoven; that I thereupon fell ill of a fever; and that when I recovered I was—a musician. Perhaps it may be the result of this circumstance that even after I had become acquainted with much other nobler music I still loved, honored, and idolized Beethoven more than all. I knew no greater pleasure than to bury myself in the depths of this great genius, until at length I imagined myself a part of it; and began to honor myself as this little part,—to gain higher conceptions and views; in brief, to become that which the wise are wont to call—a fool. But my madness was of an amiable sort, and injured no one; the bread that I ate while I was in this condition was very dry, the drink that I drank was very thin; for giving lessons is not a very profitable business with us, O honored world and executors!

So I lived for awhile in my garret, until it suddenly occurred to me that the man whose creations I most honored—was still alive! I did not comprehend why I had not thought of this before. It had not for a moment suggested itself to me that Beethoven still existed; that he could eat bread and breathe the air like one of us; yet this Beethoven still lived in Vienna, and was also a poor German musician!

And now my peace of mind was over. All my thoughts tended toward one wish, *to see Beethoven!* No Mussulman ever longed more faithfully to make his pilgrimage to the grave of the prophet, than I to to the room in which Beethoven lived.

But how should I bring about the execution of my purpose? It was a long journey to Vienna, and I should need money to make it; I, an unfortunate, who hardly made enough to keep life in his body! I must devise some extraordinary means to gain the necessary sum. I carried to a publisher a few piano sonatas that I had composed after the model of the master, and speedily convinced the man that I was a lunatic. Nevertheless he was good enough to advise me, that if I wanted to earn a few thalers by my compositions I had better set to work to gain a small reputation by galops and potpourris. I shuddered; but my longing to see Beethoven won the day; I composed the galops and potpourris, but I could not bring myself to cast a glance at Beethoven during this period—for I feared to alienate him utterly.

To my grief, however, I was not even paid for this first sacrifice of my purity; for the publisher explained to me that the first thing to be done was to make myself something of a name. I shuddered again, and fell into despair. But this state of mind nevertheless produced several excellent galops. I really received some money for these, and at last believed I had enough to carry out my project. Two years had passed, however, and I had lived in perpetual fear that Beethoven might die before I had earned a reputation by galops and potpourris. But, thank God, he has outlived the brilliancy of my renown! Glorious Beethoven, forgive me this reputation! It was made solely that I might behold thee!

Ah, what bliss! my goal was reached. Who was happier than I? I could pack my bundle, and take up my journey to Beethoven! A holy awe oppressed me as I passed out at the gate and turned me toward the south. I would gladly have taken a place in the diligence—not because I cared for the hardship of pedestrianism—for what fatigues would I not go through for such an object?—but because I could reach Beethoven the sooner so. But I had done too little for my reputation as a composer of galops to have secured money enough to pay my fare. I bore all difficulties, and deemed myself happy that I had progressed so far that these could lead me to my goal. What emotions I felt—what dreams! No lover could be happier who, after a long parting turned back toward the love of his youth.

So I came into beautiful Bohemia, the land of harpers and roadside singers. In a little town I came upon a company of travelling musicians; they formed a little orchestra, made up of a bass viol, two violins, two horns, a clarinet, and a flute, and there were two women who played the harp, and two female singers with sweet voices. They played dances and sang ballads; money was given to them, and they went on. I met them again in a shady place by the roadside; they were encamped there, and were dining. I joined them, said that I, too, was a wandering musician, and we were soon friends. As they played their dances, I asked them timidly if they could play my galops. The blessed people! they did not know them. Ah, what a happiness that was for me!

I asked them if they did not play other music besides dances. "Most certainly," they said; "but only for ourselves, and not for the fastidious people." They unpacked their music. I caught sight of Beethoven's great Septuor; in amazement I asked them if they played *that*, too? "Why not?" replied the eldest. "Joseph has a lame hand and cannot play the second violin just now;—otherwise we would enjoy playing it for you."

Beside myself, I forthwith seized Joseph's violin, promised to supply his place as far as I could;—and we began the Septuor.

Ah, what a delight it was! Here, beside the Bohemian highway, under the open sky, the Septuor of Beethoven was performed with a clearness, a precision, and a deep expression, such as one seldom finds among the most masterly of virtuosos! O great Beethoven, we brought to thee a worthy sacrifice!

We were just at the finale, when—for the road passed up a steep hill just here—an elegant travelling-carriage drew near us, slowly and noiselessly, and at last stopped beside us. An amazingly tall and wonderfully fair young man lay stretched out in the vehicle; he listened with considerable attention to our music, took out his pocket book, and wrote a few words in it. Then he let fall a gold piece from the carriage, and drove on, speaking a few words of English to his servant—from which I discovered that he must be an Englishman.

This occurrence threw us into a discord; luckily we had finished the performance of the Septuor. I embraced my friends, and would have accompanied them; but they explained that they must leave the highway here and strike into a path across the fields to reach their home. If Beethoven himself had not been waiting for me, I would have gone thither with them. As it was, we separated with no little emotion, and parted. Later it occurred to me that no one had picked up the Englishman's gold-piece.

In the next inn, which I entered to refresh myself, I found the Englishman seated at an excellent repast. He looked at me for a long while, and at last addressed me in passible German.

"Where are your companions?" he asked.

"They have gone home," said I.

"Take your violin," he continued, "and play something. Here is some money."

I was offended at this, and explained that I did not play for money; further, that I had no violin; and I briefly related to him how I had met the musicians.

"They were good musicians," said the Englishman, "and the Beethoven symphony was also good."

* From *Art Life and Theories of* RICHARD WAGNER. Translated by E. L. Burlingame.

This observation struck me; I asked whether he himself was musical.

"Yes," he answered; "I play the flute twice a week; on Thursday I play the French horn; and on Sundays I compose."

That was certainly a good deal; I stood amazed. I had never in my life heard of travelling English musicians. I decided, therefore, that they must be in a most excellent position if they could make their wanderings with such fine equipages. I asked if he was a musician by profession.

For some time I received no reply; at last he answered slowly that he was very wealthy.

My error was plain; I had certainly offended him by my inquiry. Somewhat confused I remained silent, and went on with my simple meal.

The Englishman, who again took a long look at me, began again. "Do you know Beethoven?" he asked.

I replied that I had never been in Vienna, but I was at this moment on the way thither to satisfy the keen longing that I felt to see the idolized master.

"Where do you come from?" he asked. "From L——? That is not far. I come from England, and also desire to know Beethoven. We will both make his acquaintance; he is a very celebrated composer."

What an extraordinary meeting! I thought. Great master, what different people you attract! On foot and in carriages they make their pilgrimages to you! My Englishman interested me greatly, but I confess that I envied him very little on account of his fine carriage. It seemed to me that my difficult pilgrimage was more holy and loyal, and that its goal must give me more pleasure than him who went in pride and splendor.

The postilion blew his horn; the Englishman drove on, calling to me that he would see Beethoven sooner than I.

I had gone but a few miles further when I unexpectedly came upon him again. This time it was on the road. One of the wheels of his carriage had broken; but he still sat within in majestic calm, his servant behind him, in spite of the fact that the wagon hung far over to one side. I discovered that they were waiting for the postilion, who had gone on to a village a considerable distance in advance to bring a wheelwright. They had waited a long while; and as the servant only spoke English, I determined to go forward myself to the village to hurry the postilion and the wheelwright back. I found the former in a tavern, where he was sitting over his brandy, not troubling himself especially about the Englishman; but I nevertheless succeeded in speedily taking him back with the mechanic to the broken carriage. The damage was soon repaired; the Englishman promised to announce me at Beethoven's, and drove away.

What was my amazement to overtake him the next day again. This time he had not broken a wheel, but had halted calmly in the middle of the road, and was reading a book; and he appeared quite pleased as he saw me again approaching.

"I have waited some hours," said he, "because it occurred to me just here that I had done wrong not to invite you to drive with me to Beethoven's. Driving is far better than walking. Come into the carriage."

I was amazed. For a moment I hesitated whether I should not accept his offer; but I remembered the vow that I had made the day before when I saw the Englishman drive away;—I had vowed that no matter what might happen I would make my pilgrimage on foot. I declared this to be my resolution, and now it was the Englishman's turn to be astonished. He repeated his offer, and that he had waited hours for me, in spite of the fact that he had had his wheel thoroughly repaired at the place where he had passed the night, and had been much delayed thereby. I remained firm, however, and he drove away.

To tell the truth I had a secret prejudice against him, for a peculiar feeling forced itself upon me that this Englishman would some time or other bring me into great embarrassment. Besides, his admiration of Beethoven and his intention to make his acquaintance impressed me as rather the impertinent mood of a rich aristocrat than as the deep and earnest yearning of an enthusiastic soul. For these reasons I felt an inclination to avoid him, that I might not debase my own pious longing by his companionship.

But as though my fate were trying to reveal to me into what a dangerous connection with this man I should some day come, I met him again on the evening of the same day, stopped before an inn and apparently waiting for me a second time—for he sat backwards in his carriage and looked back along the road in my direction.

"Sir," said he, "I have again been waiting some hours for you. Will you ride with me to see Beethoven?"

This time my surprise was joined with a certain disgust. This extraordinary persistency in serving me could be only interpreted in one way — that the Englishman, perceiving my growing dislike for him, was endeavoring to force himself upon me for my own injury. I again refused his offer, with unconcealed irritation. He cried out haughtily, "Damn it, you seem to care very little for Beethoven," and drove rapidly away.

This was, as it turned out, the last time that I met the islander during the whole of the journey that remained before reaching Vienna. At last I trod the streets of the city; the end of my pilgrimage was reached. With what emotions I entered this Mecca of my faith! All the difficulties of the long and weary journey were forgotten; I was at my goal—within the walls that surrounded Beethoven.

I was too deeply moved to think of the immediate fulfilment of my project. I at once inquired, it is true, for Beethoven's dwelling, but only to take up my quarters in his neighborhood. Almost opposite the house in which the master lived, there was a hotel, not too expensive for me; here I hired a little room in the fifth story, and prepared myself for the greatest event of my life—a visit to Beethoven.

After I had rested for two days, and had fasted and prayed, but had not taken a single look at Vienna, I summoned up my courage, left the hotel, and crossed obliquely to the marvellous house. I was told that Beethoven was not at home. This rather pleased me than otherwise, for I gained time to collect myself. But when the same answer was given to me four times before night,—and with a certain heightened tone,—I decided that this was an unlucky day, and gave up my visit in despair.

As I went back to the hotel, who should nod to me with considerable cordiality from a window of the first story but—my Englishman!

"Have you seen Beethoven?" he called to me.

"Not yet; he was not in," I answered, surprised at this repeated encounter. He met me on the steps and insisted with remarkable cordiality on my going to his room.

"Sir," said he, "I have seen you go to Beethoven's house five times to-day. I have been here a number of days, and took lodgings in this wretched hotel in order to be near him. Believe me, it is a very difficult task to get at Beethoven; the gentleman has many caprices. I called on him six times when I was first here, and was always refused. Now I have taken to getting up very early and sitting at the window until late in the evening, to see when he goes out. But the gentleman *never* seems to go out."

"You think then that Beethoven was at home to-day, but denied himself to me?" cried I, excitedly.

"Undoubtedly; you and I have both been turned away. And it is especially disagreeable to me, for I didn't come to see Vienna, but Beethoven."

This was very sad news for me. Nevertheless I made the experiment again the next day—but again in vain. The gates of heaven were shut against me.

(Conclusion next time.)

Keyed-Stringed Instruments of Music.

SIR ROBERT STEWART'S LECTURES AT DUBLIN UNIVERSITY.*

V.

Last week we had arrived at an important fact in the history of keyed instruments—that the Italian, Bartolomeo Cristofali (1711), the Frenchman, Marius (1716), and the German, Schroeter (1717), had each at nearly the same period hit upon the invention of the pianoforte hammers. The French and Italians, with a poco-curantism characteristic of their respective nations, had suffered the invention to lapse. The Germans behaved differently; the invention of Schroeter having been taken up by Silbermann (*born* 1684); Stein, of Augsberg (1728); Spaett and Frederici (1712); Hildebrand (1751); Lenkler (1760); Seuffert (1731); and Streicher (1761). Of all these, Stein is perhaps the best known, from his being alluded to in the correspondence of Mozart. I shall not, said the lecturer, take up your time by referring to the well-known interview of J. S. Bach with Frederic the Great in reference to Silbermann's pianos (of which that royal Virtuoso had accumulated some fifteen at Potsdam), but merely allude to the fact that when Silbermann, having carefully finished two pianofortes, submitted them to J. S. Bach, that truly honest artist at first had withheld his approval until the manufacturer remedied some defects in the instruments. Of these one was a fault, found even in the pianos of our day, viz., a weakness in the medium-treble—not the very high notes. After repeated trials, Bach at last admitted Silbermann's pianos to be "without fault"—a valuable testimony, indeed, when we remember from whom it emanated. Into the merits of Stein's instruments Mozart's letters enter freely. Their touch, their escapements, their standing in tune, their pedals (which, by a sort of "bull," were said by Mozart to have been acted on by the knees), all come in for the praises of the great musician, who, moreover, describes with much gusto the grimaces and blunders of the pianoforte-maker's daughter, little Nanette Stein (who subsequently married the well-known maker, Streicher, of Vienna, and was the faithful friend and adviser of Beethoven). He (Sir Robert) would here remark that the pianoforte, as an instrument, was not at first very successful; it was a novelty, and the public are distrustful of anything new; besides, the new instruments demanded quite a different style of playing from the old harpsichords: that there were, in short, two styles of touch recognized, is made evident by the testy remark made by old John Cramer, at an examination of Logier's pupils, held in London in 1816—"that is harpsichord playing, not pianoforte touch." "Exactly so," chimed in the bystanders. Yet, although many of Bach's pieces, designed for the harpsichord, did not demand all the expressive and sympathetic touch of Mozart's music, we should by no means underrate the services rendered to keyed instrument playing by the inventions of John Seb. Bach. The principles of touch, as carried out by Mozart's father in the playing of his immortal son, were, in fact, chiefly those of J. S. Bach, of whose method of play he (Sir R. Stewart) would now read for them a description.

Before doing so, he would remind his hearers (of whom, doubtless, many were themselves performers on keyed instruments) that until J. S. Bach's time, the thumb was rarely employed. F. Couperin, indeed, made some use of it, but by no means to the same extent as the Leipzig artist. It was then the custom to play scales, with alternating passages, with both hands, thus:—[Here the lecturer played a florid passage, formed of the scale of B flat, from Bach's Grand Toccata in D minor, which was performed without the thumb, the first, second, third, and fourth fingers of each hand alone being employed.] As a proof of this custom, it would be recollected that in Carlo Dolci's picture of St. Cecilia, the saint's first, second, third, and fourth fingers alone are placed upon the keys, while her thumbs hang idly down. According to J. S. Bach's theory of touch, only the first finger (*i.e.*, that which begins the passage) was placed on the key. Those which follow are not all placed upon it; but they, as it were, spring in, the preceding finger being

* Reported in the London *Musical Standard*.

choirs are sing - ing, The vales are green, The

vales are green, The wood - land choirs.... are

sing - - ing. Now May a - gain.....

..... Breaks Winter's chain, a - gain breaks Win-ter's chain!.....

- ther. Praise our Al-migh - ty Fa - - ther.

In sa - cri - fice The flame shall

rise! Be - gin the an - cient ho - ly

rite! Thus blend our hearts, ... thus blend our

hearts, ... our hearts to - ge -

drawn back quickly. The finger which keeps down the key serves as a support for that suitable pressure of the lower arm required for the keeping down the key, but it is under the influence of the intention to continue this pressure to the following finger. Hence it is like a spring, which would instantly fly back to the interior of the hand, if the pressure were diminished, though but a little. This is done at the moment the following finger (which, of course, is kept prepared) shall serve as a support for the pressure of the lower arm. The finger, in gliding from the key, does not remain drawn back, but resumes immediately its natural position, suspended quietly over the keys until wanted again.

These words of Dr. Griepenkerl descriptive of the Bach touch (which was long a secret confined to that school) are most valuable to all players on keyed instruments. He continues:—"The energy and elasticity of the Bach touch is marvellous. Little or no movement of the fingers is apparent, and the rest of the body is motionless. Even the hand does not seem strained, nor are the fingers bent, claw-like, but suspended in a natural curve over the keys. It also spares the sudorific toil which renders so many players objects rather of compassion than of admiration. Contemporaries of J. S. Bach have told us that his playing (even with coupled organ claviers) never seemed laborious, and, in consequence, many attributed to him unusual strength of arm and hand. But this was not so; he only carried into effect the touch here described, and which was invented by him." As specimens of the two styles—the expressive or Mozartian style, and what Herr Pauer has so graphically called the "mailed style"—Sir R. Stewart now played from memory the adagio in E flat from a Mozart sonata, and a prelude in C minor from the 48 preludes and fugues of J. S. Bach.

The fifteen Silbermann pianos which Frederick the Great had collected at Potsdam, were stunted-looking, square-formed instruments, not unlike spinets. Mr. Henry Fowler Broadwood had seen them there some 25 years ago, but in very bad repair. The regular succession of pianoforte makers would seem to have been continued by two apprentices of old Silbermann of Strasburg. Kirkman (Kirchman) and Erard (Ehrardt) were both Alsatians, not Frenchmen; and he (Sir R. Stewart) need not remind his hearers that the provinces Alsace and Lorraine, recently wrested from France by Germany, had always been German territory until the reign of Louis XIV. Pleyel, another French house of repute, had come from Austria, where Ignaz Pleyel was born near Vienna in 1757. Another honored name in the annals of the piano was that of John Broadwood, a young Scotchman, who came to London in 1751, obtained a prominent place in the employ of Shudi, the harpsichord maker, and marrying his master's daughter, succeeded to his business. This by the way seemed the regular course with them all. Kirkman had married Tabel's widow (and, as they would recollect, only gave her an hour or two to make up her mind).

Streicher, of Vienna, whose noble factory he (Sir R. Stewart) had recently visited, also had married the daughter of his master, Stein; and now we find John Broadwood had done likewise. No firm has ever been more eminent than this latter truly noble English house. Their instruments are of world-wide repute, while their liberality and high artistic feeling are equal to their manufacturing skill. To name one example, it was at the sole cost of Broadwood's house that the late Sterndale Bennett was sent to study the musical art at Leipzig in his youth. Their instruments were chosen above all others for performance by the greatest players—Charles Hallé, Ernst Pauer, and Arabella Goddard.

The founder of the great rival house of Erard was born in 1752. Sebastian Erard was a man of transcendent mechanical talent and daring. When a child he ascended to an elevation of 471 feet the lofty steeple of Strasburg, his native town, a feat typical of his future artistic eminence. Sir R. Stewart alluded to his first visit to Paris at 16 years of age; his dismissal from the employment of one harpsichord maker for displaying unprecedented curiosity—for being, as it were, troublesomely clever; his engagement with another firm, where he seemed to monopolize all the brains of the rest; his patronage by Madame de Villeroy, who fitted up for him an atelier even in her own chateau. His improvements in the pedal harp, and that piece of wonderful pianoforte mechanism known as the "Erard action" were also highly lauded by the lecturer. This latter invention had been produced in 1821, in which year it was described by the father of the great Franz Liszt as "the most important service of the day towards the improvement of the piano; only one little peculiarity (continued the elder Liszt) I will mention. The touch is light, nevertheless you can give to the tone (which is very good) every different expression. After striking a chord you can make it sound loud or soft, without raising the hand. It is really astonishing." Similar testimony would be found in the evidence of the well-known civil engineer, Mr. John Farey, who says of Erard's piano in 1851, "The hammer is at all times under the control of the key, so that the smallest impulse can be at once communicated to the string. In Erard's action there is a spring applied which exists in no other action for pianofortes." By the kindness of the Great London firms he (Sir R. Stewart) was enabled to exhibit working models of most of these actions of Hopkinson, Erard, and Broadwood, which were most ingenious examples of engineering on a minute scale. The grand pianos of Erard had been identified with the performances of Thalberg (now unfortunately deceased), and of Franz Liszt, who was still alive, but had of late years become an Abbé and given up [?] the world, living in retirement at Weimar. It was of Liszt and the Erard piano that Heine had thus spoken in the year 1842, "He is here," said the caustic Jew poet, the "Attila—the scourge of God to all Erard pianos; which tremble at the first news of his coming, and which now again shiver and bleed, and whimper under his hand, till it becomes a fair case for the 'society for preventing cruelty to animals!'" Yet, in spite of all the extravagance of his manner and his music, there was something inexpressibly attractive about Liszt, something above and behind that marvellous executive skill which put him at the head of all pianoforte players. There was really a great deal noble and chivalrous about this man, who, disgusted at the tardiness of those that undertook to gather funds for the monument of Beethoven, resolved to become personally responsible for the completion of the memorial, and carried out his views too, giving concert after concert for the purpose, nor resting till he stood proudly before the completed statue to Beethoven, which (mainly by Liszt's exertions) was reared to the great German musician in the market place of Bonn his native town. It was during the tours given by Liszt for this purpose that the enthusiasm of his votaries reached its climax. Thus we read how enthusiastic German girls had worn bracelets formed of the strings broken by Franz Liszt during his concert tours, during each of which he was justingly said to have demolished two or three of Erard's Grands. Nay, so extravagant had been the enthusiasm that some of them had been seen to drink the water of the pianist's finger glasses after Liszt had dipped his fingers in them. He (Sir R. Stewart) had stood beside Liszt when in Dublin in 1841, and well recollected the astounding execution he displayed in his transcription of the overture to "Guillaume Tell," he remembered his singular demeanor when seated at the instrument, the manner in which he tossed aside his long yellow hair when it fell across his forehead; nay, even his sportively tearing the thumb out of his glove did not escape the eyes of the boy who stood by and admired the eccentric Hungarian. Even the most trifling traits of famous men were interesting. Were we not grateful to Dr. Burney for recording even how Handel drank off his coffee? It had been intended (Sir R. Stewart said) that one of Liszt's pieces should here, by way of example, have been played, but it would be deferred to another opportunity.

There had been two schools of pianoforte touch, mainly influenced by the nature of the instruments on which the artists played. The Vienna pianofortes, of which the touch was so light that Hummel and Czerny used the characteristic expression "to breathe upon the keys," and the English school of playing, represented by Clementi, John Cramer, and subsequently Sterndale Bennett. The English instruments had a deeper fall and a far more powerful blow for the hammer; they were therefore well adapted for passages in octaves, thirds and sixths, in which Clementi excelled, and for Cramer's four-part phrases. But when the "Concert stuck" of Weber was first published, the English critics ridiculed the idea of executing the *glissandos* which occur in it. This style of playing (they said) is only practicable on German instruments, the light and shallow touch of which hardly requires the strength of a child; whoever attempts them on an English piano will retire from service with wounded fingers! What was then impossible is now easily done upon English pianos, so vastly is the mechanism improved.

Here the lecturer played the long *glissando*, and a few bars of the March in Weber's piece, which it introduces. The lecture was concluded by playing a *rondo* of Clementi (born 1752), the founder of the famous firm, Clementi, Collard and Collard.

WAGNER'S METHOD. Here is what an English musician (H. J. Gauntlett) says of "Lohengrin" in the *Concordia*:

There is so much marvellous talent in the dramatic music of Wagner, that we listen and forgive him the strain upon our patience. But neither our pulse nor our heart move with him in what we may term, "coincidental vibrations;" and these, as our readers well know, are the essence and foundation of harmony. We decline all "synchronism" with his tones, and almost doubt the propriety of his concords, few and rare as they appear. His stock of ideas is by no means wealthy, and he spreads them over much canvas; his color is generally high, and there is no repose. His style is of the school of decadence—commonplace thought with no deep meaning; everything tricked out and made gorgeous, until, at times, it falls little short of stilted bombast and downright vulgarity. There is no room for growth, for nothing is simple, and much is not sensible. His elevation is caricature, and oftentimes painful and affected. In place of "casting off bondage," he has voluntarily put on the manacles. But his chief error lies in his system of ignoring the presence and power of language-rhythms. He is setting to music, thought, feeling, and language expressed in poetical music forms, which at times display the glorious alliteration, or jingle of rhyme. Poetry has its *versus* or turn; it holds its measure or metre, and these appear inside the rhythms. All these essentialities of poetry have been considered in reference to song; and the "to and fro" of verse has been splendidly and admirably fitted into a classical framework of music. The reposes and cadences of poetry have been adjusted to the reposes and cadences of the gamut, and where "the turn" comes in poetry, the well educated ear expects to hear "the turn" in the music. Ancient poetry was not in rhyme, hardly in measure, but its true strength lay in the parallels of the idea, the consequent replying to the antecedent. And this parallel of idea was the foundation of all musical composition, and remains so to this day. "Correspondency" in mental imaginative invention is the grand secret of all fine art. Now let our readers take the finale of any opera by Mozart, of the *Fidelio* by Beethoven, and compare it side by side with the finale by Wagner. With Mozart and Beethoven, there is a constant analogy between music and language, the *persona* express themselves strongly but naturally—there is unity, the one thing of more importance than all others, right subordinates, orderly succession, consistent radiation, and all governed by the wisest of all motive powers—the time when and where to stop. The art-order of the verse quantities is ever maintained in the *schemata* of the music. In Wagner we find a prodigality of progressions which leaves no impress. As to parallel there is none, and even the link and the call are not readily discovered. There is the most inordinate use of chromatic chords, and meaningless employ of that "refuge for the destitute," the chord of the three minor thirds, which with Wagner means restlessness, indecision, and ceaseless turmoil. Writing upon the temperament, he is thoroughly indifferent as to his notation, which is careless, and oftentimes ungrammatical. His music exhibits such a confusion of keys that tonality may be said to be non-existent. *Lohengrin* illustrates an illimitable disregard of tonal relationship. Its cadences are rarely symmetrical, and they present themselves in defiance of the calls and analogies of the words. Old poetry was made to be sung—modern poetry is made to be read; but no poetry on earth has been made to correspond to the Wagner processes. The heart and the lungs are the common and twin time-beaters of the human frame; and "the to and fro," the law of nature's *kinesis*, passes onwards to language, poetry, and music. In the latter we have the isochronous motion, but with "the flow and ebb," as with the human pulse; and there is a hidden synchronism with all three. Wagner's system is atonic. The atoms have no correspondency, but are engaged in one everlasting conflict. The forms of his language melodies—if melodies they may be termed—are modelled on one last; and as his poetic line is oftentimes of ten syllables, this pattern is, on constant repetition, irritating to the highest degree. This antagonism of Wagner, this tight between *org* and the secondary chord which he commonly employs, is the true cause of his unpopularity. He may have made the materials he uses for his music the necessity of his system, but

the system is no real advance, and is one inconsistent with real growth in art. It is only a corner of the field, and by this time a used-up corner. Still, the wonderful vigor and tact of this Emperor of orchestras may keep it for some time before the public, and he may find not a few admirers. But *Lohengrin* is not "a joy" in Covent Garden, for the principals are as troubled to hold their parts as on the first night; and the clever instrumentalists, on each repetition, discover their affection for it is by no means on the increase.

Dr. Hans-Guido Von Buelow.

(From the Concordia.)

The enormous popularity of the pianoforte as a domestic instrument, has rendered the position of the professional pianist at once easy and difficult. Easy, because he appeals to what is most familiar; but difficult, because that very familiarity is apt to breed a certain indifference to his art. How can he cope with this? How is he, over and above the obvious attraction of fine music, to become interesting? The answer is in one word—Individuality.

Every player who is more than an accomplished artist, "places" himself by this one quality. Mendelssohn, Liszt, Thalberg, Chopin, Mdme. Schumann, Rubinstein, and, lastly, Von Bülow, have easily taken the front rank by force of Individuality.

Critics may say what they like; grave heads may shake and look dubious; but a certain personal force will, in the end, silence detraction and shame envy. Meanwhile, picking holes in great reputations seems still to be a lucrative profession, but it never can answer in the long run. Who cares whether a consecutive fifth can or cannot be found in S. Bach's music, or an illegal resolution in Schumann's; who wants to know whether Joachim ever forgot his part, or Sims Reeves ever sang out of tune, or whether Rubinstein thumps, or Von Bülow has ever happened to leave out a note? Why, it no more matters, *pace* the critics, than whether Beethoven was or was not in the habit of picking his teeth with the snuffers after dinner.

Dr. Von Bülow is the son of the novelist, Baron E. Von Bülow, and was born at Dresden, January 8, 1830. He studied music as an amateur under F. Wieck—a name illustrious in England through Madame Schumann (*née* Wieck). In 1848, the year after Mendelssohn's death, he went to Leipsic and then to Berlin, to study law at the University; but though endowed with splendid intellectual abilities, and a force of character which would doubtless have commanded success in many another sphere, his imperiously musical organization carried the day, and, after consulting Liszt and Wagner, he accepted the post of *chef d'orchestre* at Zurich, and early became identified with those startling developments of the dramatic and musical art then going on under Wagner, and of which we, in England, are slowly beginning to take notice. The incomparable Liszt has, throughout, been his guide and instructor on the pianoforte, and the mantle, happily not yet dropped by that prodigious artist, may be said to cover his great disciple; though it is doubtful whether so powerful and original a personage as Von Bülow can ever be quite classed as any one's disciple, so entirely has he become his own master.

He appeared as a public pianist for the first time in June, 1852, at the Ballenstadt Musical Festival under Liszt. About the same time he composed the music to *Julius Cæsar* for the Weimar Court Theatre, and began to throw himself with impetuosity into the great controvery which has been raging ever since between the older schools of the Present and what has been somewhat maliciously called the music of the Future. His articles in the *Leipsic Musical Gazette* may be described as slashing and fundamental, and early proved to the world that Dr. Von Bülow knows the philosophy of his art, and is prepared to hold the lists against all comers.

On a concert tour through Vienna and Hungary he established and extended his growing reputation, achieving an immense success at Pesth, Hanover, Brunswick and Hamburg. In 1854 he succeeded Kullak as first Professor of the Piano at the Conservatoire, and after another concert tour through Breslau, Posen, and Dantzic, he settled down at Berlin in 1855. In 1859–60, he visited Paris and played with great *éclat* to the most critical audience in the world.

In 1864, Dr. Von Bülow was invited to Munich to conduct Wagner's opera *Tristan und Isolde*. In 1867 he was commanded by the King of Bavaria to found, with Wagner's coöperation, a School of Music at Munich, and was then appointed first Capellmeister to the opera, and under his direction all Wagner's operas were given without curtailment. In 1869 he relinquished his post at Munich owing to ill health and resided for two years in Florence.

In 1873, yielding it is said to the persuasive power of our countryman, Mr. Grüneisen, Dr. Von Bülow was induced to cross the Channel for the first time.

The public soon became familiar with those prodigious programmes, embracing the most complex pianoforte music of schools ancient and modern, invariably played from memory with unerring accuracy and with hardly any rest. One recital after another drew crowded audiences to St. James Hall, with no other attraction besides Dr. Von Bülow and a grand Broadwood piano, and the verdict was universal, that since Liszt's appearance (for Rubinstein can hardly be said to have appeared) no piano playing of equal calibre had been heard in England.

H. R. Haweis.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 26, 1875.

Musical Materialism.

Musical Art, in this country, and perhaps the world over, seems to be forgetting its own soul and growing quite materialistic. This shows itself in various ways, and mostly in what it is the fashion to proclaim as "progress." What progress has the present age to show in music? What besides an unprecedented finish and perfection in performance, technical execution, and some startling (but speedily fatiguing) novelties of *effect?*—both, virtually, confessions of a *blasé* condition of the musical temperament, and of an exhausted, barren period in musical creation. Where are the inspired ones? the men of great original genius, whom the world will always return to with delight as we do to Bach and Beethoven, to the "classics" so called because they never grow old? Where are the great musical *creators?* We have great ambitions; great arts of *réclame*, wonderful gift for advertising! wonderful performers. But has not Art, true Art, sincere, poetic, inspired Art, a soul distinct from and unspeakably above all that we call *virtuosity*,—that charm of beautiful "remoteness," so often felt in a fine person or a fine poem,—remote from nothing so much as the *effect* music of the day, whose chief skill lies in its persistent forcing of itself upon you, with a terrible *nearness*, leaving nothing to your own imagination, no room for any free subjective coöperation of the hearer's mind in the production of the musical impression, and therefore planting no fine fire-seeds in his breast, no memories to haunt him like a lover with a divine sweet unrest? In short how shall one proceed to fall in love with the intruder? What is the heaven storming new composer's fame to our sincere contented love of music? The fashion-monger's patterns, changing with the seasons, like the new music, may astonish and excite, but can they win one from the ideal beauty, who has ever felt it?

—We do not feel that we succeed in fairly expressing what we mean. Suffice it to say: we charge the modern effect music with materialism, first, because, being comparatively poor and often vulgar in *ideas*, it seeks to cover the defect by an imposing rhetoric; a grandiose and pompous manner; clothing weak outline, form that is mean or meaningless, with a deceptive wealth of coloring. It delights in exaggeration of contrasts; it abounds in affectations, sentimental *pianissimos* alternating with stupendous crises, which are simply physical and lack intensity of the intrinsic sort, the intensity of the "still, small voice," which also it affects sometimes. Then as for intensity of feeling, do we not have to go back to our dear great masters to find that? Declamation takes its place to-day, a muscular energy resembling passion, only failing to impart it; or a sickly, soft, melodious pathos which puts hearty sympathies to flight.

It is not necessary to deny all right in original ideas, all beauty, power or individuality to all the host of new composers, in order to make out our charge of a materialistic tendency in music. The modern music puts the means before the end; or rather, it constructs an end out of the newly developed means and instruments of musical performance. This began with the solo-playing *virtuosos*. They invented music for themselves to play; they did not first create ideal music, and then study how to play it, to express it. Their brilliant fantasias, transcriptions, variations, for a time, threw the classical Sonatas, the sincere tone-poems of whatever form, into the shade; the dazzling magician, the performer, planted himself before the music, stood between you and music, and the applause meant *him*. And now this tide, which has in a great measure exhausted itself and receded in the solo artists, who now pride themselves on their classical programmes, it being their ambition to be regarded as "interpreters" (for no pianist now-a-days is ever known to *play;* he "interprets," even if it be variations upon "Shoo fly,")—this tendency, we say, is now invading the large musical ensembles, orchestras especially, and even Choral bodies. We have had such admirable examples of technical perfection of orchestral execution in the travelling organization which has visited our principal cities in their turn for half a dozen years, lingering in places where the love of great music for pure music's sake has labored most to build up some means of its own for the unfailing return of such delights, that now the public taste has grown marvellously fastidious and exacting in the matter of performance,—we should say the manner. Once we loved fine music; now we seem to care more about the way in which it is presented. Once we were thankful to get at the soul and meaning of a noble composition through whatever means of most inadequate performance, by slow degrees, striving to meet the intention half way, thus exercising our own brain and feeling, spelling out the divine word from an obscure and faded copy with a perseverance pretty sure to be rewarded with an undying love of the ideal treasure when we had once reached it. It was in this way that that remarkable love and sincere appreciation of the Beethoven Symphonies in what formed so long ago *par excellence* the Boston musical public, or only circle if you please, became a social fact. We of the past generation here owe all our love of Beethoven to the repetition year after year of—not indifferent, for they were hearty—but of quite imperfect performances. Nor could the most technically perfect rendering of a Symphony by the ideal orchestra, say that of Thomas, add one iota to the love and feeling for it in which these persons had grown up before. Nay many of them loved those Symphonies too well—(not technical musicians either)—not to be able to convict the Thomas renderings—in spite of all their wonderful precision, their searching accent, their euphonious blending of pure tone qualities, their light and shade, their exquisite elegance of finish,—of frequent perversions of the spirit, tempo and intention of their movements; a photograph may be wonderfully fine as such, and yet reproduce the dear face as we never wish to see it.

Far be it from us to undervalue the importance of fine execution. The model which has been set to the whole country in that respect is indeed invaluable. But there is such a thing as carrying this demand to an unreasonable excess; as making the technically perfect execution of a work of so much account that one becomes comparatively indifferent to the beauty and the meaning of the composition in itself. One effect of the delight and admiration caused by the

finished performance of an exceptionally perfect orchestra, is to make people like that music best which is played best, till they learn to estimate the beauty or the grandeur of a composition by the degree in which it brings out the brilliant and startling, or the delicate and subtile qualities of the orchestra. Programmes are motived upon that; there is indiscriminate mingling of sensational matter with the intrinsically beautiful, of startling extravaganzas with the masterpieces of pure music. The well-bred musician, the cultured amateur with settled tastes, is proof against this influence perhaps, and he may gratify his curiosity to hear "the new music" without danger to himself. But the public is a child in Art; the public listens and is astonished and excited with a new strange joy and wonder; the sound of the orchestra transports it to the third heavens, and it thinks the music in itself, the composition, is divine; its simple imagination proceeds forthwith to invest the author, the composer with all the glory and the halo of that marvellous performance. Perhaps in course of time this child will begin to discriminate and to perceive an ever-widening difference of high and low, of pure and meretricious, true and false between Beethoven, Bach, Schumann on the one side, and others that shall be nameless on the other; but it is quite uncertain. Meanwhile there is another class of music-lovers, another public, which from a child has enjoyed advantages, less brilliant perhaps, but more intrinsic, for the formation of an appreciative taste in music, and in a more humble, quiet, earnest, groping way; seeking acquaintance before all with what is best, in music, most instinct with truth and beauty and nobility with the inspired works of the greatest masters, with the classic models of the Art. And these have been lovers and devout admirers of the great Symphonies &c., have in a sense learned to *know* them, in their hearts, if not with the technical and analytical understanding,—and all this without ever in their lives having heard anything like the model orchestra of this day, or any very near approach to a perfectly clear and faultless interpretation. Which class, in the long run, will have had the richest, deepest, purest and intensest joy in music? Can any extra grace of performance make the latter love a Beethoven symphony more truly than he did before? *He*, through repeated hearing of indifferent performances, has somehow worked his way to the very heart and meaning of the composition, and knows how great it is. The other, taken at a later day, is all at once surprised and overwhelmed with a sonorous beauty and splendor which he had not dreamed that instruments or music had the secret of producing; to him it is all alike, all beautiful and perfect, Beethoven no better than Berlioz or Brahms or Raff. Where will it end? We fancy we can see which way it is leading. The former class is doubtless much the smallest; these have come to it by a sort of "natural selection," by a certain "elective affinity," inasmuch as they were called to it by an inward calling. Now the crowd hears everything, and the taste, the culture becomes less reserved, religious and sincere, and more a thing of fashions and of crowds. Everybody can go to see Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert elegantly dressed, made perfectly presentable among a whole ball room rabble full as exquisite (perhaps more "stunning,") but how many really meet and feel the *man*.

In short we wonder whether our concert audiences to-day, listening to the finely finished, brilliant renderings of a peripatetic model orchestra, really enjoy, feel, appreciate a great work, say a Beethoven Symphony, as deeply and as truly as did Boston audiences in their "day of small things" in the way of execution, albeit great in the "ideal contents" of the programmes kept religiously before them, ten and even twenty years ago. *Laudator temporis acti* is by no means our motto. We are for progress in all things, musical execution as well as musical culture in the inward and more spiritual sense. Yet we cannot help mistrusting that Boston cares less for the *soul* of music now, than it did some years ago; that, having earned a reputation for loyalty and earnestness of musical taste and feeling, it has been its fate to draw to itself, as to a tempting field of speculation, seductive influences and formidable means that tend to merge the deeper love of the comparatively few in a more general and indiscriminate and loudly demonstrative enthusiasm,—to turn the current into a new and less sincere direction. When perfect execution becomes so indispensable to true enjoyment of great music, we begin to have our doubts about the quality, the depth of the enjoyment. Is it necessary that a Symphony must be executed with an absolute precision, finely carried out and shaped in every minutest leaf and tendril? May not something be left to the imagination, to the active cooperation of the hearer's own mind? Is it not better on the whole that the mind should meet the intention of the music half way? And is not this the greatest benefit of which a work of Art can be to us, that it excite our own imaginative faculty, and make us in some sense, while we listen, co-creators with itself?

But if we have it *all* done for us, if we become mere passive recipients, what has become of the soul of the composition? what is it to us more than a sensation of the moment, more than the glass of costly wine which we have drunk. No, our appreciation of a Symphony is not merely in proportion to the perfection with which its every detail is rendered. A beautiful, a most effective ornament has, in a very simple way, been put upon our beautiful city; that gilded dome upon the State House is a "thing of beauty" from whatever point it can be seen; now if you could smooth out every dent and inequality upon the shining surface and make it perfect as a crystal, would it become a whit more beautiful? The truth is you *see* it perfect as it is; the *ideal form* is present to your mind, and that is all you want.

We repeat then, what we have said once incidentally before: that in Music, as in all Art, the moment the *manner*, the execution, comes to be thought of more account than the *matter*, than the composition, the ideal contents of the work,—the rendering than the programme,—that moment we are making progress in the decadence in Art. And this is what we mean by musical materialism.

A "Sapphic Ode."

THE AMERICAN HERO—1775.

Some grand old verses, republished in the newspaper on the approach of our glorious Centennial should have been sung at Bunker Hill that day. They have the true poetic inspiration, and glow with the holiest fire of patriotism. The *Advertiser* gives this brief account of them: "On the arrival of the news of the battle of Bunker Hill, Judge Nathaniel Niles of Vermont wrote, by the light of his hearthstone fire, a "Sapphic ode," which was sung in all American churches during the Revolution, to the tune called 'Bunker Hill.' It became as great a favorite among the soldiers of the continental army as 'John Brown's Body' among those of the Union army in the late war."

What the tune of "Bunker Hill" was one might be curious to know. And it seems very strange that so grand an ode sung in the churches and the army all that time, could have grown obsolete; surely it was worthy of a place among the best in all collections of American poetry. It is Horatian in its spirit as well as its rhythm, being plainly modelled upon "*Integer vitæ scelerisque purus*," which is sung by all our male part-song clubs as composed by Flemming. Though that simple composition is no work of genius, it is pure and dignified, and these words sung to it by the Apollo Club on that occasion would have been inspiring. Of course Flemming's music did not exist at the time of the Revolution, nor is the "Sapphic" found among the old Psalm Book metres. The Ode is as follows:—

Why should vain mortals tremble at the sight of
Death and destruction in the field of battle,
Where blood and carnage clothe the ground in crimson,
Sounding with death groans?

Death will invade us by the means appointed,
And we must all bow to the king of terrors;
Nor am I anxious, if I am prepared,
What shape he comes in.

Infinite goodness teaches us submission,
Bids us be quiet under all his dealings;
Never repining, but forever praising
God our Creator.

Well may we praise him; all his ways are perfect;
Though a resplendence infinitely glowing,
Dazzles in glory on the sight of mortals,
Struck blind by lustre!

Good is Jehovah in bestowing sunshine;
Nor less his goodness in the storm and thunder;
Mercies and judgments both proceed from kindness,
Infinite kindness!

O then exult, that God forever reigneth!
Clouds which around him hinder our perception
Bind us the stronger to exalt his name, and
Shout louder praises!

Then to the wisdom of my Lord and Master
I will commit all that I have or wish for;
Sweetly as babes sleep will I give my life up
When call'd to yield it.

Now *Mars*, I dare thee, clad in smoky pillars,
Bursting from bomb shells, roaring from the cannon,
Rattling in grape shot, like a storm of hail stones,
Torturing Æther!

Up the bleak heavens let the spreading flames rise,
Breaking like Ætna through the smoking columns,
Low'ring like Egypt o'er the falling city,
Wantonly burnt down.

While all their hearts quick palpitate for havoc,
Let slip your bloodhounds, nam'd the British lions;
Dauntless as death-stares, [?] nimble as the whirlwind,
Dreadful as demons!

Let oceans waft on all your floating castles,
Fraught with destruction horrible to nature;
Then, with your sails fill'd by a storm of vengeance,
Bear down to battle!

From the dire caverns made by ghostly miners,
Let the explosion, dreadful as volcanoes,
Heave the broad town, with all its wealth and people,
Quick to destruction!

Still shall the banner of the King of heaven
Never advance where I'm afraid to follow;
While what precedes me, with an open bosom,
War, I defy thee!

Fame and dear freedom *have* me on to battle,
While a fell despot, grimmer than a death's head,
Stings me with serpents, fiercer than Medusa's,
To the encounter.

Life for my country and the cause of freedom
Is but a trifle for a worm to part with;
And if preserved in so great a contest,
Life is redoubled.

(Crowded out last time.)

PART-SONG CLUBS. During the past weeks our two principal Clubs of male voices, the APOLLO, and the BOYLSTON, have each given two Concerts to a thinning crowds in the great Music Hall. The singing of the former,—a well-selected, solid, and well balanced body of 67 voices,—even surpassed their own high standard of past years. The sweet, pure rich ensemble of tone, its vital resonance, was most remarkable; and the execution, in all points of precision, light and shade, &c., was singularly perfect. There were symptoms of weariness to be sure, in some of the high tenors in the last piece, that noble double chorus from Mendelssohn's "Oedipus," and yet the effect as a whole was very grand. "Evening Rest," by Hiller, was exquisitely sung. Schubert's "Die Allmacht," arranged by Liszt for tenor solo and chorus, we unfortunately lost. The rest of the programme was of the usual order, and of course very popular. There was excellent solo singing by Dr. LANGMAID and Mr. JOHN F. WINCH; and Mr. LANG, the Conductor of the Club, with Mr. SUSSMAN, played Rubinstein's Duet for two pianos.

The second Concert was a repetition of the first, with the exception of the solos, Mr. J. F. Winch singing "March Onward" by Faure, and Mr. W. J. Winch a couple of songs by Franz. The "Oedipus" chorus went to a charm this time.

The Boylston Club sang this time under their new Conductor, Mr. GEORGE L. OSGOOD, who had been with them only a few weeks, so that the results of his training could hardly yet be very marked. In the repetition of the Concert the improvement was decided. There is a fine body of fresh young voices, and they sing with spirit. The more important pieces were "The Morning Walk" by Esser, Schumann's "Gipsey Life," arranged for male voices, and Dudley Buck's singing March: "Hark! the trumpet," which was encored. There was effective solo singing by Mr. W. C. Tower, Mr. Harry Gates, Mr. Reed and Mr. Hay and Mr. Colburn. Mr. Petersilea played on the pianoforte Liszt's "Faust" Waltz, arranged by Gounod.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY. The annual meeting of the Handel and Haydn Society for the choice of a Board of Government for the ensuing year was held in Boylston Hall, Loring B. Barnes presiding. The treasurer's report shows the expenditures to have been for the year $15,906.17; income, $10,207; deficit, $5,699.17. President Barnes, who had declined the nomination for re-election, presented a report giving a resume of the society's history, and speaking particularly of his personal relations with it, which extended back twenty years. During the period of his specific life was secretary fifteen years, director three years and president four years.

During the past season there have been thirty-five rehearsals, and the attendance upon these has averaged 300 members. He thought the society, as a musical body, was now in a better condition than ever before. The deficit shown in the treasurer's report arises not in any degree from losses by concerts, but from the occupation of Beethoven Hall and the system of associate membership now in vogue.

With but two or three exceptions the vote for members of the Board of Government was unanimous, the newly-elected president, Mr. Charles C. Perkins, receiving the entire ballot for the office, which was eighty votes. The other gentlemen elected are the following-named: Vice President—George H. Chickering; Secretary—A. Parker Browne; Treasurer—George W. Palmer; Librarian—John H. Stickney. Directors—W. O. Perkins, J. S. Sawyer, R. Beeching, F. H. Jenks, M. G. Daniell, W. F. Bradbury, A. H. Wilson, George T. Brown.

Organ Music in New York.

Mr. Editor:—Our musical people cannot complain of a lack of opportunities to hear good music during the past season.—The Philharmonic Society has given its six concerts and eighteen public rehearsals; Theo. Thomas's perfect orchestra has given six regular concerts and public rehearsals, besides occasional concerts and matinées; Dr. Damrosch and his Chorus have given several Oratorios; &c., &c. But we have had something new in the way of musical performances, viz: Organ Music. In the winter of 1870, Mr. Samuel P. Warren gave a series of organ recitals, but since then no one has attempted anything of the kind. However, they did excellent service at the time, and gave an impetus to organ playing in our City, which has manifested itself ever since in a greater interest in this kind of music. You have probably heard of young Dr. Tyng's new church, with its fine organ built by Mr. Hilborne Roosevelt. It is undoubtedly the largest and most effective organ in our city. It contains a number of new contrivances; perhaps the most striking is that of having the reeds of the great organ enclosed in the swell box,—by which a tremendous but gradual crescendo may be obtained.

It was decided to give weekly organ concerts, under the management of the Director and organist of the church, Mr. S. P. Warren. A great degree of interest has been manifested in these concerts, especially by organists and amateurs. When I say *organists* I do not mean those who play the piano all the week and take an organ on Sunday to help along; but those who make the study of the organ a speciality. Organists of various degrees of ability have performed at these concerts, but tone and character have been given to them by their director, Mr. Warren. His programmes contain the most difficult as well as the finest works for the organ. Let me mention some of the leading works: Reubke's Sonata in C minor—which undoubtedly contains more technical difficulties for manual and pedal than any other single organ composition; Schumann's and Liszt's Fugues on B. A. C. H.; Thiele's Variations in A flat, Concert Pieces in C minor, E flat minor, No. 3 in C minor (manuscript), and Adagio in A flat (manuscript); an entire Bach programme, containing some of the author's greatest works,—besides the many fugues, trios and chorals given during the series; Haupt's Fugue in C (manuscript); Van Eyken's Sonata in A minor; Rheinberger's Sonata, Op. 65; besides selections by Krebs, Merkel, Ritter, Volckmar, Gade, Carl Piutti, Guilmant, E. J. Hopkins, &c., &c.

As you may readily see, this is a noble contribution to the cause of organ music and real organ playing,—both of which are comparatively so little understood. Many of the works are played for the first time in our city, and some of the most difficult for the first time in this country. Such efforts cannot be too highly appreciated,—they certainly are by the audiences which have attended the series. Even more enjoyable are the free weekly recitals which Mr. Warren is now giving during this month. Every programme presents new works of the same high order of music.—So much for the character of the works; now for their actual performance. Mr. Warren's technique is superb. His rendering is bold, masterly, and full of spirit; or delicate, graceful and poetical, according as the work in hand demands, and his conception artistic and comprehensive. J. A.

New York, June 10, 1875.

Detroit, June 16.—The enclosed programme of music was performed on Friday evening, by the pupils of Prof. Hahn of this city. It speaks for itself. We sincerely hope the example set by this worthy instructor in holding fast to high standards may be followed more generally both in the East and the West, till the works of the great masters become with us, as in Germany, household words.

Concerto—in D Minor .....Bach.
With Quartet accompaniment.
Miss Kate Jacobs.
Concerto—in G Minor, (1st Movement). Mendelssohn.
With Quintet and 2d Piano Accompaniment.
Miss Eliza Jenking.
Larghetto—from Second Symphony.....Beethoven.
Two Pianos—Eight Hands.
Misses Strasburg, Harris, Warner, Pope.
Concerto—in C Minor..... .... Beethoven.
(1 Movement, with Cadenza by Moscheles.)
Quintet and 2d Piano Accompaniment.
Miss Jennie H. Baxter.
String Quartet—No. 1 .....Cherubini.
Messrs. Luderer, Chandler, E. & R. Speil.
Concerto—in F Minor, Op 19..... Bennett.
(II and III Movements.)
With Quintet Accompaniment.
Miss Ellen B. Baxter.

Honi soit qui mal y pense. The incident which follows is related in a letter from a Paris correspondent of the New York *World*, which appeared as long ago as 1869. Our readers will thank the one who cut it out and saved it all this time for them.

Here is a thoroughly characteristic story of Parisian life from the carnival just ended, showing how near together lie the springs of laughter and of tears in the mobile, generous, noble, but dramatic nature of the Gaul. Late in the night of Shrove Tuesday (or early in the morning of Ash Wednesday) a band of masquers, students and grisettes, were going to their homes in the Latin Quarter. They had spent the night at the masked ball of the Chatelet, and they were improvising Chatelet dances along the streets as they went. Suddenly, in the Carrefour Buci, they came upon a poor, half starved creature wandering helplessly about with a sick child in her arms. One of their number, a young girl (perhaps not a wholly commendable young girl), halted the company, and, snatching the pointed white hat of a ridiculous Pierrot from his ridiculous head, she handed it from one to another of her gay companions. Each answered the mute appeal with a piece of silver, and the young girl, tying the contributions hastily into her handkerchief, presented it thus filled to the poor vagrant. Ere the astonished and tearful woman could stammer out her thanks, one of the young revellers snatched the handkerchief out of her hand and, to the astonishment and indignation of his comrades, quietly unknotted it and took out the money. Then taking out his pocket-book, he wrapped the silver in a bank-note, returned it thus enveloped to the poor woman, and, carefully folding up the handkerchief, put it in his bosom as a souvenir and led the company off again homewards to an air from "La Perichole." There are a great many excellent people in Massachusetts; but we doubt whether such an incident as this would be likely to happen to a company of young Bostonese returning from a Thanksgiving dance. Every people has its own ways of being good and bad.

What is a "Classic?" James Russell Lowell, in his admirable paper in the *North American Review*, on Spenser, gives this definition, which will apply as well to Music as to Poetry:

"A classic is properly a book which maintains itself by virtue of that happy coalescence of matter and style, that innate and exquisite sympathy between the thought that gives life and the form which consents to every mood of grace and dignity, which can be simple without being vulgar, elevated without being distant, and which is something neither ancient nor modern, always new, and incapable of growing old."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Down the Shadowed Lane she goes. 5. F to f. *Osgood.* 40

"Shadowy lanes and dells among,
With wild flowers laden."

May appear to be easier than the 5th degree, but requires a mellow, cultivated, flexible voice for its full effect. A fine composition.

Waiting for the Swallows. 4. d to e. *Pinsuti.* 50

"Sing on, sing on, ye happy birds,
The fresh young leaves bend o'er you."

Like many others of Pinsuti's composition, it is a very fine English song, with an Italian finish. Full of bird melodies.

Five o'clock 'Bus. 2. G to d. *Young.* 35

"My name it is Stokes and at Putney I dwell."

A comic song with considerable wit in it.

Which is the properest Day to drink. Glee. 3. G to *a*. *Dr. Arne.* 30

An old English comic glee. Melody about the same as that of the children's "Which is the properest way to sing," which words may be easily substituted for the others.

A River thro' each winding Glade. 3. G to d. *Wrighton.* 30

"So flows thro' all life's mazy paths,
My steadfast love for thee."

A smooth going song with a rich melody.

Dreams of the Past. S'g and Cho. 3. A*b* to f. *Felton.* 30

"O come to-night;
Cheer me again with your visions bright."

Very effective solo, and a fine chorus.

Upon a stormy Sunday. 3. D*b*. *Carpenter.* 30

"Laddie! Why dinna ye wear your plaid;
Who kens but it may rain."

A very charming Scotch ballad.

The Family Bruscambile. 3. F to *a*. *Offenbach.* 35

"My father was a pretty man."
"Mon pere était un bel homme."

Very lively, and the "Family Bruscambile" is puffed very zealously. From the "Jolie Parfenmeuse."

There sits a Bird on yonder Tree. 4. A*b* to *g*. *Skeffington.* 35

"O stoop from thine Evrie down,
And nestle thee near my heart."

A first-class song every way.

Instrumental.

First Kiss Waltz. (Le premier baiser). 3. C. *Lamothe.* 75

Bright and entertaining music, which corresponds well to the sweetness of the title.

Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground. Fantasie de Concert. 6. G. *Pape.* 1.00

Sabbath Evening Chimes. Fantasie on "The Bells of Aberdovy. 6. E*b* *Pape.* 1.00

Mr. Pape has done a very good work in bringing out pieces of this class. Founded on favorite melodies, they are with the ornamentations which are in good taste and ingeniously arranged, some of the best of concert or exhibition pieces, and just within the reach of a number of the best players in seminaries, and of skilful musical amateurs everywhere.

The Red Cross March. 3. E*b*. *G. D. Wilson.* 75

It seems Mr. Wilson has been found worthy of knighthood, and proves himself a worthy Knight Templar by the production of this extra-fine march. Richly colored title page.

Ocean Spray Polka. 3. A*b*. *Spinning.* 30

Dedicated to Mr. S's pupils, who will not fail to dash through it with a zest suggested by the sultry weather, and the refreshing quality of the music.

Promenade Militaire. Marche Caracteristique. 3. D to E*b*. *Neustedt.* 50

A beautiful march of considerable variety.

Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked 1 to 7. The *keys* marked with a capital letter: as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

SOME OF THE
BEAUTIES OF THE SEASON!
IN THE WAY OF POPULAR SONGS.

As publishers well know, it is almost impossible to prophecy the future of a song when it issues from the press. One can tell whether it is a good song; whether it "ought to go"; whether it has the elements of prosperity. Whether it *will go* can only be ascertained by trial. The following have been tried, are successes, and it is safe to purchase them.

Chiming Bells of Long Ago.

Song and Chorus. Fine Illustrated Title! Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by C. F. Shattuck. Price, 40 cents.

Like a Dream ye come to cheer me,
Round me echoed soft and low,
Still your Memories linger near me.
Chiming Bells of long ago.

Sweetly fell your silv'ry numbers,
Down the still and fragrant air,
Woke my soul from gentle slumbers,
Listening to your echoes fair.

Friends and hopes of happy childhood,
Blest me in their purest glow,
Softly rung o'er grove and wildwood,
Chiming Bells of long ago.

This is one of those rich, high-toned, beautiful songs that will not readily weary. The chorus is very pretty.

Dreaming, Still Dreaming!

Song by Mrs. Zelda Seguin. Composed by J. R. Thomas. Illustrated Title! Easy, sweet, smooth and classical melody! Price, 50 cents.

Dreaming, still dreaming of days that are past,
Flowers that have faded, too lovely to last,
Sweet is the vision that greets me again,
Cheering my sorrow, and soothing my pain.
Childhood's endearments and innocent smiles,
Passionate longings and love-lighted smiles.
Dreaming, still dreaming, while life glides away,
Visions of glory, bright, bright as the May.

Messrs. Cooper and Thomas were dreaming to some purpose when they thought out the new ballad. Mrs. Seguin has already given it fame, and the sale will doubtless continue to be large.

What Mollie Said!

Answer to

MOLLIE DARLING.

Song and Chorus. Elegant Illustrated Title. Words by Grace Carlton. Music by W. F. Wellman. Price 50 cents.

Smile upon your Mollie, darling,
Like the stars above, to-night,
Make the heart within my bosom
Throb again with sweet delight.

Mollie talks well, and her sweet chatter blends neatly with the music. Although an "answer" to another ballad, this one can very well stand alone, and may, perhaps excel the other in popularity.

Drifting into the Harbor,

or

I can see the Shining Shore.

Words by Rev. J. W. Carhart. Music by J. P. Webster. Song and Chorus. Price 35 cents.

I am drifting, drifting, mother,
From the earth so rocky here,
But I'm going home sweet mother,
Where is neither storm nor fear.
I am drifting from the darkness,
From the mist across the sea,
Where the day is brightly breaking
And the angels beckon me.

The words are founded on the words of a dying lady, and this is quite worthy of a place with the sacred pieces of a similar character that have attained such popularity.

SCATTER
Seeds of Kindness!

Sung by Phillip Phillips.

Words by Mr. Smith. Music by S. J. Vail. Price, 30 cents.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path.
Let us keep the wheat and roses
Casting out the thorns and chaff.
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to day.
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from the way.

The beauty lies in the sentiment, which with a simple and attractive melody, and the powerful endorsement of Mr. Phillip Phillip's singing, is quite enough to cause the song to be in demand.

TWILIGHT IN THE PARK.

Illustrated Title. Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by W. H. Brockway. Price 40 cents.

Twilight in the Park!
Cupid lingers there,
No one near to mark!
Some one by your side,
Happy as a lark.
That's the time I love,
Twilight in the Park!

A jolly song for the boys. Will soon be sung and whistled everywhere.

A FEW
INSTRUMENTAL PIECES
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Bridal Eve March. 30

Key of C. 4th degree of difficulty. By *Engelbrecht.*

Mendelssohn's Wedding March is not yet worn out, and since the same couple are not married twice, it has a character of newness (at least to the wedded pair) at each repetition. Still, another good march is quite desirable, and Mr. Engelbrecht seems to be equal to the occasion. His Bridal Eve March is perfectly elegant. It has no appalling difficulties of execution, so that a player of sufficient ability to perform it may easily be found; and it is cordially commended to the musical friends of brides and bridegrooms expectant.

Chant du Matin. 60

Author's edition, improved. Key of A. 4th degree of difficulty. By *Boscowitz.*

A beautiful "song of the morning" truly. Without attempting commonplace imitations of morning sounds, it brings one's mind very happily in unison with the "perfect occasion" of the sunrise hour. Very neat, chaste, and of delicate imagination throughout.

The piece, as a whole, is already well-known and popular. But the author has seen fit to retouch it and, no doubt has provided increased enjoyment for those who please to resume their practice of it.

The Wayside Chapel. 50

Lithograph Title. A Reverie for Piano. Key of F. 3d degree of difficulty. By *Wilson.*

A graceful title page, on which is depicted the rustic chapel, of simple architecture but well designed, and in no point offending the eyes. Being such it is a good type of the composition within, which is very simple in construction, original, very pleasing, graceful, and so easy as to afford enjoyment to the multitude who can "admire, not play" so many master pieces.

Home, Sweet Home. 75

A transcription. Key of D*b*. 6th degree of difficulty. By *Chaloner.*

"It is the encore pieces that please," a fact occasionally verified by Thalberg, when he occasionally condescended to play his (to him) easy transcription. Since those days the piece has been the *Ultima Thule* of the practice of multitude of learners.

Thalberg's composition, however, like many other perfect things, may after awhile weary. It is only Sweet Home that will never wear out. Mr. Chaloner's transcription is good enough to be played anywhere. It is about as difficult, and will be thought to be quite as graceful as the well known one of Thalberg.

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The following little list will be gratefully welcomed by perplexed teachers in search of the "first pieces for scholars."

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Effective arrangements by Mr. Wels, of the best airs in Lecocq's remarkably popular Opera Bouffes. This author has surpassed even Offenbach, and has lately produced these two Operas which the people of Paris, London and New York hail with delight and which are sung throughout entire seasons to crowded houses.

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Girofle-Girofla,—Lanciers—Downing, . 40

Gems for Dancing—bright and brilliant.

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Marche Triomphale,—Rud. Aronson, . 40

A rollicking joyous Galop, and a well written stirring March, by Mr. Aronson, a Composer well known to the musical world. These are first rate compositions and worthy the writer of the "Jockey" and "Regatta" Galops and "Mazurka Melodique."

Night in June,—[Idyl.]—G. D. Wilson, . 50

"What is so perfect as a day in June,"—says the poet, and what can be brighter and more fanciful than one of Mr. Wilson's "Summer Idyls?" Witness his "Shepherd Boy,"—it is the most successful piano piece in many a day, and charms thousands with its bright, happy melody. The "Night in June," is a worthy successor.

Firm Step,—March—Steiner, ... 30

Very good and effective, and not difficult.

Old Folks at Home,—Variations—Grobe. 75

Brilliant Variations of a popular song by a veteran arranger.

VOCAL.

Golden Locks are Silver Now,—Pratt. 40

A companion to the well-known "Silver Threads among the Gold," and pronounced the best of the many which this popular song has suggested. It is a home song, plaintive yet good and wholesome to sing.

Palm Branches,—[Les Remeaux]—Faure. 40

A glorious song, grand and inspiring, fine in sentiment and full of action and power; it will stand as a worthy companion to Gounod's "Nazareth," and Adams' "Christmas Song." It is an effective solo for church choirs, but can be heartily recommended for the parlor or concert-room. Soprano or Tenor in C. Alto or Bar. A♭.

Amalia, or the Roman Charioteer,
H. Millard. 60

An American Song with English and Italian words. Mr. Millard has no superior as a song writer, and this will be found in his best style, and will rank with his "Waiting," "Meeting," "Whate'er Betide," &c., &c., Soprano or Tenor, in E. Alto or Bar. in C.

Nothing,—[Ballad.]—H. Millard, ... 50

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Embarrassment,—Abt, ... 30

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Yet how to speak it, know not well."

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J. R. Thomas. 50

Dancing in the dreamy Waltz,
Conolly. 35

You never miss the water till the well runs dry. 30

Popular Comic Songs.

Frogtown Spellers.—Song & Chorus.
M. Beg. 30

There is no harm in kissing.—[Picture.]—Brockway. 40

Ask me again and I will not say no.—H. Millard, ... 30

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WHOLE No. 893. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1875. VOL. XXXV. No. 7.

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New Music for July.

VOCAL.

The Maiden's Rose, or, So the Story goes. 3. F to f. *Hatton.* 35

Joys of the Future. (La Gioja del Futuro). Duet for two Sopr's. 5. F to *a*. *Giuglini.* 60

The Letter in the Candle. Song and Cho. 2. A to e. *Coote.* 30

Rose Aylmer. 3. *Eb* to *g*. *Boott.* 30

Merry Day, sing the Merry Day. 4. F to *g*. *Offenbach.* 30

Old Brown's Daughter. 2. *Eb* to e. *Hunt.* 30

So oft I've heard of Love's sweet pain. 3. G to d. *Lippit.* 30

Sing, Sweet Bird. For Contralto 5. A to e. *Ganz.* 40

Old Oaken Bucket. 2. *Bb* to d. *Kialmark.* 30

Golden Locks are Silver Now. 3. *Bb* to f. *Pratt.* 40

Foreboding. 5. C minor to e. *Eichberg.* 35

Happy Moments. Duet. 3. D to f. *Deems.* 30

Christmas Bells at Sea. 4. *Db* to d. *Sullivan.* 30

Wait till the Moonlight falls. 3. C to e. *Bagnall.* 30

Colinette. 3. D to e. *Alary.* 30

Jennie's Old Song. 3. G to d. *Abt.* 40

Old Folks at Home. Quartet. 2. D to d. *arr. by Fairbank.* 25

The Flower Girl. (La Fioraja). 6. *Eb* to *b*. *Bevignani.* 75

The Clang of the Wooden Shoon. 3. C minor to e. *Molloy.* 40

Staccato Polka. Bravoura piece. 6. F to *b*. *Mubler.* 75

INSTRUMENTAL.

Bunker Hill Grand Centennial March. 3. F. *L. Mason.* 30

The Popular ZULMA. 2. D. arr. by *Harvey D.* 30

Memory. (Ill. Title). Idyl. 4. *Eb*. *Wilson.* 50

Farewell. (Scheidegruss). 4 hands. 3. *Ab*. *Lange.* 40

Still Wishes. (Stille Wünsche). 3. *Eb*. " 40

Voix du Coeur. 4. C. *Aubert.* 60

L'Ombre. (The Shadow). Potpourri. 3. *Maylath.* 1.00

Sailing in the Twilight. 4. A min. *Carreno.* 60

Celebrated Marches. *Maylath.*

No. 3. Chopin's Funeral March. Simplified. 4. G minor. 35

" 7. March from A-Flat Sonata. Beethoven. 3. G. 35

Spring Leaves. Waltz. 3. E. *Margraf.* 30

Splendid Night. 4. *Ab* *Gobbaerts.* 35

Sounds fr. the Heart Waltzes. (Gemuthstone.) 3. *Pielke.* 75

Celebrated Marches. arr. by *Maylath.*

No. 1. Marches fr. Jephtha & Saul. 3. D. 40

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" 4. Racozcy's March. (Liszt). G min. 35

" 5. March from Fidelio. (Beethoven). 3. *Bb* 30

" 6. Funeral March fr. Beethoven. 2. E. 30

Meadow Pink Schottische. 3. *Bb*. *Clay.* 30

Spring. Easy pieces by *Maylath, ca.* 25

No. 9. Amaryllis. (Air du Roi, Louis XIII). 3. F.

" 15. Ada Waltz. 2. G.

Home Treasures. *Smallwood, ca.* 40

No. 7. The Bridge. 2. F.

No. 7. Annie Laurie, and Who'll be King but Charlie? 6. *Eb* 75

Chaconne. 3. C. *Durand.* 40

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PUBLISHED BY

OLIVER DITSON & CO., BOSTON.

CHAS. H. DITSON & CO. New York. LYON & HEALY, Chicago.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 893. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1875. VOL. XXXV. No. 7.

Wagner's Imaginary Pilgrimage to Beethoven.*

(Concluded from Page 44.)

The Englishman, who always watched my attempt with excited attention from his window, had at last received positive information that Beethoven was really not to be approached. He was thoroughly vexed, but immeasurably persevering. My patience, however, was soon exhausted, for I had more reason for it than he. A week had gradually slipped away without the attainment of my object; and the income from my galops by no means permitted me a long residence in Vienna. I gradually began to despair.

I communicated my sorrows to the landlord of the hotel. He smiled, and promised to tell me the reason of my woes if I would swear not to betray it to the Englishman. Foreseeing disaster, I made the vow demanded of me.

"You see," said the trusty landlord, "hosts of Englishmen come here to see Herr von Beethoven and make his acquaintance. This annoys Herr von Beethoven so much, and he has been in such a rage at the impertinence of these people, that he makes it absolutely impossible for any stranger to get admittance to him. He is a singular man, and this may be pardoned in him. It is an excellent thing for my hotel, however, for it is generally liberally patronized by Englishmen, who are compelled by their anxiety to see Herr Beethoven to remain my guests longer than they otherwise would. Since you promise me, however, not to betray me to these gentlemen, I hope to find a means to secure your admission to Herr Beethoven."

This was refreshing; so I had not reached the goal, because I—poor devil—passed for an Englishman! My presentiment was justified—the Englishman was my ruin! I would have left the house at once, for of course every one that lodged there was taken for an Englishman at Beethoven's, and I was already outlawed for this reason; but the landlord's promise restrained me,—that he would bring about an opportunity to see and speak with the master. The Englishman, whom I detested from my soul, had meanwhile begun all sorts of intrigues and bribes, but without result.

So several more fruitless days slipped away, during which the receipts from my galops visibly diminished; till at last the landlord confided to me that I could not fail to meet Beethoven if I would go into a particular beer-garden, whither he went almost daily at a certain hour. At the same time I received from my counsellor certain unmistakable descriptions of the personal appearance of the great master, which would enable me to recognize him. I roused myself, and determined not to put off my happiness until to-morrow. It was impossible to catch Beethoven as he went out, for he always left his house by a back way; so there was nothing left for me but the beer-garden. Unfortunately, however, I looked there for the master both on this and the two following days without success.

At last on the fourth day, as I again directed my steps to the momentous beer-garden at the appointed hour, I perceived to my horror that the Englishman was cautiously and observantly following me at a distance. The wretch, perpetually watching at his window, had not let the fact escape him that I went out every day at the same hour and in the same direction. He had been struck by this, and at once suspecting that I had found some clue by which to trace out Beethoven, he had decided to take advantage of my presumed discovery. He told me all this with the greatest frankness, and forthwith declared that he proposed to follow me everywhere. In vain were all my endeavors to deceive him, or to make him believe that I had no other purpose in view than to visit, for my own refreshment, a beer-garden that was far too unfashionable to be worth the consideration of a gentleman like him; he kept steadfastly to his resolution, and I had my luck to curse for it. At last I tried rudeness, and sought to rid myself of him by insolence; far from letting himself be influenced by this, however, he contented himself with a gentle smile. His fixed idea was—*to see Beethoven;* nothing else disturbed him in the least.

In truth, it was to be; on this day I was for the first time to behold the great Beethoven. No words can picture my ecstasy—or at the same time describe my rage—as, seated beside my "gentleman," I saw approaching a man whose carriage and appearance fully bore out the description that the landlord had given me of the master. The long blue overcoat, the tangled, bristling grey hair, and more than these the features, the expression of the face, as they had long hovered before my imagination, pictured from an excellent portrait. No mistake was possible; I had recognized him in an instant! He passed us with short and hurried steps; surprise and reverence enchained my senses.

The Englishman missed none of my movements; he looked with curiosity at the newcomer, who withdrew into the most secluded corner of the beer-garden,—at this hour almost deserted,—ordered wine, and then remained for a time in an attitude of deep thought. My beating heart said to me—"It is he!" For a moment I forgot my neighbor, and looked with curious eye and unspeakable emotion upon the man whose genius had alone ruled over all my thoughts and feelings since I had learned to think and feel. Involuntarily I began to murmur softly to myself, and fell into a kind of soliloquy that ended with the but too distinctly uttered words—"Beethoven—it is thou, then, whom I see!"

Nothing escaped my accursed neighbor, who, bending close beside me, had listened with bated breath to my murmuring. I was roused in horror from my deep ecstasy by the words—"Yes, this gentleman is Beethoven! Come, let us introduce ourselves at once!"

Filled with anxiety and disgust I held the cursed Englishman back by the arm.

"What are you going to do?" I cried—"do you mean to disgrace us? Here—in such a place—so utterly without regard to common courtesy?"

"Oh," responded he, "it's a capital opportunity; we shan't easily find a better one."

With this he drew a kind of note-book from his pocket, and would have rushed forthwith upon the man in the blue overcoat. Beside myself, I seized the lunatic by the skirts of his coat, and cried out furiously, "Are you stark mad?"

This proceeding had attracted the attention of the stranger. He seemed to guess, with painful annoyance, that he was the subject of our excitement, and after he had hastily emptied his glass he rose to go away. Hardly had the Englishman perceived this than he tore himself from me with such force that he left one of his coat-skirts in my hand, and threw himself in Beethoven's path. The latter sought to avoid him; but the wretch was before him, and making him a marvellous bow according to the latest English fashion, addressed him as follows:

"I have the honor to introduce myself to that very famous composer and most estimable man—Herr Beethoven."

He had no need to add anything further, for with his first words Beethoven, casting a single glance upon me, had turned away with a hasty start to one side, and had vanished from the garden with the speed of lightning. Not the less did the irrepressible Briton show his intention to pursue the fugitive, when I seized, in a fury of rage, on the remnant of his coat skirts. Somewhat astonished, he checked himself, and cried out in a singular tone:

"Damn it! This gentleman is worthy to be an Englishman, and I shall certainly make no delay in forming his acquaintance!"

I stood there stupefied; this terrible adventure put an end to every hope of mine to see the dearest wish of my heart fulfilled!

It was very clear to me that from this time forth every attempt to approach Beethoven in an ordinary fashion must be perfectly vain. In my ruinous circumstances I had only to decide whether I would at once enter upon my homeward journey with my object unaccomplished, or whether I should make one last desperate endeavor to reach my goal. At the first alternative I shuddered to the bottom of my soul. Who, so near as this to the gates of the holy of holies, could see them close upon him without being fairly annihilated? Before I gave up the salvation of my soul, then, I would make one more desperate attempt. But what step was there for me to take—what way left for me to pursue? For a long time I could think of nothing definite. Alas, all consciousness was benumbed; nothing presented itself to my imagination but the remembrance of what I had passed through when I held the vile Englishman's coat-skirts in my hands. Beethoven's side glance at my unlucky self during this frightful catastrophe had not escaped me; I felt what such a glance must mean; he had—taken me for an Englishman!

What should I do then, to elude the wrath of the master? Everything depended on informing him that I was a simple German soul, full of worldly poverty, but more than worldly enthusiasm.

So I decided at last to pour out my heart,—to write. I did so; told him briefly the history of my life; how I had become a musician; how I idolized him; how I had longed to make his acquaintance; how I had given up two years to gaining a reputation as a composer of galops; how I had begun and ended my pilgrimage; what woes the Englishman had brought upon me, and in what a cruel situation I now found myself. As I felt my heart grow consciously lighter during this summary of my griefs, I even passed into a certain degree of confidence, from the pleasure of this feeling; I mingled in my letter some frank and rather decided complaints of the unjust cruelty with which I, poor devil, had been treated by the master. I closed my letter with absolute enthusiasm; my eyes swam as I wrote the address—"to Herr Ludwig von Beethoven." I uttered a silent prayer, and myself delivered the letter at Beethoven's house.

As I returned to my hotel, full of enthusiasm—great Heaven! what brought the horrible Englishman again before my eyes? He had watched this last errand also from his window; he had seen on my features the happiness of hope, and this was enough to deliver me again into his power. He stopped me on the steps with the question, "Good news? When shall we see Beethoven?"

* From *Art Life and Theories of* RICHARD WAGNER. Translated by E. L. Burlingame.

"Never! never!" cried I in despair—"Beethoven will never in his life see you again! Let me go, villain! We have nothing in common!"

"Most decidedly we have something in common," responded he, coldly; "where is the skirt of my coat, sir? Who authorized you to forcibly deprive me of it? Do you know, sir, that you are to blame for the behavior of Beethoven toward me? How was he to find it *en règle* to permit the acquaintance of a gentleman with only one coat-skirt?"

Furious at seeing the fault thus cast upon me, I cried—"You shall have the coat-skirt back, sir! Treasure it up as a shameful reminder of the way in which you insulted the great Beethoven, and ruined a poor musician! —Farewell! may we never see each other again!"

He sought to restrain me, and to pacify me by assuring me that he had still a large number of coats in the best possible condition; I must tell him when Beethoven would receive us. But I rushed past him up into my fifth story; and there I locked myself in and waited for Beethoven's answer.

But how shall I describe what passed within me—around me—when I really received within an hour a little piece of note-paper on which was hastily written—"Pardon me, Herr R——, if I ask you to call for the first time to-morrow morning; for I am at work to get off a packet of music by post. I expect you to-morrow. Beethoven."

First of all I sank upon my knees and thanked Heaven for this marvellous boon; my eyes were clouded with burning tears. But at length my emotions broke loose in the wildest joy; I sprang up and danced about my little bedroom like a madman. I hardly know what I danced; but I remember that to my infinite shame I suddenly became aware that I was accompanying myself by whistling a galop. This unhappy discovery brought me to myself again; I left my room and the hotel, and rushed into the streets of Vienna fairly drunken with delight.

Heavens! My woes had made me utterly forget that I was in Vienna! How the lively stir of the people of the imperial city delighted me! I was in an enthusiastic mood, and saw everything with enthusiastic eyes. The somewhat superficial sensuousness of the Viennese seemed the fresh warmth of life; their frivolous and not very fastidious pursuit of pleasure passed for natural and frank appreciation of the beautiful. I looked over the five daily theatre-bills; on one of them I saw announced "*Fidelio*,—opera by Beethoven."

I must go to the theatre, be the receipts from my galops ever so sadly lessened! As I came into the parquette the overture began. This was the rearrangement of the opera that had once—to the honor of the highly critical public of Vienna—failed, under the title of "Leonore." Even in this later form I had nowhere been able to produce it; and the delight may be imagined, which I experienced as I now heard for the first time this glorious novelty. A very young girl rendered the rôle of Leonore; yet this singer seemed even in her early youth to have fairly wed herself to the genius of Beethoven. With what ardor, poetic feeling, deep emotion did she depict this wonderful woman! Her name was Wilhelmine Schröder. She had gained for herself the noble merit of opening Beethoven's work to the German public; for I saw that evening, that even the superficial Viennese were roused to thorough enthusiasm. For me the very heavens were opened; all was illuminated for me, and I bowed down before the Genius that had led me like Florestan—from night and chains to light and liberty.

That night I could not sleep. What I had just gone through and what awaited me on the morrow, was too great and overwhelming to have let me carry it quietly into my dreams. I lay awake; I wandered; I prepared myself to appear before Beethoven. At last the day appeared; I waited with impatience for a time suitable for a morning call; it came, and I started forth. The most important event of my life stood before me; I trembled at the thought.

But I was to pass through a terrible trial.

Leaning against Beethoven's door-post there awaited me with great sang-froid, my demon—the Englishman! The villain had bribed everybody—finally even the landlord. The latter had read Beethoven's open note before I had seen it myself, and had betrayed its contents to the Briton.

A cold sweat burst from me at the sight. All romance, all divine ecstasy disappeared. I was again in *his* power.

"Come," said the wretch, "let us introduce ourselves to Beethoven!"

At first I thought of helping myself out of the difficulty with a lie, and asserting that I was not on the way to Beethoven at all. But he at once deprived me of all possibility of refuge, by explaining to me with the greatest candor that he had discovered my secret; and declaring that he would not leave me till we had seen Beethoven. I sought at first to dissuade him good-humoredly from his design;—in vain. I fell into a rage;—in vain. Finally I hoped to escape him by fleetness of foot. I flew up the steps like an arrow, and jerked at the bell like a madman. But before the door was opened the man stood beside me, seized the skirt of my coat and said: "Don't run away from me! I have a right to your coat-skirts, and I'll hold fast by them until we stand in Beethoven's presence."

I turned upon him in a fury, and struggled to free myself; I even felt tempted to defend myself by physical force against the proud son of Albion—when suddenly the door was opened. An old servant appeared, frowning as she discovered us in our extraordinary position; and seemed about to shut the door again upon us. In my anxiety I called my name aloud, and affirmed that I had been invited by Herr Beethoven himself.

The old woman was still in doubt, for the sight of the Englishman seemed to rouse in her a very just suspicion,—when suddenly, as luck would have it, Beethoven himself appeared at the door of his study. Taking advantage of this moment, I rushed quickly in, and sought to approach the master to excuse myself. But I dragged in the Englishman with me, for he clung to me still. He carried out his purpose, and did not let me go until we stood before Beethoven. I bowed, and stammered out my name; and though he certainly did not understand it, he seemed to know that I was the one who had written to him. He motioned to me to go into his room; and without being in the least disturbed by Beethoven's amazed look, my companion slipped hastily in after me.

Here I was—in the sanctuary; but the horrible embarrassment into which the villainous Britisher had led me robbed me of all that beneficent mood that was necessary to worthily enjoy my good fortune. Beethoven's appearance was certainly not in itself adapted to have an agreeable and soothing effect. He was in a somewhat disorderly dishabille; he wore a red woollen belt around his body; long, stiff, gray hair hung in disorder about his head; and his gloomy, repellent expression did not tend to allay my confusion. We sat down at a table covered with pens and paper.

There was a decided feeling of awkwardness; no one spoke. Beethoven was evidently out of temper at having to receive two persons instead of one.

At last he began by saying in a harsh voice—"You come from L——?"

I was about to answer, but he interrupted me; laying a pencil and sheet of paper before me, he added:—"Write; I cannot hear."

I knew of Beethoven's deafness, and had prepared myself for it. Nevertheless it went through my heart like a pang when I heard his harsh and broken voice say "I cannot hear." To live in the world joyless and in poverty; to find one's only exalted happiness in the power of music—and to have to say "I cannot hear!" In one moment there came to me the full understanding of Beethoven's manner, of the deep sorrow in his face, of the gloomy sadness of his glance, of the firm-set haughtiness of his lips: —*he could not hear!*

Confused, and without knowing what I said, I wrote an entreaty for his pardon and a brief explanation of the circumstances that had forced me to appear in the company of the Englishman. The latter sat silent and contented opposite Beethoven, who, when he had read my words, turned to him rather sharply with the inquiry what he desired from him?

"I have the honor"—replied the Briton.

"I can't understand you," cried Beethoven, hastily interrupting him. "I cannot hear, and I can speak but little. Write down what you want with me."

The Englishman quietly reflected for a moment, then drew an elegant music-book from his pocket, and said to me "Good.—Write—I request Herr Beethoven to look at this composition of mine; if he find a passage that does not please him, he will have the kindness to mark a cross against it."

I wrote down his request literally, in the hope that we might thus get rid of him. And such was really the result. After Beethoven had read it, he laid the Englishman's composition on the table with a peculiar smile, nodded abruptly, and said "I will send it to you."

With this my "gentleman" was content. He rose, made an especially magnificent bow, and took his leave. I drew a long breath;—he was gone.

Now for the first time I felt myself in the very sanctuary. Even Beethoven's features grew obviously brighter; he looked quietly at me for a moment, and began:

"The Englishman has caused you no little trouble?" said he. "Find consolation with me; these travelling Englishmen have tortured me to death. They come to-day to see a poor musician as they would go to-morrow to look at some rare animal. I am heartily sorry to have confounded you with him.—You wrote me that you were pleased with my compositions. I am glad of that, for I have little confidence now in pleasing people with my productions."

This cordiality in addressing me soon did away with all my embarrassment; a thrill of joy ran through me at these simple words. I wrote that I was by no means the only one filled with such ardent enthusiasm for every one of his creations, as to have no dearer wish than, for instance, to gain for my native city the happiness of seeing him once in its midst; —that he might then convince himself what effect his works produced upon the public.

"I can well believe," he answered, "that my compositions are more appreciated in North Germany. The Viennese often provoke me; they hear too much wretched stuff every day, to be always in the mood to take an earnest interest in anything serious."

I sought to combat this view, and instanced the fact that I had yesterday attended a performance of "Fidelio," which the Viennese public had received with the most obvious enthusiasm.

"Hm! Hm!" muttered the master,—"The 'Fidelio!' But I know that the people only applaud it out of vanity, after all, for they imagine that in my rearrangement of the opera I only followed their advice. So they seek to reward me for my trouble, and cry bravo! It's a good-natured, uneducated populace; so I like better to be among it than among wise people. Does 'Fidelio' please you?"

I told him of the impression that the performance of the day before had made upon me, and remarked that the whole had gained most gloriously by the additions that had been made to it.

"It is vexatious work," said Beethoven; "I am no composer of operas; at least I know of no theatre in the world for which I would care to compose an opera again. If I should make

an opera according to my own conception, the people would absolutely flee from it; for there would be no airs, duets, trios, and all that nonsense to be found in it, with which operas are stitched together nowadays;—and what I would substitute for these no singer would sing and no audience hear. They all know nothing deeper than brilliant falsehoods, sparkling nonsense, and sugar-coated dulness. The man who created a true musical drama would be looked upon as a fool—and would be one in very truth if he did not keep such a thing to himself, but wanted to bring it before the public."

"And how should one go to work," I asked excitedly, "to produce such a musical drama?"

"As Shakespeare did when he wrote his plays"—was the almost angry answer. Then he continued: "The man who has to trouble himself with fitting all sorts of brilliant prattle to women with passable voices, so that they may gain applause by it, should make himself a Parisian man-milliner, not a dramatic composer. For myself, I am not made for such trifling. I know very well that certain wiseacres say of me for this reason that though I have some ability in instrumentation I should never be at home in vocal music. They are right—for they understand by vocal music only operatic music; and as for my being at home in that—Heaven forbid!"

I ventured to ask if he really thought that any one, after hearing his "Adelaide," would dare to deny him the most brilliant genius for vocal music also?"

"Well," he said after a short pause, "'Adelaide' and things of that kind are small matters, after all, that soon fall into the hands of the professional virtuosi—to serve them as opportunities to bring out their brilliant art touches. Why should not vocal music form a great and serious *genre* by itself as well as instrumental,—that should receive as much respect from the frivolous tribe of singers in its execution, as is demanded of an orchestra in the production of a symphony. The human voice exists. It is a far more beautiful and noble organ of tone than any instrument of an orchestra. Ought it not to be brought into as independent use as this latter? What new results might not be gained by such a method! For it is precisely the character of the human voice, utterly different by nature from the peculiarities of an instrument, that could be brought out and retained, and could be capable of the most varying combinations. In instruments, the primal organs of creation and nature find their representation; they cannot be sharply determined and defined, for they but repeat primal feelings as they came forth from the chaos of the first creation, when there were perhaps no human beings in existence to receive them in their hearts. With the genius of the human voice it is entirely otherwise; this represents the human heart, and its isolated, individual emotion. Its character is therefore limited, but fixed and defined. Let these two elements be brought together, then; let them be united! Let those wild primal emotions that stretch out into the infinite, that are represented by instruments, be contrasted with the clear, definite emotions of the human heart, represented by the human voice. The addition of the second element will work beneficently and soothingly upon the conflict of the elemental emotions, and give to their course a well-defined and united channel; and the human heart itself, in receiving these elemental emotions, will be immeasurably strengthened and broadened; and made capable of feeling clearly what was before an uncertain presage of the highest ideal, now changed into a divine knowledge."

Beethoven paused here a moment, as if fatigued. Then, with a light sigh, he continued:—"It is true that many obstacles are met with in the attempt to solve this problem; in order to sing one has need of words. But what man could put into words the poetry that must form the basis of such a union of elements? Poetry must stand aside here; for words are too weak things for this task.—You will soon hear a new composition of mine which will remind you of what I am now explaining. It is a symphony with choruses. I call your attention to the difficulty I had in this, in getting over the obstacle of the inadequacy of the poetry which I required to help me. Finally I decided to choose our Schiller's beautiful "Hymn to Joy;" this is at least a noble and elevating creation, even though it is far from expressing what in this case, it is true, no verses in the world *could* express."

Even now I can hardly comprehend the happiness that I enjoyed in the fact that Beethoven himself should thus help me by these explanations to the full understanding of his last giant symphony, which at that time must have been barely finished, but which was as yet known to no one. I expressed to him my enthusiastic thanks for this certainly rare condescension. At the same time I expressed the delighted surprise that he had given me in this news that the appearance of a new and great work of his composition might soon be looked for. Tears stood in my eyes—I could have kneeled before him.

Beethoven seemed to perceive my emotion. He looked at me half sorrowfully, half with a mocking smile, as he said: "You will be able to be my defender when my new work is spoken of—think of me then; the wise people will believe me mad—at all events they will call me so. Yet you see, Herr R——, that I am not exactly a madman,—though I might be unhappy enough to be one. People demand of me that I shall write according to their conception of what is beautiful and good; but they do not reflect that I, the poor deaf man, must have thoughts that are all my own, that it is impossible for me to compose otherwise than as I feel. And that I cannot think and feel the things that *they* deem beautiful," he added ironically, "that is my misfortune!"

With this he rose and strode up and down the room with short, quick strides. Deeply moved as I was, I also rose—I felt myself trembling. It would have been impossible for me to continue the conversation either by pantomime or writing. I perceived that the time had come when my visit might grow burdensome to the master. To *write* my deep-felt thanks and my farewell, seemed cold; I contented myself by taking my hat, standing before Beethoven, and letting him read in my eyes what was passing within me.

He seemed to understand me. "You are going?" he asked. "Do you remain any time longer in Vienna?"

I wrote that I had no other aim in this journey than to become acquainted with him; that as he had deemed me worthy of such an unusual reception, I was more than happy to find my goal reached, and should start the next day on my return.

He answered, smiling, "You wrote to me how you furnished yourself with money for this journey. You should stay here in Vienna and make galops—they are popular wares here."

I declared that all that was over for me, for that I knew nothing that could ever again seem to me to deserve such a sacrifice.

"Well, well," he said, "perhaps something will yet be found! I—fool that I am—should be far better off if I made galops; if I go on as I have hitherto, I shall always be in want. *Bon voyage!*" he went on; "bear me in mind, and console yourself with me in all your trials!"

Deeply moved, and with tears in my eyes, I was about to take my leave, when he called to me—"Wait! Let us finish up the musical Englishman. Let us see where the crosses come in."

With this he seized the Englishman's music-book, and smilingly looked through it, then he carefully folded it up again, wrapped it in paper, took up a heavy music pen, and drew a gigantic cross across the whole wrapper. And then he handed it to me with the remark, "Kindly return the fortunate being his masterpiece. He is an ass—and yet I envy him his long ears. Farewell, mein Lieber, and remember me in kindness."

With this he dismissed me. Deeply agitated, I passed out of the room and from the house.

* * * * * * * *

At the hotel I met the Englishman's servant, as he was arranging his master's trunk in the travelling carriage. His goal, too, had been reached; I was compelled to confess that he too had shown persistency. I hurried to my room and made my preparations to begin, the next day, my pedestrian journey back again. I had to laugh, as I looked at the cross on the wrapper of the Englishman's composition. Yet the cross was a memorial of Beethoven, and I begrudged it to the evil demon of my pilgrimage. My decision was quickly made. I took the wrapper off, took out my gallops, and wrapped *them* instead in this condemnatory covering. I returned the Englishman his composition without a wrapper, and accompanied it with a note in which I informed him that Beethoven envied him, and that he declared he did not know where to put a cross on such a work.

As I left the hotel I saw my wretched companion getting into his carriage.

"Good by"—he shouted;—"You have done me a great service. I am delighted to have made Herr Beethoven's acquaintance. Will you go to Italy with me?"

"What are you after there?" asked I in reply.

"I want to make the acquaintance of Rossini—he is a very celebrated composer."

"Good luck!" I called. "*I* know Beethoven; and with that I have enough for all my life."

We parted. I cast one longing look towards Beethoven's house, and turned to the northward—exalted and ennobled in heart.

Keyed-Stringed Instruments of Music.

SIR ROBERT STEWART'S LECTURES AT DUBLIN UNIVERSITY.*

VI.

Sir Robert Stewart's sixth and last lecture on keyed instruments was read on Saturday, April 17. That the interest had not diminished was made evident by the crowds who, for an hour or more, waited patiently for the doors to be opened. Within the hall the dais was hung round with engraved portraits of Bach, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Mozart, Purcell, Lully, Stanley, Samuel Wesley, Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, Marie Antoinette, Rev. W. Mason (of York), Mrs. Anastasia Robinson, Mrs. Billington, Princess Czartoryski, and others associated with keyed instruments. Large diagrams of the lyre, psaltery, dulcimer, spinet, virginal and clavichord, were suspended on either side. There was a small band of amateur instrumentalists, led by Herr Berzon, who executed the accompaniments to Mendelssohn's piano concerto in D minor (op. 40). The lecture was further illustrated by the performance of two of Chopin's pieces. The étude in A minor (played from memory by Miss A. Wayland) as an example of his vigorous style, when studying under Professor Jos. Elsner, at Warsaw, in 1830; and the Berceuse in D flat (played by Miss M. Jones), produced in Paris ten years later, when the composer was suffering from the disease which ultimately destroyed him. Sir R. Stewart said:—

They had traced the history of keyed instruments from yonder representation of the lyre and dulcimer of antiquity, on through the spinet and harpsichord, until the subject culminated in the modern pianoforte. Indeed, they would need a musical Darwin to trace the "origin of species" from the trigon or little three-cornered harp, to the noble Erard grand, of which an example stood before them to-day. The domain of expression had been vastly increased by the adoption of the damper pedal; which, alluded to by Steiedt (1755—1820), in his op. 55, as a novel invention, had in fact, changed the whole style of pianoforte playing. The early sonatas of Haydn

* Reported in the London *Musical Standard*.

partook of the tinkling school, but Beethoven soon began to develop novelties. In his first sonata in F minor, dedicated to Haydn, there were rapid alternating chords of *forte* and *piano*, and in a passage in A flat in one of the "Bagatelles," examples of new damper pedal effects occurred. (The lecturer here played both these passages). The whole method of Thalberg was directly traceable to the damper pedal, as were those pieces for left hand alone, with which Dreyshock, Rudolf Willmer and others, had enriched the piano *repertoire*. He (Sir R. Stewart) would refer to a further example of a damper pedal effect—a very charming one too, in "Au bord de la mer," of the late lamented W. V. Wallace, an Irishman, and a famous pianist, born in Waterford. (The passage alluded to was played, and consisted of a tenor cantabile, accompanied softly with arpeggioed treble chords.) The style of that truly great artist, Frederic Chopin, was similarly modelled, and was rich in pedal effects drawn by the composer from Pleyel's pianos—instruments whose shallow touch and veiled sonorousness had always an especial charm for the great Polish musician. (Here, by way of comparison of the two manners—the vigorous and dreamy styles of Chopin—the "Study in A minor," and the "Berceuse" were played.)

The compass of keyed instruments had been various; the early clavichord and virginal had about three octaves each; Bach's instruments four octaves from violoncello C in the bass; yet, although most of the 48 preludes and fugues were contained within these limits, the 44th fugue (of which the subject resembled Handel's "And with His stripes we are healed") descended to the bass A below. These limits for keyed instruments were, however, somewhat arbitrary; in some of Bach's organ works, notes were found which he (Sir R. Stewart) had never met with in any organ either in England or abroad. Thus in the G major Fantasia, the pedal descended to the low B natural, and a variation on "In dulci jubilo," was written up to the high F-sharp, limits to which, in Bach's day, no pedal-board extended. In pianofortes, the five upper semitones from F to C, added at the suggestion of Francis Parnormo by Messrs. Broadwood, about 1797, were first used at a concert at the Rotunda in Dublin; Constantine, Ferdinand, and Francis Panormo were all *première force* players in those days. The Weber harpsichord (1784), exhibited at a former lecture, had but five octaves and two notes, F below to G above; yet the Shudi harpsichord of Sir F. Ouseley, dating 1773, had reached the low C. Harpsichords continued to be made in England until about 1798, although the pianoforte had then existed twenty years.

The performance of Schroeter (1790) seems to have first brought the piano into general favor, and made the harpsichord give way. The piano was introduced upon the stage in London as a newly invented instrument in 1767 by Dibdin, and in Dublin by Michael Arne in 1779. It had been customary thus to introduce keyed instruments into the theatrical orchestra. A picture of the performance at Versailles in honor of the marriage of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette shows this, the harpsichord having the lid raised. Mozart did likewise at Milan in 1771; and even so lately as 1826 "Weber "presided at the pianoforte," when "Oberon" was produced at Covent Garden, although, as that opera had no recitatives (being only "a drama with songs,") it is not very clear for what the instrument had been introduced. Some allusion having been made to the progress of the piano in Dublin with Panormo and Michael Arne, he (Sir R. Stewart) would refer to one well-known Irish artist, Wm. Southwell, who had rendered great services to the manufacture of the instrument, having improved the dampers, extended the compass, and invented the upright, then termed a "cabinet piano" The upright instrument had altogether superseded the square piano in these islands, and even to some extent the grand. The "Irish damper," as invented by Wm Southwell, was also famous. His patents date 1794, 1798, 1807 (the cabinet) 1811, 1821, and 1837. It is interesting for Dublin people to recall those days. There were many makers of keyed instruments in this city, although it was but a small town at the time. Now, with all our increased wealth and size, there is not one. We find Ferdinand Weber, harpsichord maker, 71, Marlborough-street (1784); Wm. Southwell, 26, Fleet-street (1784). Southwell's house appears at Marlborough-street, Duke-street, and Abbey-street, until about 40 years ago. There were Edmund Lee, harpsichord maker, 2, Dame-street, 1787; Robert Woffington, 9, William-street (1788, and until 40 years ago); Alex., Jas., and Daniel Macdonnell, harpsichord and piano makers, Church-lane, and Fleet-street (1795, and for many years after); Jacob Pemberton (1797); David Schroeter, Townsend-street (1793); Thomas Kenny, Mercer-street (1791); Wm. Cooke, Summer hill (1797). The lecturer could himself recollect Morland, a manufacturer, whose workshops were in Mecklenburgh-street; but the trade must have been languishing, for in 1821, when King George IV. visited Dublin, it was openly stated that Morland did not make ten pianos per annum; whereas last year, in London alone, Mr. Brinsmead sets down ten per week to each maker, and a prodigious aggregate of 104,000 per annum! Herr Paner's estimate, in 1871, was, however, but 23,000. Nevertheless, these figures represent, in any case, a thriving industry.

Sir R. Stewart now entered into some interesting details with respect to the enormous strain exerted by the strings of a full grand piano—a strain estimated by that eminent artist, Mr. A. J. Hipkins, of Broadwood's, at 15½ tons. Much of this strain was attributable to the thick and highly tenacious modern English wire now employed, the longest bass string in the old grands only equalling the shortest treble string in the modern one. This wire could bear a pull equal to 152 lb., while the old wire would only stand a strain of 50lb. One great difficulty in grand pianos was in what manner to enable the instrument to be braced, and yet to leave room for the deep gap extending across the entire instrument where the hammers passed through. In the cottage piano this difficulty did not exist, the strings being struck by the hammers upon their upper surface; hence arose the cheapness and simplicity of this form of piano, there being no solution of continuity to be provided for. The American pianoforte makers, represented by two famous houses, Chickering and Steinway, had directed their efforts to abolish the solid bed and bracing of timber which marked European grands; they were so open below the sound board, that one could touch that portion of the instrument by passing the hand under the belly of the piano. The necessary solidity in the string-frame, and its power of resisting the pull to which reference has been made, was obtained in the United States by casting a sort of harp-shaped frame, in one solid piece of metal, to which the strings were made fast. At the first three lectures of the present course, one of these Steinway instruments had been used. It was of admirable quality, and faultless touch, but although the American pianos were said to be very powerful, he did not consider them exceptionally so. At the New York Exposition of 1854, the first prize was awarded to Erard in the most brilliant manner, by the American judges themselves; with, however, the reservation that the American instruments were better suited for their own climate, and its alternations of high and low temperature, than any European grand piano. Sir R. Stewart said the American instruments were also remarkable for an ingenious arrangement by which increased length was secured for some of the bass strings, by running them diagonally under the rest, for a method of causing the hammers to strike the strings either closely or at a distance; also for various adjustment of the string near the tuning-pins, and for some novelties in tone, such as the "Dolce Campana attachment" or sweet bell tone.

The lecturer referred to "color pianos," of which the "ocular harpsichord," of the Jesuit Louis Castel, in 1757, was the earliest example. More modern reference to this subject had been made by Messrs. Jameson, Gardiner of Leicester, and quite recently by Mr. George B. Allen, an Irish musician from Armagh. He (Sir R. Stewart) also spoke of "Sostinente" pianos, designed to remedy one chief drawback in the instrument, the impossibility of prolonging the tone after the key had been struck. Of these devices that of the Rev. Wm. Mason (1765) was among the earliest; that of Adam Walker and of Mott came later. The latter (patented in 1817) had been exhibited many years ago in the house of Mrs. Howard in Merrion-square, Dublin. There had been many "Sostinente" inventions. Keyed instruments had been also made to act on plates of glass; of this sort was the "Harmonica," so admired by Benjamin Franklin. Probably we were now upon the eve of a discovery in keyed instruments which would revolutionize this department of the art. He (Sir R. Stewart) alluded to the very interesting results recently attained by Mr. Baillie Hamilton in connection with strings and harmonium reeds.

To most persons, the keyboard in ordinary use, with its seven white and five black notes, was so familiar that it never occurred to them that more sounds than twelve in an octave could be sought for. One of the first and, perhaps, the most familiar example of an effort to obtain a juster intonation, was the well-known division of the semitones in the organ of the Temple church, London, where G sharp and D sharp were divided, and a portion tuned for A flat and E flat. As this arrangement of the keyboard he (Sir R. Stewart) believed now no longer existed in the Temple organ, it might interest them to examine the adjoining large diagram drawn by a young lady for the present lectures, and showing a portion of the Temple keyboard. A piano by Hawkes (1808) had 17 sounds in the octave; one by Loeschmann (1809) had 24; Mr. Liston (1812), and Colonel P. Thompson (1829) had also been distinguished by their efforts to obtain a juster intonation, and to abolish the usual tempered scale on keyed instruments; but after all, custom was so powerful, that it was not likely these complicated keyboards would ever become general, although in the use of colored keys, and keyboards furnished with quarrils, digitals, buttons, and flutals, uncommon ingenuity had been shown by the inventors.

Among subjects closely connected with pianoforte touch was a consideration of the various mechanical appliances which had been invented in order to promote independence of finger. In harpsichord playing little beyond distinctness and accuracy were sought for, but the innumerable niceties of treatment of which the hammer instrument was susceptible, called for a corresponding increase of power and variety of touch. This question had early engaged the attention of the musical world. In Bohemia, about the year 1780, a sort of frame had been used to prevent the pupils' hands being unduly elevated. Dr. Forkel, of Gottingen, the biographer of J. S. Bach, had attached weights to the players' wrists for a similar purpose. The "Chiroplast" of M. Logier, which had been first produced in Dublin about the Year 1816, was familiar to many of those who were present. A portion of it had subsequently been made use of, as the "guide mains" of Kalkbrenner. The late Robert Schumann had, by the indiscreet employment of some mechanism of the sort, so injured his hand as forever to debar him from playing in public. The Dactylion of Henri Herz, produced in Paris about 1845, consisted of a set of rings, one for each finger, suspended over the keys from springs, after the manner of a fishing rod. The practices of 1,000 exercises sold along with the Dactylion was further recommended. This machine had been satirized by the lively Parisians, who represented mice jumping through its rings. The Chirogymnast, which was vigorously puffed about 1842, consisted of a small frame some 2 feet by 18 inches, on which were arranged various pieces of mechanism to develop power of stroke, independent of action. He (Sir R. Stewart) had purchased at Pleyel's, in Paris, one of the most usual mechanical aids called "Piano Muet." This dumb piano had been referred to in an amusing article from the *Leipzig Signale*, as "an instrument for which, it is to be lamented, that so little has been composed!" Schumann had said of such things—"Try them, so as to see how little they avail; for you cannot learn speech from the dumb." Cramer, Hummel, Moscheles, Czerny, and other artists generally disapproved of such mechanical aids, the employment of which might, however, in special instances, be attended with decided advantage.

In treating the last section of his subject—the combination of the pianoforte with other instruments—Sir R. Stewart referred to Hector Berlioz's proposed employment of the acute octaves of the pianoforte as a novel quality of orchestral tone; to this, however, there was a serious objection in the cumbrous nature of the pianoforte, even one grand piano making serious calls upon the limited space in an orchestral platform. Hector Berlioz only proposed to make the instrument accessory; it had, however, been long before elevated to the rank of a principal in the noble concertos of Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, Schumann, Mendelssohn, and Sterndale Bennett; and although Hoffmann, who disliked all piano concertos, had called these works "symphonies with piano obligato," they really formed a most interesting contribution to the music for keyed instruments. Sir R. Stewart said, the present lecture would be terminated by a performance of Mendelssohn's finest work of this class, written at Bingen on the Rhine, in 1837. The concerto displayed much of the influence of J. S. Bach in the recitative passages for piano solo with which it began. Further on, the treatment of the instrument showed a perfect mastery of the Thalberg manner in passage-writing; the slow movement (perhaps the gem of the work) was Mozartian in form and beauty, and the finale, a *scherzo* in D major, was from first to last a perfect torrent of exultation.

Chorus.

f Tutti.

- ther. In sa - cri - fice The flame shall

con fuoco.

The flame shall rise in sa - cri -

The flame shall rise in sa - cri -

rise, rise, in sa - cri -

- fice, shall rise in sa - cri - fice! Be -

- fice, shall rise in sa - cri - fice! Be -

- fice, shall rise in sa - cri - fice! Be -

ff

- gin the an - cient ho - ly rite.

- gin the an - cient ho - ly rite.

- gin the an - cient ho - ly rite.

sf *f*

Praise our Al - migh - ty Fa - ther! A -

sf *f*

Praise our Al - migh - ty Fa - ther! A -

sf *f*

Praise our Al - migh - ty Fa - ther! A -

sf *f*

sf *f*

- way! a - way! a -

- way! a - way! a -

- way! a - way! a -

sf *sf*

- way! Thus blend our hearts..... thus blend our

- way! Thus blend our hearts, thus blend our

- way! Thus blend our hearts, thus blend our

hearts..... to - ge -

hearts..... our hearts to - ge - -

hearts..... our hearts to - ge - -

Tenor Solo.

In sa - cri - fice the flame shall rise! Be -

- ther! A - way!

- ther! A - way!

- ther! A - way!

- gin the an - cient ho - ly rite! Be - gin the

A - way!

A - way!

Tutti.

Be - gin the an - cient

Be - gin the an - cient

Solo.

an - cient ho - ly rite! Tutti. Be - gin the an - cient

ho - ly rite! A - way! a -

ho - ly rite! A - way! a -

ho - ly rite! A - way! a -

ho - ly rite! A - way! a - way!

The lecturer having previously explained and illustrated the salient points of this fine composition, the concerto followed: a small orchestra, led by Herr Carl Berzon, accompanying it. The pianoforte part was played with much *aplomb* by Miss Adeline Wheeler, a student of the Irish Academy of Music, and a mere child. After the concerto had concluded the three students, Mesdames Jones, Wayland, and Wheeler, were publicly presented by Mrs. Lloyd (Provost's House), with handsomely bound volumes of the works of Chopin, Bach, and Mendelssohn. Sir R. Stewart then made his acknowledgments to the numerous individuals and firms in Ireland, England and the United States, who had aided him by pictures, models, music, information, and good offices, especially referring to Mr. Hingston, of Trinity College, who had suspended the pictures and arranged the instruments for each of the six lectures, and the proceedings terminated with cheers for the lecturer from the assembled students.

Dannreuther on the Opera.

(From the London Musical Standard.)

Mr. Dannreuther's paper on Opera in *Macmillan's Magazine* for this month embodies the same views which he has already expressed in his Wagner pamphlet. It contains some striking, and often true, but generally exaggerated, characterizations of composers and styles. We need not go back with him to the origin of opera, and those vague statements about Greek plays and the Renaissance which so many writers repeat, but which have no more bearing on the opera of to-day than the "Frogs" of Aristophanes upon Robertsonian comedy. What he has to say upon Weber is worth quoting. He remarks:—

"And now, before I turn, or rather return to the frivolous side of the matter—to the sugar plums and fireworks of Rossini, to the moonshine sentimentalities of Bellini; the couplets and *contredanses* of Auber; the revolting *olla putrida* of Meyerbeer; the *can-can* of Offenbach—before I ask the reader to descend with me this slippery staircase into a veritable musical morass, there is but one great and earnest musician left to speak of—Carl Maria Von Weber.

Weber is the originator of the German romantic opera. In his time a great revival was going on in German literature. In opposition to the classicism of Goethe and his friends, German poets began to look to the traditions of their own nation for subject-matter. The remains of mediæval manners and superstitions were illuminated with a faint glimmer of poetical life. Spanish and Hindoo dramas were being translated; Teutonic myths, legends and stories were resuscitated; and above all, the delicate flowers of German people's song, dating far back into the middle ages, were gathered and safely housed before the breath of the present antipoetical industrialism had entirely stifled them. To the tender voices of German Volkslieder Weber listened intently, and the whole of his operatic music became imbued with their healthy cadences and naive charm. Without being conscious of it he came to be a better exponent of the so-called romantic tendencies than the romantic writers themselves. Weber has shown German musicians what a specifically German phraseology should be like. His melodious diction furnishes in many respects the germs of Wagner's. He has enriched the art of dramatic composition in many different ways; but in his case, as in Gluck's, the fact must be admitted that he did not take the last and decisive step towards the construction of a real musical drama, though he was at times very near to it. He did not see that it was the province of the dramatic poet to dictate the forms and of the musician to lend emotional expression only. He tried to construct the whole drama on the basis of his Teutonic melody; and in the work wherein he strove most earnestly for this end, *Euryanthe*, his largest and his favorite opera, he failed most decidedly."

In the above peeps out that strange infatuation for "Teutonic myths" and "German people-song" which seems to possess the Wagner circle; and of which, we suppose, the ridiculous story of "Lohengrin" is an example. Presently Mr. Dannreuther gives us his view of Rossini. He says:—

"When, just now, I talked of descending into an operatic morass, by a slippery staircase, on the last step of which I picture to myself Verdi's "*Traviata*" looking down upon Offenbach's "*Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein*" actually in the mire, I placed the *divino maestro* Rossini on the landing at the top. And such a position would be appropriate for him even if he were not the first and earliest of the group of Italian and French composers I now have in view. Man of genius as he certainly was, he seems scarcely to have possessed such a thing as an artistic conscience. The fact is, that in nearly all his works the drama so earnestly striven for by the great French school of Gluck and Cherubini, is shamefully neglected, and the opera consists of operatic melody. Robert Schumann characterized Rossini's melodies with a bold metaphor—*Tizianisches Fleisch ohne Geist* (flesh *a la* Titian, without spirit). When Schumann said this, he probably had some *opera seria* of Rossini's, say *Tancredi* or *Semiramide*, rather than the light and sparkling pieces such as *Il Barbiere* in his mind's eye. Certainly Rossini's works are perfect orgies of melody, but of melody in the *dilettante* sense of the word, not of that noble and refined type which is to be found almost invariably in the masterpieces of Mozart and Weber. It is a kind of melody contrived for the convenience of singers—a melody of stereotyped turns and phrases, of ever-recurring conventional *fioriture* and commonplace *roulades*. At times Rossini's merry and rhythmical accompaniments stand in such strange contrast to the dramatic situation, that one is tempted to imagine the composer keeping up a facetious comment, indulging in a little private *badinage* with the orchestra just to show he is not so much in earnest as would appear from the tragic looks and gesticulations on the stage. Rossinian opera was more a matter of fashion than of art. A piece listed for a season, and was forgotten; perhaps he warmed up bits of it, and stuck them into the next. Was not one tune as good as another? And who cared about dramatic propriety, or the like antiquated rubbish? If the public of one town liked long strings of passages, of another sweet *cantilena*, of a third endless *crescendi*, or the roll of side-drums, the master was complacent, and furnished them by the yard—*ad infinitum*. I am far from asserting that everything in Rossini was frivolous, for out of his thirty operas, so many of which have disappeared without a trace, have we not got *Il Barbiere*, the second act of *Tell*, and many single lovely things besides, scattered far and wide? I say only that he did not always work for art's sake, and that his conscience was made of rubber."

This assessment is, on the whole, not unjust; earnestness is exceptional in Rossini. But it must be with some soreness, we imagine, that those whose idol is Wagner reflect upon his gift of tune, or they would not be so persistently hard upon him. Mr. Dannreuther proceeds to tell us that Rossini's successors—Bellini, Donizetti, and Verdi, all men of very real musical gifts—do not demand much attention. They merely metamorphosed Rossini's melody. Bellini rendered it sickly and sentimental; Donizetti more declamatory and commonplace; Verdi blatant and violent. As for the drama they left it, if anything, in a worse plight than it had been before. He considers that—

"The comic opera of France, as it is represented by Auber, has this one advantage over the popular Italian works, that it is all of a piece. You are not eternally swung to and fro on a seesaw, alternating between highly impassioned melody and mere musical sawdust. French librettists have a sure and safe theatrical method, which acts as a wholesome check upon their exuberant gaiety so apt to be extravagant; and French composers of *vaudevilles* and *opéra comiques*, from Isouard and Boieldieu to Auber, have known how to keep their style up to the mark supplied by their librettists. I look upon Auber's sprightly tunes as the *beau idéal* of both characteristic phases of French music—the *couplet* and the *contredanse*. Frenchmen have instinctively felt the representative character of Auber's music, and they have accordingly bestowed their special favor more upon his numerous productions for the *opéra comique* than upon his veritable masterpiece, *La Muette de Portici*, wherein he takes a flight far higher and reaches a greater artistic eminence. In fact, *Masaniello*, as the work is called in England, is, in as much as intensity of effect and originality of musical treatment are concerned, far beyond the narrow though amusing range of modern French operas. The extraordinary *verve* and fire, and the pointed conciseness with which Auber manipulated his materials, are worthy of high praise. Unfortunately, neither Auber nor Scribe (his favorite librettist) in their later works thought fit to advance in the direction of quick and decisive action and drastic brevity of musical exposition, which might have led them towards the drama we have in view."

It is against Meyerbeer, as has been the case before, that Mr. Dannreuther and his friends express most bitterness. If, he says, Rossini's artistic conscience was of a very elastic nature, it may be asserted with at least equal truth that Meyerbeer did not possess such a thing at all. He wanted to succeed at any risk or cost, and he managed to succeed accordingly:—

"If one looks beneath the drastic *coups de theatre*, the scenical pomp and glitter, the dazzling brilliancy of orchestral color, at the specifically musical gifts displayed in one of Meyerbeer's monster operas, one finds them surprisingly meagre. Taking into consideration the number of genuine and powerfully emotional effects he produces in *Robert*, *Les Huguenots*, and *Le Prophète*, one is astonished to find, on closer examination, how poor the melodious kernel of his work really is; but he was by nature excessively clever. Whatever of a technical sort a musician can gain from the example of predecessors and contemporaries, he quickly assimilated. From the Italians he derived the popular manner of treating the human voice; from the French and Germans the refined and complicated method of handling the orchestra. And in the course of a protracted experience by dint of incessant exertion, he managed to develop his keen instinct for bizarre and telling instrumental combinations and stage effects, into a most formidable dramatic power.

"Meyerbeer began his career with sacred odes to Klopstock's texts, and with an oratorio. His first opera, *Jephtha's Daughter*, was itself a semi-oratorio. When about 1818 he came to Italy and found Rossini's star in the ascendant, he quickly changed his tactics, and manufactured operas in the Italian style. When in 1831 *Robert* was given in Paris, he had again adopted an entire change of procedure. There he tries to unite German science with Italian melody and French *raffinement*. His rapid changes of æsthetic creed were not the result of any organic development of his nature; they were much more a matter of calculation. His elaborate attempts to unite all the elements of the opera—good and bad—side by side, into one gorgeous and dazzling *pot-pourri*, remind one of the story of the newly-baptized Turk who liked the wine which his Christian religion did not forbid, but who chose to enjoy it together with a little Mohammedan polygamy.

"The libretti of Scribe, most versatile of French librettists, are as a rule, distinguished by remarkable cleverness of construction, by very ingenious use of stage effects and contrivances, and by an apparent absence of effort in the conception and execution. But in the opera books which he concocted for Meyerbeer, Scribe seems to have lost all natural ease and spontaneity, he worries and tortures himself and his public with extravagance after extravagance, with effort after effort, all brought forward only to create a sensation at any cost, and with little or no reference to the original idea of the piece. It is not to be supposed that an experienced and *rusé* dramatist like Scribe would have so frantically troubled himself, had not that most restless and ambitious of musicians with whom he was associated imperatively required so eccentric a canvas for his intrinsically dry, yet pretentious, music. Technically considered, *Robert le Diable* is the most important of Meyerbeer's works, though the stride in advance from this piece to *Les Huguenots* is enormous. In the latter, he has repeatedly reached a climax of dramatic effect, such as neither he himself nor any one else (if we except Wagner, who works with different means to totally different ends) has again attained or surpassed. But *Robert* inaugurated a new era at the *Grand Opera*—the era of the greatest splendor and the greatest rottenness.

"At the time when *Robert le Diable* was written, the French *école romantique*, with Victor Hugo at the head, was in full bloom. The influence of Byron and Hoffman was felt and acknowledged by all clamants to poetical honors. Ghosts and devils, fierce love, hate, murder and madness, formed indispensable ingredients to every novel or play. The reading public was greedy of eccentricity, and the most violent contrasts could not appease its appetite for horrors. It was to satisfy the craving for such highly seasoned sentimental food that Scribe began to construct an opera book which should be a veritable *ne plus ultra*. He took for his hero the devil himself—*Satanas in propria persona*—gave him a coating of new Parisian varnish, transformed him into an extravagantly affectionate father, cooked him with *sauce piquante* of resuscitated dancing nuns, and then served him up to his friend Meyerbeer, who set him to the most appropriate music, and exhibited him, with unheard-of splendor at the *Grand Opera*.

"We must give Meyerbeer credit for having understood the moral, or rather immoral wants of his time to perfection, and for having managed to concoct, with marvellous ingenuity, the highly spiced and unwholesome food demanded by Parisian audiences.

"But it is just in *his* works that the intrinsic hollowness and rottenness of the *genre* called opera is more apparent than those of all his predecessors; it is the natural and inevitable opposition to the shameful abuses sanctioned by him, that has at length grown into a revolution which appears destined to clear the musical stage, and make room for purer and loftier aims.

"The opera, then, has ceased to live; and what we have now before us is the piteous spectacle of Monsieur Offenbach, with his friends dancing the *can-can* around its dead body!"

This, again, has some truth; though it is truth put spitefully. Would it not be more modest, and even more prudent, if Wagner's friends spoke more respectfully of other operatic composers? When one has read, both from the master and his followers, those bitter caricatures of other men's work, it is hard to approach their own creations without a prejudice arising from a natural resentment of their arrogant denunciation of others. If Meyerbeer was ready to get a sensation "at any cost," some of us may think that Wagner is willing to pay something for sensation also, when we reflect that "Lohengrin," if not precisely full of "ghosts and devils, fierce loves, hate, murder, and madness," had its visions, its magical metamorphoses, its quantum of love, a rather strong dose of hate (in Ortrud), and an attempted murder foiled by a justifiable homicide; and when we further remember what fantastic horrors, according to Dr. Huffer, are in store for us in the Nibelungen-Ring. "Intrinsically dry, yet pretentious," is Mr. Dannreuther's expression in regard to Meyerbeer's music. Some people think that the selfsame words may very aptly apply to Wagner. Seriously, is it not time, and would it not be far better, to write more gently on this subject? The English musical critics do not rave at Wagner in this style; why should he and his advocates write so noisily at everybody else? We never read what these gentlemen write, without feeling inclined to say, "Hush! my dear fellow; don't talk so loud; we can hear you. Take a glass of water."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 10, 1875.

The Mammoth Wagner College in New York.

"There's millions in it."—*Col. Sellers.*

The newspapers throughout the land keep heralding the coming College of Music, for which a wealthy old bachelor in New York, anonymous, (some hint apocryphal, like Mrs. Harris), is said to have pledged his whole fortune of *five million dollars*: the first million to be spent in the erection of a magnificent building in the Central Park. A bill granting land for the purpose in that locality has passed the legislature and been signed by Governor Tilden, and the work will begin in the fall, the College meanwhile to go into operation in some temporary quarters. It all reads very grand, and at the same time very vague and fanciful.

We have many times for years past, in these columns, expressed our wonder that it should be so difficult to procure even a few thousands of dollars to endow some modest, sensible and sound beginning of a true school, or even a single professorship of music in one of our old Universities, or our large cities. Splendid donations and bequests are made continually in aid of almost every branch of science, literature and art,—branches often, in which few can possibly be interested; but no one gives for music, in which now nearly all are interested, and which has come to be recognized as an important element and influence in the whole life and culture of our people. Nobody gives say fifty or a hundred thousand to endow a musical professorship, or found a school in a modest, real way, enabling one live, quickening man to plant in a corner something which may grow to be of public consequence; but now, after long waiting and wanting, we have *millions* tossed down seemingly at random, with no doubt an honest, but an ignorant and wild ambition to do a grand, a sumptuous, unprecedented thing, and conjure up as if by magic in a day an institution which shall place this giant young republic at the head of all the world in Music as in all things. Millions, we say, (assuming that the whole story is not after all a myth, a cunning speculative hoax), are tossed down only to be scrambled for and captured outright by the most forward, enterprising partisans or mere speculators in the great growing *business* of music. For here we have an anonymous millionaire, wishing to do a generous, a patriotic thing for music, but with the most indefinite idea of what it is he wants, and probably quite ignorant of music, a board of trustees whose names have never been associated with music, and, for the one thing needful, in the conception of these worthy people, *money* in unlimited abundance. The first thing is to build, they think; to build to the outermost circumference of a plan, of an education full-grown and realized; how to put life and soul, and quickening genius into the huge structure seems to be postponed as an after-thought. Is not this beginning at the wrong end? Did any great school, university, art museum or academy, ever grow up in this way in this world? Great institutions grow from germs planted in a quiet, unpretending way. One man who has the gift, the genius for it, one Mendelssohn for instance, beginning quietly in his own way, and gathering a few kindred spirits round him, as he did in Leipzig, wields a greater power, and certainly a better, than all your millions, your ambitious plans, your sumptuous buildings and consummate apparatus; and one such true school, teaching a few, may do more for Art, than all these grandiloquent invitations to indefinite thousands of pupils.

As we remarked before, this magnificent project, or rather opportunity, is instantly forestalled, captured by a party, before the musical world at large has had a hint of it. All the persons mentioned as the first to be called upon to take part in the educational work so lavishly provided for, are followers of the new departure, of the Wagner school in music; those who happened to stand near at hand and to be much the fashion just now. And after many mysterious hints about the startling name that would in due time be announced for the grand head and manager in chief of the whole institution, it finally came out that no less a personage than Richard Wagner himself is to be invited or entreated to enthrone himself on this commanding central eminence, and be the very Pope of musical America, controlling the whole musical education—of the daughters chiefly, though pupils of the other sex will be admitted—that is a shrewd way of reaching all! So then, the whole musical education of this continent is to be based from the outset on the *exceptional* in music, on what are still *disputed claims*, at war with all the classical traditions and the acknowledged greatest masters and models of the Art! Whether Wagner comes or not, the Wagner party seems to have intercepted this great building fund, so far as we are yet publicly informed—always provided that the whole story be not a marc's nest!

But will he come? Will he abandon Bayreuth, and forsake his gods, his Niebelungen Scandinavian mythology, on which he systematically and openly builds his whole "Art-work of the future," to come over here and begin all again under wholly changed circumstances? Will he renounce Wotan and Freia, Thor and Siegfried, to come to America and teach girls? Leaving his mythology behind him, what could he find here to take the place of it? He would have to fall back upon "Lo the poor Indian!"

In any case, does any serious musical person, in his sober senses, think it would be well that the great central musical institution of the country, which this aims to be,—that the whole musical education of our Republic, so far as these millions and these administrators of the fund have influence, should be founded upon Wagnerism, and controlled purely in the interest not of Art, but of a young aggressive, revolutionizing, and in truth very bigoted and narrow party!

With millions at disposal it is so easy to build from the outside! The whole creative thought and energy of the conception expends itself in an Aladdin's palace, ready made, wherein to musical education, on a supposed complete scale, has to fit itself and make itself at home and useful. It presupposes that such a complete and perfect education, fully carried out in great and little, knows beforehand just what sort of a house or body it will want to occupy; the educating spirit, the informing, animating soul and life of the great complex organism is to be put in afterwards, as if all true growth were not from within, beginning from the life, the vital germ. The College, in the dream of the founder and his associates, seems to consist in money and a spacious edifice, besides a vague hope of enticing into it for teachers and professors the greatest masters and musicians of the world. It is so easy to build on paper! So grand to "have a College," O editors, reporters, all so eloquent, without the least idea *what* College!

We presume all have read some of the glowing descriptions of the luxury and splendor of this proposed palace of music in the Central Park. Think of the spacious halls and corridors, the surrounding gardens, the galleries of sculpture and of painting, the beautiful concert rooms and theatres, the studied comforts for the organs of the sensitive singing birds, the winter garden artificially warmed, &c., &c. But if it is to be a Wagner palace, if the Wagnerian idea and ambition is to be the informing genius of the place, it will need many more conveniences. There must be cool streams in which the Rhine Daughters may practice their swimming exercises, without getting sea-sick while they sing, as it is said they do when the "Rheingold" is performed in Germany. There must be fine swings and hobby horses in a true blue celestial cloudland, where the Walkurie maidens, fateful equestrians, may learn to ride on air. There must be a theatre for spelling matches, where the young *Meister-spelle*r may practice to their hearts' content hard words out of the Master's most original librettos. Then there must be picturesque mediæval shores, where all the devout young pupils and candidates for "Art work in the Future," may longingly await the Swan of their idolatory, the delivering knight in silver armor. And surely somewhere in the hidden heart and centre of this umbrageous garden of Armida there must be a Venusberg; no Wagner paradise without that!

For teachers, professors, and musical conductors, in all branches, having Wagner, and Thomas for his chief adjutant, the college would have all; they with their followers are legion. A few things more, perhaps, would make the model universal school complete, (and, by the way, should there not be a place in it for Gilmore?) A professorship of Oratory there certainly should be; and until some one can suggest a better, we venture to offer the name of Mr. George Francis Train. Then the Wagner theory of music has one peculiar element which must not be neglected, that of Politics; "Music and Politics" is one of Richard's favorite topics; there must be a political professor, or whole faculty, by all means. Now Massachusetts has a famous politician, whom she would willingly part withal, to be the Dean in that department; from such new height of glory, seen of all men, how serenely he would smile upon the disappointed ambitions of the past; and for our "College," what more would be wanting to make the Niebelungen *ring* complete.

Art Ennobling.

(*From Lessing's "Laocöon."*)

Even the civil power itself in Greece was thought to be not unworthily employed in confining the artist within his proper sphere; and a Theban law, as is well known, punished the representation of deformity. We laugh when we hear of this, but we laugh unwisely. Undoubtedly, the laws have no pretensions to any control over the motions of science; for the object of science is truth, and *that* is indispensable. But the object of the fine arts is pleasure, which is *not* indispensable.

Note by DeQuincey.

It is hardly possible to crowd together into one sentence a greater amount of error, or error of a more dangerous quality. First, the right of the state to interfere with the Fine Arts is asserted upon the ground that they can be dispensed with, i. e., that they are of no important use; which ground is abandoned in the next sentence, where important influences upon the national condition are ascribed to one class of the Fine Arts, and more than this can hardly be involved in the character of indispensable, as attached to the sciences. Secondly, apart from this contradiction, the following dilemma arises; the Fine Arts have, or have not, important results for human happiness. In the first place, it is dangerous to concede a right of interference with them to the state (that is a right to cripple or defeat them); in the second case it is vexatious. * * Thirdly, unless the government are to *mis*direct themselves to that particular study, in which case they abandon their own appropriate functions, they must surrender themselves to the guidance of a body of artists; * * * Fourthly, it is not true that science is in any other or higher sense 'indispensable' than the arts; the fact is that the gifts of science would be a most dangerous possession for any nation which was not guided in the use of them by a moral culture derived from manners, institutions and the arts.

Fifthly the fundamental error lies in affirming the final object of the Fine Arts to be pleasure. Every man, however, would shrink from describing Aeschylus or Phidias, Milton or Michael Angelo as working for a common end with a tumbler or a rope-dancer. 'No,' he would say the pleasure from the fine arts is ennobling, which the other is not.' Precisely so; and hence it appears that not pleasure, but the sense of power and the illimitable, incarnated, as it were, in pleasure, is the true object of the Fine Arts; and their final purpose, therefore, as truly as that of Science, and much more directly, the exaltation of our human nature; which, being the very highest conceivable purpose of man, is least of all a fit subject for the caprices or experiments of the magistrates.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.—The address of the retiring President, Mr. LORING B. BARNES, made on the sixtieth anniversary of the Society, May 31, 1875, has been printed in a neat pamphlet, at the request of the members. It presents an interesting review of the whole history of the Society, with which Mr. Barnes has been officially connected more than twenty years, and all the while a zealous and effective laborer. The whole address is well worth reading, and we regret that we have room now only for a few extracts relating to the earlier history before the period of festivals.

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It can hardly be supposed that the gentlemen who met in Mr. Graupner's little hall on Franklin street, on the evening of April 13, 1815, and who selected the names of the two great German composers, Handel and Haydn,—names which, when combined, were considered appropriate for the title of the new society which was then and there formed,—could have anticipated the measure of renown, which, in later years, should attach to the now honored name of the Handel and Haydn Society,—an organization which has become famous both in this country and in Europe, no less for its honorable record as a sacred music society than for the high standard adopted and well maintained in all its performances through the long series of years referred to. * * * * * *

In its earlier days, the Society enjoyed a high degree of prosperity; the performances at Boylston Hall being, as a rule, crowded with eager listeners, while numbers unable to gain admittance were often forced to drink in the much coveted musical strains as best they might from their position on the opposite sidewalk, when through the open windows the choral numbers found their way to the listening crowds thus congregated, impaired, it may be by distance, and yet welcome under the circumstances. In later years, and before the removal of the Society to the more spacious and elegant Melodeon Hall, I myself, then a young lad, was often a listener among the crowds outside the hall, and *always* there, unless admitted to the hall by some kind friend.

For the first twenty years, the performances of the Society were confined mainly to Handel's "Messiah," and Haydn's "Creation," in whole or in part, with selections of like character from well known authors. Thus it will be seen that the music performed at these concerts was in character far in advance of that in general use; and the Society was even then making immense strides into the regions of art from the standpoint which then prevailed.

Neukomm's oratorio, "David," first performed February 28, 1836, and which became popular with the Society and its patrons, proved a very profitable venture. It was performed no less than seven times in the first season of its introduction, and thereafter, for many years, it was the favorite with all patrons of the society. * * * *

No salaries were paid for vocal assistance, which is quite in contrast with the present custom; but, in searching the records, I find the following under date of June 6, 1837: "*Voted*, To allow Marcus Colburn five dollars per evening for his services in the oratorio of 'David;' he having sung the part of David nine times during the season."

That sum, however did not appear to be satisfactory to Mr. Colburn; and the amount was doubled at a subsequent meeting of the Board.

As it does not appear that any other gratuities were voted, it is presumed that this sum was considered very liberal; but as the price of admission to the performances was uniformly *fifty cents*, and the seating capacity of Boylston Hall was circumscribed in size, the Society could hardly be expected to exhibit any very great degree of liberality in payment of salaries. * * * * * * *

The removal of the Society to the new and commodious Melodeon Hall, which occurred in December, 1839, proved to be a fortunate enterprise; and many of the greatest successes of the Society are there recorded.

Handel's "Samson" was first brought out by the Society in January, 1845, under the administration of Jonas Chickering, and was given, during the remainder of that season, thirteen times, filling the hall on every Sunday evening consecutively, as "David" had in the old hall. And here I may add that the eminent musician, the late Mr. A. F. Hayter rendered valuable aid in its production.

The solos of the oratorios, even at that period, were, as a rule, taken by members of the Society; and when the names of Anna Stone (who usually sang both the Soprano and Contralto *rôles* of the oratorios; for no contraltos could be found in those days), Marcus Colburn, Marshall Johnson, Leonard Marshall, Samuel Richardson, Charles W. Lovett, John Dodd, Increase S. Withington, Thomas Ball, J. Q. Wetherbee, B. F. Baker, N. C. Byrnn, and Henry M. Aiken, are given as principal vocalists, no doubt can exist of the efficient manner in which the solos were presented.

One well-remembered instance is recorded when a deviation from that custom took place in the substitution of the great English Baritone, Henry Phillips, then on a professional visit to this country, for that of Mr. Baker in the *rôle* of Harapha, in "Samson." The occasion was a memorable one; and the impression produced on all listeners by his artistic treatment of the difficulties of the *rôle* is remembered.

Eminent artists have from time to time been engaged to assist the Society in its performances, as the subjoined list shows, many of whom have often appeared, and some at not very remote periods.

A partial list embraces the names of John Braham, Henry Phillips, Carl Formes, Cesare Radiali, Sig. Mario, Mme. Grisi, Mme. Caradori Allen, Mme. Spohr Zann, Mme. Henrietta Sontag, Mme. Catharine Hayes, Mme. Rudersdorff, Mme. Parepa Rosa, Miss Adelaide Phillips, Miss Annie Louise Cary, Christine Nilsson, and many others of greater or lesser renown, as well as those of more recent date who sang under the title of the "Dolby Company," and which included the names of those eminent artists, Mme. Paty, Miss Wynne, Mr. Cummings and Mr. Charles Santley.

Still another important event may be referred to in the production of the "Elijah" of Mendelssohn, first performed in this country and by this Society, in February, 1848, the "St. Paul" by the same author, having received its first representation five years earlier. Thomas Ball, the now eminent sculptor, was the original "Elijah" in this country.

But "Elijah" was thought by many to be "deficient in melody;" and it failed to win for itself that degree of popularity which all were ready to accord to "Samson." We may well ask at this period, which of the two works named might be considered the greater favorite with the Society and the public, and we hazard nothing in saying that time which often works great changes, has reversed the opinions then expressed.

But the progress of the Society in the production of the great works of the masters up to the introduction of the "St. Matthew Passion" of John Sebastian Bach, by far the greatest of all the compositions of this style of writing known to exist (a work which it is confidently hoped I may be heard in its entirety during the coming season), cannot be traced without extending these remarks to an unusual length.

Music in New York.

NEW YORK, JULY 5. The popularity of the Thomas Garden Concerts continues undiminished and the attendance there is as large as ever, despite the industrious efforts of some of our newspapers to create an impression to the contrary. The possibility of Thomas being "run out" by such an enterprise as Gilmore's monstrosity does not deserve serious consideration. It is conceded that by far the larger portion of the audience at the Central Park Garden is now composed of people who come to hear the music. These persons are not likely to be enticed away by the strains of a brass band, or the theatrical splendors of a cascade of "real water" I don't know how many feet in height. Besides, on the ground of mere comfort, most people prefer a cool resort in which to pass a summer evening. Now there are certain corners, known to those who frequent the Thomas Garden, where, in the warmest weather, there is always a cool breeze. If there is any such spot in the Hippodrome I have never found it. In moderate weather the vast enclosure is warm; in hot weather it is unbearable. So much for the relative advantages of the so called rival institutions. That the Gilmore concerts should draw well is not surprising. They are patronized by thousands every evening and, as the music is not of a character to "interrompt ze general conversation," it is to be hoped that certain garrulous patrons of the Thomas concerts will betake themselves thither. I am sure that Thomas would gladly be rid of them, for not a week passes without some scathing rebuke from him to these ill bred and ignorant people who keep up a continual buzzing during the performance of the music, to the annoyance of all decent folk. These animals can roam at large over nine tenths of the area of the Garden giving offence to no one, but there is a little space in the hall directly in front of the orchestra, and there the disciples of music usually assemble. For hearing, it is the worst place in the building, the disciple knows this, but meekly accepts the situation, as though he should say: "Take the greater part of the hall; take the best seats; take the best position for hearing, even though you will not listen; only I pray you, leave me this little corner where I can listen and be at peace."

The little band of listeners is assembled, hushed and attentive. The music begins. Then straight to the sacred spot comes the talker, accompanied by the female of his species. They select the seats farthest from the aisle, so as to oblige the greatest number of people to make way for them, and, being snugly ensconced where they can do the most harm, they sit during the remainder of the evening and "feebly fabulate and paddle about in the social slush" with infinite complacency.

The orchestra is playing the Andante to Schubert's Symphony in C.—A wonderful landscape lies before us in light and shade and dorée violet hues. Is it so far, so far away? or only dim through the mist of many tears? A sharp, quick grief is tugging at the violins. A sustained chord rolls away and dies like a sob, and then—"*We frq ours in butter!*"

Sic transit gloria!

Now, after allowing the talkers more space than they deserve, let me give a list of the pieces played on Thursday evenings since I last wrote.

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 27.

Preludium, (first time) ..... Bach
Intermezzo, C minor, Op. 90, (new) ..... Schubert
Ballet music, Op. 65 ..... Schumann
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 1, (new) ..... Liszt
Symphony No. 6, "Pastorale" ..... Beethoven
Introduction, Nuptial Chorus, Music Temple, } Act I. Lohengrin ..... Wagner
Waltz, Du und Du ..... Strauss
Festival Overture ..... Lassen

THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 3.

Overture, Alceste ..... Cherubini
Variations, op. 56, on a Theme by Haydn ..... Brahms
Poème Symphonique, op. 31, new ..... Saint Saëns
"Le Rouet d'Omphale."
Kaiser March ..... Wagner
Symphonie, No. 5, Leonore ..... Raff
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 1, in F ..... Liszt
Nouvelle Mélodie ..... Gounod
Solo part by Sixteen Violins.
English Horn Obligato by Mr. J. Eller.
Waltz, Telegrams ..... Strauss

THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 10.

Overture: "Consecration of the House" ..... Beethoven
Forlane, } from Suite in C, No. 1 ..... Bach
Bourree, }
Entr'acte, No. 1, "Rosamunde" ..... Schubert
Symphony, B flat, No. 1 ..... Schumann
Selections from Act I. Lohengrin ..... Wagner
Waltz (new) Vienna ..... Strauss
Saltarello ..... Gounod

THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 17.

Cavalry March ..... Schubert
Symphony No. 1 in D ..... Weber
Overture, "Le Carnaval Romain."
Introduction, } "Tristan and Isolde" ..... Wagner
Finale, }
Rhapsodie Hongroise in D, No. 3 ..... Liszt
Ballet music, Faust ..... Gounod
Romanza in G ..... Beethoven
Overture: "Siege of Corinth" ..... Rossini

Mr. Dudley Buck is now acting as assistant conductor at the garden concerts. This gentleman is well known as a distinguished musician and an excellent composer, while his manner of conducting an orchestra is in every respect satisfactory, and meets with great favor.

Concerning the great variety of new music which Mr. Thomas has performed this season, I will write in my next letter. A. A. C.

The Boieldieu Centenary Fetes at Rouen.

(*Correspondence of the London Musical Standard.*)

ROUEN, June 14.

The quaint, beautiful old city from which I to-day date my letter has been since Saturday last in a state of enthusiastic ezcitement bordering on frenzy, and only to be fully understood by the Rouennais whose pride it is to call themselves the fellow-townsmen of Boïeldieu. For some days past tens of thousands of eager pleasure-seekers and patriots have been flocking hither from every side, all bent upon taking part in the long expected fêtes of which the centenary of the favorite—(the people here have it "the immortal")—composer of the "Dame Blanche" and many another less known but almost equally tuneful work has been the occasion. On all sides resound the noise of beating drums, the echoes of blatant fanfares, and the songs of hundreds upon hundreds of orpheonists. In the streets traffic is rendered almost impossible for passing vehicles owing to the masses of spectators and the continual marching and countermarching of processions. One moment it is a choral society from Cherbourg, which walks past singing with all its lungs; the next, a band of fanfarists from Havre makes day unpleasant by its ungentle music; or a troop of soldiers comes marching along, preceded by the rataplan of half-a-dozen drummers. Sometimes, at very awful moments, several processions arriving from different quarters of the town will meet, with an effect the reverse of harmonious, but wonderfully stirring and exciting. The houses are hung with flags, decorated with lanterns, glaring with devices of every sort, all in honor of a man who, though a hundred years have come and gone since his birth, is to-day the hero of the hour, his name on everyone's tongue, and his likeness on every breast.

It must be acknowledged that when Frenchmen do give a fête they give it brilliantly. The official programme of the Boïeldieu commemoration is so lengthy that it requires eight closely-printed quarto pages to set forth the plain details of the many festivals that have taken or will take place during the four days set apart for the rejoicings by the civic authorities here. Not to linger on other matters than the purely musical, the celebration began on Saturday with a grand military concert, given by the various troops of Rouen and of St. Germain in front of the statue of Boïeldieu on the quay. Yesterday (Sunday) was devoted to the monster Concours des Orphéonistes. In the early morning, some thousand singers, variously calculated at from three to five thousand, and composed of deputations from most of the leading amateur choral societies of France, assembled on the scene of the previous night's concert to execute Ambroise Thomas's "Hommage à la Boïeldieu," the cantata composed by the author of "Mignon" specially for the occasion. I was unfortunately absent from the town at the time, and missed this performance, which is said to have been remarkably fine. However, as the cantata will be repeated to-morrow at the Theatre du Cirque, with all the invaluable aid of M. Lamoureux and the Société de l'Harmonie Sacrée, I shall be able to give you a report a little later. With great difficulty I succeeded in attending the most interesting of the many orpheon competitions yesterday,—that of the Theatre des Arts. Four societies met here to contest the first prize, consisting of a golden wreath (presented by the Academie des Sciences, Arts, et Belles-Lettres de Rouen), and a money gift of 1,500f. The chorus selected as the test of excellence was entitled "Le Retour d'Amerique," and emanates from the pen of M. Adrien Boieldieu, son of the great musician. Each of the choirs was compelled to execute this composition, and in addition one other chorus of its own repertoire, of which the choice was optional. The programme was as follows, selected by the different societies:—1. Société Ste. Cécile de Cherbourg, 60 executants, under direction of M. Barrière, "La Noce du Village" (Laurent de Rillé). 2. Les Orphéonistes Lillois, 110 executants, conductor, M. Boulanger, "Le Carnaval de Rome" (Amb. Thomas)—winners of the wreath. 3. Les Orphéonistes d'Amiens, 60 exec., conductor, M. Grigny, "La Danse des Sylphes" (Th. Semet). 4. Les Enfants de Lutèce (Paris) 85 exec., conductor, M. Gaubert, "Hymne du Matin" (J. Haussens). Compulsory piece, "Le Retour d'Amerique" (M. Adrien Boïeldieu). The latter is a bold taking composition, cast in a semi-patriotic mould, and devised so as to put the power of its interpreters to a tolerably severe trial. It affords several opportunities for the display of that rather unnatural French *bouche fermée* singing so much in vogue here. The results produced by this method of rendering pianos and pianissimos differ greatly according to the degree of perfection attained in it by each society. In some instances a capital imitation of very soft pocket-comb-and-paper music was attained. In others the chorus arrived at delicious effects, as of inferior violins played in the remote distance. Joking apart, I cannot say I greatly admire the system: it smacks of artistic trickery; and though at first by its peculiarity it charms, after a while one wearies of those abrupt transitions from fff to ppp, which seem to form the basis of all the effects. The performances of the four societies were very unequal, but the first in every way, as regards execution, training, and ensemble, was most undoubtedly the Lille choir. Not only were the voices of this orphéon finer, especially in the tenors, but the subject selected by it was infinitely better fitted to show its strength than those chosen by its rivals. The precision and ease with which M. Thomas's "Carnaval de Rome" was given reflected the highest credit on conductor and choir. Next in order of merit, but a long distance behind, came the Paris Chorale. In the rendition of the compulsory subject, it was perhaps not far behind the Lille Society; but in the "Hymne du Matin" the Enfants de Lutèce had made an unfortunate choice. The Amiens and Cherbourg Orphéonistes cannot be named in a breath with the two foregoing chorales, which are certainly the best in the country. By the by, I remarked that the banner carried by the Cherbourg deputation bore the inscription, "Offerte par sa Majesté la Reine d'Angleterre."

While this concours was progressing at the Theatre des Arts, similar competitions were going on in the Theatre Francais, and in four or five other halls. Of these want of time and space does not allow me to speak. This was not by any means all that the day accomplished. Simultaneously with the orphéon contest, were held the concours of the numerous brass bands and Fanfares at the Cirque and in the squares and public places of the town. In the evening the distribution of prizes took place in front of the Hotel de Ville. The jury was composed of many of the leading French musicians, amongst others MM. Leo Delibes, Lenepveu, Pasdeloup, Danbé, Paladilhe, &c., &c. President: M. Ambroise Thomas. The golden wreath competed for by the Fanfares fell to the lot of a Belgian society, the Cercle des XV de Binche. This will serve to show the deep interest which has been roused throughout French-speaking countries by these fêtes. Not only have the neighboring towns sent their deputations of musicians, but from the far-away South, from Toulouse and Cannes, from the East, from Paris, from Havre and Dieppe, and in the North from Lille, Valenciennes, and Belgium, have come scores and hundreds of competitors.

This evening a grand gala performance is to be given at the Theatre des Arts. The programme will be made up of Boïeldieu's "Le Nouveau Seigneur du Village," and two acts of the "Dame Blanche," interpreted by MM. Nathan, Barrée, Mdmes. Brunet, Lafleur, Ducasse, and Mdlle. Révilly. At the conclusion of the representation a short *piece de circonstance* will be recited by M. Maubant at the Comédie Francaise.

To-morrow will witness the last act in the festival, and perhaps the most interesting from an artistic point of view. In the morning a Messe Solennelle at the Cathedral, under the direction of M. Lamoureux, and in the evening a grand miscellaneous concert by the Société de l'Harmonie Sacrée at the Theatre du Cirque (terminating with the cantata "Hommage à Boïeldieu,") will worthily close a series of fêtes which have been projected and so far carried out with remarkable spirit and success. It was hoped that Madame Carvalho would have taken part in to-morrow's proceedings, but unfortunately a miserable question of money has led to a rupture and refusal. M. Lamoureux went up to Paris to-day expressly to endeavor to induce a change in Madame Carvalho's determination; with what result I cannot say, though I hear that his mission has not been successful. If this be the case, the prima donna will be replaced by some more public-spirited and perhaps equally capable cantatrice from the Opera or Opera Comique.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

My Father's Bible. 3. A*b* to e. *Richards.* 30
"Fond memory oft recalleth
The days of early youth."
A bright melody and beautiful song.

That's what's the Matter. 2. B*b* to e. *Straight.* 30
"T—H—A—T That"
Merry comic song for "the boys."

Mem'ry's Golden Crown. Song and Cho. 3. B*b* to d. *Danks.* 35
"Mother, love and holy blessings,
One and all are resting there."
All such songs aim to be popular favorites, and this one fully deserves to be.

Take me back to Home and Mother. Song and Cho. 3. A*b* to f. *Huntly.* 35
"For on earth there is no other
Kindness like a mother's care."
Beautiful Home song. Don't fail to sing it.

Darkness turned to Light. Ill. Title. Song and Cho. 2. D to e. *Danks.* 40
"How like a benediction shone
The glory on his face."
One of those tender, affecting ballads that it is good to sing and hear.

Poor Ellen. 4. E minor and major to e. *Pinsuti.* 35
"She listened—a well known voice to hear,
'Twas nought but the rush of the startled deer."
Effective and pathetic.

My Love has gone a-sailing. 2. E*b* to e. *Molloy.* 35
"The sails spread out their white wings,
And fast the ship sped on."
A real good old fashioned sea song. Sing it by the ocean side.

Within the Cellar's depths I sit. 3. F to f. *Fischer.* 30
"Im tiefen Keller sitz ich hier."
A bass or baritone song in praise of Rhein-wine.

Pepita, the merry Gipsey Maid. 4. G minor and major to f. *Knight.* 35
"Viva la bella,
La Zingarella."
Capital song which begins a little soberly, and ends very merrily.

Instrumental.

Home Treasures. *Smallwood, ea.* 40
No. 7. The Bridge. 2. F.
Melody of a popular song, sweetly and simply arranged.

On the Train. Galop. 3. B*b* *Fernald.* 30
People do not usually "galop" on a train, but if they do, here is the very best music for them.

Moonlight. Serenade. 4. D*b*. *Richards.* 40
Very bright moonlight, evidently, as the music suggests all sorts of bright things, and has the merit, for a serenade, of keeping the people awake to hear it.

Petit Carnival. 6 easy Dances for 4 hands. *Streabbog.*
No. 3. Schottische. 2. G. 35
5. Galop. 2. F. 35
Easy and pretty instructive pieces.

Old Folks at Home. Varied. 4. E*b*. *Grobe.* 75
Mr. Grobe's variations are made "by one rule," which happens to be a very good one, and this piece, which is numbered Op. 1983, is quite attractive.

Danse Neapolitaine. 4 hands. 5. D*b*. *S. Smith.* 1.00
This would not be difficult were it not for the Presto movement. It is a rapid, exciting Tarantelle.

Cheer Up! Galop. 2. G. *Lowell.* 30
One of the very sweetest and very easiest of Galops.

Clear Blue Sky. Op. 104. 3. G. *Lichner.* 30
A clear, sweet melody, elegantly arranged.

La Fille du Regiment. Fantasie. 6. A*b* *S. Smith.* 1.00
As the original melodies are brilliant, this must be considered more than that, or a super-brilliant fantasia.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter: as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

SOME OF THE
BEAUTIES OF THE SEASON!
IN THE WAY OF POPULAR SONGS.

As publishers well know, it is almost impossible to prophecy the future of a song when it issues from the press. One can tell whether it is a good song; whether it "ought to go"; whether it has the elements of prosperity. Whether it *will go* can only be ascertained by trial. The following have been tried, are successes, and it is safe to purchase them.

Chiming Bells of Long Ago.

Song and Chorus. Fine Illustrated Title! Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by C. F. Shattuck. Price, 40 cents.

Like a Dream ye come to cheer me,
Round me echoed soft and low,
Still your Memories linger near me.
Chiming Bells of long ago.

Sweetly fell your silv'ry numbers,
Down the still and fragrant air,
Woke my soul from gentle slumbers,
Listening to your echoes fair.

Friends and hopes of happy childhood,
Blest me in their purest glow,
Softly rung o'er grove and wildwood,
Chiming Bells of long ago.

This is one of those rich, high-toned, beautiful songs that will not readily weary. The chorus is very pretty.

Dreaming, Still Dreaming!

Song by Mrs. Zelda Seguin. Composed by J. R. Thomas. Illustrated Title! Easy, sweet, smooth and classical melody! Price, 50 cents.

Dreaming, still dreaming of days that are past,
Flowers that have faded, too lovely to last,
Sweet is the vision that greets me again,
Cheering my sorrow, and soothing my pain.
Childhood's endearments and innocent smiles,
Passionate longings and love-lighted smiles.
Dreaming, still dreaming, while life glides away,
Visions of glory, bright, bright as the May.

Messrs. Cooper and Thomas were dreaming to some purpose when they thought out the new ballad. Mrs. Seguin has already given it fame, and the sale will doubtless continue to be large.

What Mollie Said!

Answer to

MOLLIE DARLING.

Song and Chorus. Elegant Illustrated Title. Words by Grace Carlton. Music by W. F. Wellman. Price 50 cents.

Smile upon your Mollie, darling,
Like the stars above, to-night,
Make the heart within my bosom
Throb again with sweet delight.

Mollie talks well, and her sweet chatter blends neatly with the music. Although an "answer" to another ballad, this one can very well stand alone, and may, perhaps excel the other in popularity.

Drifting into the Harbor,

or

I can see the Shining Shore.

Words by Rev. J. W. Carhart. Music by J. P. Webster. Song and Chorus. Price 35 cents.

I am drifting, drifting, mother,
From the earth so rocky here,
But I'm going home sweet mother,
Where is neither storm nor fear.
I am drifting from the darkness,
From the mist across the sea,
Where the day is brightly breaking
And the angels beckon me.

The words are founded on the words of a dying lady, and this is quite worthy of a place with the sacred pieces of a similar character that have attained such popularity.

SCATTER
Seeds of Kindness!

Sung by Phillip Phillips.

Words by Mr. Smith. Music by S. J. Vail. Price, 30 cents.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path,
Let us keep the wheat and roses
Casting out the thorns and chaff.
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from the way.

The beauty lies in the sentiment, which with a simple and attractive melody, and the powerful endorsement of Mr. Phillip Phillip's singing, is quite enough to cause the song to be in demand.

TWILIGHT IN THE PARK.

Illustrated Title. Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by W. H. Brockway. Price 40 cents.

Twilight in the Park!
Cupid lingers there,
No one near to mark!
Some one by your side,
Happy as a lark.
That's the time I love,
Twilight in the Park!

A jolly song for the boys. Will soon be sung and whistled everywhere.

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Bridal Eve March. 30

Key of C. 4th degree of difficulty. By *Engelbrecht.*

Mendelssohn's Wedding March is not yet worn out, and since the same couple are not married twice, it has a character of newness (at least to the wedded pair) at each repetition. Still, another good march is quite desirable, and Mr. Engelbrecht seems to be equal to the occasion. His Bridal Eve March is perfectly elegant. It has no appalling difficulties of execution, so that a player of sufficient ability to perform it may easily be found; and it is cordially commended to the musical friends of brides and bridegrooms expectant.

Chant du Matin. 60

Author's edition, improved. Key of A. 4th degree of difficulty. By *Boscowitz.*

A beautiful "song of the morning" truly. Without attempting commonplace imitations of morning sounds, it brings one's mind very happily in unison with the "perfect occasion" of the sunrise hour. Very neat, chaste, and of delicate imagination throughout.

The piece, as a whole, is already well-known and popular. But the author has seen fit to retouch it and, no doubt has provided increased enjoyment for those who please to resume their practice of it.

The Wayside Chapel. 50

Lithograph Title. A Reverie for Piano. Key of F. 3d degree of difficulty. By *Wilson.*

A graceful title page, on which is depicted the rustic chapel, of simple architecture, but well designed, and in no point offending the eyes. Being such, it is a good type of the composition within, which is very simple in construction, original, very pleasing, graceful, and so easy as to afford enjoyment to the multitude who can "admire, not play" so many master pieces.

Home, Sweet Home. 75

A transcription. Key of Db. 6th degree of difficulty. By *Chaloner.*

"It is the encore pieces that please," a fact occasionally verified by Thalberg, when he occasionally condescended to play his (to him) easy transcription. Since those days the piece has been the *Ultima Thule* of the practice of multitude of learners.

Thalberg's composition, however, like many other perfect things, may after awhile weary. It is only Sweet Home that will never wear out. Mr. Chaloner's transcription is good enough to be played anywhere. It is about as difficult, and will be thought to be quite as graceful as the well known one of Thalberg.

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The following little list will be gratefully welcomed by perplexed teachers in search of the "first pieces for scholars."

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And the Glory of the Lord.
And He shall Purify.
All we like Sheep.
For unto us a Child is Born.
Glory to God.
His Yoke is easy.
Hallelujah.
Oh, Thou that tellest. (Song and Chorus.)
Lift up your Heads.
The Lord gave the Word.
Their Sound is gone out.
Worthy is the Lamb.

Judas Maccabæus.

Mourn, ye Afflicted Children.
O Father, whose Almighty Power.
We come in Bright Array.
Disdainful of Danger.
Fallen is the Foe.
Hear me, O Lord.
Tune Your Harps.
Hail, Judea's Happy Land.
We Hear.
We never will bow down.
Hallelujah, Amen.

Elijah.

Thanks be to God.
He Watching o'er Israel.
Angel Trio—Lift Thine Eyes.
Yet Doth the Lord see it not.
Blessed are the Men, &c.
Baal, we Cry to Thee. No 11.
He That shall endure to the end.
Behold, God the Lord Passed by.

Samson.

Awake the Trumpet's Lofty Sound.
Oh, First-Created Beam.
Then, round about the starry Throne.
Fixed in his everlasting seat.
To fame immortal go.
Great Dagon has subdued our Foe.
Let their Celestial Concerts.

St. Paul.

Stone Him to Death.
Happy and Blest are they.
How Lovely are the Messengers.
Sleepers wake. } To God on High. }
Oh, Great is the Depth.
Oh, be Gracious.

Mount of Olives.

Hallelujah Chorus.

Israel in Egypt.

He gave them Hailstones for Rain.
But as for His People.
But the Waters overwhelmed.
Thy Right Hand, O Lord.
Sing Ye to the Lord. (The Horse and his Rider.)

Creation.

Awake the Harp.
Achieved is the Glorious.
The Lord is Great.
The Marvellous Work. (Song and Chorus.)
The Heavens are telling.

Woman of Samaria.

Therefore with Joy, &c.
Come, O Israel.
And Blessed, blessed be the Lord.

Eli.

Let the People Praise Thee.
No Evil shall befall Thee.
Angels' Chorus. (Female Voices.)

Naaman.

The Curse of the Lord.
When Famine o'er Israel.
With Sheathed Swords.
God, who cannot be Unjust.

Joshua.

See, the Conquering Hero.
The Great Jehovah.

Hymn of Praise.

Let all Men Praise the Lord.
All ye that cried to the Lord.
I waited for the Lord. [Duet and Chorus.]

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Gloria.

Moses in Egypt.

Night's Shade no Longer.
Prayer. [O thou, whose power]

Stabat Mater.

Inflammatus. (Song and Chorus.)

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As the Hart Pants.

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Rest, Spirit Rest. *Rooke.* O come all ye Faithful. (Adestes Fideles.) Almighty God. *Mozart.* Abide with me.

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2 Where are thy Bowers. Quartet... *Rossini*
3 Glory be to God on High. Chorus... *Mozart*
Hallelujah. Chorus... *Handel's "Messiah"*
4 Child of Mortality. Anthem... *John Bray*
5 Then round about the starry throne... *"Samson"*
When winds breathe soft. Anthem... *S. Webbe*
6 Daughters of Israel. March & Chorus... *"David"*
Achieved is the Glorious Work. Chorus... *"Creation"*
7 Let their Celestial Concerts. Chorus... *"Samson"*
Go forth to the Mount. Solo and Chorus... *Stevenson*
8 Thanks be to God. Chorus... *Mendelssohn's "Elijah"*
9 The Great Jehovah. Chorus... *Handel*
To God in Heaven. Duet and Chorus... *"Moses"*
10 O Lord, our Governor. Anthem... *Sir John Stevens*
11 'Tis Music that whispers. Quartet... *"Moses"*
Almighty God before thy throne. Motet... *"Harp"*
12 I was glad when they said. Chorus... *J. E. Gould*
Swell the full chorus. Chorus... *Handel*
13 Father, thy Word is Past } The Multitude of Angels. } ... *King's "Intercession"*
14 Exulting Angels. Christmas Anthem... *E. L. White*
15 From Concave Skies. Anthem... *J. E. Gould*
16 Hail to Thee, let every Nation. Chorus... *C. B. Biery*
O Lord, in Thee I have trusted. Fugue... *Romberg*
17 Jehovah's Praise. Anthem... *E. L. White*
18 Let Every Heart and Voice. Solo & Chorus... *"Moses"*
19 Sound an Alarm. Solo & Chorus... *"Judas Maccabæus"*
20 The Lord our Enemy has slain. Chorus... *Handel*
The Lord will comfort Zion. Sentence. *Church Melodist*
21 The Pilgrims at the Holy Sepulchre. Cantata... *Nauman*
22 Great is the Lord... *Mozart*
23 The Lord is Great... *Righini*

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Hark! Each Spartan Hound	*Bishop*	6
Hark! The Lark	*Cooke*	6
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When wearied wretches	*Bishop*	6
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1 Joy, Joy, Freedom to-day. Chorus... *Gipsy's Warning*
2 Away, away, the morning. Chorus... *Masaniello*
A rosy crown we twine. Solo & Chorus. *Der Freyschutz*
3 Crowned with the tempest. Solo & Chorus... *Ernani*
4 Hail to thee, Liberty. Chorus... *Semiramide*
5 Like a fairy creature. Solo & Cho... *Il Turco in Italia*
6 Softly treading, silence keep. Cho. *Il Crociato in Egitto*
Threatening death to traitor. Cho... *Siege of Rochelle*
7 The fox jumped over. Quintette... *Guy Mannering*
8 These moments entrancing. Chorus... *L'Elisir d'Amore*
The night is advancing. Chorus... *Il Turco in Italia*
9 How bright and fair. Chorus... *William Tell*
In light tr pping measure. Chorus... *Guy Mannering*
The Chough and Crow... *Guy Mannering*
10 O, hail us, ye free, Chorus... *Ernani*
11 When the morning sweetly. Chorus... *L'Italiana Algieri*
12 When life in its beauty. Solo & Cho. *La Donna del Lago*
13 Gently fall the dews of eve... *Il Guiramento*
14 Phantom Chorus... *La Sonnambula*
15 All by the shady greenwood tree... *Maid of Judah*
Light o'er sparkling ocean... *Bianco e Fernando*
16 Hark, again the thrilling horn... *Cinderella*
17 Come with the Gipsey bride... *Bohemian Girl*
18 When the summer rain... *L'Elisir d' Amore*
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WHOLE No. 894. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1875. VOL. XXXV. No. 8.

The Pictorial Power of Music.

BY G. A. MACFARREN.

In days gone by, when hopes were fresh that have been disappointed or fulfilled, and when expectations were for a future that has now become past or present, folks used to talk of "descriptive music," as a class of composition which was either above or below other writing, according as the estimator was younger or older at heart, according as he thought of what was to come, or of what, having been, was ever to remain. The term is now-a-days supplanted in the sentences of many essayists by "program-*me* music," with the French redundant syllable, as if to attest the foreign source of the definition; and this is used in opposition to "abstract music," which latter refers to pieces without a title, but implies pieces without a distinct non-technical meaning. Whether "descriptive" or "program-*me*" be the better epithet, matters little; either defines such compositions as avowedly represent some idea that is extra to the notes, some thought that is apart from the melodies and the harmonies and the modulations, but is yet contained in them. Let us then consider how long it is that composers have sometimes acknowledged such a purpose in their works, how far such a purpose belongs alone to vocal music, or is limited in this by the direct statement in the words that are set, how far it is exercised in instrumental music also, and how far there is still an expression, though unacknowledged, and even though unknown to the producer, in the whole mass of music. These points are worth consideration, as illustrating the respect due to the imaginative or poetical element in our art, in addition to the artistry evinced in the rhythmical divisions, the contrivance of the parts, the more or less sudden changes of key, and the conduct of the plan, besides the copious machinery of coloring, by means of the various tones of different instruments, and the varieties induced in these by difference in their combination.

Not to seek among the musty traditions of earlier time, one may refer to the extant works of two musicians of so long ago as to bear a high antiquity in comparison with the very far later development of music than of the other arts. Firstly, Dietrich Buxtehude, the renowned organist of St. Mary's Church in Lubeck, lived from 1638 till 1707, and left in print, besides a multitude of other works, seven Suites de Piéces for the harpsichord, representing the several characters of the seven planets; a flight of fancy the subtlety of whose aim has not been exceeded. Secondly, the Abbate Antonio Vivaldi, commonly called "Il Prete rosso," because of the hue of his hair, died at a round old age, in 1743; and he published twelve Concertos for string instruments, depicting the qualities and impressions of the four seasons; and another piece which is familiar as the "Cuckoo Concerto," wherein the notes of the "wandering voice" are conspicuously set down; anticipating thus the thesis of a Symphony by Spohr, and the appropriation of natural sounds to art use by Beethoven. Then there is the Capriccio by Bach for the harpsichord, written in 1704, representing the dissuasion of a beloved brother from a hazardous journey, his resistance of the same, and his departure, and concluding with a fugue on the notes of the postboy's horn; and what can be more modern in purpose than this, more descriptive, or more programmatical? There are the same composer's Pastoral Symphony in his Christmas Oratorio, and Handel's piece of the same name in his Messiah, both figuring the shepherds at watch in the bright starlight on the night of the Nativity. There is the Symphony in Samson, to represent the falling of the building overthrown by the miraculous strength of the blind hero—almost the single instance of Handel's use of chromatic passing notes—and that in Belshazzar, which is quaintly, but characteristically marked "Allegro postillions," to accompany the supposed hurried entrance of the throng of wise men summoned to interpret the prophetic writing on the wall; and need one look in the works of any age for a truer image of the feeling prevalent among the dramatic persons than the Dead March in Saul or the Jubilant March in Judas Maccabæus? Haydn's representation of the earthquake in his Seven Last Words, and of chaos in his Creation, bring the art of descriptive instrumental music a generation nearer to our own age. Even Beethoven, the accredited inventor of the practice, was forestalled by a few years in his design of the Sinfonia Pastorale, the earlier conception of portraying pastoral life in orchestral music being due to one Knecht, an obscure composer, who wrought in a place, little less unknown, called Biberach. Glorious specimens of descriptive music are Beethoven's Overtures, all four of them, to Leonore, that to Coriolan, and that to Egmont; and his Sonata representing a farewell, absence, and a return, belongs to the same category. Rossini worked with the brush of a scene-painter in his Overture to Guillaume Tell and in the representations of a storm that divide the action of the second act in the Barbiere, Matilda di Shabran, and other of his comic Operas. Spohr evinced his descriptive power in his Symphonies, the Consecration of Sound, the Contention between Earthliness and Godliness in the soul of man, and the Seasons, and in his Overture to Azor and Zemira, representing the storm, the wreck of the merchant's vessel, and his magical rescue. Weber's Concert Stück tells a complete story of anxiety in absence, a knight's return, his true love's eager rush to meet him, and their rapture in each other's embrace. The success of Mendelssohn has been equal to that of the best of them in his Overtures, and in his Reformation Symphony and in those two orchestral works recording his impressions in Scotland and in Italy. The tone-pictures by Sterndale Bennett, namely, the Naïades, the Wood-Nymphs, and Paradise and the Peri, are each a masterpiece. Latest, if not last, the Abbé Liszt and Herr Raff are writing symphonic poems and Symphonies without the assumption of poetry, purposing to paint in tones the pictures announced in the titles they choose.

Thus much for the pictorial in music for instruments. It is the admitted province of compositions for voices, from the close of the sixteenth century at least, to express the words to which they are set. Many and many an author has been uncontent to limit this word, express, to the sense of declaim, and has found means to illustrate his text by figures of his own imagining, fully as metaphorical as anything that graces the verse of a poet. Think of the weighty wall of waters and the rippling of the harmless waves against it, in the chorus "He led them through the deep," the sense of substance as in our London fogs in "He sent a thick darkness," the oppression as of a heavy mass of ice at "congealed in the heart of the sea," all in Israel in Egypt; and again, of the helpless groping, where hands have to fulfil the eyes' office, in "The people that walked," in the Messiah of the same master; and say, but with no hope for credence, that the music paints not, with power unmistakable, very far more than is stated in the words. Who can say that those howling notes, with their peculiar instrumentation, convey no meaning, that accompany the mention of Cerberus in the chorus of Elysian spirits in Gluck's Orfeo? There is the incident in Fidelio of the waving of the lamp before the eyes of the swooning Florestan, to find, by their sensitiveness to the light, whether he still lives; and the streaming phrase for the hautboy as much suggests the moving brightness as it recalls the captive's last uttered thoughts of his Leonore. Every song of Schubert shows the entire surroundings of the songster, whether in the turning of the wheel while Gretchen plies her spinning, or in the violent rushing of the horse, the night wind and the agitated father's thoughts in the Erl King, or in countless not less beautiful instances. Except, however, from all cases to be admired, the curious specimens of objective imitation that abound in the Creation, and wonder the while that so great a master as he who wrote the work should be so little of a poet.

The questionless perspicuity of these vocal instances of which the words indicate the purpose, proves that instrumental music may be equally full of meaning though this have no external indication.

Descriptive instrumental music has its worst side outwards in the so-called "Battle Pieces" and other things of the class, that were more in vogue from fifty to a hundred years ago than they are now, beginning with Kotswara's Battle of Prague, that was erewhile as certainly to be found in a ladies' boarding school as a back board or a French "mark;" including Dussek's Sorrows of Marie Antoinette that ends with a glissando descent from the top to the bottom of the pianoforte to picture the fall of the guillotine; and not omitting the work of Beethoven himself that was designed, not merely to commemorate, but to describe Wellington's success at Vittoria. In these and such as these, the description is of prior consideration to the music, and, to prevent the possibility of any portion of this being misunderstood, the staves are interlined, in most cases, with indications as evident as "The cries of the wounded," "the agony of the royal lady when her infant son is torn from her arms," and so forth. To another species of delineation belongs the notable piece by Cesti, wherein the purpose to represent a rainbow is effected by the successive entry of all the instruments in the score, beginning with that on the lowest staff and ending with that on the highest, each for a single note, followed by the reverse of the succession, with which image if the eye be satisfied, it is possible the ear may not. All these compositions, from the meanest upwards, address but a low order of intelligence, and their littleness gives licence to many effective sallies against the pretence to address the sight through the hearing or to set forth visible objects by means of sounds.

Indisputably, all musical images are vague, and are susceptible of various interpretation by different hearers. It is more than forty years ago that a party of young musicians met, of whom some have proved their right to the world's esteem and have won due acknowledgment, who discussed the point in question. Two, in particular, affirmed that the Overture to Oberon told a tale as graphically as words could relate it. In support of their view, they each separately went apart with a third person, and stated to him, from phrase to phrase, the course of incidents that Weber's imaginative piece portrayed; and then, the holder of both

their confidences revealed the two to the rest of the company, and showed thus that in no single point did the several translations of the unmistakable narrative accord, save and except only that the first three notes, and the same phrase when it recurs in the key of E, stand for the charmed horn of the legend, which verily they do as truthfully as anything in art or nature can stand for itself. Beyond this, the rushing waters of the one were the armed knights of the other, the ardent love of this picture was embodied in the Elfin antics of that, and so on, and so on to the end of the chapter. The exception has been stated and exemplified; let it be answered by the fact that herein lies the pre-eminence of music over other arts as a medium of poetical expression. That the witness of a work of art is a necessary party in the explication of what it signifies, makes him to some extent a partner in the artistry; and this also gives to the fabricator of the work a wider range of appeal to sympathy, than he can have who speaks more definitely. It is a distinction between science and art, between fact and imagination, that the things which belong to the former are definite, positive, real, while those which pertain to the latter are to some extent misty, vague, insubstantial; the precision of outline which verifies the first is rounded or clouded off so as to give the second the air of a vignette instead of a framed drawing. So long as the work in question falls not into obscurity, the greater the elasticity of its expression, the higher its poetry. The signboard that exhibits an indisputable red cow or blue lion is less considerable as a work of art than a painting by Landseer that suggests to the spectator a long train of fancies as to the feelings, all but human, of the animal it presents, excited by the circumstances in which the brute is involved. A newspaper notice of a royal visit to the city or elsewhere may be as accurate as a trades-man's invoice, but has no halo of possibilities and probabilities as to coincidences and consequences of the occasion: the Duke of York's description of the entry into London of the triumphant Bolingbroke and the falling Richard conjures up a thousand suppositions of the characters of the two, of the fickleness of the people, and of the fate of England past and to come. Still more free is the power of musical suggestion, still wider is its scope, and still higher on this account should be its estimation.

In needing a title to make its purpose comprehensible, a piece of music exceeds in degree perhaps, but certainly not in fact, a painting or a drama. For example:—in an exhibition of pictures, two friends, who had no catalogue, admired a certain painting, but were at a loss as to what might be its subject; a beautiful youthful figure held a dissevered human head, and this the beholders surmised must be the daughter of Herodias with King Herod's reluctant gift of the head of the Baptist, wondering the while at the shortness of the damsel's garments, but accounting for this as designed for the display of her recent dancing, and applauding it as a happy suggestion of the artist; the description in the book was, "No. 811, David with the head of Goliath." Again:—in a theatre, other two friends, who had no playbill, were witnessing a performance of Pizarro, when an actor's illness had necessitated the change from Brutus, of which latter our playgoers had read the announcement; they were bewildered, as well they might be, by the discrepancy between the incidents before them and their historical recollections, but they ingeniously endeavored to fit the one on to the other, strangely wondering, however, at the hoary age of Orozembo when the Spanish tyrant orders the execution of the venerable Peruvian, naively saying that they thought it was his son whom Lucius Junius condemned to death, and this old gentleman looked more like his father. Just in like manner would the Pastoral Symphony or the Overture to A Midsummer Night's Dream lose its representative power on him who knew not its title, and who might in his ignorance ascribe to it a meaning different from that which filled the mind of the artist.

Musicians have always been singularly reticent, in comparison with literatists and limners, as to the extra-technical purpose of their work. Whereas, every book that is printed and every picture that is shown bears a name to define its subject, the result of a musician's labors is in almost all cases "a deed without a name." By no means on this account is every piece of music subjectless or written without regard to particular expression, whatever may be the peculiar diffidence or bad shame of the artist in hiding from the world the thesis of his inspiration. Haydn's biographers state of him that he always conceived a story before he wrote a Symphony, such as of a sea voyage with the vicissitudes of prosperity and tempest, of a course of true love which never yet ran smooth, or of a departure to battle and a victorious return, and that the music is the language wherein these unacknowledged tales are told. Haydn is not the single instance of a composer who has passed through such a mental process. It signifies nothing to the argument whether the artist be the inventor or only the illustrator of his theme; Shakspeare's Tempest may be before his mind's eye when he paints his fanciful tone-portrait, or a conceit of a storm at sea with its results that never had action outside his own thoughts, or the loss of the Medusa, or any other veritable shipwreck; and he may amuse himself, if no one else, by making his music wild or tranquil, agitated or serene, according as bad or good weather prevails in his imagination, and as the fears or hopes are paramount of the voyagers. This is not all; without admitting, even to himself, a plot, he is yet a narrator, if only of the thoughts and feelings that live and work within him during his period of composition. The same man will produce a graver work or a gayer, a calmer or a more agitated, a month sooner or later in his life, according to the passions that sway his heart, and be unconscious all the while that he is setting down an autobiography. It is hard to believe, indeed, that any artistic work can be all expressionless, save only a scholastic exercise; nay, perhaps not even this, for the man's patience or his want of it, his resignation or his eagerness will speak out in the smoothness or roughness of his lines, in the formality or quaintness of his words, in the fluency or angularity of his counterpoint.

The analogy of painting and music has been many a time expounded. Some points of it, however, have not always been noticed, and may be worth recapitulation. The term composition holds good in both, and in the latter art more particularly has its synonym in construction, design, plan. The current of modulations, their relation to an original or principal tonic, the chief prevalence of this and its recurrence at necessary periods, have their complete likeness in the reference of all the points in a picture to its principal light and in the just arrangement of all its forms. Thus far, a literary work comes equally into the comparison, which must have its beginning, its middle, and its end, its centre whence all events and arguments radiate, whence all the characters are developed, quite as much as has a pictorial or a musical production.

To pass from generality to detail, the employment of harmony to characterize a melody or give point to a certain note, and the broad boldness that is attained by its occasional absence when all the parts at command, whether voices or instruments, proceed in grand unison, or the delicate lightness when all but one cease to sound, and this one proceeds with more or less grace or volubility alone, are entirely comparable with the expression in a drawing, whether of the faces of a figure piece or of the manifold forms in a landscape. How endless is the variety of character and significance that may be given to the same melody by difference of harmonization and by the timely appropriation of a single chord to a particular note of the tune, and how variously may portraits of the same face be made to express all the emotions to which the face's owner may be subject, and as variously may representations of the same view express gloom or cheerfulness or any other temper that rules the artist while on his work!

The non-musician is scarcely aware of the boundless power this resource of harmony affords to the artist, who by its means makes his most delicate touches and his grandest, conveys his subtlest meaning and his broadest. Every chord, nay each inversion of a chord, has a significance of its own, but it is as impossible to define all these capabilities of expression, as it is to state the meaning of every modification of a curve or inflection of a line. To attempt a dictionary that should assign a verbal power to every harmonic combination or to every linear convolution, would be preposterous in itself and fatal in its results in proportion as it approximated to success, since it would change fancy into convention, subvert truth into dogma, and limit beauty by prescription, if not annul it fully. Another means of musical expression analagous to the resources of the draughtsman, is the difference of figure with which a melody may be accompanied, either in sustained or repeated or dispersed chords, or in an intermixture of passing-notes with essential notes, an invaluable accessory to the more important elements of melody and harmony, which adds largely to the significance of both. So too does the manner of casting a shadow over this or that side of a face, or of a projecting rock, or of a pool, or of a turret, whether in a plain mass of color, or in a cluster of lines or of dots or of whatever configurations may better be described, all of which palpably bear on the expression of the passage.

Thus far, our picture may be in black and white or in the diverse degrees of shade and light of any one hue; and thus far, one piece of music may be for a single instrument or for several instruments of the same quality of tone. Then come in the gorgeous varieties of color to the pictorial artist, and the orchestra with its many diversities of tone is the rainbow of the musician. The variegation of blue and red and yellow and all the grades between them, is not greater than that of violins and trombones and flutes and trumpets and bassoons and drums of all kinds. In the Sextet in Don Giovanni, when the torchbearers enter, and when the key is changed from E flat to D, how totally different a color is given to the whole orchestra by the tone, unused before, of the trumpet! This is but one of countless instances in which orchestral coloring is obvious to every perception. The relationship in effect between a piece for many instruments and a pianoforte arrangement of the same, and that between a picture in many colors and an engraving or a photograph of the same, are completely analagous. Instrumentation is in itself a deep study. It begins in giving prominence to a melody over its accompaniment, by playing the two with different qualities or degrees of tone on the pianoforte. It is practised in assigning to a tenor voice, in a vocal quartet, notes that are wanted to be more obvious than those in the lower register of the female voices that are really sounded above the former. It reaches its perfection in that delicious art which Mozart may be said to have originated and perfected. It is abused, (let us hope to the utmost) in the writings of some living Germans who set many brass instruments to play in unisons and eighths if they wish to give distinctness to a cantilena, and who suffocate the voice by the sustained harmony of double basses and soft wind instruments. Were a painter to use jet black for his chief shadows, leaf gold for his principal lights, and a coating of the eighth of an inch thick for his transparent hues, he might produce similar effects. Nevertheless, some of the composers alluded to are extolled as masters of orchestration, and some of them propose to improve the coloring of the greatest masters; but, happily, their method and their self-assurance have not yet an analogue in the sister art.

A beautiful comparison has been made of the respective capabilities of poetry and statuary as exemplified in Virgil's description of the death of Laocoon and the antique sculpture of the same subject. The present discussion admits of a corresponding illustration, in a parallel between the scene in Bach's setting of the Matthew Passion where Jesus declares that one of the twelve will betray Him, and Leonardo's picture of the Last Supper. In the former, the anxious question, "Is it I?" passes from lip to lip, while yet the painful feeling which prompts it continues in each member of the group; a loving spirit of fidelity pervades all hearts but one, and the anguish is common to them all at the possibility that either of them can be treacherous to Him who is the centre of their devotion; as the utterance is prolonged by repetition so is the pang extended in each heart that quivers under its torment. In the masterpiece of da Vinci, it is for the spectator to dilate the sufferings of the assembled apostles by lengthening his gaze upon its presentation in each separate countenance, and his further contemplation of the general attitude of the company. The music expresses the continuous, the painting shows the instantaneous working of the same emotion. The effect of the one upon us might approximate to that of the other, were it gradually unrolled so as to pass from side to side like a moving diorama; but then it would share the disadvantage of music in its transiency, in its being come and gone without giving time for investigation.

It is now, lastly and chiefly, to consider what is described, or pictured, or, to refer to the phrase of the day, prographed in music. A music lover, after this kind, once said that he liked "that portion in Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony which represented the windmills"—but this was not the artist's aim, nor is it his end. Neither are the jagged rocks or the dashing waters of the Hebrides exhibited in Mendelssohn's Isles of Fingal, nor the forms and groupings of the insects in Handel's "He sent all manner of flies," nor the skeletons of the deer and the hunters in Weber's Wild Chase in the Air, nor the wretch who learned to pray from the innocence of the child in Bennett's Paradise and the Peri. Most epigrammatically and most completely was the whole purpose of this class of music set forth in Beethoven's announcement of the great work which stands foremost in everybody's thought of the matter—"Mehr Ausdruck der Empfindung als Mahlerei," (More the expression of feeling than a painting). There is and there can be no pretence in any work of the kind to show more or less than what would be the artist's impressions under the circumstances supposed, and this is shown in his own language, which happily is one without a glossary, that depends for its free translation on the perceptivity of the hearer. Who has basked in the sunshine and felt the kiss of the soft breezes in the open country, who has mused beside a running stream and noted the rippling of the current and the rustling of the leaves and the chirping of the birds, who has watched villagers at their merry-making, who has witnessed the rise and climax and culmination of a storm, and who has seen the returning peace of nature with the outburst of gratitude that flows from all animate and even inanimate existences—he has in his own breast the key to Beethoven's imaginings, and he may unlock the magical casket and be at one with all its images. Already has been suggested that every work of art is a subjective picture, a confession of the joys or sorrows of him who produces it. In this respect, an unentitled piece of music somewhat resembles a landscape or a pastoral poem, which possesses a personal character, in so far as it may express the feelings of the author, beyond the positive facts of which it is a statement, namely, that there is a tree to the right hand, or a brook to the left, or a hill in the distance, or the warm glow of a summer heaven pervading the whole. To-day, one may regard these objects with grateful devotion; to-morrow, with regret for the companion with whom he once viewed them; again, in the overflow of animal spirits springing from health or from some fortune apart from the scene; at another time, in the indifference of a purposeless hour; anon, in the despair of frustrated endeavor. Whatever the mood, this will bespeak itself in the description, and, whether in lines, in words, or in notes, the individuality of the artist will be evident in his work, and the program will be traceable, even though it may not have been prescribed.

These remarks are the wild growth of a fertile theme. With cultivation it would yield a rich harvest to the thinker, but even these random words may indicate that there is store of fruit for the gathering.

—*Musical Times (London.)*

Handel's "Hercules."

A correspondent of the *Times*, describing the Dusseldorf Musical Festival, states that Whit Monday, the central day of the Festival, was also the most interesting from a musical point of view: it brought a performance—or practically two performances—of Handel's magnificent oratorio of "Hercules." The writer says:—

Though this is in many respects one of the composer's finest works, the world seems to have been content to let it sleep during by far the greater part of the 130 years that have elapsed since it was composed. It seems to have been performed only four times during Handel's lifetime, and since then its history is, as far as I know, a blank, till we reach its revival by Herr Joachim at Berlin last autumn, when it was twice performed. If some of the lovers of Handel in England had been present on Monday they would perhaps have felt that they saw the greatest master for the first time in a fresh light; for both the work selected and the manner of performing it were admirably calculated to bring out one of his greatest faculties—his dramatic power, a feature in his works which is too much kept in the background in English performances of them. Dr. Chrysander tells us how Handel, in his earlier life, acquired and matured two styles—the dramatic in his operas, the serious in his anthems; how, when he was driven from the stage by jealousy and intrigues, he confined himself for a few years to comparatively undramatic works, such as the "Allegro," "The Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," and the "Funeral Anthem;" and how afterwards, the dramatic instinct reviving in him, he united his two earlier styles into one, and reached the highest summit of his art in the serious dramas or oratorios, to the composition of which all his later years were devoted. Certainly, from this point of view, "Hercules" is one of the most striking of his works, and it is, curiously enough, the only one to which the title of "musical drama" was given at its first publication. In spite of the similarity of musical language (for Handel must be Handel everywhere), one feels in quite a different atmosphere from that of the great national Old Testament oratorios. Except in the choruses, "O filial piety," and "Let none despair," contrapuntal writing is sparingly employed, there is greater passion and elaboration in the recitatives; while (as Professor Gervinus has observed) the nature of the classical drama is preserved by the position of the chorus, as lookers-on, comparatively unaffected by the results—not like the Jews marching to battle with Judas Maccabæus, or the Christians praying for Theodora's release.

As for the performance of this great work I will venture to express my opinion that Herr Joachim's reading of Handel is as near perfection as anything could well be. Two essential points may be mentioned; in the first place, the tempo is never hurried; and, in the second place, the work is performed, as to instrumentation, as nearly as possible in the way in which Handel himself would have performed it. No instruments were used at all which do not appear in some part or other of Handel's score, while, excepting the necessary additions of violins, where merely a bass accompanies the voice in the original, and of an organ part to the choruses (which was, no doubt, done at the first performances of the oratorio), almost the only features added were a horn part to the air, "How blest the maid;" an oboe part to the air, "From celestial seats descending;" and an organ part to Iole's lovely song, "My breast with tender pity swells." If an improvement might be suggested it would be in the shape of a still further approximation to Handel's practice by multiplying the oboes and bassoons. There are several passages where ten or twelve oboes instead of four would produce a real effect of instrumental coloring (of which, by the way, the fully-scored chorus, "Crown with festal pomp," is, perhaps, one of the best examples to be found in Handel's works.)

Comparing the general execution with what might be expected in our own country, the correspondent thinks the choruses were probably rather less well done; the singers hung fire a little, especially when they had to take up a fugal subject, and there was an unfortunate tendency to sing flat at the end of the splendid chorus, "Tyrants now no more." The recitatives, he says, were sung with infinitely greater fire and vigor than is usual in England. He goes on to say:—

Probably the love of Wagner has stood even Handel in good stead in this particular; while it has, no doubt, produced the fondness for musical declamation which made the audience receive the recitatives (including under that name the two great scenas for Hercules and Dejanira) with as great favor as any part of the work. It must be added that the unaccompanied recitatives could not have been listened to with half the pleasure had it not been for the happy device (employed, I believe, by Mr. Otto Goldschmidt at the performance of the "Allegro" in 1863) of using with them both the piano and a basso continuo on the double bass.

The part of Dejanira (mezzo-soprano) was sung with the greatest possible feeling and intelligence by Frau Joachim, there are probably few artists who could surmount so successfully the difficulties of the last grand scena, owing to its great length and the compass of voice required—nearly two octaves. Madame Peschka Leutner created a very favorable impression in the part of Iole (soprano), and Herr von Witt a decidedly less favorable one in the part of Hyllus (tenor); but we had a very talented young Hercules (bass) in Herr Hendschel, and his master, Herr Schultz, professor in the High School of Music at Berlin, came all the way thence to sing the small amount of music allotted to the Priest of Jupiter. The part of Lichas, the herald (alto)—shorn, however, of several of its best airs—was fairly performed by Fraulein Asmann, from Berlin. Judging from the applause which greeted the appearance of "Hercules," the German public are not likely to allow it to sleep again. I only hope that the English public will soon have a chance of hearing it in the original language.

The Operatic Philosopher.

(*From the "Concordia."*)

In olden days artists were content to be called artists; the sculptor, painter, engraver, set themselves to their work, and talked but little and wrote still less of the principles or reasons of their work. Invention is a matter of feeling and too tender and solemn a thought to share with strangers. The first impress on the brain of an artist is an emanation from the spirit, and around this germ ideas are gathered together. The affection has been secured, the imaginative power employed; then schooling and knowledge of one's business, design, structure, and that which Gluck called *métier*, and Handel counterpoint, severally aid to bring into perfect life and being the thing called a work of art—the grand thing—which is to be rejoiced over and to live for ever. Our Philosophers have taken up music, or rather a corner of music, and occupy themselves in telling the world how Mozart manufactured his operas—as Goethe dryly remarked, just as a baker makes his bread and biscuit. Mozart, it appears, lived in mistakes and shams, he altogether misapprehended his vocation; he knew nothing of the right way of applying music to the operatic drama! He was wrong in his subject, and wrong in his method! The only theme fit and proper for the operatic drama is that of legend—and legend outlying Christianity. What has been called the reflex operation of Christianity upon fine art is to be discarded and abhorred in modern musical drama! Our æsthetical writers for the last fifty years are decried, and their essays put on one side as so much literary lumber. New ground of thought has been broken up, the seed has been strown for a real perception of music in drama, some fruit has appeared in the Wagnerian opera, and a direct onslaught made on the idols and false gods of the last century! The musical philosopher's mode of action is simple but severe. Destroy Handel who perfected the song of the situation in opera; destroy Rameau who taught Gluck how to make an opera chorus, destroy Mozart and Haydn who made the *ensembles*,

"Ah," said Haydn to one who told him of the joy he felt in hearing his quartets and other instrumental music, "but you should have heard my operas!" —works consumed in the fire that destroyed the whole of his theatrical labors for thirty years. Then, again, destroy Beethoven who made the grandly dramatic trio and quartet. Having swept away these follies and delusions of our forefathers, let us begin with legend and accompanied declamation! "Begin with legend!" why legend has been tried and failed three hundred years past. Is not Rinaldo legend? Armida? Jupiter here, Jupiter there, Jupiter everywhere. Old opera is old myth, and old myth in opera never has lived, and never will live. If in future we are to ignore Christianity and resuscitate pagan thoughts, feelings and actions, let us send at once for the old Indian myths—the Burmah and Siam operas, and drink from the first-opened fountains. At this hour the theory of Wagner is to be seen and heard in Burmah—the sing-song declamation with the twang-twang of what is called a harp.

There is, however, a difficulty in importing and naturalizing the myth-opera of the East. The oriental *prima donna* knows nothing of "the word-tone." She little dreams that at the bottom of her "tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee" lies the root-vibrations of language in embryo. And not to know the "word-tone" is not to know music. We are told song is the root of which music is the branch. But deeper than song—deeper than root—exists the *word*; and inside the word, as the kernel inside the shell, lodges *the tone*, the life of the word. Now, the musician who has not dug down and reached the word and the tone is no musician at all. Even ignorance of this *order* of genealogy in language and music is fatal to the composer. We find that the true cause of the failure of Bach in the *Passion*, Handel in the *Messiah* and Mendelssohn in *Elijah* is their ignorance of the meaning of the *word!* These composers imagined song was branch and music was root—a fatal error. They governed their music by their feet, followed the forms of march and dance! This ruinous mistake stopped Beethoven in his grand career. These musicians never once thought of people's mouths, from which alone proceeds the absolute and abstract expression! Music is simply the *means* of expression; it has its external rhythm; but if used solely to exhibit external rhythm, it is made a demoralizer of the inner, or word, rhythm; and proves itself to be the bane of all grand opera and legitimate drama! Thus our modern philosopher settles the question; but it may be urged that if in the operatic-drama the Aria is to go, the Duet, Trio, and Quartet to depart, how is the story of the opera to continue to interest the auditor? Everybody knows the story of the *Somnambula*—the story of *Lenora*; but let us imagine these operas set, not in the way of Bellini or Beethoven, but in that of the inner-tone or word-tone fashion. When the story has become familiar, where lies the interest of the opera? The grand interest in these operas is the fine art demonstrated in them, the spirit of love shown; the full emotion; the majesty and propriety of the ideas; the perfect unity; the orderly and harmonious design, and the perfect workmanship in all its details. What can possibly *grow* out of declaimed words? If genius is to be forbidden the iteration of language as a means of powerful and varied expression; and if it is to be forbidden the treatment of the truly supernatural—the revelations of the Deity to humanity—is told to avoid the god-like and the Christian in man, woman, and child; from whence is high elevation to come? whence the inspirations of genius? whence the portraiture of the noblest passions of our nature? Is thy servant a dog that he should believe this thing? Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing? Go on your ways, most sedate philosopher, and altogether irrevocably mad musician, but your ways shall not be our ways, your thoughts not our thoughts, your ends of the matter not our ends of the matter. Let song be root or stem, let word or word-tone be primary, secondary, or tertiary deposit, grand music has been made before your theories were ever thought of; it has flashed into the soul and sunk deep into the heart, whilst not a line of the new philosophy, not a bar of the new music has ever been engraven on the memory or for one moment influenced the flow of the pulse.

The new "word-tone opera" has the very smallest claims to invention or novelty; and yet it is asserted that "all past musicians have for the most part employed their energies to bad purpose," and "not one single musician has seen the right connection and everlasting difference between words and music." The conclusion reached by this writer is most just as far as regards himself—"Little or nothing is known about music, for music cannot be considered much other than an unknown art." Such is the notion of the musician of the higher development. The philosopher, when starting, honestly admits that his conceptions of music are "hazy and unsteady," and declines offering any solution of the new musical puzzle until something more certain is known of chord, sequence, rhythm, and modulation; or, in other words, until he has received from the baker the recipe for making the bread and the biscuit. What follows if the blind lead the blind? If the philosopher and musician be both ignorant of music what can their criticisms be worth? A knowledge of the grammar of music may be helpful in demonstrating the order of thought and idea in musical composition; but granting that the critic is in possession of the knowledge of these rules governing the facts by which music is supposed to exist, yet he may be a somnambulist, walking in the dark when attempting to decipher the heraldry of genius in its emblazonry of tones as *affections*, and the means of daguereotyping the imaginative ideal. Philosophy has no necessary connection with music, for how can it deal with insensibility or insincerity, the longings of the artistic heart, or that depth of passion—that steadfastness of right purpose which from the first half-caught emotion has worked out life, beauty, and immortality, through impulses which defy all trace and are above all investigation? Mendelssohn, when writing on the spirit and intention of the true music-maker, observes—"Sacred music does not stand higher than other music, because all music ought in its own way to tend to the glory of God. . . . . If the composer can only move the imaginative power of his hearers and call up one image, some one thought, it matters not, he has obtained his object." And when commentating on the middle part, as it is called, of a movement, he writes —"If heaven gives good thoughts the musician ought to be able to develop them properly. Development in composition is just the one thing in which every man is left to himself. Neither nature, nor talent, not even the greatest, can help him. He has nothing but his own will. No musician can make his thoughts or his talents different to what heaven has made them." The Mendelssohnian recipe is short and clear—mind, intention, and inspiration; or man, will, and love. Here is grand scope for the emotional, and no one need fear for the future of music if our composers cleave to the principles and motives for action so simply and so courageously expressed by the great Christian musician of this epoch.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

The Last Days of Auber.

(From the *London Musical World*, June 12.)

"When"—says the *Berlin Echo*—"just four years ago, on the 13th May, 1871, the telegraph, in a few common-place words, flashed through the world the news that the composer of *La Muette de Portici* was dead, the fact created no particular impression either in France or abroad, and it was only the class papers which thought of dedicating a more or less long obituary notice to the hero of the operatic stage. The eyes of the rest of the world were too intently fixed on the theatre of war, and every one was anxiously awaiting the latest accounts of the great campaign. What mattered then a single human life, when Death was mowing down his thousands, and when everyone was trembling lest some member of his own family had fallen beneath the destroyer's sharp and ever busy scythe?" Auber died under circumstances which placed him without the sphere of universal sorrow, and it was not until after some years that the world was destined to feel to its full extent the greatness of his loss. It was no young life, full of hopes, which had been cut prematurely short; he whose death was announced had already passed the limit assigned to human existence. His task on earth appeared nearly accomplished even when, venerable laureate as he was, he brought out at the age of 86, in 1868, amid the acclamations of his fellow countrymen, who once more had occasion to admire and applaud him, his *Premier Jour de Bonheur*, the day on which he did so being the last day of happiness, perhaps, for him. In a state of things like that which supervened during the years 1870 and 1871, men's deeper feelings of sympathy are generally restricted to the narrow family circle, and family Auber had none. The conventional condolence, therefore, which those more distantly affected are accustomed to offer nearly-related survivors was not forthcoming. The journals, too, which above all others would have been called on to dilate in pompous articles on the master of French art, had, in the gloomy and terrible period of the siege of Paris, suspended their publication, which they did not resume until more peaceful times.

Thus it came to pass that, up to the present moment, we know next to nothing concerning the last days of Auber, and it was left to the imagination to paint them in as fearful colors as possible. This gap has now been filled up by Ed. Hanslick, who has been staying for some weeks past in the French capital, and we here subjoin the article which he has forwarded on the subject to the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*:—

HANSLICK ON AUBER.

"The stranger who, after a lapse of several years, revisits a city which he has grown to love, feels more acutely than a regular inhabitant the absence of prominent men once dear to him, but who have since died. On the spot, their death affects him, and him only, as a painful novelty. In the all engulphing whirlpool of Parisian life, who has now much to say of Auber, Rossini, or Berlioz, leaving out of consideration the many less celebrated but charming artists with whom we spent so glorious a time in the brilliant Exhibition Year of 1867?

'Dans ce pays-ci, quinze jours, je le sais,
Font d'une mort récente une vielle nouvelle.'

"Alfred de Musset speaks but too truly in these mournful lines. For myself, however, as I stood before the deserted residences of the three masters, it seemed as though I was standing before three freshly made graves; my intercourse with those three masters I gratefully reckon among the happiest incidents of my life.

"I instituted the most pressing enquiries about Auber's last days; we had, in Germany, received such scanty and uncertain information respecting them. Even as regards the day of his death, the papers did not agree. Auber died in the night of the 12th to the 13th May, 1871, half an hour after midnight. Amid the political thunder-claps of the time, his death excited scarcely any attention, almost as Donizetti's did in 1848. The news of Donizetti's death died away in Germany and France amid the joy-cries of new born freedom. Who, during the general intoxication of that spring-time for the nations, troubled himself about a solitary coffin as it was silently borne past him to the grave! Yet there lay in it one who, highly honored and beloved, had, by his melodies, delighted thousands and thousands in every country thousands of times. Donizetti died at the wrong moment. So did Auber, only with this difference, that his last gasps were drowned not by the universal joy-cry of nations, but by the horrors of a terrific political catastrophe. 'Toute exaggération est une faute,' he said in his last illness. 'We must not be guilty of excess in anything, and a man must not, like me, live too long.' It is, by the way, a very general mistake to suppose that Auber died alone and deserted; Ambroise Thomas, his faithful friend and pupil, who, during the siege and the reign of the Commune, never left Paris an instant, was with him every day and closed his eyes.

"From the lips of Ambroise Thomas I learned the following particulars:—Auber's greatest source of expense was luxurious carriages and horses. Except his horses, he really cared for no living creature. When famine overtook the beleagured city, the Communards everywhere placed horses of all kinds under requisition, for the purpose of slaughtering them, giving in exchange a very insignificant amount. Of four valuable horses which Auber then had in his stables, they began by taking three. He was deeply grieved by this, but without complaining or raising the slightest objection. They now came to fetch away the last of the four, a black English horse of great value. Ambroise Thomas wanted to take measures for the purpose of inducing the authorities, out of respect for the celebrated and grey-headed master, to make an exception, and leave him his last and favorite horse. But Auber would hear of no such thing. 'C'est la loi,' he repeated with unshaken resolution, although his grief at the idea that the horse would be slaughtered nearly unmanned him. Ambroise Thomas hit upon a happy expedient. He begged and obtained permission from an influential official of the Commune to substitute another horse for Auber's. Thomas's intimate friend, Auguste Wolf, head of the celebrated pianoforte manufactory of Pleyel & Wolf, had been allowed, out of his ten or fifteen horses, to keep three for the most urgent work of his factory at St. Denis.

- way! ..... a - way!

- way! ..... a - way!

Tenor Solo.

- way! ..... a - way! Thus blend our hearts.....

a - way!

ff sf p

..... thus blend our hearts..... our hearts to - ge - -

cres. sf f

Tutti

f

Thus blend our hearts, ... thus blend our

f

Thus blend our hearts, thus blend our

f Tutti

- ther, Thus blend our hearts..... thus blend our

f

Thus blend our hearts, thus blend our

sf

hearts, ... our

hearts, ... to - ge - ther, blend our

hearts, ... to - ge - ther, blend our

ff *sf*

hearts to - ge - - ther. *f* A - way! A -

hearts to - ge - - ther. *f* A - way! A -

hearts ..... to - ge - ther.

ff *sf*

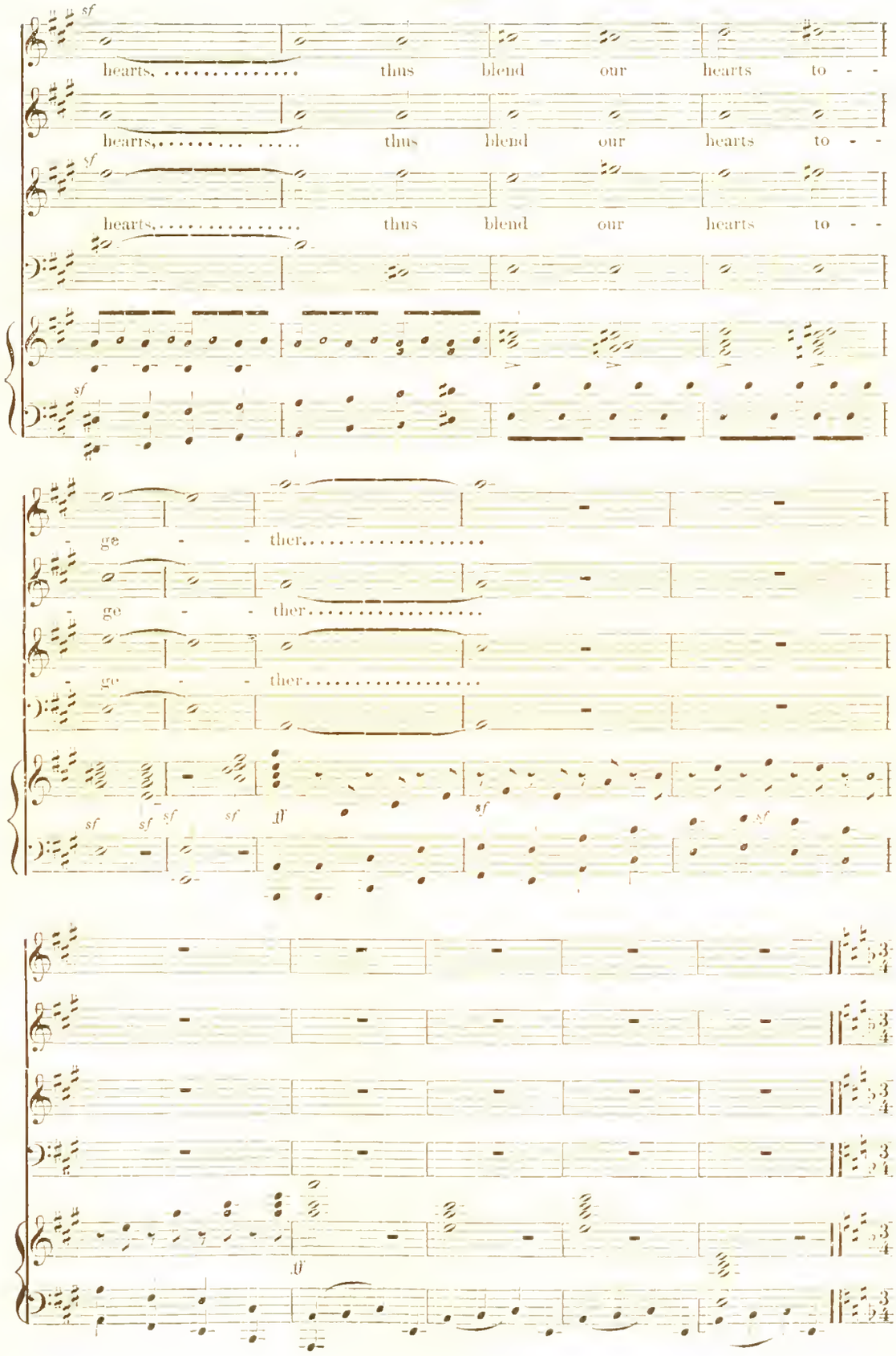
- way! ..... thus blend our

- way! ..... thus blend our

f A-way! A-way! thus blend our

f

sf *sf* *sf* *sf*


sf
hearts, ... thus blend our hearts to - -
hearts, ... thus blend our hearts to - -
hearts, ... thus blend our hearts to - -
- ge - - ther.....
- ge - - ther.....
- ge - - ther.....
sf sf sf sf ff sf sf
ff

No. 2. Solo and Chorus.—KNOW YE NOT A DEED SO DARING?

(An aged woman of the people.)

Alto Voice.

Accomp.

♩ = 138.

Allegretto non troppo.

f p p dim. pp

Know ye not a deed so dar - ing, Dooms us all to die des - pair - ing?

p

Know ye not, it is for - bid - den By the e - dicts of our foe - men?

Know ye, spies and snares are hid - den For the sin - ners call'd "the hea - then?"

On their ram - parts they will slaugh - ter Moth - er,

p pp

One of these was secretly taken to Auber's courtyard, while his own favorite horse, harnessed to a cart filled with planks, trotted off to the factory. Exactly the same as many a story of the preservation of human beings! Every day did Auber, tortured by constantly increasing agony, inquire whether his horse was alive and well tended. He did so the evening before his death. His mind, though he was nearly ninety, remained remarkably clear during his last and painful illness. He attempted to write a piece of chamber music, and sent for some quartets by Mozart and Beethoven from his library. 'A glance at the works,' he observed, smiling, 'will, it is to be hoped, induce me to burn what I have just written.' A life of such uninterrupted happiness as that of Auber falls to the lot of few mortals; still the day at length arrived for him to pay his debt of suffering. The fate of France caused him anxiety and grief; the sway of the Communards filled him with boundless disgust. No one could then offer him political consolation; for consolation of a religious nature he did not ask. Thus ended the composer of *Fra Diavolo*; ever young, even at a patriarchal age, tortured by bodily pain and oppressed with sorrow for his countrymen and anxiety for Paris, which he loved above aught else, and which, in summer or winter, he never left. The Communards wanted to take advantage of his death for getting up a demagogical manifestation, proposing to convey the body to the grave with red flags and blaring military music. The demagogues hated Auber, whom they called "le musicien aristocratique,' and would not have failed to seize on such an occasion for indulging in hostile demonstrations. Ambroise Thomas, to whom these people were quite as repugnant as to his deceased master, determined, at any price, to prevent a demonstration, and preserve the body till it could be borne to the grave in a more honorable manner in more peaceful times. He insisted that the funeral ought to be deferred till the composer's sole relatives, two nieces residing in the country, could come to Paris. On this pretext he succeeded in obtaining permission to remove the corpse secretly from Auber's house, in the Rue St Georges, to a vault of the Ste.Trinité Church. There it lay three months. It was not till after the entry of the French army into Paris, on the 15th July, 1871, that the body was solemnly transported to Père-Lachaise, when Ambroise Thomas, Alexandre Dumas, and others, uttered some glowing and ennobling words at the open grave. But the latter is simply temporary, and the composer's remains will not rest in it always. A short time since, his friends and colleagues purchased the freehold of another, and are now collecting subscriptions for a fitting memorial. Ambroise Thomas and the highly respected principal of the musical firm of Brandus, put themselves at the head of the movement, and made an appeal to the general public. Out of gratitude for the monuments which Auber raised in his works to the Nation, the latter is now called upon to erect a fitting monument in return. I saw the subscription list at M. Brandus's. It contains the names of nearly every celebrated composer. It struck me as a touching fact that the first persons to sign the paper, and for the largest amounts, were the widows of Auber's deceased friends (Mad. Scribe, Mad. Halévy, Mad. Meyerbeer, Mad. G. Kastner, etc.) A genuine instance of the sacred and reverential affection of woman!

"General astonishment was excited that the cost of the tomb should have to be defrayed by a public subscription. 'What!' people exclaimed; 'has a grand gentleman, with an income like Auber's, who had no one to provide for, not left sufficient even for this?' The explanation given is that—firstly, Auber spent nearly all his income on himself and his various fancies; and, secondly, that his income was not so considerable as it was believed to be. At the period of his greatest theatrical successes, the pay and per centage of composers had not reached the height to which they have since attained. In four or five years Auber has frequently not made so much as Offenbach has over and over again received in a month. On the approach of old age, too, Auber had commuted his author's right for a moderate annuity. Thus he left only a modest sum, which went to two nieces—old devotees, who were never on particularly friendly terms with him, and who resided in the country. At no distant epoch, a monument in Père Lachaise will mark the resting-ing place of the master whose brilliant talent was surpassed only by his indefatigable capacity for work. France, who knows how to honor her great men, both in life and death, has thus done her duty. Despite of this however, we cannot avoid thinking that, during his last days and after his death, fate avenged the egotistical cold-heartedness of Auber as a man. Streams of admiring and admirable eloquence flowed by his grave—but no tears flowed with them. His indifference towards his fellow-men is paid back now he has gone, and his death appears to have left no void in Parisian hearts."

Handel and Haydn Society.—Further Extracts from Mr. Barnes's Address.

THE FIRST MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Perhaps no more important event in the history of the Society can be recorded, or one fraught with greater results bearing on its prosperity, than that of the Musical Festival of 1857, originated and successfully carried through by the President, C. F. Chickering, Esq., with the assistance of those associated with him in the Board of Trustees, as the government of the Society was then styled.

The festival was three days in duration. The oratorios performed were the "Creation," "Elijah," and "Messiah." The chorus numbered six hundred voices, increased to this number by invitations to members of church choirs and others; and the orchestra, by engagements in New York and in other cities, numbered eighty performers. It opened with an address, admirably conceived and eloquently expressed, by the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, an honorary member of the Society.

This festival stands as a monument to the wise policy and comprehensive foresight of Mr. Chickering, the President of the Society; but his wise counsels and energetic efforts in the interests of the Society during his two years of presidency were by no means confined to this one act.

This festival, though experimental, was but the beginning of a series of similar gatherings, which, after a lapse of eight years, were inaugurated by the observance of the half-centennial of the existence of the Society in a grand musical festival, which took place in May, 1865, under the administration of J. Baxter Upham, and which have since been continued triennially.

THE TRIENNIAL FESTIVALS

Of the Society, and the character of the works produced, have already gone into history; and no words of mine can add anything to their value or importance. They are periods to which the longing soul, athirst for new musical experiences and enjoyments, turns for refreshment with a certainty of realizing all that its most sanguine expectations have pictured.

The walls of our Music Hall have never vibrated to more inspiring strains than on those occasions; and, indeed, our greatest triumphs have been realized in that beautiful hall, to which the Society removed in 1852.

The prosperous periods of the Society only have thus far been referred to; but distracting influences, culminating in the withdrawal of members, and the establishment of rival organizations, are well remembered as having occurred on several occasions within its history. I shall only refer, however, to that of 1837, when a society was formed under the title of the Boston Musical Institute, composed mainly of members of this Society, among the most active of whom was its President of the previous year, Bartholomew Brown; and none of whom considered it necessary to withdraw from this Society before taking action for the formation of another. The consequence was, that all of the members, with one exception, so conducting themselves, were expelled; thus weakening our ranks very materially, as the members expelled were among the most valuable in the Society in point of vocal efficiency. The new organization died a lingering death, however, after two or three seasons of unprofitable struggle for the public patronage, and through internal dissensions as well.

The history of other rival, or, more properly speaking, opposition societies, might be similarly traced; and the lesson thus derived would be this: that no society organized for purposes like those which call us together can prosperously exist without harmony of action and sentiment. The very name of discord is fatal to the well-being of a musical organization; and, however circumstanced in the future, no dissensions or inharmonious actions by any of the members of this honored association should be countenanced by any who desire its perpetuity and its continued usefulness.

Like many other similar organizations scattered throughout the country, whether in art, literature, or music, the Society has had its days of trial and adversity; sometimes consequent upon divided counsels, and internal dissensions, and sometimes, as it hae been shown, with powerful opponents to divide with us the public patronage and support.

On assuming the position of Secretary of the Society, an office which I entered upon in 1856, I found, beyond the faithful few, which included the most active and influential of its members, and who have, through good report and through evil report, *ever* stood by the fortunes of the Society, but little interest existing. A large portion were indifferent to its future; and not a few openly expressed the belief that its mission had been accomplished and its days numbered. This I say without reflection upon the management of any of my predecessors in office, who, without doubt, were actuated by as noble devotion to its interests as any of those who succeeded them, but as a matter of fact which was known to exist.

I was unwilling to accept such a conclusion, attaching as it did to a society with the brilliant record which even then adorned the pages of its history, rendered illustrious by those who gave it birth, and who had handed it down to us, their successors, through many paosperous administrations as a precious legacy; and at once commenced upon a work which I conceived to be in my line of duty, —of creating, as far as possible, an interest where little had previously existed, and cheering the disheartened and indifferent.

Though the Festival of 1857 was a powerful auxiliary towards an increased interest so much desired, it was apparent that only by incessant toil among the lukewarm and indifferent could the Society be brought back to its former glory. But I need not recount the day, months, and I may in truth say *years*, of personal labor devoted to its interests in this direction,—labors entirely distinct and apart from the regular routine business of a concert season; nor need I allude to the deep gratification which all interested experienced as increasing evidences of prosperity gradually developed.

The Society has won an honorable record for its readiness in responding to calls for charity and patriotism, and on occasions of mourning.

Its contributions, through its musical performances, to "the poor of Boston," and the aid thus rendered in supplying necessary equipments to at least one regiment of our country's defenders when marshalled into the service by the late lamented Gen. Thomas E. Chickering, then President of the Society, and to the Sanitary and Christian Commissions then in operation, are recorded to its credit. The days of mourning may be referred to in the performance of appropriate music, on invitation from the Municipal or State authorities, on the occasions of the obsequies attending those of Presidents Harrison and Lincoln, and of our two great statesmen, Ex. President J. Q. Adams and Daniel Webster, as well as those of *our own* Ex.-President, Gen. Chickering.

THE PAST SEASON

Has not been specially remarkable for any very brilliant deeds, but the operations of the Society may be considered progressive.

About the usual number of public performances, as compared with those of past seasons, have been given, during the present, including one work of much beauty,—the "Seasons" of Haydn.

The "Messiah" was performed at Christmas tide, and, later in the season, the "St. Paul" of Mendelssohn, and the "Creation" of Haydn, the latter on Easter Sunday.

In addition to the above, a concert of a miscellaneous nature was given, specially designed for the associate members of the Society. The plan of associate membership, through which we were encouraged into the engagement of Beethoven Hall for purposes of rehearsal, proved but partially successful, as the requisite number was not obtained. I am firmly of opinion, however, that with some modifications of the present plan, which may be authorized by a slight change in the By-Laws, whereby greater privileges may be secured to the associates, whether the Society shall continue, as now, in the Beethoven Hall, or in any other locality, a sufficient number of ladies and gentlemen may be found ready to co-operate in the advancement of the interests of the Society, by enrolment of their names among the list of associates, and the payment of the mere nominal sum required. With this assistance from the friends of the Society, we shall be doubly useful to them and to the public at large.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 24, 1875.

On the Diversity of Opinions about Musical Works.

[In these vacation days of short but glorious midsummer, we make no apology to our readers for thankfully accepting the following suggestion and contribution from a kind and thoughtful friend. We are sure it will read better than anything we could offer of our own.]

BOSTON, July 11, 1875.

Dear Mr. Editor.—Perhaps at the season when there are no concerts to report and criticize, it may seem to you not out of place, to endeavor to prepare your readers to listen with more earnestness and more artistically to music, when the time shall again come for it. I have translated some pages of FRIEDRICH ROCHLITZ, published in "*Für Freunde der Tonkunst*," which I should be glad to lay before your musical readers. As there is so little musical literature, either scientific or æsthetic, in the English language, it seems to be necessary to resort, for American education, to the more advanced German writers.

I send you an essay, which is at your service, if you are inclined to print it in the "Journal of Music."

Perhaps it would be well to inform general readers that Rochlitz was, for many years, the editor of the "*Leipziger Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*," which exerted great influence in directing musical taste, in the past and present generations in Germany. N.

There is no department of art in which so great a variety of opinion is expressed as in that of music; and this is easily accounted for. Musical productions are so various in their character, that every taste is gratified; they are moreover brought before the general public, and every one can become familiar with them. The number of those who constitute themselves judges in any art increases with the number who take an interest in it, since very few renounce the right of judgment, and the diversity of their judgments is in proportion to the variety of their tastes. For music, too, there exists no model or original type in the external world, to which the individual judgment is obliged to conform. However various the opinions pronounced with regard to the painting of a branch of roses, in one main point they must agree; for everyone has seen natural roses and can compare with them the painted ones; and though his judgment may be very inartistic, it is impossible that it shall be utterly mistaken. It is true, we often read that the ideal and type of music are implanted in the sentiment of every human soul; but even if we are obliged to concede this provisionally, (since the complete investigation necessary for the decision of this question is almost discouraging) even then every one must recognize the frequent changes in his circumstances and states of feeling; he must acquire the habit of becoming conscious of these, even while he is forming his judgment, and must possess the difficult faculty of defining them, if he wishes to form a judgment of their effects, or at least, if he would express it in words. It is not necessary for us to say that this is not, and cannot be, universally the case. It may be said that "one who cannot do this, has no right to judge;" this may be true, but nevertheless *it is done*. In fact, the far greater part of mankind, in accordance with a well-known human weakness, judge of nothing more willingly or more hastily, than of that which they do not understand; for in that with which they are acquainted, they know the difficulties, not only of the work itself, but also those which attend the formation of a judgment about it. We hear it said that "everyone ought to do boldly and confidently what seems to him good, without troubling himself with regard to the opinion of the public!" That you may have said when you were twenty years old, or perhaps a little later; but when you are forty, you speak quite differently; and when you are sixty, you either laugh at or repent ever having thus spoken. At the same time, it is not our intention to dwell long upon the opinion of the universal public; we will let that pass; but in order not to part without a farewell greeting to so numerous a company, we will only state a well-recognized truth:—that a work of art which has no effect on the sensitive faculties of the multitude, whatever the standing of the latter may be in point of art, is certainly not excellent, although not, on that account, necessarily bad; and also, that which does affect them is certainly not valueless, although not, on that account, necessarily good; but that with which they are, at once, entirely satisfied, is assuredly, not of superior excellence.

We must first turn to the judgments of those who are classed under the name of musicians and artists, of connoisseurs and lovers of music, consequently of those who have sensitive appreciation, not only of art in general, but especially of music, who have had more or less experience of its effects upon themselves, and who possess more or less knowledge of the means by which this art produces its effects. Should we not expect from these some unanimity in their judgments of musical productions? Experience teaches us quite the contrary. When they are found to agree on some important points in a few pre-eminent works, it is usually a forced judgment, produced after the lapse of a considerable time. Cases of this are so common and well-known, that no particular instances need be alleged. Whence then arises this diversity of opinion in all circles, unless it is the result of the differences in the individuals who compose them?

Sterne, in his Sentimental Journey, divides travellers into four classes. The first, according to him, includes the most pitiable, those who travel from vanity or in obedience to fashion. The second is composed of scholars, who travel to obtain change and distraction, and who aim less to enjoy, than to digest and comprehend what they have already acquired. In the third class, we see those who travel with the eye of a landscape painter; and in the fourth, those who direct not only an artistic, but a religious eye upon creation, who turn this spiritual gaze upon the blooming world, and who see the Creator in his creation. In the same way, we may divide musical hearers and critics into these four classes; and it is no derogation to our reflections on this subject, that much which we have to remark applies equally to other arts and, in fact, to life itself.

We shall not concern ourselves greatly with the first class, who listen to and criticize music, and also make music, from motives of vanity and in pursuit of fashion; they certainly will not concern themselves much with us. For them, the opera house and concert room, (and even the church), are only looked upon as a scene, where well-dressed people may assemble without molestation, in order to have been there, and to be able to talk about it. They are more interested in the way the singer bears herself and in her style of dress, than in her music and style of singing. They are able to listen to a concerto of Mozart, without finding anything more interesting in it than their surprise that so small and feeble a man should have composed so great and powerful a work. Everything in the music is either good or bad to them, which is pronounced to be either good or bad in circles of society of a certain tone; the correct tone being that which the favorite lady or most important gentleman has set as the fashion. This, with the majority, is not narrow-mindedness, but voluntary prejudice. They have no desire to be better informed, even if it were in their power. They have no evil intentions; they, in fact, have no opinion whatever. In general, these lovers of music are to be found among the rich and respectable of both sexes in large cities.

In the second class belong those who listen attentively, but, if we may so express it, only with the intellect. They wish to be considered judges of art, and not infrequently attain their object. Many of them disapprove of everything which is written at the present day, as well as the mode of execution at present prevailing. They dislike it all; and why? Because it is not exactly as it was forty or fifty years ago, or in some other past age. As with certain men of letters, who completed their course for life in the days of their youth, that which they formerly enjoyed, and perhaps quite rightly, seems alone good to them. With their predilections, which it is so difficult for them to abandon, the present music, being of so different a style, can move them but little. They mislead themselves honestly, and dwell only upon the slight effect of the present music, in comparison with the infinitely more powerful and more intense music of former times; but they do not reflect that their judgment is derived merely from the effect upon *themselves*; that the foundation for it lies *in them*. Their susceptibility is diminished, their feelings have grown colder, and they suppose that it is the music which is wanting in charm and expressive power. "But," they say, "the music of my youth still excites me, whenever I hear it." Is it, then, the music which still delights them, or is it not, rather, the associations of their youth, which the music enables them to recall? their youth, with its thousand sweet remembrances, which, though unconsciously, affects them more powerfully, for its very dimness. But this is the way with man, when he allows himself to be led merely by his fancy. Others of this class, who, though fewer in number, are the more odious, are the senseless, conceited grammarians in music, who are nothing beyond mere grammarians. They are careful not to omit to listen to the performance of a new musical work, simply in order that they may detect in it some error or some neglect of the rules, even though it be a customary one. A slight plagiarism, a hidden fifth, a forbidden octave, is a precious discovery for them, especially in a noted composer; and they shrug their shoulders over the wonderfully glorious Finale to the first act in Mozart's Titus, because such a fault occurs in the inversion of one of the accompanying figures. They are like the critics who, in a beautiful poem, can only call attention to a false rhyme; or like that critic in Wilhelm Meister, who found nothing worthy of remark in Wilhelm's personation of Hamlet, except the white string that peeped out beneath his black dress, during the contest with Laertes. "But would it not have been better if the false rhyme, the white string, had not been there?" Certainly it would have been better, and you are quite right. These last two orders of critics are to be found principally, in fact almost wholly, among elderly musicians and rather obscure judges of art; in the nature of the case, we do not meet with them among women. There also belong to this class those virtuosos or musical performers who are nothing more than virtuosos. They are interested only, or chiefly, in difficult, hazardous feats of execution; just as rope-dancers by profession enjoy most the passage over a wire. That which is easily executed is quite uninteresting to them; that which is simple and natural they find commonplace and dull. Certainly the conquest of difficulties is an essential element, especially with virtuosos, but *only* as a means to the end; these critics, however, seldom take note of this; they concern themselves solely with the *means*, and desire nothing more. And in truth, (human nature works in such various ways, and the domain of art is accessible from so many sides), we will honestly acknowledge that the possession of great skill, combined, if not with genius, yet with spirit and talent, may serve a good purpose,—at

least to a certain degree, under favorable circumstances, and at happy moments; but not in all cases. Since, now, the skill of distinguished virtuosos requires great industry and kindred qualities, which are very highly valued by men; since these virtuosos find great numbers who cannot do, but very gladly would do, what *they* can; since they receive everywhere admiration and praise, if not sympathy and satisfaction, (the former being more loudly and vehemently expressed than the latter); since the vanity and self-love of men is only too easily aroused by vehement and noisy applause, especially at moments when, by their arduous efforts, they are excited to self-satisfaction; hence we may easily explain their usual decisions concerning that in which they do not trade themselves, their enthusiasm only for that in which they are concerned, and their hostile criticisms resting solely on their own authority. At the present time, there glitter, usually, among these virtuosos, almost as many women as men.

The third class embraces hearers and critics of musical performances, who are susceptible and animated, perhaps even enthusiastic, but who listen only with the ear, and judge accordingly. They are fond of music because it makes their blood circulate more rapidly, and puts them into a comfortable mood, and because music, whether in solitude or society, serves as an expedient, always at hand, "to fill up the vacant hours and the weary, endless time." They value and extol those compositions which promote this object; accordingly, as they are competent to their performance, they take up the smaller or the larger, the trivial or the more important compositions, or even those of pre-eminent excellence, provided only they serve this aim. How enormous this class is, we may learn from the publishers of pretty dances and variations on favorite melodies; from the straggling performers of military music, and from the buyers of operas arranged for almost all instruments, now even without text; or by observing in concerts the different degrees of attention awakened, for example, in a symphony of Haydn, by the *adagio* and the *scherzando*; by the latter of which the clapping of hands is especially excited. We will refrain from ridiculing or despising these, not merely from policy, because we may happen to be artists, to whom their appreciation is indispensable, seeing that this class is made up chiefly of the young, both male and female; and youths everywhere possesses the loudest voice. Although their approval may not be permanent, still it is necessary for the musician, who at the moment is greatly sustained by it. We value this class, because its members really possess susceptibility and love for music, and take pleasure in it. They lean to that which is the essential end of music and help to advance it, even while they only satisfy their own wishes, as with few exceptions they should do. Moreover, it is safe to trust to a healthy human nature; whoever, with a susceptible, loving spirit, approaches to an appreciation of any work of art, must unconsciously receive into himself a portion of its better qualities. Only give them what is good; give it earnestly and perseveringly. Their darkness will be enlightened, their knowledge and desire will be awakened,—to a certain degree; and with this we must content ourselves, in general, in all that we give. Above all, we must learn to wait. With how many of us artists, even, was the case different in our earlier years? Is the world to be overturned because we have been converted? We believe not! This is all so evident, that I shall be considered trifling, because I state it here. It is thought to be unimportant how often we overlook this truth, and how often we consequently offer music which is inappropriate, and which results in injury instead of benefit; or even, in our dissatisfaction, give no music at all.

In the fourth class, finally, belong a few, usually quiet listeners, whose criticism is seldom expressly sought for, but who nevertheless are not unrecognized or without influence; who listen with their whole soul. In the pleasure of the senses they also seek spiritual enjoyment; in listening they also look for feeling, and in both also thought; for reflection is likewise an enjoyment to them. With them, both poetry and music, and in fact, every art is a way, through the purity of enjoyment, to the purity of love; and through a purified love to the perfecting of the race. They consider that art has the same effect through the feelings, that knowledge produces through the convictions. If science directs his view to the highest, art makes him more inclined to accept it. If the former teaches the way, the latter makes it smooth. Many of you recognize in music a second language, like speech, graciously bestowed by God, to distinguish mankind from all other earthly beings; to raise him higher and to bring him nearer to his final destination. These listeners perceive in the melody, not merely the melody, but also the infinite spirit of love and peace; in the harmony, not merely the harmony, but the original fountain of unity, and the accordance of all differences; the final aim of everything, which though divided, strives to be united; the consecrated entrance into the fullness of peace; the reconciliation of everything unlike and apparently distinct. If they should be told, this is all fancy and new-fashioned mysticism, they make no reply; or, at most, point to Plato among their books. He who is accustomed to reflect, knows how to discriminate; and consequently, listeners of this fourth class discriminate music which is subservient to true art, from that which merely affords a transient entertainment. They look only for the spirit, of whatever nature and in whatever form it may appear; for without the spirit, the performance is only a sport, fitted for little children. Consequently, Rousseau's song of three notes is worth more to them than many a long opera which is only sound, and Handel's Prayer for Peace, of scarcely more tones, is more valuable than a merely correctly calculated fugue; just as also, one who can play well and with taste is dearer to him than one who can execute brilliantly a series of bravoura airs. He does not despise the accidental excellencies in music, nor even mere skilfulness in it, but both are indifferent to him, if they are not subservient to a higher aim; and he withdraws himself from that which is indifferent to him, and merely absorbs his time. He is attached neither to the new nor to the old, but solely to the good, which aims at and approaches the highest end; and more especially to that sublime music which has already attained this end. He does not scorn the judgment of the second class, but merely quietly assigns to it its own place; he is not disdainful of that of the third class, but kindly indulges it. His verdict often agrees with that of both; his point of view, never. He easily understands them both, but is understood by them with difficulty. Still, if they show themselves tolerant, they also are tolerated. In general, he holds the proverb: De gustibus non est disputandum, for empty folly, and arguments, except among those who are of similar opinions, for profitless labor.

"Alas, where can we find such hearers and critics?"

Do you understand and love such? Then, my friend, you belong among them! or at least, you are on the road to them, if you only desire it.

That "College of Music" again. We are assured by one, who has had opportunity of knowing, that the "wealthy old bachelor," a man of over eighty, is no "myth," and that, after consulting his physician (Dr. Elmer) as to the best way of immortalizing his name in connection with some good work, he has verily devoted his whole fortune of some five or six millions to the foundation of a "College," with a magnificent building, for the musical education of the daughters of America. This scheme, our informant furthermore deposes, has been developed into a free fantasia by the writers in the newspapers, making the wish father to the thought, and that all the reports about calling upon Richard Wagner to become the head of the institution, as well as about Thomas and other prospective professors, are purely the invention of said writers. We trust that it is so; for the idea of placing Wagner at the head of musical education in America, with unbounded millions at his disposal, is too absurd for serious consideration. A College for the unlearning of Music were perhaps a truer title.

Taking the reports as we found them, and trying to realize to our imagination the dazzling descriptions of the proposed building in the Central Park, with Wagner throned there as the *genius loci*, we in a free and playful way, yet logical, began to develop a little of the "tale without an end" implied in that suggestive theme; it was so tempting, and we could have gone on much further; but imagination shrinks exhausted from the task. One thing, however, we omitted when we spoke of possible professorships: the department of *Morals* would of course be kept in the exclusive charge of the great head himself, ("Music and Morals" doubtless in his thought are one); with this assurance need any mother in our Israel hesitate to entrust her daughter to so excellent a school!

—But, Wagner or no Wagner, looking at the matter practically, here are five million dollars, more or less, to be devoted, with the best will no doubt, to musical instruction in this country; and it is indeed most creditable to the projector that he so well appreciates the vital worth of such an element of culture in our great young Republic. What is the wise way of doing it? What were the safest investment of so vast a sum for such a noble object? Is it precisely prudent to risk the whole in one vague ambitious venture? Might not more good be realized by distributing it among several more modest and more definite experiments? Here, for example, is Boston, is every city in the Union, with the exception of New York, without a permanent Orchestra; a fund of a few hundred thousands for such a purpose, in each musical centre, would be an invaluable means of culture. Or, again, suppose that Harvard University, and Yale, and Cornell, and more, could have a few hundred thousands for the endowment not merely of a professorship, but of a full Faculty of Music,—would not this be a more practical and sure way of beginning the good work, at several points at once, each with its own distinct and compassable aim? Among a dozen such plantings there would be a reasonable chance that two or three at least would actually take root and yield increase. In two or three, if not in all, the providential man might turn up, the man with the right organizing, quickening genius for the work; and two or three successes, or one only, would be a blessing to the country and a gain for Art. Whereas, invested in a single showy institution, with parties plotting, clamoring for management — there *are* parties in Music, and some of them mean "business" more than they mean music—the danger is not slight that the munificent endowment would be all thrown away.

John Henry Willcox, Mus. Doc.

(From *Loomis's Musical and Masonic Journal*, New Haven, Ct.)

"Died, Sunday, June 20, Dr John H Willcox, 47."

Such was the simple announcement to the musical circles of Boston, that one of their most gifted members had passed away. Dr. Willcox was so well known and appreciated in New Haven, that some notice of him seems due his memory. He was born in New Orleans, La., was for some time a pupil of the late Dr. Edward Hodges, organist of Trinity Church, N. Y. He was for two years a student in Yale, and during that time organist of Trinity Church, in this city He completed his college course at Trinity College, Hartford, where he was graduated in 1848. While at Hartford, he was organist at St. John's Church.

He returned to New Haven in '49, succeeding the late William Ives as organist at St. Paul's Church. Under his direction, the present organ in that church was built, and "opened" in '50.

During the few years he remained at St. Paul's, he contributed in no small degree to the development and improvement of taste in church music in this city; and the music of that church, while under his direction was instrumental in bringing many under the influence of the Church, and to the enjoyment of its privileges. A clergyman told the writer, some time since that he attributed his becoming a churchman, and a clergyman, mainly to John Willcox.

In 1852 Dr. W. removed to Boston, and was organist for a term of years at Grace and St. Paul's Churches About 12 years ago he was appointed organist and director of music at "The Church of the Immaculate Conception, (R. C.)," having recently been baptized and confirmed in the faith of the Roman Catholic Church. During his administration in that parish, the music attained a reputation second to none in the country. The selections were of the highest order. Masses and Motets of Haydn, Mozart, Hummel, Beethoven, Weber, and others, were rendered by competent artists and chorus, and, on festivals, with the additional aid of full orchestra

Dr W. was at one time a partner with W B Simmonds, in the manufacture of organs, and was for several years connected with E & G. G. Hook, though not a partner, as has been erroneously stated. His exquisite taste was of great benefit to the latter firm, and several of the organs in this city passed under his critical supervision.

As an *organist*, Dr. Willcox was without a superior in the particular school which he preferred A few surpassed him in *technique*, but no one in this country could rival him in exhibiting the capabilities and resources of the instrument. Abounding in melody, fertile in imagination, peculiarly happy in combining registers (as a successful artist combines colors), his audience at once was thoroughly in sympathy with him

His personal qualities were those of the born gentleman, free from professional jealousy, generous, hospitable, quick to recognize merit in others, and kindly critical, when his advice or opinion was solicited.

He received the degree of Mus Doc from the Georgetown College, Georgetown, D. C.

He married Miss Anna Chickering, daughter of the late Jonas Chickering, the celebrated piano manufacturer.

Opera in Berlin.

The operatic season at the Royal Operahouse was brought to a close with R. Wagner's *Lohengrin*. The credit of the following statistical returns, published in the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*, is due to Herr Ferdinand Gumbert, the well-known critic of that journal. The series of 208 operatic performances given in German, from August 17th, 1874, to June 11th, 1875, comprised 41 different works, by 23 different composers. The novelties were—*Cesario* (three acts), Wilhelm Taubert; *A-ing-fo-hi* (three acts), Richard Würst; and *Die Maccabäer* (three acts), Anton Rubinstein. Of the stock operas, *Oberon* was played 11 times; *Cesario*, *A-ing-fo-hi*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin*, 10; *Der Freischutz*, *La Dame Blanche*, and *Il Trovatore*, 9; *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, *Aida*, and *Die Zauberflote*, 8; *Les Huguenots*, 7; *Il Barbiere* and *Guillaume Tell*, 6; *Fidelio*, *Belmonte und Constanze*, *Don Juan*, *Iphigenia in Tauris*, *L'Africaine*, *Le Prophète*, and *Faust*, 5; *Die Maccabäer*, *Rienzi*, and *Martha*, 4; *Robert le Diable*, *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, *Das Nachtlager in Granada*, *Le Lac des Fées*, *Mignon*, and *L'Elisir d'Amore*, 3; *Stradella*, *Joseph en Egypte*, *Fra Diavolo*, and *Hernani*, 2; and *Der Fliegende Holländer*, *Euryanthe*, *Czaar und Zimmermann*, *La Muette*, *Jessonda*, and the *Finale* from *Loreley*, once. Moreover—Richard Wagner was represented on 28 evenings, by 5 works; Mozart on 26, by 4; Weber on 21, by 3; Meyerbeer on 20, by 4; Verdi on 19, by 3; Rossini on 12, by 2; Taubert on 10, by 1; Würst on 10, by 1; Boïëldieu on 9, by 1; Nicolai on 8, by 1; Auber on 6, by 3; Flotow on 6, by 2; Beethoven on 5, by 1; Gluck on 5, by 1; Gounod on 5, by 1; Rubinstein on 4, by 1; Kreutzer on 3, by 1; Ambroise Thomas on 3, by 1; Donizetti on 3, by 1; Méhul on 2, by 1; Spohr on 1, by 1; Mendelssohn on 1, by 1; Lortzing on 1, by 1.

The above list does not include five performances given in Italian by the company under Señor and Mad. Padilla, of Flotow's *Ombre* (twice), Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto* (twice), and Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*; nor does it include Goethe's *Faust*, with music by Lindpaintner and Prince Radziwill; Goethe's *Egmont*, with music by Beethoven; Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, with music by Mendelssohn; and Raimund's *Verschwender*, with music by Conradin Kreutzer. Apropos of Goethe's tragedy, it was exactly one hundred years on the 13th June since the birth of Prince Anton Heinrich von Radziwill. The Prince was very fond of music, and a good violoncellist. Though his "*Faust* Music" no longer boasts of the exaggerated reputation it enjoyed in a past generation, it is still frequently heard, and its performance on the 12th of this month may be regarded as a sort of centenary memorial in honor of its aristocratic composer.

After the conclusion of the operatic season, the theatre remained open a week longer for ballets, but closed finally on the 18th instant, and will not be re-opened before the 15th October. During the time it is shut, a new electrico-pneumatic method for lighting the gas is to be prepared. This method, which diminishes the chances of explosion, is the invention of Herr C. Barrot, master-carpenter at the Stadttheater, Vienna, who will himself superintend its application.—Herren Niemann, Betz, and Fricke, before returning to this capital, proceed to Baireuth, to take part in the rehearsals of Wagner's *Ring der Niebelungen*.

At Kroll's Theatre we have had *Der Freischütz*, *Don Giovanni*, *Martha*, and *Il Trovatore*. This favorite resort appears to have lost none of its attraction. The first novelty will be *Les Dragons de Villars*, by Maillart.

The Berlin *Echo* denies a report, lately circulated that Albert Lortzing's grave in the Neuer Sophien-Kirchof was in a dilapidated condition. Whatever may have been the case formerly, the resting-place of the composer is now scrupulously kept. Very different is the state of Otto Nicolai's grave, in the Dorotheen-stadtischer Churchyard (Liesenstrasse). Here neglect and desolation reign supreme.

Opera-Goers in the Eternal City. I have often read that the Italian public listen only carelessly to music and never fail to indulge in tolerably noisy conversation between two cavatinas. This may, perhaps, have been true in the time of Cimarosa and Paisiello, but things are very much changed to-day. Let us take, for instance, a performance of *Aida* at the Teatro Apollo, Rome. It begins at eight o'clock precisely. Five minutes before the rising of the curtain the house is crammed, and, at the first stroke of the bow, a religious silence reigns around. During the first act enthusiasm is kept down and does not overstep reasonable limits. In the second, the public gradually warm up, some of them venturing to hum with the *prima donna* the favorite phrases, while the more reserved among the audience endeavor to reduce them to silence. In the third act, people get excited, and the feverishness becomes more general. During the duet between Aida and Amonaro, exclamations are heard from all parts of the house, and when, at length, Radames appears and avows his treachery: "Son disonorata; io tradii la patria," all the spectators burst forth, like so many volcanoes, and every voice sings in unison with that of the artist. Hands are clapped and feet are stamped with frantic enthusiasm; the ladies' handkerchiefs float like oriflammes all round the various tiers; there is an infernal hubbub, a fearful noise in which everyone takes part; the pit, the boxes, the musicians in the orchestra, and even foreigners, are carried away by this inundation of enthusiasm. Verdi's soul has passed into the souls of two thousand spectators, who are dispersed, trembling with emotion, along the lobbies and in the crush-room, where all sorts of exclamations are heard crossing each other like rockets. The fourth act proceeds amid less lively transports and the burning atmosphere is a little cooler. But, at the end of the performance, about midnight, the musical fever breaks out more violently than ever. Everywhere—on the staircases of the theatre, in the vestibule, in the streets—Verdi's melodies are again audible, and are carried into every part of the city, till the hour for repose at length comes to calm down the agitation, and silence the echoes of the enthusiastic vocalists.—*Neue freie Presse.*

M. Adolphe Jullien, musical critic of *Le Français*, has discovered something curious in a supplementary volume of Grimm's *Correspondence*. As far back as 1766, Grimm had hit upon the leading idea in the libretto of *Les Huguenots*:—

"The only reason why the ballets are so agreeable and so much liked at the Opera is because the book is insipid, cold, and wearisome; but, in a really interesting piece, I defy the most skilful author, however great the art he may poseess, to introduce a ballet without stopping the action, and, consequently, without each time destroying the effect of the whole performance. I may observe that the dances in a piece may be historical just as well as the singing. Give me a sublime genius, and I will show you Catharine di Medici making her preparations for the carnage of St. Bartholomew amid the marriage festivities and dances of the King of Navarre. The contrast of apparent tranquility, a tranquility to be followed by such frightful crimes—this mixture of libertinism and cruelty—would, if I know aught of the art of moving the passions, freeze the very marrow of one's bones; but I am not afraid of your ever seeing anything of the kind at the Opera, nor that anyone whose business it is can even conceive the effect which might be thus produced. They give us in our theatres things fitted only for children, because they know they are not playing before men, and that, even in our amusements, we dread a certain dignity and a certain energy."

When we recollect that, in the original sketch of the opera, Catharine di Medici herself figured on the stage, and was not replaced till subsequently by the imaginary Saint Bris, we perceive that, without, perhaps, knowing it, Scribe completely carried out the idea of the German critic.—*London Musical World.*

Thomas's Garden Concerts. Our last New York letter was cut short for want of room; summary of Thursday evening programmes should conclude as follows:

TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 22.

Theodore Thomas's Benefit.

Symphony No. 6, in C.....Schubert
[Manuscript, first time.]
Selections from the "Walküre".....Wagner
Wotan's Farewell to Brunhilde,
Magic Fire Scene, from the first night of the Niebelungen Ring.
Vocal part by Mr. Franz Remmertz.
Turkish March: "Ruins of Athens".....Beethoven
Selections from "Die Meistersinger Von Nuernberg." Wagner
Introduction, 3d act,
Walthers' Prize Song,
Overture.
Vocal part by Mr. H. H. Bischoff.
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No 6, 1st time.....Liszt
[Pesther Carnival.]
Nouvelle Meditation.....Gounod
Waltz: "Carnevals-bilder," } .....Strauss
March, Persian, }

THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 24.

Overture: "Ruins of Athens".....Beethoven
Sinfonietta, Op. 188, [new].....Raff
Written for wind instruments only.
Fest Praeludium, [new].....Riemenschneider
Theme and variations, Op. 18 .....Brahms
String Orchestra.
"Eine Faust Overture".....Wagner
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 6, [new].....Liszt
Ave Maria.....Schubert
Marche Indienne: "L'Africaine".....Meyerbeer

THURSDAY EVENING, JULY 1.

Overture: "Iphigenia in Aulis".....Gluck
Coda by R. Wagner.
Chaconne, [adapted for orchestra by J. Raff]... Bach
Trois Danses Allemandes, op. 24.....Bargiel
Introduction, } "Tristan and Isolde".....Wagner
Finale, }
Symphonie Dramatique, Op. 95 .....Rubinstein
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 3 in D.....Liszt
Evening Song.....Schumann
Serenade.....Haydn
Scherzo, op. 16, [adapted for orchestra by H. Hoffmann].....Mendelssohn
Turkish March.....Beethoven

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Choral Echoes. Sacred pieces by *M. F. H. Smith.*

No. 1. O rest in the Lord. 4. E♭ to f. 40
"Wait patiently for him
And he shall give thee thy heart's desires."
Solo and Quartet from Mendelssohn's "Elijah," in convenient form for choir use.

No. 2. Come thou Fount of every Blessing. Hymn by *Abt.* 4. A♭ to f. 35
Solo, Duet and Quartet, for the Choir or Home.

No. 4. Father of Mercies. Quartet and Solo. *Abt.* 4 F to f. 40

" 5. Come said Jesus' Sacred Voice. Solo and Quartet *Battiste.* 4. A minor to f. 30

" 6. Fear not. Solo and Quartet. *Kucken.* 4. F to f. 30

Don Carlos, by *Verdi.* Trans. by *T. T. Barker.*
No. 11. A secret Terror. (Terror arcano invado). Duetto. Sop. & Ten. 6. D♭ to *b.* 1.00
Don Carlos is a tragic Opera with "powerful" scenes in it. The duetto is high-class and difficult.

Memories of Home. 3. C to c. *Campana.* 30
"Fond thoughts arise,
So sweet to me."
Simple and very sweet semi-Italian song.

Mamia's Wish. 2. F to d. *Daniels.* 35
"I'd rather be your 'darling little girl.'"
Charming song for a little maiden. Very easy.

O, thou art like a Flower. (Du bist wie eine Blume). 3. F to d. *Kucken.* 30
"So pure and fair thou art."
"So hold und schön und rein."
Easy musical German ballad.

Blushette. 3. G to c. *Molloy.* 30
"I told my heart's truth
To sweet-heart Blushette."
Should have been a rosy-faced maiden. Pretty ballad.

Instrumental.

Lily Dale, with Variations. 5. B♭. *Barbe.* 75
The fine melody lends itself very kindly to the hands of the variation-maker. The piece, as here arranged, is rich, pure music, and in addition is the best kind of practice.

Kinderscenen. (Scenes of Childhood.) By *Robert Schumann.*

No. 1. About strange Countries. 15
" 2. Curious Story. 20
" 3. Playing Tag. } Child Beseeching. } 20
" 4. Happiness Enough. 20
" 5. Important Occurrence. } Traumerei. } 20
" 6. By the Fireside. } Knights of Hobbyhorse. } 20
" 7. Almost too Serious. 20
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Oh, Great is the Depth.
Oh, be Gracious.

Mount of Olives.

Hallelujah Chorus.

Israel in Egypt.

He gave them Hailstones for Rain.
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But the Waters overwhelmed.
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Sing Ye to the Lord. (The Horse and his Rider.)

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WHOLE No. 895. BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 7, 1875. VOL. XXXV. No. 9.

On Tuning an Orchestra.

(From the Concordia.)

It is singular that this essential preliminary to correct orchestral playing should have hitherto attracted comparatively little notice, in our country at least. No doubt the first and almost instinctive act of every player on entering the concert-room, is to try to pitch his instrument by touching a few notes at random; with this, however, he too often rests satisfied, and the result is, that the first bars of the performance disclose the incompleteness of the adjustment. Moreover, this important preparative is usually left to the last moment, when many players arrive at the same time, each of whom performs some familiar flourish *fortissimo*, and simultaneously with his neighbors. The delicacy of the ear is overwhelmed with discordant notes, no standard of pitch is referred to, the various instruments have not had time to attain the temperature of the room, and the noise itself tends to force them for the moment into an apparent agreement, which ceases directly they play independently of one another. The conductor, on arriving, takes it for granted that the band is in tune, and it is often only after a considerable interval that the united forces shake down into complete accuracy and its consequent sonorousness. Abroad, a better custom prevails; there being a standard tuning fork beside the conductor's desk, to which each player is expected to accommodate himself. One of Dr. Von Bülow's many merits is attention to this detail, although his careful solicitude has been occasionally misrepresented and received with resentment. The chief boast of the Conservatoire band in Paris, is the "premier coup d'archet."

The matter is not quite so simple as it at first sight appears, and it deserves consideration under a threefold aspect—physiological, mechanical, and practical.

In a physiological point of view, it is important to notice that there is considerable difference in even cultivated ears as to the appreciation of minute shades of pitch; some being much more sensitive than others; many possessing a personal peculiarity similar to what is termed "personal error" in astronomical observation, by virtue of which they adopt slightly different estimates of concord or even unison. In great observatories a figure is set against the name of each observer which is tolerably constant, and indicates that he will note the transit of a star over the wires of the telescope, or even the beat of a clock, by an appreciable interval before or after another of his colleagues. I have little doubt, from extended experiments, that there exists a similar phenomenon in the ear as in the eye. We have indeed a means of correcting it in the former case which we have not in the latter, namely, by the beats or interferences; but what musicians, except pianoforte or organ-tuners, ever employ these? Corresponding shades of sharpness and flatness elude even this test, and are often difficult to distinguish except by exaggeration. This tolerance of discord increases enormously when instruments of very different timbre or quality are compared. I was myself surprised at the amount of tolerance in making some observations which I communicated to a musical periodical last year, respecting the so-called French pitch at the two opera houses; the difference between the oboe and clarinet for instance, which was marked when both were compared with a tuning-fork held to the ear, did not strike it painfully when unassisted by the unvarying standard.*

Slight dissonances are more audible at a distance than in their immediate neighborhood. In this respect, the plan adopted by organ-builders of placing a listener in a remote part of the building, to guide the tuner, might with advantage be imitated. Sharp notes, moreover, have a predominant power over the ear. If two notes be struck at nearly the same time, a player is almost certain to tune to the sharper of the two. No doubt this is one great cause of the constant tendency to sharpen, which is the plague of our modern orchestras, and has necessitated the enforced adoption of a lower diapason.

In a mechanical light, there is some difficulty in establishing an invariable standard of pitch. The oboe has the prescriptive right handed down from ancient times, of tuning the band. This, no doubt, depends on the fact that in Handel's days it was almost the only wind instrument extensively used. But it is far from being the best for the purpose. Like all double reed instruments, its pitch is susceptible of great variation according to the state of the lip muscles. It is not, therefore, uncommon to find a player give at the outset a tuning note much sharper than that he afterwards plays to. The clarinet is infinitely less easy to tune to various pitches, on account of its single reed, and from the fact that a slight pulling in and out of the mouthpiece socket, which is the only method of tuning open to it, tells more upon the "throat notes" than on other parts of its scale, and thus makes it disagree with itself. On the other hand, it rises with the warmth of the breath more than any instrument. In very cold weather I have found the difference in the B♭ clarinet to amount to a whole semitone. Players seem hardly to appreciate the extent of this rise. To this fact, also, no doubt much of the tendency to sharpen orchestral pitch is due. The brass instruments, and metal flutes, rapidly cool again and sink to their original pitch; but the solid wood of the clarinet and wooden flute retains heat, and may continue to sharpen for a whole evening. If the pitch is to be taken from any orchestral instrument, I think the one chosen ought to be the clarinet, on the ground of its inability to alter; but it should be well warmed first, and closely watched afterwards, to counteract the tendency to sharpen. Players often show great unwillingness to tune down their clarinets, apparently not knowing that warmth mainly affects the upper parts of the bore, and that slight lengthening of a warm instrument improves its accuracy. It is in pianoforte concertos that this defect of the wood wind, and particularly of the clarinets, is most noticable; principally on account of the rise of the wind, but also a little from the sinking of the metal strings of the piano by dilation with heat. On this fall in pitch of stretched metal strings under heat, or the passage of an electric current, I have commented elsewhere (*Transactions of Physical Society*, 1874).

The Organ is not devoid of the same source of error. A diapason pipe, fed with cold and hot air, varies considerably, even to the extent of a quarter tone. Few organ builders, with the notable exception of Mr. Willis and Mr. Lewis, pay sufficient attention to this fact. The large, flat, and unwieldy organ at Exeter Hall, for instance, is fed by wind from the cold stone corridors and staircases below it, which communicate almost directly with the outer air. Consequently, at the beginning of a performance, when the air of the room itself is well heated and dried by the abundant gas in the roof, the organ is very flat, as it is drawing a denser supply from below and outside, whose undulations are calculably different from those in the raritied medium in which the clarinets, contra-fagottos, and others are breathing and expiring. If all external apertures at the back were shut, and the bellows made to draw their wind from the hot dry air near the ceiling, by means of a large air trunk or wind sail, the organ would rise in pitch, and would cypher much less than it now does in damp weather. Besides this, the very defective ventilation of the room would be improved.

The best standard of pitch, however, is in my opinion, a free reed. This, though producing a poor musical note, is very little affected by changes of temperature, especially if made of a metal like German silver, which is well known from electrical experiments to alter its molecular condition very slightly for a given increment of heat. The thinness of the tone, and the facility with which "beats" are produced, though æsthetical defects, are in the case before us converted into advantages. All instruments should tune to open notes, whether strings or wind; and the standard of pitch should possess not only the A usually employed, but several others; notably the D in the bass. This latter I consider on the whole a better note to tune to than the A; certainly it is so for the bass instruments. If the perfect fifth of D A be sounded together, even the fiddles will hardly be able to tune sharp, owing to the marked dissonance which accompanies any augmentation of that interval. The D is moreover the middle string of the double basses, as used in our English orchestras; and this being fixed, a fourth on either side is more easily found than if two such intervals are built up from the lowest and least brilliant string.

In all orchestral tuning, the double basses require an attention which they have not yet received. They appear to have an immunity from rule or censure. This is due, in part, to the fact that long and special training of the ear is required to enable it to realize small differences in very grave notes. I have never yet known a case where the double-basses were called to account for their pitch; and yet, as a rule, they tune sharp. The most ludicrous case of this kind occurred in the late futile attempt to introduce French pitch at the operas. I am not aware that any change was made in the double basses, although an expensive and very bad set of wind instruments was procured from abroad. The basses simply slackened their ordinary thin strings, instead of putting on a full set of stouter strings in proportion to the diminished rate of vibration. Of course the bow transmitted an instinctive sense of lessened tension very unpleasant to practised players, and in a few minutes they were up to their old discarded pitch; the treble instruments, attacked as being flat, were obliged to meet the difficulty by having *as many as four successive* slices hacked off their new outfit. In less than a month I found the pitch as high as it had formerly been. Two other instruments are commonly responsible for sharpness of the bass, namely, the G bass trombone, and the drums; the former is usually in the hands of a military player, accustomed to the foolishly sharp pitch to which our Guards' bands have risen, but the latter is the more serious cause

* A remarkable confirmation *e converso* of the statement here made, is furnished me by Mr Hopkins. He informs me that if two pianos of different quality be accurately tuned in unison, by means of beats and placed side by side in a room; even the most practised musician, on trying them consecutively, will declare the softer toned instrument to be the flatter of the two.

of discord. According to the arrangement of modern English orchestras, in most of which four-string double basses and other instruments, such as the contra-fagotto, of 16-foot tone, are ignored, the kettle-drum stands alone in possessing two, or at the most three, notes of this octave. When these are correct, the effect is very fine; but many of our English copper-made drums are so deep in the kettle, and so large in the head, that the note they give is very complex, more resembling a gong or a bell than an orchestral intrument; and as the drummer has to change their pitch frequently, by means of a clumsy mechanism, of key and screws, during the performance, it requires great tact and experience to keep them even moderately near the proper note. The tendency to tune a shade sharp is more marked with drums than even with the double basses, and they are still more commonly overlooked at the outset. Where great changes of key occur, the kettle drummer should always be provided with a third, and sometimes even with a fourth drum. An octave of 16-foot reeds, in the form of a simple harmonium, placed within his reach, for comparison, would often prevent a mysterious but very painful *wolfing*, which we have at all times noticed, but which, like inaccurate tuning of the double basses, is very diffieult to localize by the unassisted ear.

One other point requires notice, and that is, that on the occurrence of sudden enharmonic changes from flat to sharp keys the necessary difference of pitch is often only gradually and imperfectly arrived at. It principally occurs in the change from flats to sharps, at which time the wind instruments should as a rule flatten somewhat; in the opposite change from sharps to flats the natural tendency to rise is sufficient. The strings have of course the matter in their own power, except as regards open notes.

A great deal might be accomplished by very simple means, if conductors would consider it their duty to run through the principal instruments one by one against a trustworthy standard, but that not, if possible, a tuning-fork. The note of even the best tuning-fork is so feeble and evanescent that it is not fitted for the noise and bustle of the concert-room, and moreover it is greatly under the influence of temperature. A free reed would be far better. The comparison of pitch should not be limited to a few treble instruments, but should begin with drums and double-basses, and so proceed upwards. The process, lastly, should not be carried on by compelling all to tune up to the sharpest, but by bringing the sharper instruments slightly down to a medium pitch; this would obviate the constant need for cutting instruments to pieces, which is now felt, and prevent the steady tendency to sharpen, which is ruining our voices, and rendering much classical music impossible to all but singers of rare and exceptional organization,

W. H. Stone, M.A., F.R.C.P., &c.

The Works of Chopin.

To the Editor of the Monthly Musical Record, (*London.*)

Sir:—If we analyze the interest we take in Chopin's music, we shall find it to be a mainly human interest. The reading of his music becomes a psychological study. The smaller pieces especially are like leaves from an autobiography; they are outpourings of the heart, and truer pictures of states of his mind than photography ever produced of outward form.

His art was only the interpreter of his feelings, it did not exist for its own sake. Now compare the loose leaves of the subjective artist who writes the story of his life with his heart's blood, with Goethe's autobiography, which he calls characteristically "Wahrheit und Dichtung." He does not write on the spur of the moment, at the time of the emotion; he lets it pass by and then places it before his mind as a sculptor places before him a block of marble, chipping and polishing it till it has reached his idea of the beautiful. But, although beauty and art gain, truth suffers,—perhaps not the highest kind of truth, that we may call ideal truth, still a kind of truth one would not like to miss.

The man of this moment is a stranger to the previous moment: for the circumstances are no longer the same; his way of thinking has been modified by the experience of the past. Thus every moment becomes the genitor of a new man. Now, it is in the interest of truth to have a faithful record of men's actual emotions, and not only of what they appeared to the cold reasoner or the imaginative artist afterwards. It is this which makes subjective art so precious.

And now let us try to define the position Chopin occupies among subjective composers. To do this, we will compare him with one who, although a subjective artist, is in some respects his antipode. I mean Beethoven. In him there seems to be focused the mind and heart of a whole century, of a whole world, with its yearnings, struggles, and noble aspirations, with its unfathomable grief, its heaven-high hopes, and all this crowned with his unbounded love:—

"Seid umschlungen, Millionen,
Diesen Kuss der ganzen Welt."

There is a divinely mysterious power in his music, reminding one of the poet's description of the mountain-torrent, that bursts from the rocks with the noise of thunder, tearing along with the trees and boulders, filling the wanderer, who knows not whence it comes, with delightful awe.

Whilst Beethoven's subjectivism embraces, as we have seen, the whole of humanity, that of Chopin is confined to himself, rarely going beyond this, never beyond his nation. Notwithstanding this shortcoming, few who get acquainted with him can resist the fascination of his manner and the amiability and refinement of his feelings. "Selfish and amiable" seems to be a contradiction, but only "seems," in reality it is not. His selfishness was not a vice, not a fault of the heart, but rather a constitutional weakness; it was not aggressive but passive, manifesting itself not by acts but by inaction. We are willing enough to forgive it, especially where there are so many charming qualities to redeem any shortcoming.

Chopin is, indeed, a very dangerous acquaintance. The morbidity of his feelings, easily imparted to those that too exclusively communicate with him, relaxes our nature and vitiates our taste. A sculptor or painter might as well make the diseased and abnormal appearances of physical nature—which may and generally do in some respect possess surprising beauties—the principal object of his study, as a musician Chopin. His influence is so subtle, that I am almost tempted to call it feminine. He captivates us by throwing wreaths of flowers around us, which prove, on trial, stronger than iron chains. We require a counterpoise, which is to be found in strong and healthy men like Beethoven, Bach, and others of the same calibre. Conjointly with these, Chopin will teach and profit us much, show us many a by-road they have missed, many a heart's corner they have not penetrated.

I have characterized the interest we take in Chopin as mainly human, but this does not preclude that also from a purely artistic point of view we find much to admire. Who knows not how he has enriched the technical resources of the pianoforte, how he has ennobled and animated, if not created, the minor forms of the pianoforte literature? Who has not been surprised, and again and again delighted, with his originalities of harmony and rhythm?

All this is no matter of wonder, if we have once conceded the originality and peculiar genius of the man Chopin. In his manner, Parisian elegance and finish are unmistakable; but there is much more in it that is truly Chopinesque, individually human. I cannot help thinking that we overestimate the influencing power of our surroundings. True, our manners, our dress, are moulded and fashioned by them, but the matter is hardly touched. At least, where there is an individuality worth mentioning, it will not only defend itself against them, but conquer them in proportion to its strength, even in these externals. Then it may be said of Chopin, that he lived rather *in* than *with* the Parisian society. His music is of a private nature, it shuns the publicity of the concert room and the conventionalities of the salon. Chopin in his closet alone, or with his friends, is without an equal in his peculiar way; but whenever he oversteps this, his domain, enters the world, poses before an audience, becomes an artist in the more limited sense of the word, and allows his artistic faculties the precedence over nature pure and simple as it wells from his heart, then I say he loses his superiority. Thus his compositions may be estimated according to the more or less constraint he puts upon himself.

Sometimes Parisian elegance gets the better of him, and fills the foreground, but Chopin in the background preserves the picture from being a mere bit of glitter. There are instances where one is tempted to think "this jewel would have gained by a plainer setting." But these temptations are neither strong nor frequent.

What has been said of Clementi is true of Chopin: the pianoforte is with him not a mere instrument, it is an organ, a part of himself. Both masters share also the same fate in their orchestral writing. To say that the tutti of the orchestra after the pianoforte soli, precipitate the hearer from the beatified regions of imagination and fancy into the dreary actual, that like Satan he is "hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky," may be exaggeration; but even his greatest admirers, among whom I am proud to reckon myself, will admit that his writing for other instruments than the pianoforte is not very happy. Be this as it may, Chopin, and with him I must join Schumann, are the most striking musical individualities of this century. Both presuppose Beethoven, and are, as it were, branches of one tree, galleries of one mine. Yours, &c., Fr. Niecks.

Sketch of the History and Progress of the Sonata Form.

Read before the London College of Organists, by W. A. Barrett, Mus. Bac.

The word Sonata is supposed to be derived from the Italian word "sonare," to sound, but this derivation although plausible is not completely satisfactory.

The similarity of the words "Soneté" and "Sonata" would seem to suggest the notion of a common origin. The Soneté or Sonnet of the present day, almost the same as it was in the days of Petrarch, maintains its original character of treating, in one verse, one idea in various aspects, while the Sonata has become expanded and developed, and is no longer confined to the limit of elaborating one idea. It is true that the first Sonatas were not unlike in music what the Sonnet is in poetry, a varied treatment of one subject; and the characteristic of the most perfect modern Sonatas is that the greatest variety is given to the chosen themes of the several movements, less with regard to their independent character, than with the respect to their relation to the whole idea of the movement.

The term Sonata or Suonata, as applied to a musical composition, was first used about the beginning of the 17th century. Those of that time so-called had, as has already been intimated, but one movement; they were in fact, simply *airs* arranged in parts, for an instrument or instruments. Some of the Sonatas of Frescobaldi (1591-1640), of Frohberger (1637-1695), of Kuhnau (1667-1712), and of others of that period, are of this nature, although there are frequent changes of tempo, the germ of contrasted movements. When, in subsequent Sonatas, two or more movements were employed, those most favored were a Canzona or something in Canzona style, and a dance tune, such as a Pavan, an Allemande, or a Coranto. The Canzona was probably selected by the composer as a vehicle for the display of art and skill, and the dance tune was offered as a conciliation to the taste of his hearers. Long after the form was fixed, compositions bearing the name of Sonatas, constructed on the principles,

and according to the models of older times, were published, some as late as the end of the last century, as a comparison of the Sonatas of Marpurg (1718-1795) with those of the early writers will show.

The growth of the form has, like most things in music, been very gradual, and to trace it step by step would be the labor of a lifetime; it will be sufficient for the present purpose to indicate the successive stages it has passed through, and to speak, though in a rapid and cursory manner, of the chief writers who have aided the development of the Sonata form.

The changes of tempo in the earliest compositions of this kind probably suggested a division into separate movements, the treatment being influenced by the fancy of the writer, and not by any recognized rule. Inherent musical feeling would doubtless prompt the composer to make the one or the several movements offer as much contrast as possible, and the variety thus introduced would be accepted as the first canon of this class of composition.

The arrangement of the earliest "Suites des pièces," may be studied with advantage in reference to this point. In the "Pièces de Clavecin" by Francois Couperin (1713), there is a set in C minor, consisting of an Allemande, followed by a first and second Courante, then a Sarabande, a Gavotte, and finally a Minuet, each movement varying in tempo as well as in character, though not in key.

The number of movements in a Suite alternated between five and seven for many years; but by degrees they became lessened in number, and as melodic form obtained prominence over mere contrapuntal device, the Sonata was guided in its construction by certain convenient rules, out of which that now known as Sonata form arose, was recognized and adopted. Although the names of dance tunes ceased to be attached to the several movements, it was easy to see that much of their character was retained; for as composers began to feel that the measure of the dance tune had a tendency to cramp their musical thoughts, their models were retained or abandoned, and they expanded their movements at pleasure, without reference to the needs of the dance. Later, when three movements were adopted, the dance tune was restored, a preference being given to the Minuet or something in that style; and this, with a slow and quick movement, for a long time made up the recognized constitution of a Sonata. Beethoven added a fourth movement, Scherzo, which he used sometimes instead of, sometimes in addition to, the Minuet; but he was not, as some say, the inventor of that movement, as Haydn in his quartets, and Bach in his Suites had previously employed a movement called *Scherzo*.

The title of *airs* already mentioned was given to some Sonatas as late as 1770, for in Hoyle's "Dictionarium musica" of that date *voce* "Suonata," we read "of Corelli's Musick, the first and third operas are Church Sonatas, and the second and fourth Chamber Sonatas; though the common distinction among us is made by the name of *airs*."

Other terms were occasionally used to describe compositions identical in character with those called Sonatas, such as Consorts, Ayres, Lessons, Fantasies or Fancies, "so made as they must be plaid and not sung," and "Ayerie Fancies, that may be as well sung as plaid."

Sir John Hawkins in his History of Music, says these were disused about the middle of the 17th century, when the new forms of concerted pieces of a more elegant character came into vogue; these were "the Sonata di Chiesa and the Sonata di Camera;" the first of these, as being adapted to Church Service, was grave and solemn, consisting of slow movements, intermixed with fugues; the other admitted of a variety of airs to regular measures, such as the Allemande, the Courant, the Sarabande and others.

The slow movements "intermixed with fugues" arose from the introduction of the Canzona, and Sir John Hawkins in mentioning this as a characteristic of the Sonata, unconsciously proves that the influence of the Canzona style had not weakened or faded at the time he wrote.

The connection of the Canzona with the Sonata is to a certain extent indicated in the pieces by Frescobaldi, published at Venice (1631). "Canzone da Sonare a una, due, tre, et quattro con il basso continuo," which are exactly similar in style to the compositions recorded in early times as Sonatas.

Frescobaldi's Canzone consist of only one movement, with various changes of time, opening with the first phrase in what may be called for lack of a better term, the Canzona style, that is to say in fugal imitation, one of the meanings of the word canzona being banter or mocking.

The earliest compositions to which the title of Sonata or Suonata were attached, were written by Bonifacio Graziani, Marc Antonio Cesti, and other writers of the 17th century. It is presumed that some of the works of these musicians were those brought to England by John Jenkins, who afterwards, upon the models so suggested, published in 1660 in London "Twelve Sonatas for two violins and a bass, with a thorough bass for the organ." These were the first compositions of the kind by an Englishman. Jenkins was already well known as an agreeable writer of "Fancies for viols," and his Sonatas show a certain amount of artistic progress in the arrangement of contrasted movements. Most writers on musical history declare that Francis Henry Biber was the first who published a work with the title of a Sonata, but his compositions did not appear until 1681, more than twenty years after those by Jenkins with the same title, and there were also the still earlier Italian writers named above, from whom Jenkins confessedly obtained the idea. Considering the variety of the German tongue and the unwillingness of the German people to use a foreign term, when a native equivalent can be found, it is scarcely likely that the term Sonata would be first attached to a German composition by a German composer; therefore it is reasonable to assume that the word would have been adopted by the musicians of the country to which it belongs. Graziani, Cesti, and Colonna, who died before the time Biber published his sonatas, each used the term to describe certain of their compositions; but supposing the honor belonged to a German, then there is Johann Rosenmüller, who published at Venice, XII. sonate a camera, a 5 stromenti, in 1677, who has a prior claim to Biber.

Henry Purcell, who was one of the earliest English writers of sonatas, has almost as strong a claim to an early use of the word as Biber. Purcell composed sonatas which were published in 1683, with the title of "Twelve sonatas of three parts, two violins and a base, to the organ or harpsychord." These were issued in separate parts, and in the sixth sonata of this set is the melody whose character has given rise to an erroneous statement that Purcell composed the air upon which "God save the king," is founded. Furthermore, those whose delight it is to go hunting for mares' nests, declare that there is evidence in the construction of this set of sonatas, that Purcell was indebted to Corelli for his ideas. If there was a sufficient similarity of style to warrant the assertion, there still remains the doubt whether Purcell could have seen the work of his Italian contemporary before his own was published, as both sets were issued in the same year, and communication, especially with a foreign country, was not so rapid as now.

In the preface to this book of sonatas, Purcell states that "he has faithfully endeavored a just imitation of the most famed Italian masters, principally to bring the seriousness and gravity of that sort of music into vogue and reputation among our countrymen, whose humor 'tis time now should begin to loath the levity and balladry of our neighbors." He further states "he is not ashamed to own his unskillfulness in the Italian language, but that is the unhappiness of his education, which cannot justly be counted his fault; however, he thinks he may warrantably affirm he is not mistaken in the power of the Italian notes, or elegancy of their compositions." If Purcell benefitted by the writings of any one of the Italian musicians, it could not have been those of Corelli.

Purcell also composed a second set about the same time, but they were not printed until after his death.

The movements of Purcell's sonatas are each short, and there is but little indication of that which is known in sonata form in either, though each is written in a form regular enough in itself, for every device of imitation, inversion, and augmentation of the subjects proposed is employed freely though not to great extent. Lully, Pachelbel, Buononcini (1658-1702), the great Arcangelo Corelli, and Kuhnau may be mentioned as sonata writers contemporary with Purcell, Kuhnau being, perhaps, next to Corelli the most remarkable. His early sonatas were in three movements—an allegro, andante, and allegro, and for this reason his claim to merit as the suggestor of the modern form has been made out. There is not any attempt in either of his sonatas, to introduce a subject of sufficiently marked character to justify its being called a second or distinctive theme.—There are some minuets by Gottlieb Muffatt, which, though having only one subject in each movement, show the next stage of progress towards the sonata form, in that those in minor modes have the half close on the relative tonic. The volume in which these were contained was published in 1724.

The yearning after a fixed form, and the suggestion of the treatment which became expanded into the sonata form, may certainly be traced in Kuhnau's "Frische clavièr fruchte," seven sonatas, published in 1703 (not in 1696, as some allege). In melodic treatment and expansion of subject, these show a decided advance. That which in Frescobaldi appeared to be a mere capricious change of *tempo*, in Kuhnau became developed into movements of respectable length, but still without any remarkable utilization of chosen themes. Kuhnau often makes the first subject of some of his movements heard in the dominant (whether the suite is in a major or in a minor key) in the middle of a movement, but does not call, as it were, special attention to the fact by means of a double bar or a repeat. Johann Mattheson frequently imitates his first subject in the second movement by inversion, but occasionally shows that he contributed something towards the settlement of form by the manner in which he treats his "gigues." His sonata, published in 1713, and dedicated "to the person who shall best perform it," is in one movement only, and is capriccio like in treatment. It may be here mentioned as an interesting fact that in the majority of the suites a gigue is chosen as the concluding movement, and in its lively character as well as in the style of its construction is more in accordance with modern sonata form than any other portion; this was the method employed by Bach, Handel, and others to a later time. The thirty sonatas of Alessandro Scarlatti, the next writer of importance after Mattheson, have each two movements, in which may be described a still further attempt to fix the style, and to impart some degree of unity.

(Conclusion next time.)

Thomas Crawford and Art in America.

[Extracts from an Address before the New York Historical Society, upon the Reception of Crawford's Statue of the Indian, presented by Frederic De Peyster, L.L.D., President, April 6, 1875, by SAMUEL OSGOOD, D.D., L.L.D. Published by order of the Society.]

Intensely individual in his personality, and broad and universal in his sympathy, he was able to unite the two elements in his art, and to present the spirit of the ages in the speaking vitality of his creations. This is perhaps the first essential of the artist, that whatever he touches must have the breath of personal life and the breadth of universal fellowship. The lonely little flower that blooms up from under the shelter of an Alpine peak and catches the gleam of sunshine among those icy banks, has its own pertinacious organism, true in every tint and fibre to the record and the banner of its clan; yet it is one with universal nature, and when the painter puts it upon canvas he brings out the catholicity of its solitary confession and makes it tell its whispers with the winds, its banquets with the dews and rains, and its messages of love from the rocks of the earth to the stars of heaven. Crawford had this power in an art less free than the painter's, and under the touch of his chisel the sheaf of California wheat became personal, and its full blades were swelling with the magnificence of the Pacific domain and even glowing with the gold of the mines that seemed to ask the grain to signal their hidden splendor to the world.

In one respect Crawford deserves honorable and conspicuous name among the leaders of our modern culture, and its master spirit Goethe would not have been ashamed to call him brother for what I call his next marked characteristic. He is one of the spirits of peace who are bringing the two great schools of civilization together—the classic school that insists most upon the body and form of things, and the romantic school, that insists most upon the soul and spirit of things—or the Greek and the Gothic. When Crawford began his career these two powers were at war, as in fact they have generally been, but their antagonism was coming to a head. The Greek spirit was trying to set up again the rule of the body, and the age of industry combined with the restless muscle of the young nations to restore the dynasty of the legs and arms, and to set the gymnast above the philosopher and the devotee. This unsenlar creed was met by its ascetic antagonist, the Mediæval devotee; and Puginis churches and Pusey's tracts made a dead set against the Turner's leg and club law and the scenlarists' whole code of culture. Thus it was Greek against Goth—body against soul. We saw the antagonism some-

times in buildings on opposite sides of the same street. Here a bank in not always cheap imitation of the Parthenon, and there a lath and plaster Gothic church in very cheap imitation of York Minster or Cologne Cathedral. These extreme contrasts marked schools of culture, not always extreme or extravagant in their thought and enterprise, the classic and the romantic. Goethe in his Faust called for the end of this quarrel, and in Euphorion, the child of the marriage of Faust and Helena, he predicted the union of the classic and romantic schools in our rising literature.

Now I do not say that Crawford cared much about this literary quarrel, or meant to have his hand in the fray, but I am sure he felt the painful difference and was moved to do his part towards the result. His chief productions unite classic strength with romantic spirituality. He is Greek and Gothic or German too. He gives us the body and soul of man and nature. His first great work, his Orpheus, is example of this union, and when I saw the noble figure thirty-four years ago in Boston, it seemed to me to settle the question that sculpture is a modern art and allows the modern inward life to show itself with the antique strength of form. Orpheus is a Greek and a Christian too, and he faces towards the Shades of Erebus with limbs trained in the palæstra and with a soul illuminated by the light that is not of this world. This work is a prophecy of our coming literature as well as art. It is one of the signs of the new age of Germanic inwardness and Greek outwardness. We are not to have muscle and materialism on one hand and spindling pietism on the other, but body and soul are to go together. Architecture and sculpture are not to be behind in the reconciliation. Sculpture especially is to rebuke alike the ghostly shadow and the fleshy materialism that confront each other, and to show that personality requires soul and body; that within nature there is a mysterious life; and all in art should interpret the indwelling spirit and bring it out in fitting form. This thought is the key-note to our most characteristic and hopeful culture, and it throws bright light upon the new age now opening upon us. Crawford threw its radiance on every sphere of nature and life, and under his hand the wheat and the wild-flowers, playful children and merry youth, as well as heroic men, were transfigured by his touch. * * * * *

The lesson of Crawford's life to us, his countrymen, cannot be easily misunderstood. It tells us to accept the true idea of the art which he followed, to carry it out in the education of our children, and to make it tell upon the public spirit of the nation.

The true idea of art—what is that? There have been definitions of art without number, but they all amount to very much the same thing. Art is the way to do things, and fine art is the way to do things finely; the way to put soul into body, to lift the actual to the ideal, to see and bring out the spirit that is in nature and life, and to exalt the things that are seen to the standard of the beauty that is unseen. All depends upon following the method of the Creator, and in accepting the two facts of soul and body wisely and effectively. Without soul we have clay and flesh and blood without life, and without body we have only notions, shadows, dreams so far as present evidences can go. The point is to study carefully the reality of things, and to express the truth in the form of beauty, understanding by beauty not prettiness or pleasantness merely, but whatever belongs to the true harmony and unites the many particulars with the supreme perfection. In this sense art is not any one craft, whether architecture, sculpture, painting, that use the hands and appeal to the eye, nor poetry, music, oratory, that use the voice and appeal to the ear; but it is all good work that beautifies and exalts life, and raises nature and man up to the ideal standard. There is fine art in manners, in society, in influence over schools and nations, in teachers and statesmen, in the pioneers of civilization, and in the ministers of religion. Whatever sees the truth of things and works out their possible beauty is of the essence of beautiful art. The mother, who refines her home and moulds her children and elevates her family and helps Christianize her neighborhood, is sister of the Muses, and none of the Nine need be ashamed of her company. The captain who subdues the reckless animalism of his crew and wins them to order, gentleness, loyalty, and reverence, is brother to the sculptor who strikes intelligence into shape from the rough marble by his touch, and makes it tell to all time its lesson.

We need to accept this generous definition of art, and to broaden its fellowship in order to show the narrowness of the mere craftsmen who wrong beauty, just as priestcraft wrongs religion, by claiming the exclusive right to its spirituality. The artist, like the preacher, needs to be one among men, not apart from them, and the more he is a representative brother and the less an official lord, so much the better for him and them. There is no danger that art, any more than religion, will decline under this true fellowship of souls. Taking this view we must be willing to appreciate all attempts to adorn life and to bring the supreme beauty to bear upon the world. We must be willing to see the spirit of art where its implements are poorly mastered, and to believe that our stout fathers and frugal mothers were working America into shape before sculpture and painting appeared; that many an Isaac carved the image of his Rebecca out of the rough fortune with which he struggled for her sake, and many a Jacob painted his Rachel upon streams and clouds during his long service for her hand, and made the picture solace him by the way like a Madonna face at the stations upon the pilgrim's path. In time the spirit of beauty took more organic shape, and we had painters, sculptors, architects, as well as orators, poets, and singers of our own. Perhaps free speech was the first of our American fine arts in order of time, and the eloquence of rising liberty brought the spirit of grace earliest to our land. Before printing had made love to painting here, and engraving was born of their marriage, a printer's boy began the arts of beauty, and Franklin's prose style had nothing to learn of the scholars of England or the wits of France. * * * * * *

It is a fine remark of Saint Beuve that *taste is the first essential of criticism*, and when we judge a book, as when we eat an apple, it is more important to taste its quality well than to analyze its elements scientifically. According to this idea it is important to cultivate a living and just taste in our children, and this is to be done not by treatises on æsthetics, but by accustoming them to observe and to enjoy the best things for themselves. All the senses are to be properly trained, and instead of making children plod over books and cram their memories with words, they should be taught to touch, and hear and see nature and art for themselves. Object teaching should go before letter teaching, and it is perhaps best that they should have nothing to do with books and verbal lessons before they are seven years old. This is evidently the method of nature, and Froebel with his Kindergarten is the prophet of a good time coming for the emancipation of children from the yoke of the old pedagogues and of their admittance to the new liberty of nature and art. All the senses are to be educated in connection with their proper objects, and form, color, mass, perspective are to be known and interpreted in themselves, and not in lifeless print and prosy description. By wise selection and adaptation, all the senses may be developed into a true sense of the beautiful, and may open into a practical judgment that is not only the foundation of the critical faculty, but also an essential condition of all practical good sense.

We need, not only for professional artists, but for all well educated people, a certain judgment that cannot be looked for too early, and which in matters of taste holds *the same place that conscience holds* in the sphere of morals. It is as unwise to limit this judgment to artists and professional critics as to limit conscience or the religious sentiment to the clerical class or to ethical and theological writers; for just as all true men are called to have ethical and religious convictions, so all cultivated people are bound to have a due sense of the beautiful and fair judgment upon the best examples of beautiful art. This judgment, like the moral sense, depends more upon wholesome associations than upon theory, and when children are accustomed to see beautiful objects, to walk among flowers and birds, lawns and groves, by rivers and lakes, to look upon good pictures and statues, and to be among people of gentle speech and graceful manners, they catch the spirit of beauty, both as a sentiment and a conviction; and their pleasure in the taste, like the flavor of the strawberry and the peach, passes into the very constitution, and the sweetness on the lips is light in the brain and in its chambers of imagery. We want in all our education more of that fine element in reason that feeds on the beautiful and transfigures its sweetness into light. Any one who has gone with bright children into the gardens of the art galleries and seen the quick intuitions that flash up from their ready perceptions, will discern at once what I mean by this intellectual influence of beauty, and he will not regard Edmund Spenser a dreamer for calling thus upon Heavenly Beautie in his Hymne:

"Cease, then, my tongue! and lend unto my mynd
Leave to bethink how great that Beautie is,
Whose utmost parts so beautiful I find;
How much more those essential parts of His,
His truth, His love, His wisdome, and His bliss,
His grace, His doome, His mercy and His might,
By which He lends us of Himselfe a sight!"

The Schleswig-Holstein Musical Festival.*

Concerning the compositions selected, namely: Handel's *Samson*, on the first day, June 27th, and—besides two grand airs by Mozart—Schumann's A-minor Concerto, Bach's "Chaconne," the *Oberon* Overture, Mendelssohn's *Walpurgisnacht*, and to conclude, his symphony in C-minor, there is no need to discant at length, as they are so well known. The programme was, evidently, drawn up with taste and intelligence. The composers of the different works who were introduced to the public are leading representatives of music. Handel's *Samson* is especially well calculated to attract and excite the enthusiasm of the great masses, as well as of a more refined public, and to inspire them with a lasting interest in the grand style of oratorio. The singers numbered nearly 300 sopranos and contraltos, 57 tenors, and 84 basses. The orchestra included 32 first and second violins, 12 tenors, 12 violoncellos, and 9 double-basses, with the necessary wind instruments, kettle-drums, and trumpets. From the list we learn that among the instrumentalists were many well-known music directors, Court musicians, *Capellmeister*, and Court and other *Concertmeister*. Herr J. Boie, the popular *Concertmeister* of Altona, who, with his brother in-law, Herr von Königslöw, *Concertmeister* from Cologne, acted as leader, and rendered important service in the formation of the orchestra. He conducted, also, the *Oberon* Overture, and several smaller things on the second day, when Joachim appeared as a soloist and played Bach's Chaconne. The ladies' chorus was placed above a large niche at the south end of the concert hall; the middle of the platform was occupied by the orchestra, while behind them, in the niche, were ranged tenors and basses. In front, and visible from every side, stood Joachim, on an elevated tribune. During the rehearsals the great artist frequently expressed his astonishment and admiration at the admirable way in which the choruses had been trained. At the last rehearsal of *Samson*, when the audience burst out, on one occasion, into a storm of applause, he actually could not refrain from joining in it himself. The directors of the various associations who, with the members under their command, had worked so hard during the winter, now sang with the rank and file. The solo vocalists were well selected, including Henschel and Krolop, from Berlin, as Manoah and Harapha; Herr von Witt, from Dresden, as Samson; Mad. Schmitt, from Sweden, as Delilah; and Kol Kling, from Schwalbach, as Micha, who all sustained their characters, from a musical point of view, exceedingly well. Especially effective was the chorus of Israelites, "Hor', Jacob's Gott, Jehovah, hor'"; Manoah's air, "Wie willig trägt mein Vaterherz;" the chorus at the overthrow of the Temple; the funeral march, which blends so wonderfully with the funeral chorus of the Israelites; and the mighty final chorus, "Laut stimme ein, du ganze Himmelschaar!" Another particularly effective piece was the air, "Kommt all ihr Seraphim," preceding the above chorus, and sung by Mad. Schmitt, with *obbligato* trumpet accompaniment. Such trumpeters as he who played this accompaniment are, we should fancy, scarce. It was a contest between the human voice and the trumpet to see which was the more beautiful. The feeling of satisfaction, that a great success had been achieved with the oratorio, was universal. The phrase: *Holsatia non cantat*, was forever refuted. The performance of the chorus proved that the members of the latter might enter the lists with anyone. Even during the rehearsals, the admirable composition of the programme, and the decided conviction that everything would go well, filled the singers, the instrumentalists, and the public with joyous confidence. This feeling constituted the fundamental tone at the meetings held, sometimes at Bellevue, in sight of the sea, and sometimes in the garden near the Concert Hall. To this we must add the favorable weather, with its splendid sunshine during the Festival, and the kindness of the people of Kiel, who overwhelmed us with attention, and received with warm cordiality the visitors, though, in many cases, the latter were utter strangers to them. The Kielites are ambitious. The victory achieved by Schleswig-Holstein, with her first Musical Festival, redounded to

*Abriged from the *Schwäbischer Merkur*, for the *London Musical World*.

Fa - ther, Son and Daugh - ter! On their ram - parts they will

slaugh-ter Mother, Fa-ther, Son and Daughter, Son and Daughter!

If de - tect - - - - ed,

Naught but death can be ex - pect - - ed, Naught but

death..... Naught but death can be.... ex - pect - -

- ed.

Chorus of Women.

Soprano.

On their ramparts they will slaugh - ter, Moth - er, Fa-ther, Son and

Alto.

Daugh - ter! They op - press us, They dis - tress us!

p Solo col. Alto primo.

If de - tect - ed, Naught but death can be ex -

cres. cres. p cres - - - - - cen - - - - - - - - do.

f sf f sf

- pect - - - - - - ed, Naught but death can be ex - pect - -

f sf f sf

tr

f sf sf

p

- ed! On their ram - parts they will slaugh - ter

p

p

dim.

Moth - er, Fa - ther, Son, and Daugh - ter!

dim.

f Alto Solo.

If de -

sf

ritard.

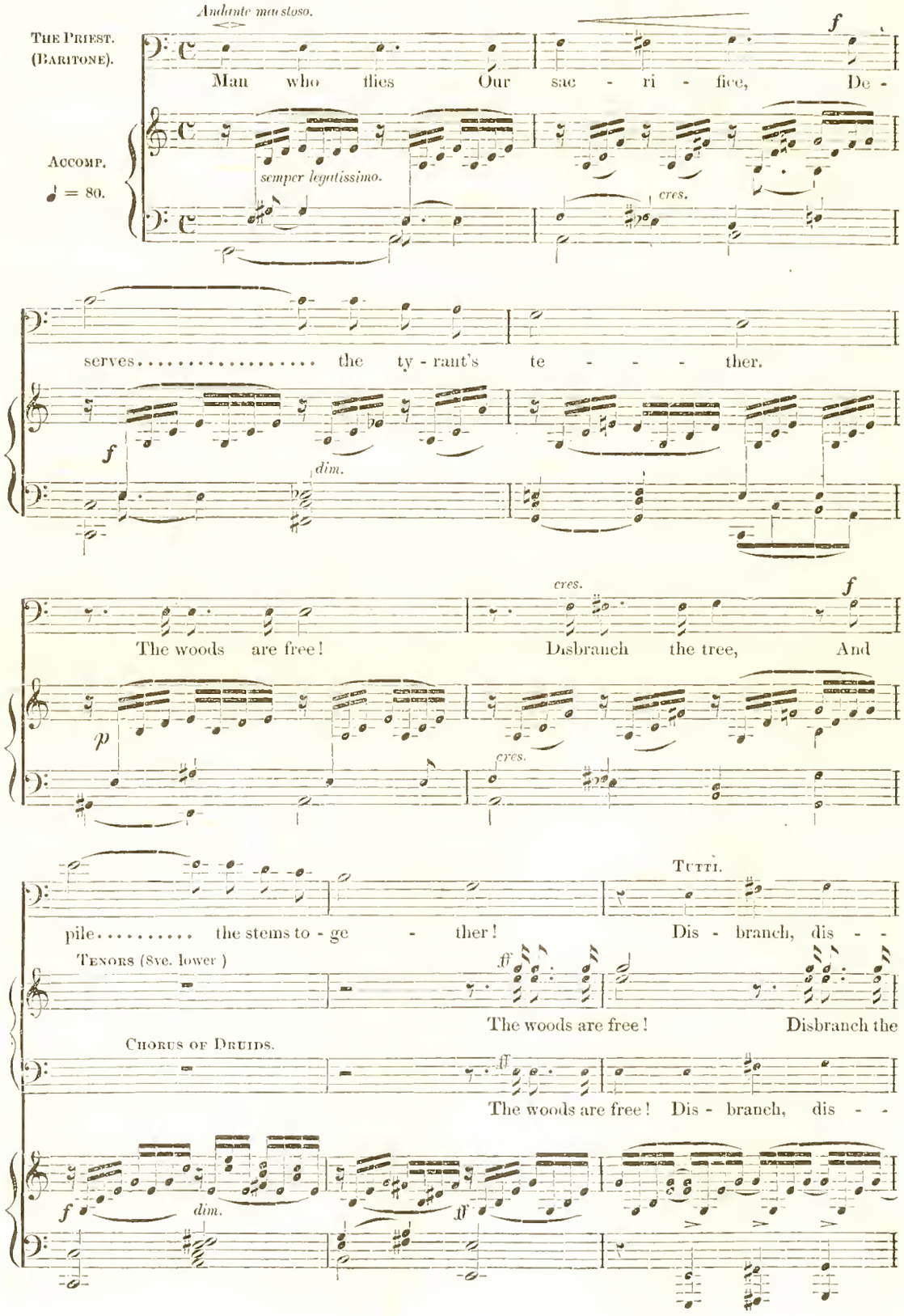
- tect - ed, If de-tect - ed, Naught but death can be ex-pect - ed!

The Priest. Baritone Solo.

The

p sf p ritard.

No. 3. Solo and Chorus.—THE MAN WHO FLIES.



the honor of them all, though the very high prices of admission necessarily prevented many of them from taking part in the proceedings. But the reader must not suppose from this that the Festival was not well attended. People flocked in from far and wide. Of the 2,500 seats not one was vacant at the performances themselves, and the hall was certainly quite as well filled at the rehearsals, admission to which was also paid for. After the performance of *Samson*, a few ladies of the chorus flung Joachim some flowers, and, immediately afterwards, there was a rain of flowers from every side. This scene was repeated, with even more enthusiasm, on Monday, the 28th, when it became known it was Joachim's birthday. He was received with a perfect bombardment of flowers; and a laurel wreath, together with the most splendid bouquets, were laid upon his music-stand. The chorus had an easier task on the 28th than on the previous day. They were engaged only in the *Walpurgisnacht*. The rehearsal in the morning afforded the first real opportunity for Joachim to show his talent as a conductor. The C minor Symphony was again gone through with the most scrupulous care, all the necessary delicate touches of light and shade being frequently repeated two or three times. The performance began at 6 p.m., and lasted till 10. After the *Oberon* Overture, executed with magic beauty, the two great features were Joachim's violin-playing, and the rendering of Schumann's A-minor concerto, by Madame Clara Schumann. As regards myself, I am not particularly fond of pianoforte concertos, but I must confess I never heard anything finer than this exhibition of Madame Clara Schumann's, in which full justice was done to every tone and to every note. The lady played superbly. The choruses in the *Walpurgisnacht* were, like those on the day before, magnificently sung, especially the final chorus: "Dein Licht, wer kann es rauben?" The whole wound up with the C minor Symphony, which evoked a perfect storm of applause. Joachim's directions were punctually carried out. All the performers seemed electrified, and, from the gentlest *pianissimo* to the proud and lofty song of triumph in the fourth movement, everything was executed to perfection. The festively decorated hall was now deserted by the audience, many of whom had agreed to pass the evening together. Upwards of eight hundred ladies and gentlemen sat down to supper, the meal being enlivened by numerous toasts. Among the persons who received special invitations to the Festival were the Admiral and other officers of the American squadron lying in Kiel harbor. The first Schleswig-Holstein Musical Festival will certainly not be the last, but no one who was present will ever forget the memorable days of the 26th, 27th, and 28th June, 1875.

How Some Mus. Docs. are Made.

(To the Editor of the London "Musical Standard.")

DEAR SIR:—Some time ago I saw an advertisement relating to the procuring of degrees *in absentiâ* by an agent in London. I was interested in the matter and applied to the advertiser for farther information, being anxious to discover the actual value of these diplomas. In reply I received the following:

Oxford Street, London, May 20th, 1875.

DEAR SIR:—I can procure for you without delay the degree you mention [Mus. Bac. or Mus. Doc.] from the Livingstone University of America. The expense of obtaining the same will be £10. Should this suit your purpose further particulars will be furnished on application.

Yours, respectfully, etc.

Having understood that these degrees were sold on the Dutch auction principle, *i.e.*, that the price came down to suit customers, I replied that I could not afford £10, but asked for further particulars as to the mode of procedure in obtaining the degree. The next letter I received was as follows:—

Oxford Street, London, May 24th, 1875.

DEAR SIR:—We should require to write an essay, and forward the same to me. Should this prove satisfactory, you could obtain the diploma without delay; should the essay not prove entirely satisfactory, we should require you to come up to London for examination. The subject of the essay will be forwarded upon application.

Yours, respectfully, etc.

Enclosed with this letter was a circular relating to the Livingstone University of America. This document contained a long list of professors and some common-place information, the only matter relating to these degrees *in absentiâ* being that "special examinations are held and degrees conferred upon properly qualified persons who shall be recommended to the trustees by the faculty of the department from which the degree is to be granted." The musical professor is advertised as one Muller, Mus. Doc. The most suspicious part of this circular is the address of the secretary, who, instead of dating from the "University," desires that all communications may be addressed to "Box 15, Haddon-field, New-Jersey, U. S." Another enclosure in this letter was a rough engraving of the Livingstone University, which, according to this picture, is a sort of magnified pepper-box surrounded by Hyde Park railings. If this be a university sample of drawing and architecture, both of which sciences have professors in the building, it does not say much for one or the other. In this picture perspective is more than a little askew, and the style of the design altogether dubious. I was not, therefore, very strongly impressed with the appearance of my intended musical *alma mater*, but resolved to continue my enquiries to the end. Now commences in earnest the comic business of the matter. In reply to my request for the subject of an essay or exercise, I received the following:—

Oxford Street, London, May 25th, 1875.

DEAR SIR:—The essay is to be forwarded to me in London. Length of essay, not less than 10 pages; subject: "Cystitis, or Inflammation of the Bladder."

Yours, respectfully, etc.

Truly a bladder may be taken as a good representation of this precious University and its agent, only requiring a pinhole to burst it, and I was half inclined to spend a shilling on a short visit to an Anatomical Museum in Liverpool, gather material for the not very extensive subject given, and proceed to obtain the diploma of M.D., as well as that of Mus. Doc. However, I thought better of it, and transferred this duty to an amateur and unqualified medico who will probably make known the results of his examination in the medical journals.

Now it comes to light that this agency is a more imposing affair, and that a secretary is kept; for on my writing again to point out the mistake, I received the following, which is, oddly enough, in the same handwriting as the previous letters:

Oxford Street, London, June 4th, 1875.

DEAR SIR:—It was an oversight on the part of my secretary that a medical subject for an essay was sent to you. Please excuse it. The subject for a musical degree will be "Vocal Music," or you may write an exercise, selecting any theme you please. Let it be short [either essay or exercise]. I remain, yours, respectfully, etc.

The wording of this was somewhat doubtful, and I was half inclined to give up the game there and then, as the exposure was, I thought, sufficiently complete. Prompted, however, by the spirit of mischief, I determined to push the matter further, and wrote an exercise of a few bars, stating that I sent them as a sample of what I could do, and offering to enlarge upon them if needful. In this precious "exercise" there is hardly a correct bar. Some of its features may be described as follows:—The C clarinet in a most awkward key, (E four sharps) when the instrument in A ought to have been used, and going up to a high F sharp, a note which is almost impracticable; the oboes in a wrong position, and grunting out notes at the bottom of their scale, with the clarinet riding rampant over them; horns in A, instead of their own key, and notes in their part which would puzzle even Paquis with his clever hand to make; hermaphrodite cornets and an euphonium to represent the rest of the brass, and an *omnium gatherum* of parchment without rhyme or reason; double stops on the fourth string of the violin; and the viola written in the wrong clef and below its compass. It was too much trouble to write a special flute part, so the simple "col primo" plan was adopted. In the vocal score, consecutive and covered fifths and octaves are inserted in delightful disregard of the laws of harmony; and altogether the "exercise" would have been a disgrace to the veriest tyro in the art of composition. It is truly marvellous that their patiently studied incorrectness was not apparent to the "examiners." After sending this absurd sample to London, I thought that I had carried the business too far, and might be held up to ridicule. Judge, then, of my surprise at receiving the following:

Oxford Street, London, June 16th, 1875.

DEAR SIR:—Your note and exercise duly to hand. The exercise will do very well; it is quite long enough. We can judge from it as well as from more. You may obtain the degree without delay. Please send me the name in full that you wish inserted in the parchment. With regard to the fee, our usual custom is that the candidate shall send half a Bank of England note, upon the receipt of which the diploma and certificate will be forwarded. Upon receiving the diploma, the candidate forwards the remaining half note. If this will suit you please let me know.

Yours, respectfully, etc.

I need hardly say that I did not send the bank note, and have not heard further on the subject. Comment on the whole affair is needless, and I leave the matter in your hands with the simple remark that I shall for the present be content to remain an unqualified practitioner. Possibly when degrees are conferred at our own universities at something less than what is to many a prohibitive cost, I may attempt to obtain one.

I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

W. I. ARGENT.

Liverpool, July 2nd, 1875.

Concerning Spain and Old Sacred Music.*

All the great musicians of whom Spain could boast, during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, studied either at Montserrat or at the Escurial, though these were far from being the only conservatories and academies in the Peninsula. An Academy of Music was founded and endowed in Salamanca by Alfonso X., King of Castile, as far back as 1254. The Chapter of the Cathedral of Toledo possesses a manuscript containing airs composed by that sovereign, and written down according to the system then recently invented by Guido d'Arezzo. In the following century, Juan I., King of Arragon, estaldished a school of Music in Barcelona. The same impulse was felt all over the Peninsula. In every town, even in towns of not much importance, there were guilds or societies which sent forth musicians of merit, not bent, however, on seeking renown abroad, but anxious, rather to promote the cause of music where they lived. It is this fact which has misleid certain critics into bringing a charge of mediocrity against Spanish sacred music. Such critics were ignorant that Spanish composers did not attempt to win celebrity among foreign nations, each one being contented, like Bach, to create for himself, in the town where his church or chapel stood, a little world of his own, and a band of performers, musically irreproachable and sincerely artistic within the limits of sacred music.

The most hearty welcome awaited all travelling musicians. They were listened to on the organ; their own music was performed; and we still find preserved in the archives of many churches, manuscript copies of the sacred music these strangers brought with them. Antoine Févin, a native of Orleans, makes a brilliant figure in such archives, a fact which has caused many Spanish scholars to believe him to have been their fellow-countryman.

The Chapel of Fontarabia always enjoyed a high renown, and at the very outset, boasted of a musician, Andres de Sylva, still famous. The festivals of days gone-by are still honorably remembered in Fontarabia, and it is especially in religious ceremonies that all the old traditions of the place re-appear. We have seen certain very curious specimens of the kind, reminding us of the Mysteries of the Middle Ages. We then hear, alternating with ancient sacred music, popular melodies applied to religious subjects as they have been handed down through centuries. This still occurs in the second-class towns of Portugal and Spain, as well as in certain towns of the South of France, such as Perpignan, Port-Vendres, Collioure, Narbonne, Banyuls-sur-Mer, and all along the west side of the Pyrenees. On the feast of the Epiphany, the procession of the Wise Men of the East is represented by a grotesquely dressed band. These sham Orientals, with their faces blackened, carry on their shoulders a litter decorated with flowers and foliage. Hidden under a veil is a child representing the infant Jesus. On Corpus Christi Day there is another apparently carnevalistic but sincerely religious ceremony. The town musicians, accompanying what is called the "*Castillet du Bon Dieu*," play a flourish of the highest antiquity and exactly resembling that which Weber resuscitated and introduced into the first act of *Der Freischütz*, when the marksmen return from the shooting-match.

On Good Friday people bring forth from mysterious arsenals old suits of armour, antique cuirasses, and secular casques, which are donned by the inhabitants dressed up to represent the Roman soldiers charged with watching over Christ. At the various places where the procession rests, you hear the bands of the town, and then the choir strikes up the old sacred strains, which never fail to produce their due effect in the midst of these religious services, attended as they are by the whole population, piously prepared for them.

MAURICE CRISTAL.

[* Extracted from "Boccherini et la Musique en Espagne," in Le Menestrel.]

Oxford, Cambridge and Music.

As regards music, the story of her connection with either university can only be described as one of shame and pain. In the old Catholic days, found-

ers left funds to provide for a musical staff in their college chapels. Hence, as the art progressed a set of resident musicians was congregated; and music seeming to flourish on academic soil, King James I. granted faculties in that art, constituting the universities, in effect, public examining boards. Alas, however, for poor St. Cecilia! The governing bodies of the colleges filched away in large lumps the stipends assigned by pious founders for the support of musicians. The artists themselves were not only robbed, but trampled upon—consigned to social ostracism, insulted. At Oxford—and this too, in the reign of Queen Victoria—the doctors of music were ignominiously turned out of their seats in the theatre at commemoration, while the very degrees were tampered with by ignorant, unsympathetic and reckless Jacks in office. These are assertions. Out of the multiplicity of proofs ready to hand, it will not be difficult to justify them. Some two centuries back, in the bonny days of the merry monarch, when beauty was beginning to emerge from the black veil of Puritanism which for the nonce had stifled her, one Dr. Benjamin Rogers was organist of Magdalen College, Oxford. The man was not merely an executant, but also a composer of rare merit for the age in which he lived. He may rank fairly between Orlando Gibbons and Dr. Aldrich. His strains still resound in our cathedrals, from Exeter to Carlisle, from Norwich to Bangor. His history may be easily summarized—as concisely in effect, as that of many another injured soul. He was illegally ejected from his small preferment, because—and the cause itself is significant of the small esteem in which music was then held—his pretty daughter had the hardihood to flirt with a gentleman commoner of the college. Having thus been deprived of subsistence, the poor artist left Oxford, and shortly afterwards died in extreme indigence. Than a history so sad as this nothing can read simpler, and it would seem but righteous to condemn the high-handed oppression and cold heartlessness which could thus harry an artist of eminence to starvation. The universities, however, remain unchanged. A similar spirit to that which animated the fellows of Magdalen in the days of Charles II. prevails generally up to the present hour. Enough to state that Sterndale Bennett, the friend of Mendelssohn, the one English composer who has succeeded in enrapturing, by the force of a splendid genius, nations more æsthetically appreciative than ourselves, received from the great and niggardly University of Cambridge, for shedding lustre on her not very brilliant professoriate, the pitiful stipend of £100 per annum– a sum which would not have been offered without a blush to a college underbutler or an assistant cook. Nor does Cambridge lack a rival in supreme parsimony. The same stipend was the price at which the professorial services of Sir Henry Bishop were assessed by Oxford. The same stipend is all, out of an endowment of £400,000 per annum, she can spare to Sir Henry's successor Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, whose zeal and self-sacrifice for art are only paralleled by his profound knowledge and unquestionable talent.

[From Bulgravia.]

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 7, 1875.

Dr. Hans von Buelow.

This famous pianist, who as a public virtuoso has for some years worn the mantle of Liszt, and was for some years too his son-in-law, and, though no longer that, is still his friend, will be one of the chief attractions of our coming musical season. It is understood that he will make his first bow before an American audience at the opening of the new Chickering Hall in New York, some time in October, and that he will visit Boston in November. Probably no one of the great European Pianists, now that we have all heard Rubinstein, his only peer, and seeing that the Abbate Liszt himself makes no more concert tours, could excite so much curiosity among our people. Whether the spell will work as widely and as long as that of the fiery, strong young Russian, remains to be seen.

Bülow is just in the full maturity of his powers, having been born in Dresden on the 8th of January, 1830. Among his earliest teachers in music, was Fr. Wieck, the father of Mme. Clara Schumann. At the age of sixteen he went to the gymnasium at Stuttgart, and in 1848 to the University of Leipzig, for the study of law, where at the same time he received instructions in musical theory from Hauptmann. After passing his legal studies for another year or two at Berlin, he decided to devote himself entirely to music, and, much against the wishes of his parents, betook himself to Zurich, where he could be near Richard Wagner, then living there in stately exile; he had already fallen under his influence in Dresden. Wagner approved of his decision, and schooled him to the functions of Conductorship in the Zurich theatre. In June 1851 he went to Weimar, where Liszt prepared him and inducted him into his career of virtuoso. He studied with Liszt about two years, and then made his first appearance in Vienna and Hungary. In 1855 he took up his abode at Berlin as piano teacher in the Conservatory of Stern and Marx; in 1858 he was appointed Court Pianist to the King of Prussia; soon afterwards he was made a knight of the Order of the Crown, and received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University at Jena. In 1857 he had married Cosima, Liszt's gifted daughter. In 1864 he was won away from Berlin to Munich by the art-loving King Louis of Bavaria, to be his kapellmeister. The newspapers have kept us all well informed of his doings, his comings and goings, since; they have told us how he espoused the Wagner crusade with all his might and main; how under his direction, and often for the private gratification of the royal young enthusiast and himself alone, the Wagner operas—we beg pardon, dramas, "*actions*,"—were so sumptuously brought out in Munich; how he afterwards settled for a time in Florence, and made German music palatable to Italians: how he developed a smart literary talent likewise, particularly in the line of controversial satire, as witness his unsparing onslaught upon Verdi's Requiem Mass and the Italian music generally. And now the enterprising concert speculators have him for a season, and have booked him for America; and all the under-speculators, ticket-sellers concert brokers, who know the ins and outs of music halls, in each several city, are bidding eagerly for their share of this "big bonanza;" so that before the winter passes we shall have a chance to take the measure of the wonderful art of Bülow as compared with that of Rubinstein.

It was in Berlin, in the winter of 1861 that we had the privilege of meeting and of hearing Bülow. We were enjoying our first and only interview with Liszt, who had come for a day or two to the old Hotel de Brandebourg, where we were living all that winter. On the sofa sat his daughter, Mme. von Bülow, bearing the unmistakable impress her features; the welcome was cordial, and the conversation on the part of both of them was lively and most interesting; chiefly, of course, it was about music, artists, &c.; and nothing delighted us more than the hearty high appreciation which Liszt expressed of Robert Franz, then (strange as it may seem) but very little recognized in Germany, nowhere so much as here in Boston,—thanks to one man! Of some other composers he seemed inclined to speak ironically and even bitterly, as if smarting under some disappointment, perhaps at the unreceptive mood of the Berliners toward his own Symphonic Poems, to whose glories Bülow had been laboring to convert them. Before we had a chance to hint of one hope long deferred, that of hearing Liszt play, he asked: "Have you heard Bülow?" alluding to him more than once as *the* pianist to be heard, his representative and heir, on whom his mantle verily had fallen. Thinking it possible that there was some new grand composition by some one of his young diciples to be brought out, and that he had come to Berlin to stand god-father as it were to that, we modestly ventured to inquire: he smilingly replied: "No, I am here literally as god-father, having come to the christening of my grand-child." Presently the conversation was interrupted by a rap at the door, and in came with lively step a little man, who threw open the furs in which he was buried, Berlin fashion, and approached the presence, bowed his head to the paternal laying on of hands, and we were introduced to Herr von Bülow.

Shortly afterwards we were present at several of the concerts which von Bülow gave there in the hall of the Singakademie. In these he was the sole performer; the piano, a fine Bechstein *Flügel*, if we remember rightly, was placed near the middle of the floor, and there he sat surrounded by a large host of admirers, plainly a select and highly cultivated audience. His programmes, like those of Rubinstein when he was here, covered the whole range of the higher pianoforte literature from Bach to Liszt, and Liszt's successor *in propriâ personâ;* only he did not crowd such extravagant quantities of solid things — five Beethoven Sonatas, for instance—into one evening, as Rubinstein did here sometimes; he was content to give *enough*. One of these programmes we have preserved:

Toccata, in C minor,.....Bach.
Suite, in E minor, op. 72.....Raff.
Sonata: "Les Adieux," &c.....Beethoven.
Venezia e Napoli, [MS].....Liszt.
Præludium, from op. 35..... } Mendelssohn.
Two Lieder ohne Worte, Book 5..... }
Rhapsodie Hongroise. No. 8.....Liszt.

Other works given in the series were:

J. S. Bach:—Bourrée, A minor; Gigue and Gavotte, G minor.
Ph. Em. Bach:—Rondo, B minor.
Beethoven:—Fantaisie, Op. 77.
Hummel:—Sonata, F sharp minor, Op. 81.
Chopin:—Bergeuse.
Concert Allegro.
Schumann:—Etudes Symphoniques. Op. 13.
Liszt:—Eclogue.
Au Lac de Wallenstedt.
Au Bord d' une Source.
Schiller Marsch (*nach Meyerbeer.*)
B-minor Sonata, in one movement.
Tannhäuser Overture (transcription.)
A. Rubinstein:—Prelude and Fugue, Op. 53.
H. v. Bülow (selbst):—Die Elfenjagd.
Impromptu, Op. 14.
Mazurka, Op. 4.

Compare this with one of his London programmes of this last spring, and we find the general character of the Bülow programme still essentially the same, although John Bull gets rather the more solid dose:—

Bach:—Organ Prelude and Fugue in B minor, arr. by Liszt.
Schumann:—Fantaisie in C. Op. 17.
Raff:—Métamorphose, Op. 74, No. 2.
Brahms:—Scherzo, Op. 4.
Rheinberger:—Andante and Toccata, Op. 12, (dedicated to Bülow).
Beethoven:—Sonata, Op. 101.
" 33 Variations on a Waltz by Diabelli.

Many of those Berlin selections were quite new then; now they have nearly all of them become somewhat familiar here in Boston.

He played all from memory,—a power less common then than it is now; but Bülow, we believe, exceeds all others, not excepting Rubinstein, not only in his accurate, retentive memory of vast repertoires of music, orchestral and vocal scores included, but also in the rapidity with which he learns a

piece by heart, sometimes by simply hearing it performed two or three times.

He impressed us somewhat as Charles Halle did in London, as a cool player; remarkably self-possessed, sure and careful in his renderings, and essentially intellectual, thoughtful, thoroughly convinced in his conception and interpretation of the composer and the work in hand. None of that almost wild impetuosity of Rubinstein; less of that personal magnetic power; less wilfulness of moody moments, which led the latter into various tempos and shadings of the same thing at different times. Nothing that Bülow does is not thoroughly studied and thought out; while his technique seemed, even then, perfect beyond *our* power to conceive of aught beyond. And yet we enjoyed, felt Madame Schumann's playing more. Of course von Bülow was, and is, a growing man, and doubtless greatly in advance to-day of what he then was, not only as pianist, but still more as artist and musician in the broad sense. As a Conductor of Orchestra and chorus, he stands among the foremost of our day. Probably we shall have opportunities of witnessing his skill in that capacity, as well as in piano-playing, with and without orchestral accompaniment.

That "Sapphic Ode" again, and the Tune of "Bunker Hill."

A few weeks since we copied Judge Nile's noble Ode, with the *Advertiser's* remark, that it was sung during the war of the Revolution to the tune of "Bunker Hill", and was as popular among our soldiers as the "John Brown" song during the late war. At the same time we expressed some curiosity to know what the tune "Bunker Hill" might be; what old New England psalm tune was there that would go to that Horatian metre, the Sapphic and Adonian stanza of *Integer vitæ?* We are indebted to several kind friends since, for reminiscences and copies of the tune.

1. The earliest form in which we find it is in an old psalm book, *The Massachusetts Harmony*, published not later than the year 1784, "being a New Collection of Psalm Tunes, Fuges, and Anthems, from the most Approved Authors, Ancient and Modern. By a Lover of Harmony." The "most approved authors" are nameless, and most of them may well remain so. The tune in question is given in four parts, in the key of A minor, but with no sign to show that the G should anywhere be sharp. Stranger still, in the signature of the upper or tenor staff, there is a *flat* upon the middle line, here meant for B. The melody is dirge-like, and with the crude and here and there false harmony, dismal in the extreme. Whether our soldiers sharped the G instinctively in singing, despite printed notes to the contrary, the reader may conjecture from what follows.

2. One who writes from Hartford, sends us the melody merely, adding:

"My father was a Vermonter; and I have heard him sing the tune of Bunker Hill so many times when I was a boy that I have a perfect recollection of it as he sung it; and I have taken the liberty to send you a copy, transcribed from memory. You will notice that the 7th is minor as well as the 3d, which was quite a common way of singing the minor mode in the more primitive days of music in this country."

Their music must have been as rugged as their life!

3. Another kindly writes it out for us in three parts, precisely as in the old book, without the Contralto part. He writes from Portland, in a singularly clear and beautiful hand for an old man:

"I am happy to give you a copy of "Bunker Hill," which I have copied just as I found it in an old manuscript book, more than fifty years ago. Had it been for one who had '*accumulated more ignorance*' than I have in musical matters, I should have inserted a few sharps on the seventh, but think better to send it to you with all its imperfections on its head.

"At one time when they were singing it at my father's, I asked an uncle who had served in the revolutionary army, if they played that tune at Bunker Hill—to which he replied, "When they marched on they did"; and I had concluded that the Ode was written and became known *before* the battle, and that the fifers took the tune to march by as a sort of 'Marseillaise'—which does not accord with the statement that it was written on receiving the news of the battle."

4. But the best form in which we find the tune is in an octavo volume, filled with a report of the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Norwich, Connecticut, in 1859. This report gives a somewhat different account from the *Advertiser's* of the way in which the Ode itself originated. It is a part of the Historical Discourse delivered upon that occasion by Daniel Coit Gilman, Librarian of Yale College, and is as follows:

"Some wise writer has remarked that he cared not who made the laws of a nation if he could write the songs.

When the war of the revolution broke out, there was resident in Norwich, among other choice spirits, Mr. Nathaniel Niles, now almost equally famous as a political and theological writer, known in early life as *Rev.* Mr. Niles, (though he was never ordained), and later as *Judge* Niles of Vermont. He had graduated at Princeton, in 1766, and studied theology with Rev. Dr. Bellamy. He excelled as a preacher, but was never settled in the ministry, probably on account of his infirm health. Removing to Norwich, he married there a daughter of Mr Elijah Lathrop, and engaged in manufacturing. He often represented the town in the general assembly, until he removed to Vermont, where he died in 1828, aged 88.

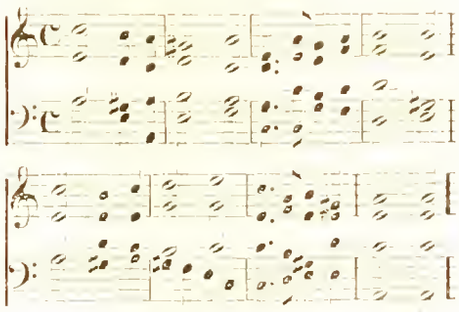
While living in Norwich he wrote an Ode which was set to music, and become as great a favorite among the soldiers of the continental army as the Marseillaise in France. It was composed at his own fireside the very evening of the news of the battle of Bunker's Hill reached Norwich. "I remember,' says his son, "in my early youth, hearing an aged negro servant who followed my father's family to Vermont, repeatedly describe the emotions of the whole family while he read that impromptu production for the first time by candle light." If the young musicians of Norwich wish to see in the faces of older singers, who regulated their notes with the old fashioned pitch pipe, such a glow of enthusiasm, as pleasant recollections alone call forth let them ask the question, "Do you remember the 'American Hero,' an Ode which was often sung in the revolutionary army?" Perhaps it will be their pleasure, as it has been mine, to hear the answer, "I have not sung it for many a year, but I never can forget its stirring melody." It begins:

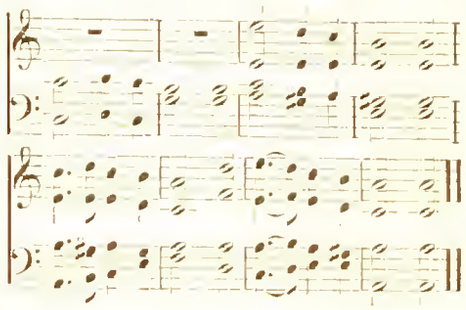
Why should vain mortals tremble at the sight of
Death and Destruction in the field of battle,
Where blood and carnage clothe the ground in crimson,
Sounding with death groans?

The tune was called "Bunker Hill."

[Governor Buckingham, the President of the day, here interrupted the speaker and said, "The first impression on my mind of the battle of Bunker's Hill was made by hearing sung this Ode. Perhaps it may produce a similar emotion in the minds of the audience, which it did in my own. I should like to have it tried" The choir then sang the Ode, with thrilling effect many of the older persons joining with them.]

And then follows the tune: "The American Hero," (*alias* Bunker Hill), "A Sapphic Ode," harmonized by some one who had at least some knowledge of the principles of four part writing. To gratify the curious reader we transcribe it, bringing the parts together so that they can conveniently be played on the piano, and leave it to his own imagination whether such a tune played by the "fifers" on that midnight march could have fired the patriot heart like another "Marseillaise."





"The Tri-logical Tetralogy at Bayreuth."

The name is the invention of an ingenious correspondent of the London *Musical World*, himself rejoicing in the name of "Gifford Scoop." In a letter dated Bayreuth, July 16, he reports progress as follows:

The rehearsals of Wagner's *Nibelungen-Tetralogie* have at length begun in earnest. Herr Unger, the tenor selected as the temporary representative of Siegfried, has been here for some time studying his part. Herr Albert Niemann, Mesdes. Friederike Grun, and Friedrich-Materna, will have arrived before these lines appear in print. Herr Brandt, the celebrated stage machinist, from the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Darmstadt, is busily engaged in putting up the machinery. The musicians will not arrive till wanted for the general orchestral rehearsals, which are fixed for the beginning of August. Those gentlemen will receive a daily sum of five florins. Some of the inhabitants lodge them gratuitously, in return for the privilege of attending, in due time, the grand general rehearsals, on the same moderate terms. A matter of great moment was settled a short time since. This was the weighty subject of costume. Professor Doplerj of Berlin, brought the principal sketches—the *Figurinen*, as they are termed—executed in color, for all the characters in the four musical dramas. Wagner was delighted with the manner in which his poetical conceptions have been carried out; for the task was one beset with difficulty. The glittering forms of the Rhine Nymphs, in their long, flowing garments, with the reeds, water-lilies, and other strange productions of the mysterious river-depths, surround the Wallkyres, with their winged helmets, whence their blonde locks flow down, and their formidable equipment. Then, too, we have Wotan, armed *cap-a-pie*, with his runic spear, and, under his armor, a blue mantle, allegorically representing the canopy of heaven; Siegfried, the young hero; and Alberich, the odious dwarf. All are in especially characteristic costumes, so to speak; every inch and every touch are scrupulously exact. Wagner may esteem himself fortunate in meeting with such an interpreter of the creatures of his imagination. Besides supplying the sketches, Dopler will himself see that they are truthfully carried out. The greater part will be made in Berlin. A small number, however, will be prepared at Meiningen, where, thanks to the Duke's taste, ingenious *costumiers* abound, especially for the imitation of antique weapons, metal vessels, and ornaments. But there is a question apart—namely, that of lodging some 2,000 visitors, exclusive of those professionally engaged, expected next year. Bayreuth is not a large town, and just now would experience considerable difficulty in finding accommodation for such an addition to its regular population. It has, therefore, been proposed to erect a grand hotel, at the estimated cost of 220,000 florins, or £22,000. The corporation have offered to subscribe one half this sum; and, if the remainder can be raised in shares, or even only guaranteed, building operations will commence immediately. The Bayreuth Palaces are to be prepared for Princely visitors.

Anna De Belocca.

[From the "Graphic."

This new "star" in the operatic firmament is of Russian origin. Her father, M. de Belloka, is an Imperial Councellor of State. There was no neces-

sity whatever for Mdlle Anna to earn her living by any professional pursuit; but from her earliest youth she evinced a disposition for music so marked that, instead of being dissuaded, she was encouraged by those immediately about her, to cultivate that most seductive of arts. Born at St. Petersburg on the 4th January, 1854, Mdlle de Belocca is now in her 22nd year. She began learning music under Mad. Nissen Salaman, in the Russian capital, and afterwards continued her studies in Paris, under Signor Nicolas Lablanche (son of "the great Lablanche"). Her finishing lessons, however, were undertaken by M Maurice Strakosh—brother-in-law, and formerly artistic adviser of Adelina Patti. Under the auspices of this professor, Mdlle de Belocca made her *début* at the Paris Italian Opera (Théâtre Ventadour), last summer, as Rossina, in the *Barbiere di Siviglia*. Her success was brilliant, and at once acknowledged by the Parisians, whose enthusiasm was not surpassed even by that of the large number of her compatriots who, naturally enough on such an occasion, formed part of the audience. Mdlle de Belocca's next opera in Paris was *La Cenerentola* (again Rossini), in which she received no less applause; and her third essay was with *Semiramide* (once more Rossini). In the last her performance of Arsace, a part which has been the crucial test with so many renowned artists, from Brambilla to Alboni, and from Alboni to Trebell Bettini, proved her capability to shine in serious as well as in comic opera. Arsace, followed by the last act of *Romeo e Giulietta* of Vaccaj, in which she assumed the character of Romeo, at a miscellaneous entertainment for her benefit, put the seal on her Parisian triumphs. The fame of these speedily reached London, and the offer of an engagement from Mr. Mapleson, for a limited number of nights at Her Majesty's opera, during the present season being accepted, Mdlle de Belocca made her first appearance before a London audience, in her maiden part of Rosina, on the 24th of April. Her voice struck every amateur by its peculiar freshness and quality. It was not absolutely a *contralto*, nor absolutely a *mezzo-soprano;* but, in a most agreeable manner, blended the characteristics of both. In the *cavatina*, "Una voce poco fa," it was a pure *mezzo-soprano;* whereas in the *brindisi* from *Lucretia Borgia* ("Il segreto per esser felice"), it was as pure a *contralto*. In any case, the singing and acting of Mdlle de Belocca, as the lively heroine of Beaumarchias and Rossini, was such as to win entire sympathy, and ensure an undisputed success. Shortly after, the new singer played Cherubino, in the *Nozze di Figaro* of Mozart, and by her impersonation of this character advanced another step in public estimation. The Russian lady is now on the threshold of fame; and the greatest hopes are entertained of her future career. That these hopes may be fully realized, is the earnest wish of every amateur; for it is long since a young artist with greater artistic promise and greater personal attractions has appeared on the stage of the Italian Opera.

The Chimes of Potsdam.

A lady correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette* has been listening to the chimes of Potsdam in Prussia, and writes to her journal about them: They are not pious only Sunday-go-to-meeting chimes, but they ring out every hour, every half-hour, and every quarter, and even at each eighth burst out with a joyous "trinkemal." How I gloried and revelled in their music, though they did not say to me, "Ellahe, Ellahe," as Trotty's chimes said to him, "Toby Veck, Toby Veck, keep a good heart, Toby!" But they sang a sweeter, softer, more melodious strain. One time a "Praise the Lord, the powerful king of glory," swelled in deep, majestic tones. Then again, a simple warning in "Be ever true and honest unto thy life's end and never wander from the paths of rectitude," set me to wondering how people could be so thoroughly dishonest as some folks can be, who are not beyond the sound of these chimes, which preach in the most persuasive tones this grand moral sermon. But one unfortunate day I discovered that my chimes, my worshipped, revered, mystical, musical chimes themselves, in defiance of their lofty position and their strictly moral teachings, told a falsehood every hour, yes, a downright, palpable lie. I was to be at the station at 10.05. I started early, for I loved to stroll through the grateful shade of the park near the church. A refreshing rain in the night made the morning still more inviting. The birds were singing and the air was heavy with the perfume of a thousand flowers; the chimes burst forth louder and more resonant than ever. For the first time, as the last strains died away in the distance, I counted the hour. The great hammer struck slowly, one, two, three—ten. So late! Impossible! And there was the empty parade-ground by the old castle, the large bridge and another stretch of ground between me and the depot. I looked at my own hitherto neglected timepiece, that said as plain as two hands on the honest face could say, 9:30. But the warning of my faithful friend was disregarded. Worse, it was snubbed and shut up with a snap, for had not the chimes, the royal, aristocratic chimes, said ten, and ten it must be. I gathered my traps and flew over the parade-ground, or at least imitated that movement as well as one could be expected to do in the modern fashion of tightly tied-back drapery, rushed upon the long bridge on the left side of the course, though a sign-board said in great staring letters, "Fussgaenger gehen rechts." I got mixed up in the coming crowd, who jostled and poked me on all sides. I tried to cross over where I belonged, but the droschke coachmen only whipped up their half-starved horses and leered at me. I stepped back and sought to make myself as small as possible. In Berlin, a policeman would have long before annihilated me. Suddenly the draw of the bridge slowly opened and the gathering crowd was brought to a dead halt. While patiently waiting I chanced to turn my eyes to the station clock, and there was the railroad time that said a few minutes beyond half-past nine. I was shocked. Then I grew indignant. Who wouldn't after running himself into a fever heat and making such a spectacle of himself, all for a wicked falsehood. I hurried back, determined to find out why the chimes had so unshamedly said ten. Flushed and excited, I paused under the historic linden of Frederick the Great to regain my breath. This poor relic of ancient times had its immense body sewed up in a stout linen bagging, its decrepit limbs supported by stout iron props. On its worn trunk, in those troublous times, there was nailed during the night a placard with a disgraceful, libellous insult to the king. In the morning the old hero read it from his chamber window, and sent down word to his servants to have it taken off and nailed lower down, that all the people might better read it. How much this old tree had seen and endured. If it only had a tongue to speak and tell me why, in all these long, long years, the old chimes had always repeated the same untrue tale!

While I was cooling my wrath, and thinking over these strange things, an old man wandered by. He looked as though he had been born and grown up at the same time as the linden and the chimes. He was not so well preserved. No kind hand had wrapped up his body in stout strong linen and only a wooden staff supported his feeble tottering limbs.

I said "Can you tell me what the chimes play at the hour?"

"I ought to; I have heard it often enough. In common times it plays 'Praise the Lord,' but they are so arranged that they can be changed. 'What God does is well done' is substituted. Yes, I have heard the mournful sonnets for our good king Frederick William III., and his son, Frederick William IV., Queen Elizabeth, his wife, and now my time will soon be here."

"Then what do they play at the half-hour?"

"The song 'Be ever true and honest.'"

"No, you must be mistaken for they played that song a few moments ago, and then struck ten, and it is not yet ten o'clock."

"Of course not. At the half hour it strikes the future hour to let you know it is coming, and at the hour it sounds it again to let you know it is here."

I think if the old man had been the inventor of this wonderful piece of wisdom, instead of merely the relator, I should have pounced on him, and shaken him to pieces. I burst out: "How on earth is a stranger to know the difference?"

The old man almost changed my wrath into mirth, as he answered as though amazed at my petulance, with a stolid look of self-complacency: "Why, somebody must tell him."

While I was puzzling myself over this local answer, the chimes, as though to cheer and comfort me, broke out in their three-quarter strain of "Trinke mal, trinke mal." I thanked the old man, and pursued my way, consoling myself that in those old-fashioned times the Dutch (for the chimes were cast in Holland) never dreamed of a railroad and its inevitable hurry and bustle, and I ought not to blame the chimes for their share in the deception. So I went back to my old love, and every time I hear them now I strive to puzzle out some clue to the wonderful wisdom of originating the idea of striking the hour a half hour before it arrives.

Musical Kites in Central Asia.—"In Central Asia the amusement of flying kites is as popular as in Europe or America; but it is made to yield a double gratification. It delights the ear by an emission of soft melodious murmurings, at the same time that it pleases the eye with its graceful, birdlike motions. Each kite is so constructed as to produce the effect of a floating Æolian harp, and thus the flight and the song of winged warblers are both imitated in the ingenious plaything. Major Abbott gives a description of these musical kites in his "Narrative of a journey from Herat to Khiva." "Each kite is a square formed upon two diagonals of light wood, whose extremities are connected by a tight string, forming the sides of the squares. Over the whole paper is pasted. A loose string upon the upright diagonal receives the string by which the kite is to be held, and a tail is fastened to its lower extremity. The transverse diagonal or cross-stick is then bent back like a strong bow, and fastened by a thread of catgut. Of course, every breeze that passes the kite vibrates this tight cord, and the vibrations are communicated to the highly sonorous frame of the kite. And, as numbers of these kites are left floating in the air all night, the effect is that of aerial music, monotonous, but full of melancholy interest." We suggest to some of the experimentative youths that they equip their kites with an Æolian attachment and test their effect on a quiet evening. The wild, wayward music of Æolus is far more enchanting than any that can be drawn from instruments played upon by human fingers."

Concerning the music of "Home, Sweet Home" John Howard Payne once related the following: "I first heard the air in Italy. One beautiful morning as I was strolling alone amid some delightful scenery, my attention was arrested by the sweet voice of a peasant girl, who was carrying a basket laden with flowers and vegetables. The plaintive air she trilled out with so much sweetness and simplicity, that the melody at once caught my fancy. I accosted her, and after a few moments' conversation I asked for the name of the song, which she could not give me, but having a slight knowledge of music myself, barely enough for the purpose, I requested her to repeat the air, which she did, while I dotted down the notes as best I could. It was the air which suggested the words of 'Home, Sweet Home,' both of which I sent to Bishop at the time I was preparing the opera of 'Clari' for Mr. Kemble. Bishop happened to know the air perfectly well, and adapted the music to the words.

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"And she has a mouth of roses,
Roses!——Roses."

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Because I do. 3. D to f. *Molloy.* 30

"The sea shines back to heaven,
Because it loves the blue."

A very sweet little love-song.

The Dance of Love (La Danza d'Amore). 4. E*b* to *g*. *Mattiozi.* 75

"Side by side, we glide blithely."
"Due cigni fedel."

A Vocal Waltz of great beauty, and quite within the reach of singers of average ability.

Jennie in the Orchard. 3. F to f. *Adé.* 35

"The apples were not half so bright
As were her cheeks, I trow."

A fine ballad of graceful sentiment.

There is sorrow in parting. Song and Cho. 3. E*b* to f. *Shattuck.* 30

"Farewell, farewell! We part in tears,
Perhaps for many, many years."

Very beautiful farewell song.

Love laid his sleepless Head. 3. D to e. *Sullivan.* 30

"Till the night was overrun,
And the world was merry with dawn."

A very musical narration of Cupid's rest on the roses, which the very careless chambermaid had left, thorns and all.

Yes. 4. C to e. *Blumenthal.* 40

"Cease, my heart, what means this doubting,
Can'st not read my fair aright?"

A most skilfully constructed song; should be, when sung with proper expression, exceedingly effective.

Instrumental.

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Whiter than Snow.	Resting in Thy Love.
The Living Fountain.	The Morning Land.
We'll soon be there.	The Pearly Gates.
Hark! The Heavenly Music.	Land of Rest.
Jesus coming again.	By the Crystal River.
In the Shadow of Thy Wing.	My Saviour's Voice.
The Shining Ones.	Looking unto Jesus.
Land of the Pilgrim's Rest.	Shall we all meet there?
On that Beautiful Shore.	Morning Light.
Pass me not, O gentle Saviour.	Love one Another.
No other Friend like Jesus.	I'm a Little Sailor.
Watching on the Shore.	Take my hand, dear Jesus.

These titles are no better than many others; these are only *one-sixth* of the whole number.

A Couplet or Verse selected here and there, will illustrate the fine quality of the poetry.

Fear not, little flock; 'tis the Father's good pleasure,
To give you the kingdom prepared by his love.

Wandering thro' the vale of shadows,
Thro' the sunshine and the gloom,
Thro' the vales, o'er hills and meadows,
Longing for our heavenly home.

Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,
While the days are going by,
See the shades of evening gather,
And the night of death is nigh.

In the rosy light of the morning bright,
Lift the voice of praise on high.

There's no other friend like Jesus,
None so faithful; none so true.

On the East three pearly gates,
On the city's eastern side,
While at each an angel waits,
And the gates are open wide.

Sweet will be the rest in Heaven,
When our toils and cares are o'er.

Merrily! Joyfully!
Ring out, Christmas Bells!

Let us sing of the land far away,
In the realm of the beautiful evermore.

FOR THE INFANT CLASS.

Take my hand, dear Jesus,
Let me never stray.

Take my hand, and lead me,
In the better way.

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Conductors of Musical Associations know very well that it is quite difficult to find a good "second book." One cannot practice the "Creation" or "Judas Maccabeus" a whole evening. It is too heavy work. Still one does not like to descend from that to easy glees or to an over easy cantata.

Now the "German Four-Part Songs are just what is wanted. They are sufficiently solid and high-toned, interesting, and easy enough to make practice refreshing while it is useful.

CONTENTS:

	Words by	Music by
THE ROSEBUD	Bodenstadt	*Hauptmann.*
GOOD NIGHT	Rueckert	*Schumann.*
THE WOOD	Dunker	*Vierling.*
HIGHLAND LASSIE	Burns	*Schumann.*
MAY SONG	Goethe	*Hauptman.*
THE DREAM	Uhland	*Schumann.*
WELCOME REPOSE	Sturm	*Vierling.*
MAY SONG	Oestenwald	*Franz.*
SPRING		*Mueller.*
FAITH IN SPRING	Uhland	*Franz.*
ON THE WATER		*De Cuvrey.*
THE NUN		*Schumann.*
EVENING SONG	Rueckert	*Hauptmann.*
THE LITTLE SHIP	Uhland	*Schumann.*
THE WATER LILY	Geibel	*Gade.*
SPRINGTIME		*Abt.*
THE WOODBIRD		*Abt.*
THE SMITH	Uhland	*Schumann.*
THIS LOVE IS LIKE THE WIND		*Duerrner.*
MORNING WANDERINGS		*Duerrner.*
THE LINDEN TREE	Polish Volkslied.	*Hauptmann.*
SUNDAY		*Hiller.*
MAY DEW	Uhland	*Hiller.*
WELCOME	Hoffman	*Hiller.*
THE OLD MAN		*Hayden.*
PEACE TO THE SLUMBERERS	Moore	*Vierling.*

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Dear Sir:—

Many thanks for the excellent Compilation of Anthems. The book is quite a treasure trove of solid select pieces for Church Choir purposes.

Yours truly,

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CONTENTS:

ALMIGHTY AND MERCIFUL GOD.....*Goss.*
ABIDE WITH ME.....*Bennett.*
AGNUS DEI.....*Mozart.*
ARISE, SHINE!.....*Elvey.*
BEHOLD HOW GOOD.....*Whitfield.*
BLESSED BE THE LORD.....*Bortniansky.*
" " " " Christmas..*Earl of Mar.*
BUT THE LORD IS MINDFUL...*Mendelssohn.*
BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL.....*Hiles.*
BOW DOWN AND HEAR ME.....*Mozart.*
BLESSED IS HE.....*Dr. Nares.*
BLESSED FOREVER.....*Spohr.*
CALL TO REMEMBRANCE.....*Novello.*
CHRIST IS RISEN.....*Elvey.*
CHRIST OUR PASSOVER.....*Chapple.*
CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.....*Novello.*
DOTH NOT WISDOM CRY.....*Haking.*
DAUGHTERS OF ZION.....*Mendelssohn.*
ENTER NOT INTO JUDGMENT.....*Atwood.*
GIVE EAR, O LORD.....*Oberthur.*
GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.....*Garrett.*
" " " .....*Downes.*
" " " .....*Novello.*
HOSANNA.....*Macfarren.*
HEAR MY PRAYER.....*Winter.*
HAVE MERCY UPON ME.....*Macfarren.*
I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES.....*Whitfield.*
I WILL SING OF MERCY.....*Novello.*

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There are about 100 pieces, besides a dozen chants.

The words are so generally taken from the Bible, that a full table of contents would convey but little information. The following, however may serve as specimens:

AND IT SHALL COME TO PASS.
AND YE SHALL SEEK ME.
ARISE, SHINE! FOR THY LIGHT IS COME.
AS PANTS THE HEART.
BEHOLD, HOW GOOD and HOW PLEASANT.
BLESSED ARE THEY WHO HAVE BELIEVED.
BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS.
BLESSED ARE THE DEAD.
BUT THE LORD IS MINDFUL.
BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON.
CRY ALOUD AND SHOUT.
CALL TO REMEMBRANCE.
COME UNTO ME ALL YE.
DOTH NOT WISDOM CRY?
ENTER NOT INTO JUDGMENT.
GOD IS OUR REFUGE.
GOD IS A SPIRIT.
HEAR THE PRAYER OF THY SERVANT.
HOW LOVELY ARE THY DWELLINGS.
HOLY LORD GOD OF SABAOTH.
HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNT'NS.
HOW BEAUTIFUL IS ZION.
HAPPY AND BLEST. IF YE LOVE ME.
IT IS A GOOD THING.
LET THE WORDS OF MY MOUTH.
LET US NOW GO TO BETHLEHEM.
O LORD, HOW MANIFOLD.
PRAISE WAITETH FOR THEE.
SING, O HEAVENS.
THE LORD IS MY STRENGTH.
THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.
THE LORD WILL COMFORT ZION.
THEREFORE WITH JOY.

There is also considerable music to those sweet Hymns which have become the classics of sacred lyrical poetry, as

COME, SAID JESUS' SACRED VOICE.
COME, THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING.
COME, YE THAT LOVE THE LORD
FROM THE CROSS UPLIFTED HIGH.
IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST I GLORY.
JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.
JESUS CHRIST IS RISEN TO-DAY.
SAVIOUR, BREATHE AN EVENING BLESSING.
SACRED PEACE, CELESTIAL TREASURE.
WAKE THE SONG OF JUBILEE.

And the Chants intone the beautiful "Abide with me;" "Beyond the Stars," "O Saviour mine," "The Reaper and the Flowers," "The Shadow of the Rock," and others.

PUBLISHED BY

CHARLES H. DITSON & CO., NEW YORK.

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Dwight's Journal of Music,

A Paper of Art and Literature.

WHOLE No. 896. BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1875. VOL. XXXV. No. 10.

DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC,
Published every other Saturday
OLIVER DITSON & CO.
277 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

JOHN S. DWIGHT, EDITOR.

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WHOLE No. 896. BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 21, 1875. VOL. XXXV. No. 10.

"Lohengrin" in London, 1875.

(*From the "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News."*)

Wagnerites! your fond petitions
Were incessant for auditions
Of the "Music of the Future"—to cacophony akin;
Now rest ye, and be thankful!
Shed of grateful tears a tank full—
The R.I.O. and H.M.O. have each played *Lohengrin*.

How the note of preparation
Stirr'd the pulses of the nation!
Rumor said the rival managers cared not for pelf a pin.
If Mapleson spent millions,
Gye would certainly spend billions—
Each quite willing to be bankrupt for the sake of *Lohengrin*.

'Twas said that Vianesi
Was mightily onaisy,
And searched the score for "tunes" all night, his hand upon his chin;
While the conscientious Costa
In a single month had lost a
Stone of flesh, while constantly devouring *Lohengrin*.

The lessee of ancient Drury
Said, for *his* part, he was sure, he
Quite pitied those condemned to hear the Covent Garden din;
Whil he of Covent Garden
Said he didn't care a farden
For the weak attempt "across the way" to hash up *Lohengrin*.

The managerial rivals,
Both believers in "revivals,"
Found the new production answer; for "the world" came flocking in,
Led, by fatal curiosity,
To endure the sad verbosity
Of the singers, "obbligato" to the band, in *Lohengrin*.

Henry, surnamed "the Fowler,"
Was a melancholy howler;
The Herald was so timeless, that to slay him were no sin;
And Frederic and Ortrud
(If to say so wont be thought rude)
Though cheerful, brilliant beings, failed to brighten *Lohengrin*.

At the one house Nicolini,
At the other Campanini,
Heroically struggled (all in vain) encores to win;
While Nilsson and Albani,
As Elsa, without blarney,
Sang divinely! Else, a slender chance had Wagner's *Lohengrin*.

The Teutons (gifted creatures!)
Decked with smiles their sandy features.
The soul-less Anglo-Saxons asked "When will the tune begin?"
They found, to their confusion,
No beginning nor conclusion!
So *they* came to the conclusion "to sleep out this *Lohengrin*."

Yet the music, though somniferous,
Produced results auriferous;
F. Gye and J. H. Mapleson sent Wagner "heaps of tin" (??)

* * * * * * *

Those impresarii wily
Nudge each other's elbow slily;
Each hugs his banker's pass-book;—and they whisper low, and grin.

—*Henry Hersee.*

Bach's Organ Music.

(From the "Concordia," (London.)

Times have changed here, in regard to the works of the *Cantor* of Leipzig, since the day when Dr. Burney invited dear old Sam. Wesley to inspect, as a novelty, the mutilated edition of the first half of the *Wohl-temperirte Klavier*, referred to so sarcastically in the first of the series of letters to Mr. Jacob. Not only have English musicians recognized the greatness and popularity of Bach's genius, but we seem threatened with a kind of Bach mania, not of the most critical or considerate type, in our drawing-room circles, where fair girls of the aesthetic persuasion may be heard to express their profound admiration for the composer, on the strength perhaps of a couple of "Gavottes," which bear about the same proportion to the works which are the real pillars of Bach's fame as the sonnets of Shakspeare bear to *Lear* and *Othello*, with a full security that they are saying the right thing. Performances of the *Passion* have become the resort of men of eminence in art, literature, and science, who will point out to you the superiority of Bach's concentrated dramatic method over the vain and unmeaning repetitions of Handel's choruses. By such flowers of criticism we learn that Bach has become the fashion, and have room to think that he may eventually be understood.

In the meantime it may be doubted whether sufficient prominence is being given, even by musicians, to the works which after all form the most characteristic and unique exposition of the composer's genius. The organ was to Bach what the pianoforte was to Beethoven; the instrument on which he specially excelled, and for which he wrote, therefore, with the strongest sympathy and interest. He was proud of his excellence as an executant; having, like all musicians of a healthy type of genius, a dash of the *virtuoso* element in his nature—a sense of the pleasure in vanquishing difficulties, which (whatever philosophic critics may say) has had a place in all art that is worth the name. Moreover, the organ was the one medium for the expression of his greater music which existed in as complete a form, with regard to essentials, as at present. The orchestra was then in its infancy, the pianoforte was represented by the spinet, and great choral gatherings, on a scale to do justice to such works as the *Passion* and the B minor Mass, were not. In such works Bach wrote for the future; in his organ music he wrote for his own day, and for instruments which, however their mechanism might be scoffed at by the modern Paris or London manufacturers, possessed all the greatness of scale and weight of tone which made Schumann speak of the sounds of the organ as "the omnipotence of music."

The modern English organist experiences none of Wesley's difficulties in unearthing and reading the organ-music of Bach; the complete and beautifully-engraved edition of Herren Griepenkerl and Roitzsch being now accessible at an almost nominal price. And with some of the finest of the contents of these eight volumes the public have been made to a certain extent familiar. Every one has heard of the "St. Ann" fugue, which in fact was worked so hard by the first introducers of the organ fugues in England that it is now tacitly dropped as hackneyed. The greater of the G minor fugues is at present the *pièce de résistance* with classically-minded players; and others which are more or less frequently heard are the Prelude and Fugue in G, the Toccata in D minor, and the brilliant "show fugue" in D (all in the fourth vol. of Griepenkerl's edition). These and one or two others stand now as representatives to audiences of Bach's organ works, much as the *Pathétique*, the *Pastorale*, the *Moonlight*, and the *Funeral March* sonatas some time ago represented Beethoven's works to the majority of amateurs, and were repeated continually as if no others had been written. The works named above are among the finest in the volumes of Bach; but others greater than any of them are very rarely heard. How many organists, for instance, ever play the "Toccata and fugue in the Doric mode" (so-called, though in fact the flat sixth is so constantly introduced that the divergence from the normal "D minor" is rather nominal than real)? A composition which, in its sustained grandeur of style—its antiphonal responses rising to so grand a climax in the prelude, its chain of suspensions and imitations unfolding as if by some necessary law of logical progression in the fugue—produces on the mind the impression of a setting forth of the primordial elements of music, unadulterated by any of the accidental embroidery with which passing fashions have disguised it. Or, if it is difficult to get an audience equal to such severely abstract music, there is the great E minor fugue (Griepenkerl, Vol. II, No. 9) with its symmetrically constructed prelude giving opportunity for the most delicate effects of contrast in registering, and with its extraordinarily individual and incisive principal subject which arrests the attention at once, and contrasts so remarkably, too, with the brilliant passages, quite modern in style, in what might be termed the *intermezzo*. A performance of this fugue, embodying all the contrast and variety of effect of which it is capable on a large organ, would be one to call forth the highest manipulative and aesthetic powers of a fine player. Scarcely inferior is the beautiful work in B minor which follows it in the Leipzig edition; and in the prelude of this again it is observable what scope is afforded to the player who will take the trouble to study with this end for the most refined and even piquant effects of registering. The adequate performance of such works would certainly be received with enthusiasm by any educated musical audience; though in those *strata* of musical society which fashion dominates, it is amusing to observe that people will listen with admiration to the performance of Liszt's pianoforte "transcriptions" of these works by an eminent pianist, who would not go a step out of their way to hear the same compositions played with their true effect on the instrument they were written for. Among other specimens of Bach's organ music, almost entirely neglected, may be named the Prelude and Fugue in F minor (Vol. II, No. 5), remarkable for the clear and flowing character of the prelude; and the still finer one in C minor (No. 6 of the same volume), in which the prelude has all the fire and variety of color of an orchestral composition, susceptible of every shade of effect and climax. Another work in the same key (a favorite one with writers for the organ) is that numbered 6 in Vol. III, a composition which the German editors rightly characterize as one of the most excellent of Bach's works that we possess, the prelude being a most scientific and yet expressive movement, and the fugue notable, among other points, for one of the grandest passages in the whole range of organ music, (that where a subsidiary chromatic subject is introduced,) as well as for the fine and effective manner in which the return to the principal theme is led up to. Of this work it may be pretty roundly affirmed that it is never played. Almost the same degree of neglect seems to befall the beautiful composition which has been placed by the German editors, though on no sufficient evidence, as the prelude to the "St. Ann" fugue, and which combines with some of the highest qualities of Bach's writings a grace and tunefulness of melody

such as we usually connect rather with the name of Mozart. This composition ought to become a favorite even with "popular" audiences, if they ever had a chance of giving their verdict on it.

The intimate connection of Bach, through his organ playing, with the Lutheran church music of his day, led to the production of a very noble and interesting class of compositions embodying in one form or another many of the *chorales* of Lutheran Germany. Mendelssohn, in 1845, edited a collection of all of these which he could find, subsequently re-issued in England by Messrs. Coventry and Hollier; and though, of course, these are included in the Leipzig edition, it is scarcely possible to mention them without recognizing the earlier effort of Mendelssohn to bring them into notice. It is singular that while the fashion of introducing *chorale* melodies, so common in contemporary instrumental compositions, is entirely derived from Bach (through Mendelssohn and Schumann), his organ movements, based on the same kind of theme, seem to be completely a dead letter. No one plays them, no one seems to know of them. They are not perhaps, as was affirmed with a little more zeal than judgment in the musical columns of a literary contemporary, the greatest works for the organ which Bach has left. Of the Mendelssohn volume, which represents probably but a gleaning of the kind of thing that Bach was extemporizing every Sunday to somewhat unappreciative congregations, nearly one half is occupied by short preludes, consisting of a harmonizing of the *chorale* with a more or less elaborate counterpoint, many of which are chiefly valuable now as studies of four and five part writing. Among the most noteworthy is a remarkable setting of the old melody "In dulci jubilo," in double canon, the melody forming one canon, (between the right hand and the pedal), and an elaborate counterpoint figure in triplets, between the two hands, the other. In this case, as in some other of these *chorale* compositions, the pedal plays the tenor part on eight-foot stops, and the real bass is the counterpoint played by the left hand. Bach's power of inventing "figures" for counterpoint is, however, wonderfully shown in these short pieces, more than forty in number. But among the larger works of the class are some in the greatest style of organ music. The grand prelude in F on the old melody "Komm, heiliger Geist," in which the hands carry on a fugued *allegro* movement on a brilliant and flowing subject, while the pedal slowly thunders out at intervals the separate phrases of the *chorale*, is one of those things for which there are hardly, perhaps, either organs or audiences to be found in England. It demands an instrument of the greatest scale, producing volume and power without *noise*, something very different from the combinations of steam-whistles which are placed in our large music halls under the title of "organs." Among the quieter movements of this class is that one of which Mendelssohn in one of his letters speaks with such enthusiasm, "Schmücke dich, O liebe Seele," which he said "sent a tremor through him," whenever he began to play it. Almost equal to this in beauty is that in G, "An wasserflüssen Babylons," in which, as in the greater one on "Nun danket alle Herrn," the counterpoint repeats, so to speak, the leading lines of the principal melody, producing a remarkable effect of unity in the whole. A highly elaborated *trio* in G for two manuals and pedal is another important work coming under the present category in virtue of the introduction of a *chorale* melody on the pedal just at the close of the movement. One of the most remarkable of these compositions is the setting, in three "verses," of the hymn, "O Gottes Lamm unschuldig," the same which is introduced, though in a rather different form, in the opening chorus of the *Passion*. As a specimen of climax this is unsurpassed in organ music. The first verse is a simple setting of the melody in the treble with a flowing counterpoint in three parts for manuals only. In the second verse the melody is in the inner part, and though written as for manuals, would be most effective if the melody were played on the high notes of the pedal with 8-ft. stops, as it is not unlikely that Bach did play it. In the third verse, where the time is changed from 3-2 to 9-4 and the *chorale* introduced on the pedal, the full powers of the largest organ are demanded, and the striking *fanfare* phrase introduced as a fresh counterpoint in the middle of the verse would give suitable employment for the most brilliant modern *solo* reeds. The climax of this verse, on a grand organ and in the hands of a player who knew how to make the most of it, would be something magnificent; yet it is as absolutely neglected as if it had no existence. It is of no use, however, to expect to realize the effect of such music on the regulation "church organ" of this country: it is designed for an instrument on a great scale. Among the early works of this class is a very quaint and singular setting of "Nun danket alle Herrn" in three parts, requiring very delicate treatment to realize its effect, which should be distant and subdued. There exists also an elaborate set of eleven variations on the *chorale* "Sei gegrüsset Jesu gütig," in G minor, affording scope for almost every variety of treatment in registering, and of bringing in those more delicate effects which the introduction of the *swell* has made possible in modern organ playing. Variations 7 and 8 are especially piquant and effective. The 10th variation, reminding one at its commencement of the style of Handel's concertos, is expanded into a lengthened movement, introducing the *chorale* in the treble in long notes (one to a bar), subsequently appearing in passages of thirds, *à 2 voci*, and affording a legitimate occasion for the employment of the solo reed on a heavy wind, which is one of the most valuable inventions of modern organ-building, though often misused for mere purposes of noise.

One of the most remarkable of all these *chorale* movements was unknown to Mendelssohn when he compiled his edition; that on "Aus tiefer Noth," with a double pedal part, first made known in England in the collection edited by Mr. Best, under the title "Organ Compositions, Ancient and Modern." In this extraordinary example of complex musical reasoning, the phrases of the *chorale* are successively treated in close imitation in six parts, two on the pedal; the upper pedal part giving the subject in augmentation. There can hardly be a doubt, however, that this was intended for an organ with a double pedal-board (of which several exist on the continent) with the upper pedal strengthened to bring out the augmented subject, and that its effect could not be realized otherwise. It might be worth while for modern builders to try their hands at arranging a double pedal-board so as to be easily available by the player; it would supply new combinations, though it is probable that few players would value it in these days when so much stress is laid on mere rapidity in pedalling, and when the organ is turned so much from its best use as the exponent of the higher forms of intellectual music to a mere machine for creating effects. The treatment of Bach's music on modern organs is a question of considerable interest in itself; for while it would be out of keeping, no doubt, to transform its character by giving it too modern a style of coloring, no one, on the other hand, who has noted the piquancy of Bach's orchestration with the few instruments at his command, would believe that he meant his organ compositions to be played in the colorless and dull style in which they are frequently, and till lately were invariably "ground" through. The old German organs for which he wrote were, many of them, rich in variations of timbre and in solo stops of a marked and fanciful character, of which it must be supposed some use was made. Many of the fugues are susceptible of admirable effect when treated quietly and with variations of registering. One that we used to find particularly suggestive in this way is the beautiful early one in B minor, in vol. 4, of the Leipzig edition, with its counter subject reminding one so curiously of Corelli. If our best players would devote a little more time and trouble towards doing justice to Bach in this way, and thereby making him better "understanded of the people," they would be doing a good deal more for art than in getting up orchestral overtures, to show what the organ can *not* do. The whole system of concert organ-playing requires another Wagner to purify it. Were there no such thing as the Orchestra, the constant efforts at giving increased "brilliancy" and increased facilities of mechanism to the organ, might be a gain. As it is, they are only enabling the Organ to do badly what the Orchestra can do well, and entirely taking it out of the sphere of its real triumphs, in which nothing else can imitate or compete with it. A more conscientious study and exposition of the works written by the greatest master of the instrument would perhaps do something to improve the popular taste in this respect, and lead the musical public to see that there is something better to be got from the organ than the "storms" and *Vox humana* effects which the organists of the French school rejoice in, and which are fit for nothing but to amuse children.

B. H. STATHAM.

Sketch of the History and Progress of the Sonata Form.

Read before the London College of Organists, by W. A. Barret, Mus. Bac.

(Concluded from Page 67.)

Contemporary with Scarlatti was Tomaso Albonini, whose Sonatas were at one time so popular in England that the common fiddlers were able to play movements from them; but there is little indication of sonata form in any one of his compositions. Domenico Alberti, whose name is associated with the arpeggio bass, said to have been invented, certainly very freely used by him, was one among the first, if not the very first, who employed the nearest approach to modern sonata form that had as yet been made. In his "VIII. Sonate per Cembalo" (1737), each one has two movements, and nearly each movement two tangible subjects, properly introduced.

In the works of these earlier writers, including those of Corelli, the sonata form may be traced, for in more than one there is a close upon the dominant in the first section, and the original subject is announced in the key of the dominant at the commencement of the second section, but there is little indication, if any at all, of what might be called a second or subsidiary theme.

In five out of eight of the sonatas of Domenico Alberti, the sonata form is strictly observed in the first movement, and often in the second, and there are no compositions, either for voices or instruments, of better construction, of earlier date than his "sonata in stilo nuovo" (1737).

Alberti's sonatas are in two movements only, like those of many of those of his contemporaries and immediate successors, particularly those by Dr. Croft (1679–1727), Nicolo Porpora (1685–1767), Dr. Boyce (1710–1779), Fedeli (1715–1762), Carlo Tesserine (1715–1765), Frederic Theodor Schumann (1729–1760), Valentin Roeser (1740–1787), &c. Francesco Durante (1681–1755), who, as a teacher, enjoyed a high and honorable reputation, as a writer of sonatas displays a refined and correct taste, but with little originality of conception, many of his thoughts being based upon the ideas of Scarlatti his master. The sonatas and clavecin compositions of Domenico Scarlatti (1683–1757), were, according to Burney, "the wonder and delight of every hearer who had a spark of enthusiasm about him, and could feel new and bold effects, intrepidly produced by the breach of almost all the old and established rules of composition," but they contributed little towards a settlement of form.

It is probable that Handel noted the growth of the form, and occasionally employed it, some of the movements in his "Suites" having the orthodox first and second subject, while others have only a single subject in each section. Some of the songs in his Italian operas are almost in sonata form, wanting only the observance of certain points which it might be easy to supply were it needful. A

familiar example from his best known work, "The Messiah," the air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," will show his treatment of the form. If he had made his second subject appear in the dominant key first, and marked the close in B major as the conclusion of the first section, nothing more would have been needed.

Some of the sonatas of Christopher Wagenseil (1688–1779) are in correct form, though the second subject is timidly introduced and employed in the movements. The lingering fondness for the same tonality, which is the characteristic of the suites, and the earliest sonatas, is to be found in Wagenseil; one of his sonatas in the key of F, a fair specimen of his work in this style, has an *allegro assai*, as the first movement, an *andante grazioso* as the second, and a *minuet* as the third. The first and last movements are in F major, and the *andante* in F minor. Each commences with the first subject without introduction, and proceeds in tolerably correct form, the major movements ending the half close on the dominant, and the minor movement in the relative major. The collection in which this sonata is to be found was published between 1740 and 1750, a time when the sonata form was being recognized, but not universally and invariably adopted.

A disregard for the rules of "sonata form" may even be traced in Cherubini's compositions with this title.

The "Clavier Uebung," of J. S. Bach, published singly between 1726 and 1730, marked in Hoffmeister's edition as Œuvre I., No. 1., containing six Suites in various keys, offers a very remarkable series of studies, inasmuch as they show the master mind yielding to the custom of his time in the order and style of the arrangements of his Suites and Sonatas, but as free from conventionality as possible, and pointing in the direction so worthily followed by later writers. It would be tedious to give a description of the whole six that you may form an idea of the influence Bach possessed over his own and future generations of musicians and how far he worked towards helping to fix the form now under consideration; but a notice of one may not be uninteresting, because of the early appearance of a title which has been supposed to be of later date. This is the third *suite*,* in A minor, which opens with a Fantasie, followed by an Allemande, which is succeeded by a Courante, more or less free in treatment, the next piece being a Sarabande in good form, then a Burlesca, next a scherzo in duple time, and the concluding movement is a Gigue in fantasia style. In the third book of the second set, "zweiter Theil der Clavier-uebung," there is a minuet in B minor which, instead of a second minuet in the relative major according to custom, has a "trio" in B minor; this is noteworthy, as it is probably the earliest instance of the use of the word in such a connection. The construction and arrangement of this second set is so similar to the first, that, with the exception just now pointed out, there is little or no point of difference to call for special remark. The like adoption or rejection of more modern form, in his suites, showing how Bach knew of its existence, and employed it or not as the fancy moved his mind or he thought it fit for his purpose.

The "Sechs leichte Clavier Sonaten," of C. Philipp Emanuel Bach (1714–1788), published at Leipsic 1766, contain each the orthodox three movements, a moderate, a slow, and a quick; and the first, and sometimes the last movement of each is written in sonata form, with the exception of No. 6, which begins with a movement in rondo form. Not one has the name of a dance tune attached to any portion, though there are several which would answer all needs, were they so named. Many of the sonatas of his brother, Wilhelm Friedemann Bach, though cleverly and ably written, show a less regard for symmetrical form, so characteristic of the works of Philipp Emanuel. More than one of Friedemann's sonatas are like those of the older writers, are comprised within a continuous movement, with a frequent change of tempo, rhythm, and tonality. Some portions fulfil all the requirements of form, but they are not marked for repetition. There are no separate and distinct movements, and the form chosen might be called, if not a caprice, at all events an original idea of the rondo, for after many and varied contrasts of time and subject, the sonata concludes with the phrase originally given out.

Emanuel Bach is the composer who is said to have been the first who systematically employed the true modern form of the sonata; but contrasted movements were also adopted by Schobert, who, in 1741, published "6 Sonates pour le Clavecin" the year before Bach issued his six sonates dedicated to the King of Prussia.

Five out of six of Schobert's sonatas obey every rule; there are only two of Bach's in correct modern form. Schobert's works were at one time the most popular of any composer in England, Dr. Burney having introduced them here in 1766. The learned doctor makes a mistake when he states that Schobert published nothing until 1761, for he was already well known as a composer when he was invited to become "Musician to the Prince de Conti" in 1760, and copies of his sonatas were in the hands of every harpsichord player before that time. Emanuel Bach knew Schobert's value as a musician, for Dr. Burney states that his (Bach's) party allowed Schobert to be a man of genius, but spoiled by his affectation of a new and extraordinary style. They further accused him of frequently copying himself." His writing is perfectly individual, is fresh and novel, and more like an anticipation of Haydn and Mozart than Bach, from whom all the musicians of the time were wont to copy.

It is scarcely necessary to pursue the question further, or to enter into any elaborate argument in support of the claim of any particular musician to the invention of that in which probably all have contributed more or less. For by the period of time to which our inquiries have led the sonatas of Haydn and Mozart became the recognized form of this species of composition, and they are happily so well known that a particular description is unnecessary. Still, notwithstanding the existence of such noble models, not every composer of a sonata cared to use the recognized or sonata form, but by an occasional disregard of it probably showed a desire to develop it further, in many cases without success, for the new forms were simply old arrangements; as Chaucer says:—

> "Out of the old fields, as men saith,
> Cometh all this new corn from yere to yere,
> So out of the old books in good faith
> Cometh all this new science that men lere."

It is unnecessary, perhaps, to say that Haydn and Mozart expanded and developed the sonata, which was further brought to the perfection it now stands in by Beethoven. The works of Clementi, the father of pianoforte playing, Dussek, Hummel, Weber, Field, Onslow, Moscheles, and Schubert show no further advance in progress in the development of form, and until a greater genius than either of the above named arises, the sonata must stand where it has been left by Beethoven—a model of beauty, symmetry, fancy, and feeling.

The sum and substance, the whole tendency of my discourse has been to call attention to one of the most beautiful uses of form in music. The advantage of form needs no advocacy of mine. It is felt and experienced by all. Chords may make sounds, but mere sounds will not give continued pleasure. Arrange sounds into some form or shape, and you have a great delight, such as all minds not warped by unhealthy prejudice can heartily and continuously enjoy. I hold that form is a greater essential in music than even harmony. For mere repetition of chords do not, to my mind, make music. Form binds and connects musical ideas together, giving them contour and outline, two qualities which if they are not absolute beauty, at all events go a great way towards realizing our notions of beauty. If we regard music only so far as it is of common use to us, that is to say, so far as it can be made available for such every day purposes as the construction of dance tunes form is absolutely indispensable, and as one of the chief values of music lies in its power of giving and imparting pleasure, if the element of form is to be divorced from musical construction, we shall have chaos, disorder, and confusion in the stead of shapeliness, regularity, and order in our compositions of the future.

* Partita.

Home Music—As it Is, and as it Might be.

(From an English magazine, "The Leisure Hour.")

I.

The dictionary defines music as "the science of combining sounds in an agreeable manner,—vocal or instrumental harmony;" in private life, however, the word has a far more limited application. When Jones's daughter tells us that she learns music, we are not to understand that she is taking lessons on the harp, or in singing, or in harmony and counterpoint, but that she is devoting her attention to the study of the pianoforte, which has contrived of late years entirely to monopolize the term. In fact, to most Englishmen the word music simply calls up a vision of a *grand* or a *square*, with a morning governess, a tuner, a music-stool, and finishing lessons at two guineas a quarter; while at the very mention of the word their ears are filled with scales in C major, and arrangements of "The Last Rose of Summer," mingled in wild confusion with five-finger exercises, and the daily studies of Czerny and Bertini.

Notwithstanding that every English girl undergoes a more or less extensive, and expensive, training on the pianoforte, it can hardly be said that English domestic music is improving, or even that it is so good as it was before the omnipresent instrument was invented; on the contrary, it may be fairly argued that the pianoforte has really been the indirect cause of the decline and fall of music as a welcome home recreation. We appeal to our readers: Where the pianoforte exists, is there not much more *practising* (this word has also acquired a sense of its own) than playing? When a *piece* (also in a technical sense) is ready for performance in the family circle, does it not always fall flat and stale on the ears of those whose fate it has been to hear the weeks of thumping that have preceded its final consummation?

The question will arise, What has brought the piano into such prominence in English domestic life? The reason is this: in the first place it forms a most convenient accompaniment for solo songs, one of the positions it fills to the best advantage; in the next place, a whole tune, by which we mean an air completely harmonized, may be produced by one person on one instrument; while, thirdly and chiefly, nearly every one, persons possessed of little, or even absolutely devoid of any musical taste, may by dint of practice play a tune passably, provided that it requires no more expression than can be produced by a judicious use of the right hand pedal. Besides, owing to the facility of the execution in certain combinations—for instance, common chords arpeggioed in rapid notes—an air may be arranged so as to be at once brilliant, or what is so called, and yet tolerably easy. Accordingly a demand, and, we are sorry to add, an unfailing supply of these jingling, expressionless *pieces* is created, and thus it is that washy opera airs, set in ornamental filigrees of demisemiquavers, common waltz tunes in the form of *Morceaux Brillants pour Salon*, and tortured versions of the "Bluebells of Scotland," disguised as *Grandes fantaisies sur un thème Ecossais*, are poured forth on the unresisting world for the sake of girls who, possessed of the digital dexterity requisite for their performance and nothing more, believe that in playing them they are making music, and entertaining their fellow-creatures.

When a girl has received her early training in a school like this, she finds it almost impossible to adopt a more rational style. Not only is the taste vitiated, but the left hand, which has been comparatively untrained, will either be physically unable to execute the bass part in the sonatas of Beethoven, or will drop from the keyboard tired out before the middle of the first movement. The effect so easily procured by merely mechanical means in the pieces of the day, cannot be obtained in the works of the great masters without a sympathetic mind and a cultivated taste; in short, the soul must play as well as the fingers. How absolutely painful it is to hear a player nourished on the ordinary boarding school pieces, attempt an adagio of Beethoven, notably that which commences his "Moonlight Sonata," (No. 14). She will carefully give each triplet its exact metronome time, play steadily, calmly, and cold bloodedly (if the term may be used), through to the end, with no passion, with no expression; and then wonder, as well she may, what people can ever find to admire in classical music. The consequence is that fathers, brothers and other relations, except perhaps the admiring mamma who has resolved that all her daughters, whether musically inclined or not, shall be possessed of *the* accomplishment, wearied by the horrible sameness attending every performance, never ask for a tune, and stealthily retire from the room if they perceive the signs of an impending encounter with the much-enduring instrument.

With the piano the accompanied ballad has grown up, and here, too, a supply of the most interior trash is produced, usurping the place of the old glees, catches, canons and rounds, which, not long ago, might be heard in every house in the country. The part-song still finds its votaries among the choral societies, but at home the alto, tenor and bass would feel that they were being eclipsed by the soprano, were they to take the trouble to get up a part in "Crabbed Age and Youth," or "Down in a Flowery Dale." Alto, tenor and bass ballads

may be had, and the poorer the singer the readier to show off in a solo. Thus we find the tenor revelling in the mawkish sentiment of "Kiss me, mother, ere I leave thee, nevermore to meet again," or an almost voiceless bass attempting the jubilant strains of "Oh, gay is the life of a brigand bold," with perhaps a shake on the last note but one. How is it, by the way, that the untrained amateur always does try to shake?

When a glee is attempted, the great aim seems to be to stand up and sing something. It matters not that there is no tenor present, that there are five basses and six sopranos, but only one alto; that some are not only unable to sing from music, but have never seen the glee before. Some Vandal voiceless baritone smoothes all these difficulties with "Oh, Miss B—— will play the accompaniment, you know, and it will be all right;" the performers shout it through somehow, wandering into each other's parts, and think themselves perfect if they come in more or less together at the end, and then usually blandly encore themselves with "Let's have another try, and mind the marks of expression." The custom of publishing accompaniments to glees that were never intended to be sung with them, cannot be too highly reprobated as a concession to the low ebb of modern vocal culture.

What a loss is the art of glee-singing when the time for pic-nics arrives! The pianoforte is impracticable, the guitar no longer studied, and the banjo prohibited in polite society. Solo songs are thus for the most part unavailable. Concerted vocal music always sounds delicious under the canopy of heaven; those only who have heard Mendelssohn's beautiful open-air songs can imagine the delight and pleasure they furnish at a summer out-of-door gathering; but thanks to the rise of the ruthless piano, that lovely pic-nic music, for so it may be called, is a sealed book to all but a very few. Its place is probably taken by a song (volunteered by the humorous man of the company) with what he facetiously styles a *corious*, in which the company, on his invitation, join in unison.

It will be admitted that domestic music is generally looked upon at best as a mere pastime, taken up to fill an idle moment, or as an agreeable supplement to the conversation at the stately evening party of middle-class society, and from this view of the subject some awkward mistakes are likely to occur. The writer well remembers being present some years ago at a friend's house, where it was customary for a few amateurs to meet for the sake of performing and listening to good classical music. On the evening in question, two friends of the host, but strangers to the rest of the company, were present, and under the above erroneous impression as to the use of "the divine art," annoyed every one by carrying on a vehement political debate during the first movement of a quintet of Mozart's. At the conclusion of the allegro, they were politely asked by the host if they did not find the room too hot, and if they would not like to walk in the garden, but replied no; they preferred to listen to the music, which was accordingly finished with an obligato political accompaniment. In the next piece, however, which was a solo sonata of Beethoven's, they discovered their mistake. They endeavored to continue their conversation with the string players, who were now at liberty; but finding that their queries were met by whispered answers, while their observations were left unresponded to, at last realized the position, and for the remainder of the evening formed a most decorous, if not an appreciative audience.

II.

With regard to the second part of our title, "Home music as it might be," let us adopt as our leading maxim, that the violin is as much an instrument for girls as the pianoforte, and abolish the absurd notion that there is anything fast or forward in a violin-playing lady. Fast and forward it may be to adopt the slang, the smoking, and other bad habits of the other sex; but there is nothing more blameworthy in a girl's learning the violin, than in her working a telegraph, or exercising any other rational occupation which it has been the custom to consider, though without just grounds, the exclusive property of men. As an instrument, the violin is, in fact, more suitable for girls than boys, requiring as it does, in a higher degree than any other, that delicacy of manipulation, that careful attention to matters of detail, and that neatness of execution with which a girl is naturally endowed more liberally than a boy. The brothers will take to the violoncello if the sisters will only learn the violin and viola, and then what a feast of music is opened as soon as a moderate progress is made. Haydn wrote eighty-three string quartets, and Mozart twenty-seven, few of which require any exceptional degree of skill to play, and all of which might be compassed with half the labor and five times the effect bestowed on and gained from the senseless pearl and diamond style of modern piano music. Necessarily requiring a deeper knowledge and sound contrapuntal skill, quartet-writing could not fall into the hands of those who write down to the capacities, and so vitiate the tastes of the learner. It is objected with much bitterness that beginners on the violin incommode the household with scraping. Granted; but the scraping never lasts longer than a few months at the most; the violinist soon gets a firm tone, while on the piano, even with a great artiste, the discordant exercises and thumping scales are an unceasing bugbear to dwellers in the same house.

The pianoforte, when music exists as it should be, will be for the most part relegated to its most becoming duty—that is, of supporting a song, or will appear almost as a new instrument in Mozart's and Beethoven's delicious quartets, quintets, and trios for piano and strings, where it forms a beautiful and unobtrusive groundwork for the more marked phrases of the stringed instruments, varied now and then by tasteful solo passages; or will be heard as a solo instrument in the sublime sonatas of Beethoven, and the tender "Lieder ohne Worte" of Mendelssohn, to a taste for which the habit of accompanying and listening to violin music cannot fail to pave the way.

The word "Classical" if approached through the lively string music of Haydn, soon loses its terrors. The father of modern music abounds in light gay melodies as pretty and fanciful as any of the present day, supported, moreover, by the most fascinating, and at the same time scientific harmonies. Haydn leads to the tender, pathetic Mozart, and Mozart, by a somewhat longer but still an easy step, to Beethoven, and classical becomes no longer synonymous with heavy. Played by an unsympathetic hand, Beethoven may sound dull; but when approached by a cultivated taste, he has more beauties to show than any two other composers; while as a master of the grand and sublime in music, always excepting Handel, he is absolutely incomparable.

Let it, then, be adopted as a rule, that one pianist in a household is sufficient, and that the extra talent, if any, shall be drafted to the violin; and then one family would soon be able to produce an entertainment as interesting if not so highly finished as the Popular Concerts.

With regard to the singing of the present day, the root of the evil is the ever-increasing neglect of the art of sight vocalization. Amateurs think it so much easier to learn each new song by ear, with the aid of the piano, than once for all to master the principles of vocalization. Even the singing-master, instead of going through a rigorous course of instruction with his pupils, lets them learn an air by thrumming it on the piano, and then gives a few hints as to style, phrasing, and the management of the breath; putting on the roof, in fact, before the foundations are laid. It cannot be denied that solfeggi and interval practice are tedious and uninteresting even to those who have a natural taste for the art, but yet every child in Germany makes a good sight-singer; and the plan which succeeds there would be perfectly feasible here. The school children there, although they cannot read music, and however young, have the notes before them, either on the black board or on paper, whenever they sing; so that a child singing by ear learns to identify certain progressions of sounds with the corresponding series of printed notes, and with the help of a few explanations soon recognizes and understands the whole principle, without much necessity of interval practice. This is probably enough the way in which our forefathers learned the art in the days of Elizabeth, James, and the Charleses, when the glee, madrigal, and catch-book were to be found in use round the fire-side every winter's evening. When sight-singing becomes universal again, then will part-singing once more flourish in the domestic circle, for really good singers are never so anxious to be heard in solo pieces as those who have spent weeks in getting up a song, and are resolutely determined to let it off when an opportunity presents itself. At present, if we wish to hear one of Bennet's or Marenzio's evergreen madrigals, or Stevens' or Webbe's genial glees, we must pay a handsome price at a public concert, a pleasure that few of us can indulge in more than three or four times a year.

In conclusion, we would desire to impress it on our readers' minds, that music can be made something more than a mere pastime; it can soothe and benefit the mind of a listener, more than one who is a stranger to the great masters can imagine, besides forming for its cultivator an intellectual, but at the same time, always an interesting pursuit.

Musical Precocity.

[From the "Gazzetta Musicale di Milano."]

Cases of boys and of mere children possessing marvellous aptitude as musical executants are not only not as rare as is generally supposed, but are absolutely very frequent. The history of musical art contains an exceedingly large number of instances.

Concert-players, aged nine, eight, or seven, respectively, are to be counted by fifties rather than by dozens. But this is far from all.

A child named Benincori (born at Brescia, in 1779) performed a violin concerto before the Court of Parma, when he was only six and a half years old. A child named Cianchettini (born in London, of Roman parents, in 1799) performed at the Italian Operahouse a concerto of his own composing, and extemporized on themes suggested by the public, when he had not attained his sixth year. A boy named Berwald (born at Stockholm, in 1788) began learning the violin when he was three, and in thirteen months played at a public concert. Young Crotch (born at Norwich, in 1775) publicly performed on the organ the National Anthem of "God Save the King," and the then famous "Minuet de la Cour," when he was only three. A boy named André (born at Offenbach, in 1773) having commenced his studies at the age of two, was, at eight, a pianist, a violinist, a singer, and a composer. A boy named Marque (born at Paris, in 1781) was a violinist distinguished—as his biographers inform us—for the marvellous correctness of his tone, at the age of six. A boy named Kellner (born at Windsor, in 1793) performed, when he was five years and a few months old, with all the certainty of an experienced artist, the most difficult sonatas of Handel. And there are many and many more such.

In the generation of those who have now attained maturity, there are very many who possessed extraordinarily precocious musical powers. Among these (to mention only the most famous) is Miss Wood, who was a composer at the age of five; Arriaga, Gataves, Londicer, all of whom also composed; Herz, Liszt, Gerke, Jaell, and Geiger, pianists; Ancot, Dancla, Bott, Vieuxtemps, and Milanollo, violinists; Gouvy, harpist; Verroust, oboist; the brothers Carlo and Antonio de Kontski, and their sister, Eugenia (the first a violinist, and pianists the two others), who gave a concert at Warsaw, in 1822, when their united ages amounted only to seventeen years and six months.

After these came Brahms, St. Saens, Michelangelo Russo, Carreno, Lotto, Benoni, Nicciarone, Stanzieri, Merli, Neruda, the Brothers Perry, the Brothers Vianesi, and Rendano.

And after the usual marvels have been accomplished, and the usual exclamations spoken and written, we are, at the present day awaiting the ultimate result in the case of not a few others; such as the Signorita Galloue, a pianist, who, four years since, sent the Milanese into ecstacies by her playing at the Conservatory, of which she then was, and, perhaps, now is, a pupil; the Brothers Napoleone and Vittorio Fantoni, the first a pianist, and the second a violinist, who were greatly applauded in 1872, at the Teatro Apollo, Venice; Romeo Dionesi, a singer when he was only five, "A true prodigy of musical art," (wrote the New York *Eco d'Italia*) "who has attracted the attention of the public in many cities of Europe and of South America;" Clementino del Ponte, who, when he played at Moncalvo, three years ago, was really seventeen, but the performance was no common one; for the *Vessillo d'Italia* then wrote: "Del Ponte possesses a singular memory; the dexterity and certainty almost of an old artist; a delicacy of execution which causes one to feel the most refined gradations of the ideas, and of the most exquisite and recondite modulations of the passions, and most varied and effective color, by means of which he transports one from the gentle and almost inaudible arpeggio of a distant lute to the rumbling of the thunder and the furious crashing of the storm!"

Still more recently we have had Benedetto Palmieri, of whom our friend Filippi wrote: "Little Palmieri possesses gifts which excite hopes of a future great artist; he reads well *at sight*; he accompanies intelligently, and executes the most

Solo.

- branch the tree, And pile the stems to-ge - - ther! In

tree, ... And pile the stems to - ge - - ther!

- branch the tree, And pile the stems to - ge - ther!

sf *sf* *sf* *pp*

Tranquillo.

yonder shades. Till day - light fades. We shall not be de tect -

- ed; Our trus - ty guards shall tar - ry here, And ye will

p

be pro - tect - - ed. And ye will be pro - tect - -

Più animato poco a poco.

- ed. Con - quer with cour - age slav - ish fear; Show du - ty's

pp *Più animato poco a poco.* cres - - - - con - - - - do.

claim, show du - ty's claim re - spect - ed! Con - quer with

f *p* ♩=112.

cou - rage sla - vish fear; Show du - ty's claim respect - - -

Tutti.

f Con - quer with cou - rage sla - vish fear;

f - ed. Con - quer with cou - rage sla - vish fear; Show du - ty's

f *sf* *sf*

Show du - ty's

Show du - ty's claim, ... Show du - ty's claim re - spect - -

claim, ... Show duty's claim, Show du - ty's claim re - spect - -

ff

sf

- ed, With cour - age con - quer sla - vish fear; Show

sf

- ed, With cour - age con - quer sla - vish fear; Show

p cres. ff

Baritone Solo. Recit.

f

Disperse, disperse, ye gallant men!

f ff

du-ty's claim respect-ed, Away! A - way! .....

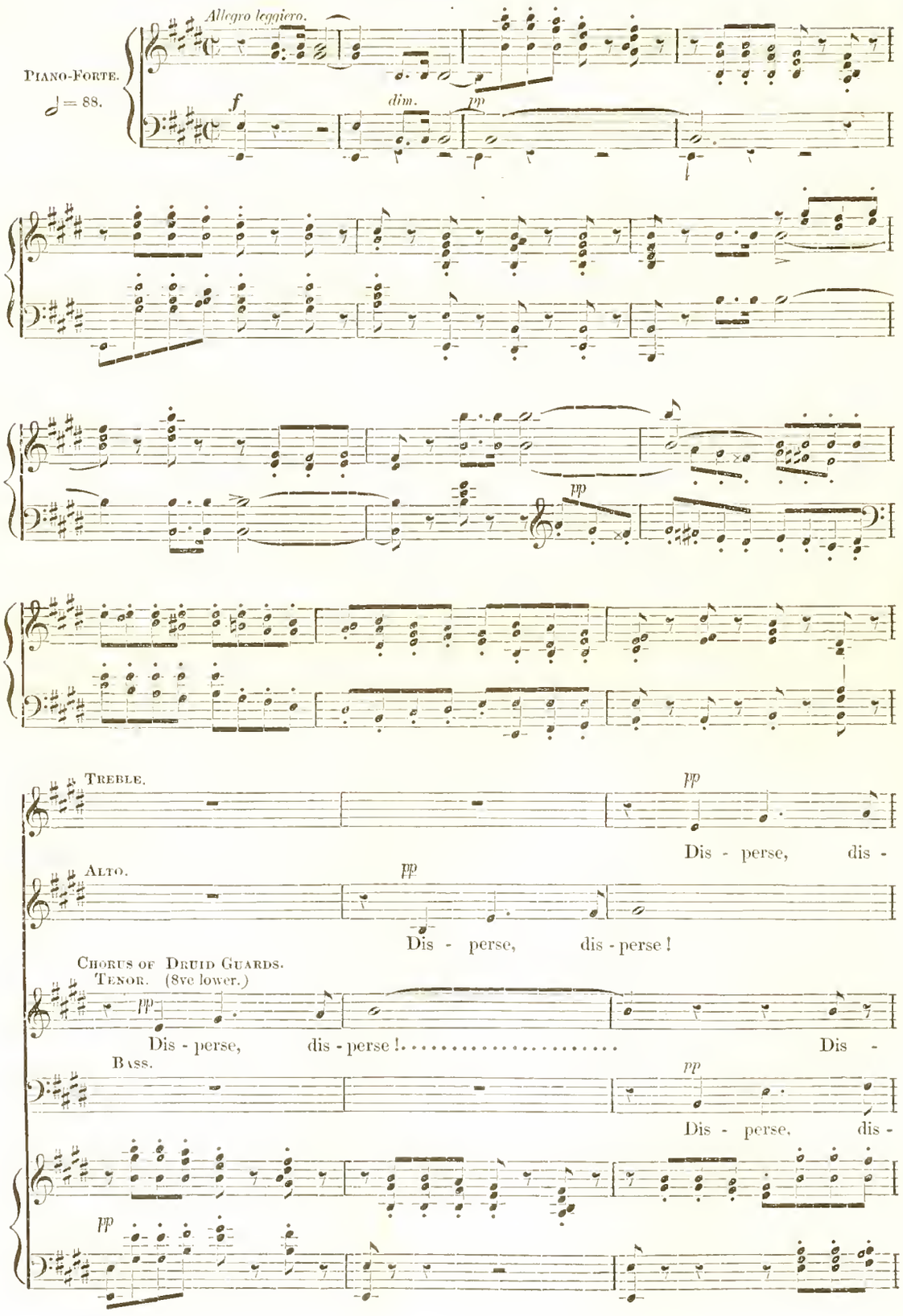
f ff

du-ty's claim respect-ed, Away! A - way! .....

f ff Recit.

Ped. *

No. 4. Chorus.—DISPERSE, YE GALLANT MEN.



astounding difficulties, so that it is quite marvellous to see him with those tiny hands of his, which, when stretched out, do not, from the thumb to the little finger, grasp five keys. In addition to good mechanism, he boasts of delicate musical feeling; he accentuates well; and colors and interprets with rare appreciation." We have, furthermore, had Cesare Augusto Lancellotti, applauded as a pianist at Rome and Florence; and the Sisters Hess, of New York, one a pianist and the other a violinist, who, in 1873, made the severe frequenters of the Gewandhaus, Leipsic, raise their eyebrows; and little Richter, who, likewise in 1873, played at Cologne with such splendid success that the *Wochenblatt* declared her to be no less extraordinarily and miraculously gifted than Mozart!

Mozart, we will say as though in parenthesis, stands by himself among the instances of precocious genius. No one was ever more favored by nature; no one ever fulfilled so completely and so splendidly what he promised. The story of his childhood is in a different sphere, but not in a different degree, a repetition of the story, wonderful as it was, of Pico della Mirandola. At the age of four Mozart played the piano; when he was five he composed, and, not yet knowing how to hold a pen, dictated to his master or to his father. When he was six he gave a public specimen in Vienna of what he could do as a pianoforte player; at the age of eight, without any one knowing how or when he had studied, he was a skilful violinist, highly popular at the Court of Munich; and, six months afterwards, he was most highly applauded at the French Court as an organist. When he was eight he sent, for the first time, his compositions to the press. He extemporized for hours together, either as his fancy dictated, or upon given themes, and in the fugued style, though he had not then studied counterpoint. He executed mentally, and more rapidly than others with a pen, the most complicated arithmetical questions. He was endowed with so tenacious a memory as to be able to repeat an entire piece of music, without making a mistake in a single note, after hearing the piece only once. When he was twelve he spoke and wrote — besides German — French and Italian; wrote comedies in Latin, and composed his first melodrama, *La Finta semplice*.

The above cases of precocity are scarcely a tenth of those with which we have met in our studies, and which we might have cited. And who knows how many we have missed? How many, too, were missed by the historians and the writers whom we have consulted?*

Having established thus much, the conclusion to which we come is that; taken one by one, the cases of which we are treating cannot fail to excite our wonder, but that, when studied in history where we come across them at every page, and where they are nearly continuous, our wonder entirely ceases, and it does so to make way for a very different feeling.

With history in hand, then, what really surprises us is not the abundance and excellence of the natural tendencies, nor their precocious development, but the fact of their bearing such mediocre and meagre fruit, and of their finally resulting nearly always in nothing.

This is a most appropriate place for observing that anyone who studies the history of music is struck no less frequently and no less strongly by cases of an opposite kind, namely, cases in which he finds musicians, not simply capable and enjoying a fair reputation, but illustrious and truly great, princes of art, and, as they are called, geniuses, whose gifts and natural aptitude remained as though latent, all through their childhood and youth, and even longer.

Grétry, for instance, now considered one of the fathers of French comic opera, and whose works, *Richard, Zémire et Azor*, and *L'Ami de la Maison*, are universally esteemed masterpieces, entered as a boy the choir of the cathedral at Liége, and was sent away almost immediately, *as possessing no aptitude for the study of music*. When he entered Casali's school at Rome, some years afterwards, the same sentence was again pronounced on him.

A sentence in no way differing from this was that uttered by Rey on another prince of French comic opera, Berton, composer of *Aline, François de Foix*, and *Montano et Stéphanie*.

Of Pietro Guglielmi (the father), when he was a pupil at the Conservatory of the Madonna di Loretto at Naples, it was said for some time by his fellow-students, and occasionally by some of his masters as well, that *he had the ears of an ass!* Yet Pietro Guglielmi, author of a hundred operas, of which forty, or more, were highly popular, was the competitor and emulator of Paisiello and Cimarosa.

In Beethoven, as a pupil and a boy, no sign or indication of natural aptitude at all unusual was perceived by Van der Eden, Neefe, Haydn, Salieri, or Albrechtsberger.

Besides Bérésowsy and Onslow, each of whom gained for himself a celebrated name, Rameau, Handel, and Gluck were slow in developing their talent. They were not the grand artists and composers whom we now so much admire until the appearance of works which they wrote at a mature age, Rameau, when he was forty-nine; Handel, when he was forty; and Gluck, when he was fifty-seven.

How shall we explain these anomalies and results, so contrary to all promises and expectations?

In our opinion (but we are ready to retract if proved to be wrong), they can be explained only in one manner, which is by putting forward the fact that, in order to judge a person's natural gifts and aptitude for music, we start in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, from an erroneous and superlatively false principle.

By the public (and as to the public, they are not so much to blame), by musicians, and even by teachers, by directors of Conservatories and schools, attention is paid only to the material and mechanical part of art. Of the other elements, which we will call æsthetic, people do not even speak.

To cultivate the art of music we all agree in considering that a good ear; a proper appreciation of rhythm; a quick and tenacious memory; and, according to the particular case, active hands, or a robust, well-sounding voice of extensive compass, are *absolutely necessary qualities*, and that, without them, no one can become anything, no matter what he may do, or how he may study.

But, when this has been said, recognized, and admitted, we must further say, recognize, and admit that all the above qualities put together do not possess the slightest artistic value unless they are accompanied, fertilized, and rendered valuable by the æsthetic faculties; by a noble and elevated mind; by a lively and just sentiment of the Beautiful; by warmth of feeling; by a fervid imagination; and by a fondness for poetry.

From our not noticing how different is the nature of the mechanical from that of the æsthetic faculties, and from our not troubling ourselves about the latter, while we foster the former, there results the exceedingly frequent appearance of precocious children, and, notwithstanding this, the continually increasing infertility of the schools; the scarcity, likewise continually on the increase, of real artists, and the crowd, so numerous and compact, so restless, so hurtful to art, and yet deserving our pity, of the unsuccessful, the mediocre, and the incapable.

We have gone through the twenty or thirty plans put forth, these last few years, for the reorganization and reform of our Conservatories, but we have never found a word nor a hint referring to the necessity of distinguishing one kind of aptitude from another. When their ear, their memory, their hands, and their voice have been tried, the candidates are admitted without more ado.

To convince ourselves of the artistic worthlessness of mechanical aptitude, when, as we have already said, it is alone, we need merely observe that it may very well be found, and that it actually is found—as proved by countless examples—in persons who are really born antagonistic to the muses, persons who do not feel, who do not understand, and who do not like either music or any other fine art—and that it may be, and is, found in persons devoid of the most common and vulgar mental gifts, and even, we are inclined to say, in idiots and cretins; such was the case with the Boy Tom, who was blind into the bargain, and who, some few years ago, created such a sensation in Paris, London, and the principal cities of America.†

There is, too, this fact to be added: in everything relating to musical *mechanism*, persons of mediocre and vulgar minds make frequently great and rapid progress, of which their masters are often as proud as they are. But, on observing closely, we find that all this great progress is due to the fact that their attention is not diverted by their own feelings and ideas, that they are not pre-occupied by inward aspirations, and that they feel always most certain of and contented with themselves, because they do not see and do not measure the height of art.

With persons possessing minds endowed with æsthetic faculties, things often take an opposite course. Such persons perceive the height of art; they feel its nobleness; they are perpetually agitated and moved by the visions of the imagination and of the heart; by the tumult of ideas and aspirations; they endeavor, not to copy or imitate, but to make evident, to bring out, and to render in notes what they feel within their own breast. It is easy to understand that, with such a state of things, purely mechanical processes are found to be tiresome, nay, sometimes insupportable or even odious.

To this and this alone must be attributed, according to our view of the subject, the cases of tardy development cited above.

G. A. Baggi.

* If we consider the question carefully, we shall find that the abominable traffic in boys from Calabria and the Abruzzi, which, during recent times, so moved the civilized world, and is now said to have ceased, had, as its starting point, the precocious development of the musical faculties. The poor boys knew nothing of music or of anything else; but they possessed ears; they tuned their rude instruments most admirably; their fingers displayed great agility; they duly observed measure and rhythm; and, when they sang, they sang in tune, and phrased agreeably.

† The Boy Tom, there is no doubt, after hearing a cabaletta, a polka, or a mazurka only once, could repeat it without making a mistake in a single note, either of the melody or of the accompaniment. But the instinct of imitating and repeating all he heard was in him so powerful, while his reason was so limited and weak that, for instance, it was utterly impossible to make him comprehend that, in theatres and concert-rooms, though he was to repeat the music played over to him, he was not to repeat the applause with which the public rewarded him after he had done so. This he could never understand. No sooner had he left off playing, than he arose from the piano, clapping his hands, stamping, and shouting: "Bravo," like the public.

A Descriptive Oratorio by Mr. Phœnix.

(*From the Cincinnati Intelligencer.*)

Did you ever hear that impressive oratorio, *The Plains*, by Mr. Phœnix, of California? For breadth, and depth, and grasp of subject, it is probably unequalled. The symphony opens upon the wide and boundless plains, in longitude 150° W., latitude 35° 21′ 03″ N., and about sixty miles from the west bank of Pitt River. These data are beautifully and clearly expressed by a long (topographically) drawn note from an E flat clarionet. The sandy nature of the soil, sparsely dotted with bunches of cactus, the extended view, flat and unbroken to the horizon, save by the rising smoke in the extreme verge, denoting the vicinity of a Pi-Utah village, are represented by the bass drum. A few notes on the piccolo call the attention to a solitary antelope, picking up mescal beans in the foreground. The sun, having an altitude of 36°27, blazes down upon the scene in indescribable majesty. Gradually the sounds roll forth in a song of rejoicing to the God of Day:—

"Of thy intensity
And great immensity
Now then we sing;
Behold in gratitude
Thee in this latitude
Curious thing"—

—which swells out into "Hey Jim along; Jim along Josey," then *decrescendo, mas o menos, poco poco*, dies away and dries up. Suddenly we hear approaching a train from Pike county, consisting of seven families, with forty-six wagons, each drawn by thirteen oxen. Each family consists of a man in butter-nut-colored clothing, driving the oxen; a wife in butter-nut colored clothing, riding in the wagon, holding a butter-nut baby, and seventeen butter-nut children running promiscuously about the establishment;—all are barefooted, dirty, and smell unpleasantly. These circumstances are expressed by pretty rapid fiddling for some minutes, winding up with a puff from the ophicleide, played by an intoxicated Teuton with an atrocious breath. It is impossible to misunderstand the description. Now rises o'er the plains, in mellifluous accents, the grand Pike County chorus:—

"Oh, we'll soon be thar
In the land of gold,
Through the forest old,
O'er the mounting cold,
With spirits bold—
Oh, we come, we come,
And we'll soon be thar,
Gee up, Bolly! whoo hup, whoo haw!"

The train now encamps. The unpacking of the kettles and mess-pans, the unyoking of the oxen, the gathering about the various camp-fires, the frizzing of the pork, are so clearly expressed by the music, that the most untutored savage could readily comprehend it. Indeed, so vivid and life-like was the representation, that a lady sitting near us involuntarily exclaimed aloud at a certain passage, "Thar, that pork's burning!;" and it was truly

interesting to watch the gratified expression of her face when, through a few notes of the guitar, the pan was removed from the fire, and the blazing pork extinguished. This was followed by the beautiful *aria*, "Oh, marm, I want a pancake," followed by the touching recitation, "Shet up, or I will spank you," to which succeeds a grand *crescendo* movement, representing the flight of the child with the pancake, the pursuit of the mother, and the final arrest and summary punishment of the former, represented by rapid and successive strokes of castanet. The turning in for the night follows, and the deep and stentorious breathing of the encampment is well given by the bassoon; while the sufferings and trials of an unhappy father, with a fretful infant, are touchingly set forth by the *cornet-à-piston*.

Part Second.—The night attack of the Pi-Utahs; the fearful cries of the demoniac Indians; the shrieks of the females and children; the rapid and effective fire of the rifles; the stampede of the oxen; their recovery and final repulse; the Pi-Utahs being routed after a loss of thirty-six killed and wounded, while the Pikes lost but one scalp from an old fellow, who wore a wig and lost it in the scuffle;—are faithfully given, and excite intense interest in the minds of hearers; the emotions of fear, admiration, and delight succeeding each other with painful rapidity. Then follows the chorus—

"Oh! we give them fits,
The Injun Utahs,
With our six-shooters—
We give 'em particular fits."

Morning succeeds. The sun rises magnificently, (octave flute)—breakfast is eaten—in a rapid movement on three sharps; the oxen are caught and yoked up—with a small drum and triangle; the watches, purses, and other valuables of the conquered Pi-Utahs are stored away in a camp kettle, to a small movement on the piccolo, and the train moves on with the chorus—

"We'll soon be thar,
Gee up, Bolly! Whoo hup! Whoop haw!"

The whole concludes with the grand choral hymn—

"When we die we'll go to Benton,
Whoop! whoo, haw!
The greatest man that e'er land saw,
Gee!
Who this little airth was sent on,
Whup! whoo haw!
To tell a hawk from a hand saw,
Gee!"

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 21, 1875.

A Musical Professorship at Harvard.

I.

At last our venerable University has made up her mind to establish a Professorship of Music,—on a full and equal footing, as to dignity at least, with the existing chairs of literature and science. The "President and Fellows" made the proposition, and the board of Overseers, at their last meeting, voted that it should be done. After long waiting, and nearly forty years of agitation of the subject on the part of the Harvard Musical Association, of which this professorship was one of the ideal aims and motives from the first,—forty years, during which time, even to this day, no wealthy friend of culture has ever yet presented the endowment fund,—the *idea* has finally got into the head of the alumni and the rulers of old Harvard, as something which has been postponed too long and must be realized at last. For the material where-withal, the funds, it may safely go for granted that these will promptly be forthcoming, now that Alma Mater has given notice to her sons and to the world, that she must have Music formally installed and recognized among the rest of the "humanities" with equal honor.

Who is to be the man? Although some formal steps are wanting (during the vacation period) to complete the action, it is perfectly well understood that he will be no other than the learned, earnest, and devoted musician, yet in the prime of life, who has for the past fourteen years labored so assiduously, in spite of very moderate encouragement, as musical instructor in the College, (holding for the past year the rank of Assistant Professor),—Mr. John Knowles Paine. So far as a single man may fill the place, we know not one who would be more competent. He certainly has earned his title to it there, having made the most of the small means and narrow opportunities at his disposal. At home in all the science and the ready use of counterpoint; a composer, who has produced his proofs in many of the largest forms of composition with a good measure of success, he was prepared to teach, if there were any ready to be taught. There may be others of a more brilliant genius, a more marked individuality, a more quickening, magnetic power, more tact and ready art in intercourse with men; of this we do not presume to judge; but there is that in his deep, earnest love of art, his thorough training and his knowledge, his singleness of purpose and simplicity of character, his fidelity to the high *morale* of his calling, and his hearty love of work, which goes far to offset all that may be imagined to be wanting.—Of course this musical professorship will be what he will make it; he has to create it as the sculptor moulds the clay; indeed he has been creating it these fourteen years, by humble means and processes, which it is to be hoped will now blossom to the light and bear good fruit.

Here then is a good beginning,—a first *bonâ fide* University professorship of Music; not hastily arrived at, not at all premature; not an empty name, the cheap resolution of an ignorant ambition, such as has hitherto conferred degrees of Doctor in Music on the part of Colleges by no means musical; but a live fact, well rooted, that has grown up from the germ. But we trust it will be considered only the beginning. Music, to be fitly and fully represented in the University, needs more than one professor, needs in fact a complete Faculty, or School, as fully equipped as those of Law and Medicine and Natural History are now. To this end the little amateur association of music-loving sons of Harvard, to which we have alluded, has been, in its quiet, private, social way, more or less consciously and definitely working. The agitation and indoctrination began here, and to this day has proceeded chiefly from this little circle. To this end have its Symphony Concerts, its Library, its appeals by pen and mouth, all tended. This Library, these Concerts, in the ideal of its leading, organizing spirits, find one of their chief motives in the future; they, as they become firmly established, will stand all ready as so many columns for the temple of a complete school of music under the protecting wing of a disinterested, wise, respected University. The *academic* motive of these concerts, which has in some sense kept their programmes "so exclusive," has not been sufficiently understood by those who would force them into competition, in the way of *ad captandum* novelties and dazzling exhibitions of *technique*, with other concerts of a more speculative origin and spirit. There is some education derived, of course, from the whole multifarious opera and concert business, from the hearing of so much music good, bad and indifferent. There is also a loosening of the soil, over wide tracts where naught would grow before, by means of the numerous "Conservatories," so called, which have sprung up in this country of late years, some of which count their pupils by thousands. But *numbers* are of too great account with them, and "business," far more than Art or Culture, seems to be the genius and the mainspring of their organization. Let these do all the good they can in their own way; but there is still wanting an *authority*; something established, and respected, far above mercenary motives, which may set a higher tone and an example for them also, so that there may be something to refer to, something standard, in the midst of all their differences, and superficialities and caterings to the fashions and the idols of a day. Where can this be found so well as in an ancient University, where it will enjoy the guaranty of character and of disinterestedness; where culture is pursued purely, and for its own sake; a University so placed as to be as far above and independent of all speculative, mere business arts and influences, as any Church can be? Here Music would possess at least one independent sanctuary, which the money-changers could not profane. Here all teaching could at least have the guaranty of a disinterested motive. Here the standard of pure taste would not have to be dragged down into the market place continually, to compete with the new fashions, the passing excitements and cheap popularities of those with whom *enterprise* is regarded as the one thing needful, and constitutes their entire talent. Moreover, in the University, Music will dwell in sweet companionship with sister arts, and stand in living, daily, true relationship with all the branches of a many-sided universal culture. The study of the Art could hardly fail, in such a liberal and genial sphere, where all is well approved and earnest, to aspire and tend continually to the highest standard of pure taste; Truth, before popular *effect*, would be its motto and its practice.

We have opened a great subject, and one which, to discuss fully, would lead us far beyond our present means or purpose. Yet, in another paper, we hope to develop the theme a little further, as well as to give some brief account of how much actually *has* been accomplished in the university at Cambridge toward building up a musical character for itself.

Liszt and Robert Franz.

We had occasion lately to allude to the warm interest which Liszt has always taken in the Songs of Franz. A letter lies before us now from our own Boston singer, Mr. Kreissmann, to whom more than to any other singer we owe here our acquaintance with the beauty of those songs, and who, in one of the happier intervals of his still uncertain state of health, visited the musical Abbate at his home in Weimar in June last, and sang Franz songs at his request. We are permitted to translate a portion of his glowing letter. Liszt had heard of him before as one of the most zealous and truest interpreters of Franz, and complimented him on having done so good a work. The letter then proceeds:

When we were taking leave, he said to me: "You probably know that every Sunday morning, from 11 to 1 o'clock, I hold my musical matinée here in my rooms; you and your lady are invited to the same, and will be always welcome during your stay in Weimar." Quite delighted at such a reception, and full of expectation, we took our leave, and I could scarcely sleep the whole night long from the excitement. Punctually at eleven we found ourselves again at Liszt's, where a select company were already assembled. All his pupils of both sexes, whose number is unusually large just now (from all parts of the world, the rising young pianists, and composers too, stream to this musical Mecca, as soon as the great prophet lets himself be seen and takes up his abode here for some time; and it is America that furnishes the largest contingent.) one after another found themselves together here. The others present were followers and worshippers of the great master from the élite of the musical world here, and among them must be counted the Grand Duke, who is not only a cultivated and artistic amateur of music, but one of Liszt's particular admirers. There were also other artists, either at home in Weimar, or, like myself, temporarily there for the sake of making the great master's acquaintance and observing him in his own household surroundings. The Grand Duke was accompanied by his adjutant, and moved about in the company with the air of a simple citizen without the least pretention. (Indeed I was struck by the absence of all etiquette; the ladies appeared in their usual costume, the gentlemen without dress coat, &c., nor was the Grand Duke distinguishable from others by his dress). When he had seated himself, the rest did likewise, and now began the various performances.

Several young lady pupils played the piano; among whom Miss Kate Gaul, from Baltimore, dis-

tinguished herself above all by her expressive, tender, beautiful touch, her ripe and sound conception and soulful rendering of a Nocturne by Chopin. Two young ladies sang—nothing remarkable; both were young and have yet to learn; moreover, a lad of fourteen, pupil in the orchestral school here, played a violin solo, which interested me but little. But now at last came Master Liszt himself. At first he played for four hands with one of his pupils, who is at the same time a talented composer, a composition of the latter; then he played alone a string of his own compositions, and of other works. That indeed was compensation for the insignificant things I had been hearing; and as he seemed to be in very good mood, and to feel like playing, he enchanted every one, and carried all away with him. Never in my life shall I forget that day.

But what must remain for me the most unforgettable experience of that day, I have now to relate. When Liszt had done playing, he rose, and searched about over the room with his eyes as if he wished to find somebody. I sat back in a corner; and when at last his eyes fell on me, he nodded to me and said in a friendly, smiling manner: "Now we will hear some of the beautiful songs of Robert Franz, which they say you are so fond of, and sing so admirably." The appeal was so unexpected and so surprised me that, for sheer confusion, I could hardly utter the excuse, that, having never dreamed of such an invitation, I had brought no music with me. "That's easily remedied," replied Liszt, while from a heap of music that lay on the piano he drew forth several sets of Franz songs and handed them to me; "Here, choose to your own liking." While I turned over the leaves to make a selection, he had seated himself again at the piano, and looking round with an expectant, friendly smile, he began to prelude. So Liszt himself was going to accompany me?

I cannot describe to you what a feeling came upon me at that thought and inspired me. For years it had been my earnest wish to have sometime an opportunity to sing at least some songs of Franz before Liszt—before him, who through his little pamphlet about these songs, has shown in what a high esteem he holds them, and how deeply he had recognized and felt the infinite beauties of these master creations. But I had never in the remotest degree believed in the possibility of the fulfilment of this wish, or dared to hope for it; and now, all unexpectedly, this boldest of all wishes was to be realized, and the immortal master himself was waiting there, of his own accord, to play my accompaniment!

This feeling raised my mood to a height I had never felt before; proud and full of confidence I stood there over Liszt, and after the first two or three bars had assured me that I was in good voice, I gave myself up freely and entirely to my feeling, and I sang, I do believe, more beautifully than ever in my life before. Liszt thanked me very heartily, appeared quite delighted, and bestowed on me much praise and recognition. The Grand Duke also had me presented, and thanked me with equal warmth and friendliness for the exquisite enjoyment which my singing had given him. Then he spoke with praise of the freshness and beauty of my voice ("which seemed indeed just made for these songs"); of my distinct enunciation, ("he had understood every word"); but particularly of my expressive and intelligent delivery. "The songs you sang were entirely new to me," he continued, "and I should like, if I may ask the favor, to hear you in some songs with which I am familiar." Schumann's songs were better known to him; and so I selected "*Allnachtlich im Traume*" and "*Frühlingsnacht*," These too were most successful.

When I had ended, the Grand Duke arose from his seat and, as he hastily approached me, exclaimed aloud: "*Ausgezeichnet, wunderschon!* You have quite enchanted me." Then he continued: "These songs I have heard here often and by different singers of both sexes, but never have I heard them sung so perfectly and so enchantingly as by you; and I thank you most sincerely for it. You seem to give yourself completely out in these songs; one would think you were the poet and composer both in one."—After this he inquired about my earlier history; then came upon my life and work in Boston; then we talked about the musical condition of America in general; and, after conversing with me for full a quarter of an hour, immediately took his leave."

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD. This famous English pianist, we are requested to state, will visit Boston next November and give several concerts here. She has recently been playing with great success in San Francisco, and is now residing in its suburbs, taking a summer rest, prior to a grand Concert tour through the United States and Canada, after which she will return to England.

Mme. Goddard's only appearance in our city hitherto was in the Gilmore Jubilee which placed an artist of her rank in so false a position, that both for her own sake and for our's, we shall be glad to hear her under more auspicious circumstances.

Music at the Central Park Garden.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 9.—Besides the regular classical Thursday evening concerts, Mr. Thomas is now giving on Tuesday evenings a series of programmes each of which is made up entirely from the works of one composer; thus we have already had a Wagner night, and a Beethoven night as follows:

Wagner Night, July 27.

Overture: "The Phantom Ship."
Introduction and Finale; "Tristan and Isolde."
Kaiser Marsch.
Eine Faust Overture.
Der Ritt der Walkueren, } from the "Walkuere."
Wotan's Farewell, }
Magic Fire Scene. }
Vocal part by Mr. Franz Remmertz.
Vorspiel: "Lohengrin."
Albumblatt: Solo for Violin.
M. S. E. Jacobsohn.
Romanze: "Evening Star," } "Tannhaeuser."
Overture. }
Mr. Franz Remmertz.

Beethoven Night, Aug. 3

Selections from Ballet music: "Prometheus," op. 43.
[Overture, Adagio, March.]
Violoncello obligato by Mr. Ch. Hemann.
Septet, op. 20.
[Theme and Variations, Scherzo, Finale.]
Overture: "Coriolan," op. 62.
Symphony No. 5, in C minor, op. 67.
Overture: "Leonora" No. 3.
Romanze, in G, op. 40.
Played by all the first Violins.
Turkish March: "Ruins of Athens."

Most of the Wagner music is already familiar to us, but the Albumblatt was heard for the first time. It is a real melody, and it was played by Mr. Jacobsohn with remarkable skill and refinement. A repetition of this piece was demanded, but the second performance was cut short by the breaking of a string in Mr. Jacobsohn's violin. The "Evening Star" Romance from *Tannhäuser* was rendered with good effect by Mr. Remmertz, whose fine, full voice and dignified style always make a favorable impression.

In the ballet music from Beethoven's *Prometheus* the violoncello obligato was remarkably well performed by Mr. Hemann.

The attendance at both concerts was very large; and the Thursday evening concerts are also well patronized. The audience on other nights is not so large; but the patronage is fair considering the number of people who are out of town. The programme for each evening is made up with so much care and so skillfully arranged that it is hard to make a distinction, even in favor of Thursday evenings, the only difference now being that a Symphony is usually added to the list.

Continuing the summary of these programmes from the point at which I left it, we have the following:

Thursday Evening, July 8.

Prelude, }
Choral, } adapted for orchestra by J. J. Abert..Bach
Fugue, }
German Dances [adapted by J. Herbeck]....Schubert
Romanze: Horn Quartet and Orchestra. [new.]
Dudley Buck
Messrs. Schmitz, Pieper, Kusstenmacher and Eller.
Overture: "Sakuntala".....Goldmark
Symphony, No. 2, in D, Op. 36.....Beethoven
Selections: "Phantom Ship".....Wagner
Polonaise: Struensee.....Meyerbeer
Nocturne, } Midsummer night's Dream.
Wedding March, }
Mendelssohn

Mr. Dudley Buck acted as conductor in the absence of Mr. Thomas. His Horn Quartet has already become quite popular, both on account of its merit and of the masterly performance of the horn players. It is a bold, romantic conception, scored with remarkable talent, and the orchestral part is very nicely balanced and finely harmonized, producing a beautiful effect.

The backbone of the programme was, of course, the Beethoven Symphony, which was very well rendered, thanks to the discretion of the orchestra which followed the first violin headed by Mr. Jacobsohn, and was followed in turn much of the time by the conductor's bâton. The Bach music was particularly interesting and the adaptation is good. The *Struensee* Polonaise, part of the music written to illustrate the tragedy by Michael Beer is very effective and has found place in the programmes frequently of late.

Thursday Evening, July 15.

Overture: "Magic Flute".....Mozart
Serenade, op. 8, [new].....Beethoven
Vorspiel: "Loreley".....Max Bruch
March for the Goethe Festival.....Liszt
Symphony: "Frithjof" op. 22.....Hoffmann
Overture: "William Tell".....Rossini
Ave Maria.....Bach-Gounod
Ballet: "Rienzi".....Wagner

The "Frithjof" symphony was first performed at one of the symphony concerts last winter and recognized with that glad surprise which greets a work of true genius. There is something in the instrumentation of this Symphony which approaches the wonderful style of Raff; but the spirit of the composition is entirely original. The delightful intermezzo ("Elves of light and Frost Giants,") is a picturesque, half-comical delineation, which has already become a frequent and welcome addition to the repertoire of the Garden Concerts.

Thursday Evening, July 22.

Overture: "Alceste" [new].....Gluck
Passacaglia, [adapted for orchestra by H. Esser] Bach
Hungarian Dances, [new].....Hoffmann
Selections from 3d act of the "Meistersinger."
Wagner
Symphony No. 4, ["Consecration of Tone"]....Spohr
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 1.....Liszt
Romance, op. 40, in G.....Beethoven
Turkish March.....Mozart

Spohr's work is wonderfully well done. In fact, it is painfully so. "Faultily faultless;"—one tires at last of this suave uninterrupted flow of melody. And yet it is a composition of too much merit to be consigned to the limbo of oblivion, for Spohr had every gift except the divine one. So let us hear his music occasionally. Too much of it is like a diet composed exclusively of honey.

Thursday Evening, July 29.

Suite, No. 3, in D.....Bach
Overture, Air, Gavotte, Bourree, Gigue.
Drei Characterstuecke, [new].....H. Hoffmann
Overture: "Genoveva".....Schumann
Unfinished Symphony.....Schubert
Symphonic Poem: "Les Preludes".....Liszt
Overture: "The Neighbors".....H. Horn
Fantasie: "Visions in a Dream".....Lumbye
With Solo for Zither.
Huldigung's Marsch.....Wagner

I have seldom heard Bach's music executed with the precision and clearness which signalized this performance of the Suite, and I can imagine nothing more fascinating than the music.

The character pieces by Hoffmann are remarkably well scored. The first is a charming meditation entitled "Ruhe in Schatten einer Ruine." The second a *Ballade*, and the third a Scherzo called "In Sonnenschein:"

"And soon the buzzing knows no end
* * * * * *
Soprano mosquitos and the crickets;
The dragon-flies, a varied throng,
In Alto raise their swelling song,
Blue flies and bees in Tenor quaver,
In deep-toned bass the lively chafer."

Poor Schubert! your life was itself an "unfinished symphony;" but the missing chords will be supplied by those who love you in every land where music is known. You have indeed touched the stars with your forehead. A. A. C.

The Garden Concerts, New York.

[From the Tribune, Aug. 14.]

Since the sudden disappearance of the lessee of the Central Park Garden three weeks ago, leaving a number of claims unsatisfied, that favorite establishment has been beset with embarrassments. The public, however, has seen nothing of the internal perplexities; the performances thanks to Thomas's energy and pluck have been kept at their usual high level; and now, all lovers of music will be glad to know, the troubles are over and the fortunes of the rest of the season are assured. It would have been an irreparable public misfortune if the concerts had been allowed to stop. Meanwhile, the programmes have been uncommonly rich. The plan of giving special nights to great composers has been pursued with brilliant results. Last Tuesday was devoted to Schubert, the Tuesday previous to Beethoven, and next Tuesday is set apart for Mozart, when some peculiar novelties are to be presented. On last Thursday, in spite of the rainy weather there was a good house, with the following interesting bill:

PART I.

Maestoso, Molto Lento, Chaconne. } [new].....Gluck
German Dances.....Schubert
Symphony in D, No. 5.....Mozart
1 Allegro con spirito, 2 Andante,
3 Menuetto, 4 Presto.

PART II.

Overture, "Anacreon".....Cherubini
Septet, Op. 20.....Beethoven
Theme and Variations Scherzo—Finale.
Overture, "Manfred".....Schumann

PART III.

Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 3.....Liszt
Symphonic Poem, "Le Rouet d'Omphale."
Saint-Säens
Fairy Overture, "Aladdin".....Hornemann

The first number on this programme is taken from the ballet-music which Gluck added to his "Orpheus" when he revised that opera for the Paris stage. The three movements follow one another without break, and with a climax of force, interest and beauty which the least experienced listener can hardly fail to appreciate. Such pure and noble music can never grow old. How finely, too, it was matched by the elegant and exquisitely finished overture of Cherubini's, and how delightfully contrasted with Herbeck's arrangement of the Schubert dances, and the superb Beethoven Septet, arranged for the orchestra. All these selections, as well as Schumann's grand overture to "Manfred," were played with unusual spirit and refinement. The Mozart Symphony was in some respects the most interesting feature of the concert, not so much for its intrinsic merit, though that is very high, as because of a curious restoration which Thomas has been enabled to make to the score. He has added from an old and authentic manuscript copy in his possession, the parts for flutes and clarinets which Mozart wrote, but which have hitherto been omitted. Even the latest edition of Mozart's Symphonies, by Breitkopf and Härtel, does not contain these important parts. The Symphony has not been heard recently in New York, but it richly deserves frequent repetition, if only for the sake of the vigorous first movement. How Mozart's contemporaries must have wondered when they first heard these bold and original strains, so unlike the opening of every symphony before them. Even to-day, though their novelty has been taken away, their freshness remains, and the music is not less remarkable for strong effects than for that rare combination of dignity with an indefinable grace and loveliness which distinguishes all the best work of this charming master.

LAWRENCE, MASS. Here are the programmes, very good ones, of some "Free Organ Recitals" given in various churches of the city by Mr. GEORGE CHADWICK, with the vocal assistance of Mrs. G. M. CUMMINGS, Mr. REUBEN MERRILL and Mr. H. P. PARSONS. They were the first ever given in Lawrence, and we hear that they were well attended and appreciated.

1. *Thursday, June* 24.

1 Prelude and Fugue in C major.....Bach
2 Adagio from G minor Sonata.....Merkel
3 Aria, "O Rest in the Lord," from Elijah. Mendelssohn
Mrs. Cummings.
4 Variations in A flat.....Hesse
5 Pastorale in F.....Bach
6 Song, "There is a green hill far away"....Gounod
Mrs. Cummings.
7 Fugue in E flat. "St. Anns".....Bach

2. *Thursday, July* 1.

1 Fugue in C minor.....Bach
2 Studien, op 56, No 4.....Schumann
3 Aria, "O God, have mercy." St. Paul. Mendelssohn
Mr. Merrill.
4 Fugue in G minor, Bk. 2. No. 4.....Bach
5 Variations in A major.....Hesse
6 Song. "Guardian Angels".....Gounod
Mr. Merrill.
7 Skizzen, op. 58, Nos. 1 and 2.....Schumann

3. *Thursday, July* 8.

1 Fugue in A minor.....Bach
2 Vorspiele.....Bach
a. Herzlich thut mich verlangen.
b. Es ist das Heil.
3 Aria, "Lord God of Abraham," from "Elijah." Mendelssohn
Mr. Parsons.
4 Variations. "Heil Dir." Op. 67.....Hesse
5 Sonate, No. 1. [first movement].....Bach
6 Song, "Nazareth".....Gounod
Mr. Parsons.
7 Concertsatz in C minor.....Thiele
8 Skizzen, Nos. 4 and 2.....Schumann

WORCESTER, MASS. The Boston *Globe* has an interesting descriptive and historical account, with illustrations, of the beautiful old city which lies at "the heart of the Commonwealth." Among other things, its musical advantages are thus enumerated:

The musical reputation of Worcester is superior to that of most other cities. The music in the public schools is under the direction of Mr. E. S. Nason, who, by his untiring labor and long experience, has gained a well-deserved reputation. He is very ably assisted by Miss C. H. Metcalf. There are three musical associations, with headquarters at Worcester, called the Worcester County Musical Association, the Singing Society "Frohsinn," and the Worcester Choral Union, as well as a music school. The Worcester County Association holds a grand annual festival each year with a view to the improvement of choirs in the performance of church music, the formation of an elevated musical taste through study in the highest departments, and a social, genial reunion of all lovers of music. The festival continues five days and four grand concerts are given. The music school is under the entire supervision of Mr. G. W. Sumner. Among the fine corps of teachers engaged in this institution are Messrs. B. D. Allen, C. R. Hayden, F. F. Ford, E. L. Sumner and Mrs. M. J. Sumner. The following is a list of the officers of the Worcester County Musical Association:

President, Hon. William R. Hill; Vice Presidents, William Sumner, B. D. Allen, A. C. Monroe, L. Stockwell, Anson Rice; Secretary, S. Richards, Asst., L. N. Metcalf; Treasurer, J. E. Benchley; Librarian, G. W. Elkins, Asst., J. Q. Adams.

There are four brass and two string bands. Among the most prominent music teachers are C. P. Morrison, E. L. Sumner, M. J. Sumner, J. A. Broad, George Burt, H. L. Ainsworth, H. T. Boardman, Ella Van Voast, Addie S. Holman and Emma Dunbar.

Royal Italian Opera, London.

From the 30th of March to the 17th of July—the opening night and the closing night—there were 83 performances, 59 conducted by Signor Vianesi and 24 by Signor Bevignani. Both conductors must have shown exemplary diligence, seeing that no less than 29 different operas were produced, and for the greater part in the most effective manner. We need not catalogue them, the record of the season having been given, from week to week, in sufficiently accurate detail. It is worth mentioning, however, that the largest number of representations (15) were devoted to three of Mozart's operas—*Don Giovanni*, *Il Flauto Magico*, and *Le Nozze di Figaro;* Meyerbeer (14) coming next, with *Robert le Diable*, the *Huguenots*, *Dinorah*, and *L'Etoile du Nord;* Verdi next (10), Rossini next (9); Auber, Donizetti, and Gounod each counting seven. So, notwithstanding the idea prevalent, here and there, that the advent of Wagner, with his *Lohengrin*, was to be at least the temporary annihilation of our old and cherished masterpieces, the reverse has proved to be the case. Mozart, Meyerbeer, Rossini, and Verdi are more than ever popular; and, though Mozart died in 1791, Rossini left off composing for the theatre in 1829, and the *Huguenots* was produced in 1836, they are likely to retain the popularity so well earned by their compositions, in which rhythmical melody, the essence and soul of music, everywhere prevails.

At the same time it cannot be denied that the first production of *Lohengrin* in this country, for which we are indebted to Mr. Gye, has been the "curiosity" and in certain respects the prominent attraction of the season. No work has for a long period been talked about so much in every circle where operatic music is discussed, and no work has given rise to so many differences of opinion; some extolling it to the skies, as the *ne plus ultra* of lyrico-dramatic art; others accepting it *cum grano*, with reservations; while others have rejected it *in toto*, as embodying a theory which, if successfully carried out, must eventually do away altogether with opera, as it has been known and understood among us time out of mind. Our own opinion has been expressed on several occasions; and we may add (deferentially, for we are speaking of Wagner) that further experience has given us no cause to change or modify it. A large number of the public has accorded a hearty welcome to *Lohengrin*, and this fact must not be overlooked. Another fact, however, must equally be borne in mind. *Lohengrin*, as the author of the "*Art-work of the Future*" himself implies, is not the expression of his last word: the works that follow it—*Tristan und Isolde*, with *Rheingold*, the Trilogy of the *Nibelungen*, and, lastly, *Percival* (or "*Parcival*,") which, looming in the distance, is already disturbing the contemplative master's brain—are destined to carry out his theory to the utmost, and to make or mar it, in the eyes of those competent to judge and able to compete argumentatively with such an intellectual giant in polemics. Enough that eight performances were given by Mr. Gye, to whom the highest credit is due for the lavish splendor with which the opera was placed on the stage; and to Mdlle. Emma Albani, for her charming impersonation of Elsa, which advanced her several steps in public opinion; and to Signor Vianesi for the pains he took in getting up the performance, and—supported by a thoroughly competent orchestra, with Mr. Carrodus, our foremost English violinist, at the head—the ability with which he directed it.

There is little more to add. That Madame Adelina Patti, on legitimate grounds, enjoys more than ever the favor of the public is an unquestionable fact; how Mdlle. Albani has progressed, and is progressing, has been recorded on more than one occasion, as also how M. Faure maintains his position as the first dramatic barytone bass of the period. Upon the rest of the company—among whom were some of the long-tried Covent Garden veterans, together with new-comers, like the tenors, Signors de Sanctis and Carpi—it is unnecessary to dwell. We must except, nevertheless, Mdlle. D'Angeri, who, in her first impersonation of Leonora (*Fidelio*), as a young and rising artist, did herself infinite credit; and Mdlle. Bianchi, who, as Susanna, in the *Nozze di Figaro*, showed how gradually and surely she is advancing, and who at the last representation of Mozart's comic masterpiece (if "comic" it may be entitled) more than justified, in the beautiful serenade, "Deh! vieni non tardar," the encomiums bestowed upon her on a previous occasion. Mdlle. Zaré Thalberg, Mr. Gye's youngest artist, although she has only appeared in three characters, may be looked upon as his most promising recent acquisition. In each part she has made a highly favorable impression.—*Times.*

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

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Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

DEBORAH. A Lyric Opera, by *H. Millard.*

No. 5. O horrid midnight. Recit. and Aria. 6. E to *b*. $1.00
" 6. He comes. Cabaletta. 6. E*b* to *b*. 50
" 7. How soft the thrill Duet. 5. D*b* to *a*. 50
" 8. If the gods in pity. Cabaletta. 6. F to *a*. 75
" 9. Perchance an Angel. Cavatina. 6. E to f. 50
" 10. Dost thou not hear. Duet. 6. E to *a*. 1.00
" 11. To words of his. Cho. and Solo. 4. G*b* to f. 25
" 12. Now sad moment. Cho. 4. B*b* to g. 25
" 13. He's free, now. Quintette and Cho. 5. E*b* to *b*. 75
" 14. Oh, true Love. Romanzetta. 5. E*b* and A*b* to *a*. 75
" 15. O loved Folly. Chorus. 4. C to *g*. 50
" 16. Like a syren. Romance. 5. B*b* to *a*. 35
" 17. What! His loved wife. Stretta. 5. E*b* to *b*. 75
" 18. By ev'ry hope. Aria. 5. A*b* to *a*. 75

Mr. Millard's opera has 37 numbers, part of them, as will be seen, containing difficult music of great compass. But there is also much within the reach of singers of average powers. Get a number, and judge of this new American opera.

In a leafy Nook so shady. 3. F to f. *Hatton.* 30

"And the waterfall before us,
Dripping, dripping, never stopping."

Elegant words and music.

Forget me not. 3. C to *c*. *Gatty.* 30

"For all the world you've been to me,
And half the world you take away."

One of Mr. Gatty's superfine ballads.

Instrumental.

Evangeline. Melodie Variee. 4. E*b*. *Maylath.* 40
A pleasing melody, neatly varied.

L'Adieu du Berger. (Shepherd's Farewell). Morceau Elegant. 4. E*b*. *Maylath.* 50
An elegant melody, such as Shepherds may be supposed to have warbled, ornamented with arpeggios, chords and octave runs.

La Belle Zingara. Fantasie Mazurka. 4. E*b* *Maylath.* 40
A wild, musical air, with quite varied arrangements.

Palisade Waltz. 3. E*b* *Prescott.* 35
Gay music, which may help in the cheerful passing away of time on the Palisades as elsewhere.

Indigo, or the 40 Thieves. Oper'ta by Strauss. No. 2. March. arr. by *Maylath.* 35
Introduces three airs from the operetta, and though from a thieves opera, will answer nicely for honest people to march to.

Joyous Moments. Morceau de Salon. 5. F. *S. Smith.* 75
Spend an anxious hour or two in learning it, after which joyous moments will be forever at your disposal.

Three Compo'ns for Piano. *Miss Prescott, ea.* 30
No. 1. Shepherd's Song. 3. F.
" 2. Crocus. Polka. 3. B*b*
The Polka has a bright "snap" to it, and the Shepherd sings in a very spirited lay. Brilliant pieces.

Sleigh Ride Galop. 3. C. *Aronsen.* 40
A little in advance of the season, but the music is bright and attractive enough for any time.

Vogesen March. 3. E*b*. *Zikoff.* 35
A quick March or Quickstep, and may be classed among the best.

Lohengrin, by Wagner. Potpourri 4. *Cramer.* 75
The decidedly romantic music of the opera artistically put together.

Days that are past. Tone Picture. 4. E*b* *Lange.* 50
"Tone Pictures" are better than the "imitative pieces" (which they succeed), since the latter include considerable clap-trap, while these are legitimate "descriptions" of graceful thoughts.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter: as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

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Two Orphans,—WALTZ—H. Tissington, . . 75

A Gem of music and art. Played nightly with distinguished success in the "Two Orphans," Union Square Theatre, N. Y.; has a title page ornamented with scenes from the play, and correct and elegant likenesses of Miss Claxton and Miss Blanchard—the "Two Orphans." Pronounced the most artistic production of the season.

Girofle-Girofla,—Chas. Wels, ... 75

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Effective arrangements by Mr. Wels, of the best airs in Lecocq's remarkably popular Opera Bouffes. This author has surpassed even Offenbach, and has lately produced these two Operas which the people of Paris, London and New York hail with delight and which are sung throughout entire seasons to crowded houses.

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Gems for Dancing—bright and brilliant.

Awfully Jolly,—GALOP—Rud. Aronson, . 40

Marche Triomphale,—Rud. Aronson, . 40

A rollicking joyous Galop, and a well written stirring March, by Mr. Aronson, a Composer well known to the musical world. These are first rate compositions and worthy the writer of the "Jockey" and "Regatta" Galops and "Mazurka Melodique."

Night in June,—[Idyl.]—G. D. Wilson, . 50

"What is so perfect as a day in June,"—says the poet, and what can be brighter and more fanciful than one of Mr. Wilson's "Summer Idyls?" Witness his "Shepherd Boy,"—it is the most successful piano piece in many a day, and charms thousands with its bright, happy melody. The "Night in June," is a worthy successor.

Firm Step,—MARCH—Steiner, ... 30

Very good and effective, and not difficult.

Old Folks at Home,—VARIATIONS—Grobe. 75

Brilliant Variations of a popular song by a veteran arranger.

VOCAL.

Golden Locks are Silver Now,—Pratt. 40

A companion to the well-known "Silver Threads among the Gold," and pronounced the best of the many which this popular song has suggested. It is a home song, plaintive yet good and wholesome to sing.

Palm Branches,—[LES REMEAUX]—Faure. 40

A glorious song, grand and inspiring, fine in sentiment and full of action and power; it will stand as a worthy companion to Gounod's "Nazareth," and Adams' "Christmas Song." It is an effective solo for church choirs, but can be heartily recommended for the parlor or concert-room. Soprano or Tenor in C. Alto or Bar. A♭.

Amalia, or the Roman Charioteer, H. Millard. 60

An American Song with English and Italian words. Mr. Millard has no superior as a song writer, and this will be found in his best style, and will rank with his "Waiting," "Meeting," "Whate'er Betide," &c., &c., Soprano or Tenor, in E. Alto or Bar. in C.

Nothing,—[Ballad.]—H. Millard, ... 50

A song made out of "nothing," yet the result is "something" very pretty—and yet of marked character. For Mezzo, Soprano or Bar.

Embarrassment,—Abt, ... 30

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HIGHLAND LASSIE	Burns	*Schumann.*
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THE NUN		*Schumann.*
EVENING SONG	Rueckert	*Hauptmann.*
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THE WOODBIRD		*Abt.*
THE SMITH	Uhland	*Schumann.*
THIS LOVE IS LIKE THE WIND		*Duerrner.*
MORNING WANDERINGS		*Duerrner.*
THE LINDEN TREE	Polish Volkslied.	*Hauptmann.*
SUNDAY		*Hiller.*
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BLESSED BE THE LORD.....*Bortniansky.*
" " " " Christmas..*Earl of Mar.*
BUT THE LORD IS MINDFUL...*Mendelssohn.*
BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL.....*Hiles.*
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DAUGHTERS OF ZION.....*Mendelssohn.*
ENTER NOT INTO JUDGMENT.....*Atwood.*
GIVE EAR, O LORD.....*Oberthur.*
GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.....*Garrett.*
" " " .....*Downes.*
" " " .....*Novello.*
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AND YE SHALL SEEK ME.
ARISE, SHINE! FOR THY LIGHT IS COME.
AS PANTS THE HEART.
BEHOLD, HOW GOOD and HOW PLEASANT.
BLESSED ARE THEY WHO HAVE BELIEVED.
BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS.
BLESSED ARE THE DEAD.
BUT THE LORD IS MINDFUL.
BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON.
CRY ALOUD AND SHOUT.
CALL TO REMEMBRANCE.
COME UNTO ME ALL YE.
DOTH NOT WISDOM CRY?
ENTER NOT INTO JUDGMENT.
GOD IS OUR REFUGE.
GOD IS A SPIRIT.
HEAR THE PRAYER OF THY SERVANT.
HOW LOVELY ARE THY DWELLINGS.
HOLY LORD GOD OF SABAOTH.
HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNT'NS.
HOW BEAUTIFUL IS ZION.
HAPPY AND BLEST. IF YE LOVE ME.
IT IS A GOOD THING.
LET THE WORDS OF MY MOUTH.
LET US NOW GO TO BETHLEHEM.
O LORD, HOW MANIFOLD.
PRAISE WAITETH FOR THEE.
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COME, YE THAT LOVE THE LORD
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IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST I GLORY.
JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.
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WHOLE No. 897. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 4, 1875. VOL. XXXV. No. 11.

Love's Reward.

For Love I labored all the day,
Through morning chill and midday heat,
For surely with the evening gray,
I thought, Love's guerdon shall be sweet.

At eventide, with weary limb,
I brought my labors to the spot
Where Love had bid me come to him;
Thither I came, but found him not.

For he with idle folk had gone
To dance the hours of night away;
And I that toiled was left alone,
Too weary now to dance or play.

—F.W.BOURDILLON, in September Atlantic.

The Dancing Bear.

Far over Elfland poets stretch their sway,
And win their dearest crowns beyond the goal
Of their own conscious purpose; they control
With gossamer threads wide-flown our fancy's play,
And so our action. On my walk to-day
A wallowing bear begged clumsily his toll,
When straight a vision rose of Atta Troll,
And scenes ideal witched mine eyes away.
"*Merci, Monsieu!*" the astonished bear-ward cried,
Grateful for thrice his hope to me, the slave
Of partial memory, seeing at his side
A bear immortal; the glad dole I gave
Was none of mine; poor Heine o'er the wide
Atlantic welter reached it from his grave.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, in September Atlantic.

Dr. Hanslick on the Grand Opera, Paris.

[We are indebted, as we have been many times before, to the London "Musical World" for saving us the labor of translating (and, it is no false modesty to add, for doing it better than we should have done) the celebrated Austrian critic's bright and animated description of the new Grand Operahouse, which appeared originally in the Vienna "Neue Freie Presse."]

I have reserved to the last my opinion of the Grand Opera. I wanted to wait until I was a little less dazzled by its magnificence and a little more edified by its performances. I found, however, small inducements to visit it often. You might live five months in Paris, and yet see, in exactly five evenings, the entire repertory of the New Operahouse. Since it was opened on the 5th January, 1875 (the anniversary of the bombardment of Paris), only five operas have been produced: *La Juive*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Hamlet*, *La Favorite*, and, to wind up the list, *Les Huguenots*. Independent ballets, filling the entire evening, are no longer given, but Donizetti's *Favorite*, on account of its shortness, has often two acts of an old ballet, *La Source*, tacked to it. The "majestic slowness" which, from time immemorial, always distinguished the Paris Grand Opera, like some indelible characteristic, or like a kind of priestly consecration, is now greater than ever, thanks to the necessity of new scenery. Our own Imperial Operahouse in Vienna produced, during the first five months of its existence, three times as many operas as the Grand Operahouse, Paris, in the same period, and that, too, with a company employed (alternately in the old and new house) every day. There are only four performances a week at the Paris Operahouse, three of them being included in the subscription. That the management does not make up its mind to give at least a fifth, is something surprising, as the public flock in an extraordinary manner to the performances, and every place is taken a week in advance. But those who purchase a box or a stall are guaranteed only a particular evening, and not a particular opera. It is the new house and not the performance which, for the present, attracts all attention. Let M. Halanzier give what he chooses, his theatre, provided there is some brilliantly lighted music between the acts, will be filled to the ceiling—golden days for a manager. A regular take of 19,000 francs, which rises, when the subscription list is suspended, to 21 or 22,000; and, in addition to this, an annual State grant of nearly a million! With the opening of the new house, however, the French Government adopted the sensible plan of regulating this grant according to a sliding scale; the grant is cut down immediately the receipts exceed a certain sum.

The architecture of the new Operahouse, and the mode in which the edifice has been decorated inside with frescoes, statues, and mosaics, has often been described at length. A description of all this may the more properly be omitted here, as I am not competent to speak authoritatively on such matters, and can do no more than record the impression made on myself individually. The new theatre is a magnificent structure, of which the Parisians have just cause to be proud. It was fourteen years building, or double the time required for the erection of the Vienna Operahouse. The brilliancy of the internal arrangements eclipses the effect of the edifice itself, the principal front of which appears rather crushed and pinched up, though the repeated contemplation of it continually reveals fresh beauties. The only objects that struck me as objectionable were the two gigantic golden genii on the attica, each of which raises one arm and both wings perpendicularly towards the sky; and, with its outlines, totally deficient in repose, and visible from a great distance, pursues the spectator in all directions. Directly he enters, the visitor is struck by one of the principal beauties of the new theatre: the large dimensions of all the localities attached to the auditorium, among them being the spacious grand vestibule, with the statues, in a sitting posture, of celebrated composers; the imposing crush room, supported on columns; and the entrance to the pay-places, where the attendants, decked out in massy official chains, preside with the dignity of judges over all who come in or go out. As with us in Vienna, the magnificent staircase, with its broad flights of steps, constitutes the gem of the building, and after this comes the *foyer*, or saloon. The latter is far larger and more brilliant than the one in Vienna, and so lofty that the visitor dislocates his neck in the vain attempt to make out, on the ceiling painted by Baudry, the connection between the various figures tumbling and sprawling over each other. You fancy you will be blinded by the walls streaming with gold, the chandeliers sparkling with their hundred lights, and the gigantic mirrors, which indefinitely reflect all the gorgeousness of the confused mass. Cloyed with this glittering magnificence, you turn from the grand saloon into the *Avant-Foyer*. The walls of this are decorated with mythological pictures executed in costly mosaic; it seems as though a piece of the Byzantine splendor of St. Mark's had been mislaid and found its way here. Mosaic is the special fancy of Garnier, the architect of the theatre. He was obliged to send for workmen from Venice, as there were none in Paris who understood this branch of art. Though marvellously carried out, these mosaics strike one in their present situation as a motiveless improvisation. Indeed, the whole, generally, is, to my taste, too luxurious, too heavy with gold, and, in a word, too loud in color, especially for a theatre, in which the accessory portions, though beautiful and convenient, should not be the principal consideration, and attract everyone's entire attention. Such decoration strikes me as greatly overstepping the limits of artistic beauty, and as suggesting the swagger of the spendthrift. We think first of the millionaire and only afterwards of the artist. The staircase of the Vienna Operahouse, with its white marble and fine architectural proportions, and our *foyer*, with its cheerful elegance, and its highly poetical frescoes, are not so dazzling in their effect, but they are more stately and noble. The mural paintings of our never-to-be-forgotten Schwind illustrate well known scenes from the most celebrated operas which have made their mark in Vienna. It is something of this kind, something historical, which I grievously miss in the pictorial decoration of the Paris Operahouse. Mythology, nothing save mythology, reigns there. From the Muses (reduced to eight because funds for the ninth were forgotten) to the large ceiling-pictures of "Harmony and Melody" "Apollo's Victory over Marsyas," etc., naught but allegorical and mythological figures! There would have been plenty of room left for these, even if one hall, or one saloon, had been devoted to the great and important persons and events in whom and in which the history of French opera is richer than any other. Heavy magnificence, bristling with gold, characterises, also, the auditorium, especially the proscenium and the stage-boxes. Such a number of massive gold relievi, gold lyres, gold trump-blowing genii, etc., produces an effect which oppresses the spectator, while it diverts his attention. Much of this, may, though in time, be diminished, partly from the force of habit among the public, and partly by the gradual softening down of all the glitter itself.

In the way of comfort the auditorium is nearly perfection. The fauteuils are wide; the rows of seats have plenty of space between them; and access to all the places is easy. A large carpet covers the entire flooring, renders inaudible the footsteps of those who are continually coming or going, and gives the parquet the appearance of an elegant saloon. The ventilation is not for a moment to be compared with the system (which cannot be too highly praised) adopted in the Vienna Operahouse. In the midst of so much comfort and luxury, there are two evils in the Paris Operahouse which are inexplicable. These are the cloak-room and the refreshment-room. The ideal of a cloak-room has never yet been realized. Crowding, draughts, and confusion, seem to be the sponsorial gifts bestowed by Fate upon all such institutions, even in the dearest theatre in the world—namely, the Italian Operahouse, London. The most spacious and best sheltered cloak-room in existence is that of which the Vienna Operahouse boasts. In Paris the cloak-rooms for the pit consist of three or four small compartments, at the counters of which only three gentlemen can stand and be served at one time. Still more frightful—nay, when compared to the brilliant *foyer* next to it, almost ghostly—is the refreshment-room; a melancholy and badly lighted passage, with naked grey walls, and scarcely any fittings. The conviction that such a room, out of place anywhere save in old barracks or a prison, is only provisional, forces itself involuntarily upon one.

This, indeed, is the fact. Nothing but money is wanting to carry out the original elegant design. There is little hope, however, of the hole being improved for a considerable period, though it ought not to have been tolerated, especially in Paris, for a single week.

The signal for the rising of the curtain, the three heavy blows on a wooden block, is heard —certainly an antediluvian substitute for the sound of the bell; but, on account of a credible tradition connected with it, still retained all over France. These three blows, and the date, 1669, prominently displayed in large figures over the stage, are—if we exclude the busts of a few composers—all that reminds us of the two hundred years that the Académie Nationale de Musique has been in existence. The curtain—a "curtain" in the strict acceptation of the term, purple, with a white lace border, without any figures—goes up. The opera given is *Les Huguenots*. We observe with satisfaction that the fiddle-bows of the violinists never come between our eyes and the stage, and that the instruments do not drown the voices of the singers; the orchestra lies lower than ours: this is right. The acoustic qualities of the house are good, if not so excellent as in the house which was burnt down in the Rue Le Pelletier, and which was mostly constructed of wood. The new house is more favorable to the singers than to the instrumentalists, from whom we should have expected more vigor and brilliancy. The defect is attributable, not to the more than usually low level of the orchestra, but to its numbers, which are insufficient for so large a space. With ten or fifteen more violins the defect would be remedied. And now about the performance itself. We are bound to state openly and fearlessly that the musical execution at the new Operahouse is not in any way comparable to the magnificence and grandeur of the building. The singing birds are not worth such a bejewelled and golden cage. On the stage, nearly all that I considered excellent, and of any value, was the scenery, costumes, ballets, and processions. With the exception of one or two, the singers individually can lay no claim to be considered first-class artists, worthy of the Grand Paris Operahouse; which, however, has the right, and is bound to have the very best of everything. Two facts, unreservedly communicated to me, prove, more forcibly than any description of mine could prove, the musical deterioration of the famous institution. Gounod will not allow his *Polyeucte*, and Verdi will not allow his *Aida* to be played there as long as the company is constituted as at present. Villaret, the tenor, sang the part of Raoul — Villaret, an aged and corpulent cad (*Philister*), all whose mimic power consists in a permanent stupidly-knowing smile, and all whose action is restricted to two stereotyped movements of the arms. His voice is still strong, though no longer mellow nor fresh. He never knew anything about the art of singing; and the first romance ("Plus blanche,") which must not be screamed, is beyond him. In a character such as that of Raoul his mere appearance produces a comical impression. I could not help continually glancing over to Roger, who was in the pit, contemplating this Raoul with a truly elegiac mien. What must have been going on in the breast of so clever and amiable an artist, who, in the same character, has touched and entranced every heart! Mdlle. Gabriele Krauss sang the music of Valentine in the hollow tremulous voice which we know so well in Vienna. A good musician, intelligent, and experienced as she is, she gets through the part respectably, without, however, once carrying away her audience. To speak truth, the public, who, as a rule, leave the *claque* to do the applause, though they throw off their reserve in the case of their favorites, such as Faure, Miolan, and some others, assumed a rather passive attitude towards her. Even the Parisian critics, usually so good-natured, especially for Mdlle. Krauss, indulged in anxiously palliative terms about her Valentine. For Paris, this lady's principal merit is, there can be no doubt, the correctness and certainty with which she speaks French. Mad. Miolan-Carvalho, a lady between forty and fifty, with well preserved remains of beauty and voice, was the Queen. She sings also the charters of Gretchen, Julia, and Ophelia, and was thus a perfect godsend when she winged her flight from the Opéra-Comique to the Grand Opera. She is an admirable adept in husbanding her resources; and if her efforts want the depth and power of passion, they enlist the sympathies of the public by the charm of sober and elegant art. The Parisians evince a feeling of pious and tender regard for their artists; and the recollection of Mad. Miolan in her prime acts for them as a sounding-board, which strengthens her voice of to-day. In Paris more particularly, therefore, the respect manifested for this fair artist is intelligible and justifiable.

As Mad. Miolan towers artistically above all the other ladies of the Grand Opera, so does the popular baritone, Faure, tower above the men. His easy and elegant style of acting still shows that he came from the Opéra-Comique. In the noble development of the tone, and in the perfect blending of the latter with the clearly articulated words, in all the artistic resources of vocalization and expressive cantilena, Faure is not to be surpassed. It is only when anything depends upon iron energy and force of voice that he is behind our own Beck in the results obtained. Faure's Don Juan ends just about where Beck's Don Juan begins: in the banquet scene of the second *finale*. Such parts as that of Nevers, in *Les Huguenots*, become, in Faure's hands, without his putting himself intrusively forward, central points of interest in the drama. Marcel is still sung valiantly by old Belval, the Paris Draxler. In Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet* Faure plays the part of the hero with intelligence and delicate feeling, and Mad. Miolan that of Ophelia with quiet grace. They are supported very unworthily by Mad. Gueymard, a veteran songstress without a voice, or the least trace of talent, as Queen Gertrude; by a very middling King Claudius (Ponsard); and by a melancholy little tenor (Bosquin) as Laertes.

I heard a different set of artists in Halévy's *Juive*. Mdlle. Mauduit as Rachel, the most insignificant and uninteresting singer it is possible to conceive. She appears in the first act with blond hair combed upwards, and a broad plait round her forehead, without turban or veil. Her whole performance was not even bad; it was a nullity. The representative of Eleazar, Monsieur Solomon, soon won the sympathies of the audience, who, the day before, had put up with M. Villaret, as Raoul. A vigorous, well-grown young man, with a soft and sonorous tenor voice, which, though somewhat veiled and not quite taking enough in the high notes, sounds as healthy as his style is simple and straightforward. We prophesy for this beginner, so liberally endowed by nature, a fine career, provided he possesses sufficient industry and intelligence. There was certainly nothing of the latter quality to be discovered in his Eleazar, for he had not the least notion of the part. Neither the national characteristic of the Jew, nor his fanatical disposition, thirsting for revenge, were indicated by a single look. M. Solomon played the whole part with his head majestically erect, in an unctuous manner, as mild as buttermilk, and as though he wanted to bless all Christendom —a perfect apostle. Never have I witnessed such a dramatic mistake. Mad. Daram, a little person, tolerably devoid of personal charm, who played also the Page in *Les Huguenots*, sang the music of Eudoxie very respectably, with a flexible little voice. Prince Leopold (Bosquin) was evidently a Saxon schoolmaster in disguise, and performed with the most exhilarating effect. The operatic performances in Vienna are certainly defective in many respects; but when one is at the Grand Opera, Paris, and thinks of voices like those of Mesdes. Ehnn, Materna, Wilt; of Herren Beck, Rokitansky, Müller, Labatt, and others, one feels a pleasant patriotic feeling permeate one's breast. Let us, however, turn rather to the sunny side of the Paris Opera. I mean the *mise-en-scène*, employing the word in its widest acceptation. First comes the scenery. This does not belong to the obtrusive kind, in which the painter strives to obtain effects of color and brilliancy at any price; it consists of poetically-conceived pictures, full of character. How beautiful, and marked by sombre feeling, is the snow-clad landscape and terrace in the first act of *Hamlet*, how regally cheerful the Parc de Chenonceaux in the second act of *Les Huguenots*, with its monumental flight of steps, on which are pictorially arranged a battalion of pages, ladies of the Court, and halberdiers! How charming, and, at the same time, how grand, is the open stretch of meadow, where the tournament is held, in the third act of *La Juive*, with the knightly castle and the mountain range in the background! The art displayed in the scenery finds a pendant in the rich, picturesque, and historically-true costumes, and the effective arrangement of the groups and processions. The entry of the Emperor in the first act of *La Juive*, as well as the tournament and ballet in the third, must be classed among the most perfect scenic specimens of the kind. An unusually charming idyllic picture opens the fourth act of *Hamlet*—the rustic dance, with which Ophelia's original songs are so gracefully interwoven. The ballets exhibit tasteful splendor and great precision of movement. I could not perceive in them any vast store of female beauty, though (or, because?), being in the manager's box, which is on the stage itself, I had the ladies close to me. I enjoyed a still nearer view of them in the celebrated "*Foyer de la Danse*," an elegant apartment, where the fair dancers congregate in full ballet costume, and receive the homage of the *Jeunesse* (and *Vieillesse*) *dorée*. This is a right which the male subscribers would not give up at any price, and which can be exercised only in dress coat and white necktie. A gem of the new Operahouse, and, perhaps, the most precious innovation connected with it, is to be found—unknown and unappreciated by the public—on the fifth story. I allude to the library and archives of the Grand Opera, preserved in a magnificent locale, and in the most exemplary order. In this respect the new Paris Operahouse is a model for all the theatres in the world, and, some day or other, I will beg my readers to climb up with me to the fifth story aforesaid.

To Parents and Guardians.

BY HENRY C. LUNN.

I recollect once being told by a celebrated Professor that in his classes there was always one pupil who profited by every lesson, and that was himself. So conscientious an admission as this is indeed rare from one constantly engaged in tuition: but all who know how much more difficult it is to teach than to learn must feel that every year adds to their store of experience, and cannot but admire the genuineness of the reply given by an eminent pianist to a lady, who applied to him for "finishing" lessons, that "he would be happy to do his best, but that he had not yet finished himself." The truth is that, as a rule, although persons may admit the necessity of bestowing time and attention upon the acquisition of an art, they do not consider that an almost equal amount of time and attention is necessary to study how to convey a knowledge of that art to others; and thus it is that, trading upon the ignorance of parents and guardians who desire that those entrusted to their care shall "learn music," showy pianists, unformed singers, and shallow theorists often make a better income than those who have always zealously labored to place their pupils in the right path, unmoved by the gentle admonitions directly or indirectly conveyed to them during their course of instruction. Let the truth not be disguised that at many private seminaries Professors of music

are engaged, not because they are talented and hold a high position in the world of art, but because they can "introduce a pupil." At others, ladies who have studied music as an accomplishment are themselves the proprietors and teachers of the establishment, placing, however, the name of an eminent player or singer in the prospectus, at ruinous terms, if such instruction "be desired;" and at some schools it is well known that so little is music regarded that even those who send their daughters there are not aware by whom they are taught. To enlarge therefore upon the utter want of musical knowledge displayed by the majority of amateurs whilst the opportunities for acquiring it are so limited, would be manifestly absurd; but a few observations upon the subjects most commonly ignored or misunderstood in early training may perhaps meet the eyes of those who select Professors, or have them selected for them, and lead them to make enquiries before committing a pupil to their charge.

In the first place, as our hands are not formed for the Pianoforte, it is obvious that we have to form them. Four fingers and a thumb are not easily brought under such perfect subjection as to ensure equality of execution, without a long course of diligent and patient study; and at the commencement, therefore, it is as necessary to be taught how to hold our fingers over the key-board, in order to play, as to be taught how to hold our pen over the paper in order to write. It is true that the fingers may be dabbed down on the key-board, so as to produce a sound, as the pen may be dashed on the paper to produce a mark; but the intelligent master foresees the necessity of preparing for rapid execution in the one case, and for rapid writing in the other, and will not therefore allow a pupil to commence in a position which he knows to be a wrong one. Seeing that the thumb is short, strong, and separated from the fingers, like an unruly child, it will unquestionably baffle all attempts at discipline, if vigorous measures be not adopted at first. "Five finger exercises" are all very well if practised in all keys, and so that a coin placed upon the hand shall remain undisturbed; and remain there until it is wanted again, how long will it be before the four fingers can be joined with a fifth? "Practising the scales" every day is usually considered as easy a matter as going out to take a walk; but the truth is that it requires a trained ear to detect whether two consecutive notes, even, are played with precisely the same tone. How much more difficult then to play three, and pass the thumb under upon the fourth without the slightest perceptible jerk to the player or listener; and yet this is what children are permitted to attempt, either without any supervision at all, or under the direction of a Governess who, although a "brilliant pianist" has never perhaps studied even the elements of the art she professes to teach. No wonder, then, that "playing the scales" is too often regarded by children as a sort of treadmill for the fingers, to which they are condemned for the crime of being young; and the fact of their ardently longing for the time of their emancipation is pretty evident from their almost invariably ignoring scale practice as soon as they possibly can; indeed I was once told by a pianist of the ripe age of thirteen, that her little sister "ran up her scales," but that she had "got beyond them." That in the majority of schools the great aim is to "play fast" may be proved by the number of Exercises for "velocity," and the very few for "equality," which are used; and as rapid music, with juvenile players, always generates rapid practice, there can be no wonder why the touch is often irretrievably destroyed at an age when it should be steadily in the process of formation. All this is, of course, bad enough; and hard, indeed, is the task of the master who is called upon in after years to "finish" what has never been commenced; but when we consider the blank state of the young pupil's mind upon the principles of the art on leaving school, it would in truth be strange, even supposing that her executive powers had been carefully trained, if she could give the slightest meaning to the simplest piece until she had been, bar by bar, coached up in it by a teacher who would continue to think for her. Such a statement may seem strange to many; but I speak from experience, and an official investigation on the subject (which must some day come) will prove that at numerous Educational Establishments where the highest terms are paid, the pupils, who have for years scrambled through pieces in imitation of the manner in which they have heard them performed by their master, are utterly ignorant of what key they are playing in, the value of notes and rests, the various species of time, the merest rudiments of phrasing, or the correct method of executing any one of the various embellishments to be met with in the simplest composition.

And now, to take these subjects in the order here mentioned, I would ask how any accurate knowledge is to be gained by the method in which they are usually attempted to be taught in schools. A pupil is told to look at the signature of a piece in order to know what key it is in, and always to believe that it is in a major key, unless she finds that the fifth (which is *not* the fifth, but the seventh) is continually raised. Of course, if she had never been "taught" there would be some hope for her, as she would then have no confused ideas about the "relative minor," and simply name the note upon which the whole piece is founded, reckoning whether the third from it is large or small. Beethoven's *Sonata pathétique*, for example, would be said by any child to be "in C" (if she were not tempted by her "teaching" to say that it is in E flat major), and it would then require but small calculation to find that the third is minor, according to the signature. That the minor key is constructed out of the materials used for what is termed its "relative major" is a matter of musical history, with which a pupil should have nothing to do at first. The *fact* is, that in modern music the question should be whether a piece is in a certain tonic major or minor, and it is absurd to suppose that there is any difficulty in determining this. Granted that by adopting this method we get rid of many time-honored notions inseparably bound up with obsolete scales, we at least teach in accordance with the age we live in; and from experience I can say that I never heard a young pupil succeed in naming the key by adhering to the old system, and never heard her fail by following the new.

Were we to see a child throwing down shillings, sixpences, florins, half-crowns, and threepenny pieces in a heap upon the table, and, without noticing their relative differences, pettishly exclaiming that she "cannot make up a pound's worth of silver," we should certainly reprove her and say that her task will be hopeless unless she patiently counts the precise value of each piece of money, and thoroughly understands the fact that twenty shillings make a pound. Yet this is what is daily going on at many of our schools with notes instead of coins. Minims, crotchets, quavers, dots, double dots, rests, &c., convey no idea to the performer, because she has never been taught from the first to count them; and when, thoroughly disheartened, she exclaims that she "never *can* play in time," she really means that her experiment of ascertaining the value of notes *without* counting them has been unsuccessful. To help her over this difficulty, and make both herself and her parents believe that she is "getting on," the passages are often played to her, and her imitation of what she hears (like a drawing "touched up" by the master) passes with those who know no better as the result of the excellent teaching she is receiving. Counting, in learning to play, like spelling, in learning to read, is merely a means to an end; and an experienced performer, therefore, can dispense with the first, as an experienced reader can dispense with the second: but both are necessary in early training; and were a child taught that the value of a note is as important as its pitch, no misapprehension on the subject could ever occur; indeed it may be said that any young player who pursues the method of carefully counting every note and rest will find that the real difficulty is to play *out* of time.

Coming now to the subject usually headed in instruction-books "The various species of time," it can scarcely be imagined that much sound knowledge can exist upon the matter, considering that, in reality, it has nothing whatever to do with the "time" in which a piece is to be played, but merely relates to the measure, or rhythm. As the word itself, then, conveys no meaning to students, it is not likely that the two figures usually placed at the commencement will help them in doing more than arriving at a knowledge of the number of notes contained in a bar; so that 2 means 2, 6 means 6, 12 means 12, and 9 means 9; the rhythm (of course represented by the grouping, which is utterly ignored) being, although the most important matter, scarcely spoken of. Ask a child what 6.8 time is, and you will be told (if she remember the words she has been taught) that it is six quavers in the bar, which is of course like saying that 6.8 signifies 6.8. Tell her that it has two beats in the bar, and she will wonder what you mean; for she will of course imagine that six quavers, made up anyhow, must be 6.8 time. All this false teaching arises from the fact of the quantity instead of the *measure* (in "compound time," as it is termed) being represented by the upper of the two figures. Were it ever the custom to teach that you may take four, two or three notes of any kind in the bar that when these notes are without dots they must each move in *twos*, and when with dots they must move in *threes*, there would be nothing more to learn, for the licence of writing triplets in simple time is known to every child. That any young pupil will arrive at this fact herself I am inclined to doubt, for in the little teaching she has had, the truth (as far as compound time at least is concerned) is carefully hidden. How, for instance, can she discover that 6.4 or 6.8 is merely moving in two triplets in the bar, in the same time as two doublets, when she is impressed with the conviction that, in all cases, a "dot after a note makes it half as long again?"

Were pupils taught to *unbar* their music in order to get at the phrasing intended by the composer, they would at once be able to sing with their fingers as they should sing with the voice; but whilst the lingering notion prevails that the bar lines do more than regulate the *measure*, there can be little hope of any clear ideas on the subject. To finger a passage as you phrase it, it is necessary to know how you *should* phrase it; and although this is clearly enough expressed upon the paper, we rarely find that pupils do more than imitate the master, because they are not taught those principles which can ever make the music come from themselves. Take, for instance, the second subject in Beethoven's Sonata in G minor (Op. 49, No. 1)—a well known school piece—and were it taught as a child would be taught to read a book—in phrases instead of single notes—it could be fingered in no other way than with the fourth finger on the first F in the second bar, and the thumb on the next F, because the first ends a phrase and the second begins one; but the pupil who even fingers it correctly, having no reason for so doing, plays both F's with precisely the same touch, because all she knows is what she has been told—that the "principal accent takes place on the first of the bar," and can scarcely comprehend that the beginning or end of a phrase can occur in any part of the bar that the composer pleases; indeed that the first note of a bar is often the last note of a phrase never enters the mind, and the listener therefore hears each sentence chopped up into bars, precisely as he often hears a beautiful piece of poetry chopped up into lines, the *measure*, of course, with untrained

pupils, in both instances taking precedence of, and therefore obscuring, the sense.

The manner of performing the numerous embellishments in the music both of the past and present time is so little systematized in teaching that the pupils seem left to grope out a method for themselves; so that turns and shakes are usually played rather as interruptions than as ornaments to the flow of a passage. *Appoggiaturas*, too, are often performed as *acciaccaturas*, and *acciaccaturas* as *appoggiaturas;* indeed in the majority of Instruction Books the two are positively confounded together. If this ignorance then exist in the teacher, how can we wonder at the ignorance of the pupil? Turns, direct and inverted, over notes and over dots; shakes, beats, &c., are no doubt easily explained, but they are more easily played, by the master; and a pupil generally prefers hearing a thing done to being told the theory of doing it.

Of course I could extend these observations to a much greater length—for the theme is sufficiently fertile—but my object, as I have already said, is simply to draw the attention of those who have the care of young people, to the manner in which much of the musical education in this country is now conducted. The day may come when the possession of a diploma, granted by competent authorities, shall be considered—as in the medical profession—the only proof of thorough competence; but this time has not yet arrived, and it behoves parents and guardians, therefore, to think for themselves in the matter, and to exercise a little care in the choice of masters for a branch of education which is now rapidly ceasing to be treated, even in fashionable society, as a mere showy accomplishment. A sound musical training should be guaranteed in every establishment of any position; and this cannot be expected whilst either apathy or ignorance is permitted or overlooked at the lessons; for to ensure steady and satisfactory progress in the pupil, it is necessary that the master shall not only teach all he knows, but that he shall know all he teaches.—*London Musical Times.*

The "Vibrato," (alias "Tremolo," alias "Wobble.")

The following letter to the London *Musical Standard* (from our excellent friend William H. Cummings?), touches many of our own singers, as well as those in England; although we think we can say that the evil practice has considerably abated here of late.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MUSICAL STANDARD."

Sir,—During the past musical season a tendency to indulge in "vibrato" singing on the part of many vocalists who have occupied prominent positions has been only too frequent, and, so far as I have seen, the press has passed by this terrible failing without the censure it assuredly deserves.

In the case of the quartett of vocalists brought here by Verdi to sing in his Requiem, and who presented so many admirable qualities in their singing, the public press seemed deaf and blind to the fatal fault to which I have referred. The soprano was quite incapable of sustaining with a steady tone A above the staff, and I heard, during one of the Requiem performances, a lady near me, remark, "what a beautiful shake the vocalist had," when composer and singer were guiltless of any intention to introduce a shake.

Now all true and well educated vocalists know that a shaking or trembling voice is not a desirable thing to cultivate, but the very reverse, and that it is also a sure indication of insufficient or false training, or of taxing the vocal organs beyond their natural capabilities. It is, of course, sometimes the result of failing powers from old age, and frequently in such cases we can admire the skill of the artist who, triumphing over his physical failings, causes us to regard chiefly his ripened judgment and mental superiority; but when youth begins to imitate the *palsies* of old age it is time for those who stand by to raise a warning voice. Yours, &c.,

W. H. C.

The *Standard* editorially endorses the complaint, and carries it still farther, thus:

Our correspondent W. H. C. is entitled to speak with authority, and his warning against the constant indulgence of the *vibrato* should engage, not only the serious attention of vocalists themselves, but the careful consideration of the musical profession and public. A couple of years ago we ourselves attacked the evil, and now that there is no sign of the diminution of the disease, it is high time again to comment on it, and protest against the pernicious practice. Like many current vices, it might have had its origin in what—for the nonce—we may term a virtue. It is probable that a singer, carried away by intense feeling at some specially dramatic situation, may have first employed the *vibrato*, to intensify the effect of the music. And this was only in accordance with the dictates of nature, for the voice invariably trembles with deep passionate feeling. Used in this unaffected and natural way, the *vibrato* is charming, and unquestionably heightens the effect of the situation thus treated. But we may have too much even of the best things, and the misuse of this grace, and the exaggeration into which it has grown, have now assumed alarming proportions. That which gave a thrilling intensity to certain notes in particular passages, has developed into a lachrymose trembling on every note sung; and now the abuse of a useful feature has created in unsophisticated minds a strong objection to its employment at all. This indeed is not to be wondered at, for the vice is spreading so widely, and rapidly becoming so fashionable, that, unless checked, we shall soon have our musicians imitating "the palsies of old age," as W. H. C. puts it, instead of interpreting their art with robust strength. Let it be clearly understood that a trembling voice is a blemish, not a beauty; and that the unpleasant feature is not a thing to be desired, but a defect to be regretted. Its constant use denotes not only bad taste, but bad training, or else a worn out voice. Hitherto this detestable style has been exclusively confined to foreign singers—chiefly French—but there are signs of its adoption by some of our young English singers. There is no need to mention names, but concert goers of the present season must have heard more than one aspirant for the palsied *rôle*. These young vocalists would soon abandon the practice could they but appreciate the sorry exhibition that they make of themselves: they should reflect that this vocal asthma eliminates all healthy vigor from music, and only supplies in its place, a feeble enervating effect that quickly palls on the ear, and soon excites weariness and disgust.

But the evil takes a wider range than even our correspondent points out: it has extended very considerably into the instrumental world of music. Solo players on the violin have not been permitted its exclusive use, but all the members of the stringed family freely employ it. The various kinds of wind instruments are following suit: from the gentle flute to the brazen ophicleide, all seem afflicted with the senseless wobble. The street cornet player is great in the tremolo; as to the precise kind of taste which causes its employment here, we care not to enquire. Even the majestic organ has become addicted to the vice; mechanical tremulants, and registers of the "Unda Maris" and "Voix celeste" qualities find favor among the admirers of this nuisance. Of course the harmonium has coarsely imitated the feature; and very distressing it is to hear some choice ditty wobbling its shaky length along on the sixteen feet stop to which the tremolo is attached. The evil has thus become so general, that, unless a change takes place, the uninstructed public will fancy the whole body of musicians to be suffering from a sort of St. Vitus's dance.

Madame Patey.

(*From the "Saturday Programme," London.*)

What opera is to Italy, so are oratorio and the British ballads to England. During the last ten years English opera, properly so called, has been sadly neglected in London, but we have kept up our taste for ballets and oratorios with a vengeance. Our repertory in each department is a most extensive one, while, so far as artists and choralists are concerned, we are equal to any nation on the face of the globe. In Germany the taste for oratorios is shared with that for operas. In Italy oratorios are almost unknown. The Americans do not at present possess our opportunities and resources in this respect, though they are fast making up for lost time; while the taste for oratorio in France, long dormant, is now apparently only about to be revived. In England the case is different. Not only in London, where we have upwards of thirty amateur choral societies, but in every town of any importance in the provinces may be found associations of amateurs who practise and perform oratorios and other choral works. The love of this branch of the art is, in fact, general throughout the country, and the numerous performances of oratorios given in the course of the winter season afford employment to almost as many artists as can be found for the work. This being the case, it almost becomes a matter of course that the name of a great and popular English vocalist should be peculiarly identified with oratorio. And so it is in the case of Madame Patey. First as Miss Whytock, afterwards as Madame Patey-Whytock, and still more recently as Madame Patey, the lady has been for many years celebrated as an oratorio singer. Since the retirement of Madame Sainton-Dolby, Madame Patey has come still more into prominent notice, and she now stands, without fear of rivalry, the leading contralto of England. There is no artist, English or foreign, before the public who can approach her on her own ground, and in oratorio Madame Patey unquestionably stands the first contralto vocalist of the day.

When last year the energetic and talented M. Lamoureux made a vigorous and highly successful attempt to reintroduce oratorio into France, it was to Madame Patey that he applied to become his chief contralto soloist. Jealous as French musicians naturally are of the supposed pre-eminence of their own country in all musical matters, the utter absence of a French contralto vocalist of adequate talent and experience for the performance of oratorio was perforce admitted, and Madame Patey was offered, and accepted, a special fee to cross the Channel to sing the *Messiah* in French. All the articles, critical or adulatory, that could be written, and all the applause gained in her own country, cannot proclaim Madame Patey's high talent better than this simple fact. Few, very few, English artists are able to make a name on the Continent; but Madame Patey's success in Paris was so great that she was specially retained to sing before the highly critical audience of the Société des Concerts (better known as the Conservatoire Concerts), the performance of which, amateurs need hardly be reminded, rank on the Continent equal only to those of the Gewandhaus Concerts of Leipzig and the Philharmonic Concerts of Vienna. In America, too, Madame Patey is a great favorite, and this, notwithstanding that the New World possesses some highly-gifted contralto vocalists of its own.

As a ballad-singer Madame Patey has also a high and well-merited reputation. It has been said, and with some degree of truth, that many vocalists of high talent cannot sing a simple ballad. This is, to a certain extent, a fact, so far as many foreign artists are concerned, but most English vocalists can sing ballads. Madame Patey's fame, in this respect, therefore, needs no special comment: she has for many years been the chief contralto vocalist at Mr. John Boosey's ballad concerts, while, for every important concert given in London or the provinces, at every musical festival, and wherever there is English music to be sung, we find Madame Patey's name at the head of the list of contraltos. In the English provinces Madame Patey's popularity has long ago been assured. A distinguished English amateur once said he had heard a great many English and foreign artists in the provinces, some were highly popular: some were much admired for special gifts of nature or of training; some drew large audiences for brilliancy of vocalization; but the name of Madame Patey was held throughout the country with a general feeling of the deepest respect. This is true. The lady is greatly admired as an artist, but it is still more flattering mark of regard to say that Madame Patey is universally respected as an Englishwoman.

It has been the custom at this season of the year, for some years past, for Madame Patey to take round the provinces a representative troupe of English vocalists. Other troupes, both English and foreign, go the rounds, some to give concerts, others to give performances of operas; but, though they often attract large and brilliant audiences, Madame Patey's concert party never suffers in popularity by competition. It appeals especially to a very large class of provincial amateurs, who love to hear English music sung by English vocalists; and Madame Patey's concert troupe finds nightly employment in the large towns until the winter performances of oratorio interfere with the arrangements of the individual members of the company, and it is compelled to be temporarily disbanded. It may surprise many amateurs to hear, although the directors of country choral societies and other provincial *entrepreneurs* are fully aware of the fact, that, notwithstanding the large number of English vocalists

- perse, ye gal - lant men, Dis - perse, dis - perse, ye gal - lant men. Se -

ye gal - lant men, Dis - perse, dis - perse, ye gal - lant men. Se -

- perse, ye gal - lant men, Dis - perse, dis - perse, ye gal - lant men. Se -

pp

- cure the pas - ses round the glen. In si - lence there pro - -

pp

- cure the pas - ses round the glen. In si - lence there pro - -

pp

- cure the pas - ses round the glen. Pro -

pp

pp

- tect them. Whose du - - - - ties here di -

- tect..... them, Whose du - - - - ties here di -

tect.... them, Whose du - - - ties here di -

- tect them, Whose du - ties here..... di -

- rect..... them. In si - lence there pro - tect them, Whose

- rect..... them. In si - lence there pro - tect them, Whose

- rect them. In si - lence there pro - tect them, Whose

- rect them, Whose

sempre pp

du - ties here di - rect them, In si - lence!

du - ties here di - rect them, In si - lence!

du - ties here di - rect them, In si - lence!

du - ties here di - rect them, Dis-

pp

Dis - perse, dis - perse, ye gal - lant men; In

Dis - perse, ye gal - lant men; In

Se - cure the pas - ses

- perse, dis - perse, ye gal - lant men, Dis - perse, ye gal - lant men; In

si - - - - - - lence! Dis - perse! Dis -

si - - - - - - lence! Dis - perse, ye gal - lant

round the glen, In si - lence! in si - - -

si - - - - lence! Dis - perse, ye gal - lant

- perse; Se - cure the pass - es round the glen,

men; Se - cure the pass - es round the glen, Se -

lence; Se - cure the pass - es round the glen, Dis -

men; Se - cure the pass - es round the glen, Se -

Se - cure the pass - es round the glen: Dis -

- cure the pass - es round the glen: Dis - perse.....

- perse, dis - - perse, ye gal - lant men: Dis -

- cure, se - cure the pass - es round the glen: Dis -

pp

- perse, dis - perse, dis - perse, ye gal - lant men, Se -

pp

..... dis - perse,.... dis - perse,..... ye gal - lant men, Se -

pp

- perse, dis - perse, dis - perse, ye gal - lant men, Se -

pp

pp sempre. pp

- cure the pass - es round the glen, In si - -

- cure the pass - es round the glen, In si - -

- cure the pass - es round the glen, In si - -

- lence, In si - - - - - - -

- lence, In si - - - -

- lence, In si - - - -

- lence, In si -

available for the purpose, so great is the demand at Christmas time, that the engagements with the principal artists have to be made in July, and that, except for special occasions, it is almost hopeless to retain the services of the leading English vocalists after September or October.

In any notice of Madame Patey it would be impossible to avoid mentioning the name of her husband, Mr. J. G. Patey. As a theoretical and practical musician Mr. Patey holds a very high position; so high, indeed, that if he had been gifted by nature as he is gifted in art he would have been able to make for himself a great name in English history. How much each of this talented couple owes to the other only their private friends can tell; nor does it so far concern the public to know. Madame Patey is now in her prime as an artist. By dint of hard work and great talent she has raised herself to the high position she now occupies and when (we hope many years hence) she, following the example of her eminent predecessor, Madame Sainton-Dolby, chooses to relinquish the more active duties of her profession, and to seek repose in honorable retirement, she will enjoy the consciousness that she has done her duty to her art, and has fairly earned the right to the proud title of a representative English vocalist.

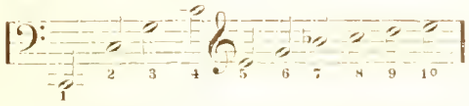
Helmholtz on the Quality of Sounds.

(*From "Church's Musical Visitor."*)

I.

It is perhaps not new to the reader that Professor Helmholtz, of Berlin, has been engaged for a number of years in carefully investigating the nature of sound. The results of his experiments and deductions make up his work, called "*Tonempfindungen*," which was the source of a large part of Tyndall's "Sound," and the clever little book by Mr. Sedley Taylor, called "The Science of Music" (lately published by the Appletons, price $1). The pitch of Helmholtz's discoveries lies, perhaps, in the matter of "partial tones," and "combination tones."

A musical sound—*i. e.*, one having definite pitch—Helmholtz calls a "klang," the word "tone" conveying the idea of a pure and simple sound; whereas few musical sounds are simple tones, but rather combinations of several sounds, which together form a chord. This complexity of klang is most easily recognized in the hum of a bell. For example, the great bell of "Notre Dame" College, at South Bend, Indiana (presented by Napoleon III.), prolongs its clang for some five minutes after being struck, during the most of which time it sounds exactly like a full chord on a very large organ. Let us understand, then, that almost every musical klang consists of a more or less audible chief tone, along with which are heard a number of "harmonic over-tones." The fundamental tone is commonly much stronger than the other "partial tones" of the klang. By "klang-tint" is meant that element of the klang which enables one to distinguish between the tone of a violin and the tone of a flute or any other instrument. The full assortment of over-harmonics reaches as high as ten or twelve. For instance:



The figures give the number of vibrations of each partial tone, as compared with the fundamental.

But not every klang has all these partial tones. The klang of a stopped organ pipe blown at a low wind pressure, gives scarcely any trace of partial tones. The tone of the violin is full of partial tones. Again, the partial tones may be of greater or less intensity, as compared with the fundamental note of the klang. It is the *number and relative intensity of the partial tones* which gives every musical sound its characteristic quality. Even with but four partial tones, and two degrees of intensity, the variation in quality becomes very great. For instance, let *f* and *p* be the degrees of intensity. With one tone soft, we have *fffp, ffpf, fpff, pfff.* With two tones *p*, we have *fppp, pfpp, ppfp, fppp.* Total 14. But as a slight variation in the relative intensity of a single partial tone makes a perceptible change in the quality of the klang, four partial tones would in fact give us a very large number of variations of color.

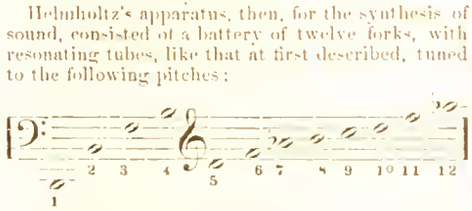
The unaccustomed ear will of course be unable to detect the presence of partial tones in the klang, still less to determine accurately exactly what tones are present, and in what degree of intensity. Helmholtz employs what he calls a "resonator"—a hollow sphere of brass, with a small funnel at one opening, opposite which is a smaller tube to insert into the ear. Such a resonator is in effect a hearing trumpet, tuned to a particular pitch. With a series of such resonators, tuned to different pitches, he was able to determine accurately the presence or absence of given partial tones in any klang. The sum of the "partial-tone" discovery is, then, that every tone-quality is due to the presence of certain specified "partial tones," and their relative intensity—every orchestral instrument having its own ideal pattern of klang, the individual specimens of the same kind more or less closely approximating the standard.

Having hit upon this theory of the real nature of tone-color, and thus solved a conundrum which every investigator before him had been compelled to give up, it remained to demonstrate the truth of his theory by the production of tones of different and determinate quality from the same apparatus, which apparatus seems to me wonderfully ingenious. The key to his apparatus is the fact that a tuning-fork produces a tone almost inaudible, except when its vibrations are communicated to a sounding board (as, *e. g.*, a table or box). Helmholtz discovered that if the vibrating fork be held over the end of a tube of suitable length, the tone would come out clear and strong. For producing each partial tone he employed, therefore, a tuning-fork, fixed opposite a resonating tube, with an opening which could be closed by the interposition of a little damper, or screen, between the tube and the fork, whereby the tube no longer acts as a resonator. The tone comes out clear in proportion as the screen is fully withdrawn. The fork stands vertical on a little table. In order to secure continuous vibration of the fork, he placed its prongs between the poles of an electro-magnet, in such a way that the vibrating prongs would open and close the magnetic circuit. The magnetic current itself was not constant; for if it had been, no vibration could have taken place, since the magnet would have continually attracted the prongs of the fork. At the same time it was indispensable that the interruptions of the current should synchronize with the vibration-times of the fork, since, if the fork vibrate at all, it must do so at its own rate per second. The mechanism by which he accomplished this determinate interruption of the current, was very simple and ingenious. He fixed a large tuning fork, the fundamental tone of his desired klang, between the poles of an electro-magnet. Each prong of the fork bears a platinum wire, dipping into a cup of mercury, one of which is so adjusted that at the extreme point of each vibration, the platinum wire is drawn out of the mercury.

The current enters through one prong of the fork, say at *a* (A, tuning fork), passes round to *b*, thence

to the electro-magnet *cc'*, which, becoming magnetic, draws the prongs of the fork asunder, and so breaks the circuit, by withdrawing the prong *a* from its cup of mercury. The circuit broken, the electro-magnet *c'* loses its power, and the circuit is again made, as at first, when instantly it is again broken, and so on with every vibration of the fork.

Helmholtz's apparatus, then, for the synthesis of sound, consisted of a battery of twelve forks, with resonating tubes, like that at first described, tuned to the following pitches:



The whole set in operation by a galvanic current, interrupted by the vibrations of the fork tuned to the fundamental tone of the klang, B flat, as already described.

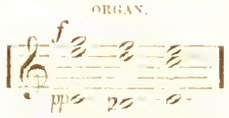
With this apparatus he was able to imitate the vowels of human speech, and most qualities of sound found in organ-pipes and various orchestral instruments. His first trials were made with the first eight forks. U, O, and ö, he obtained quite easily, except that the latter was a little dull for want of the higher partial tones c''' and d'''. The fundamental tone, B flat, gave a very dull U. A very beautiful tone, resulted from giving the eighth partial tone strong and the fourth, sixth, and tenth weaker, the fundamental tone being somewhat diminished. When he suddenly removed the screen, so that the fundamental tone, B flat, came out good and strong, the apparatus immediately and plainly changed its O into U. The vowels *ah* and *ä* required the higher partial tones (the fifth to eighth) to be stronger, the others weaker.

The clarinet tone was characterized by the presence of the odd harmonics only—the third, fifth, seventh, and ninth, etc. Oboe, bassoon, horn, etc., had all the partial tones, but of course in varying intensity. The diapason pipes of the organ give all the harmonics up to the fourth. Narrow pipes, such as the "salicional" and "viol da gamba," gave as high as six harmonics. Stopped wooden pipes gave especially the third and fifth partial tones. Pipes with bell openings bring out especially the high harmonics, from the fifth to the seventh, stronger than the lower. The klang Helmholtz characterizes as "empty but bright." Instruments of the violin family have the first harmonics weaker than in the piano or guitar; the upper ones (sixth to tenth), on the contrary, being much stronger and plainer.

When two or more sounds are heard at the same time, there result "combination tones" (or, as I have formerly called them, "under-harmonics.") In the case of two klangs sounding together, there will be one resulting combination tone—namely, the "greatest common measure" of the series of vibrations producing the two klangs.

These may easily be heard if a few thirds are played loudly on the reed organ. For instance:

ORGAN.



COMBINATION TONES.

When three klangs are sounded together, there result three combination tones. For instance, the triad, *c-g-c*, contains three intervals, the third *c-g*, the fourth *g-c*, and the sixth *c-c*; or, in notes thus, giving rise to the combination tones below:

So that from this chord there arise these three combination tones:

In short, the principle prevails that every chord gives rise to as many partial tones as the chord contains intervals. The reader who would know more, is referred to "Tyndall on Sound," Sedley Taylor's "Science of Music," and especially Helmholtz's "*Die Lehre von Tonempfindungen*" (Brunswick, Fred. Vieweg & Son).

The practical significance of the discovery of the actual nature of tone-quality is very great, and of that I will speak hereafter.

W. S. B. Mathews.

The Poetic Clairvoyance.—What is the poet's condition when writing? If Shakespeare called it a "fine frenzy," a modern psychologist would be quite as likely to say it is a kind of clairvoyance. The poet is a medium, and he has always recognized himself as such ever since and long before the invocation which begins the great early epic. He holds the pen, and the divinity, the muse, the inspiration, the genius, the spirit-influence,—whatever the time may choose to call it,—shapes the characters. The difference in this. In the "medium" commonly so called, the mechanical process of writing is automatically performed by the muscles, in obedience to an impulse not recognized as proceeding from the will. In poetical composition the will is first called in requisition to exclude interfering outward impressions and alien trains of thought. After a certain time the second state or adjustment of the poet's double consciousness (for he has two states, just as the somnambulists have) sets up its own automatic movement, with its special trains of ideas and feelings in the thinking and emotional centres. As soon as the fine frenzy or *quasi* trance-state is fairly established, the consciousness watches the torrent of thoughts and arrests the ones wanted, singly with their fitting expression, or in groups of fortunate sequences which he cannot better by after treatment. As the poetical vocabulary is limited

and its plasticity lends itself only to certain moulds, the mind works under great difficulty, at least until it has acquired by practice such handling of language that every possibility of rhythm or rhyme offers itself actually or potentially to the clairvoyant perception simultaneously with the thought it is to embody. Thus poetical composition is the most intense, the most exciting, and therefore the most exhausting of mental exercises. It is exciting because its mental states are a series of revelations and surprises; intense on account of the double strain upon the attention. The poet is not the same man who seated himself an hour ago at his desk, with the dust-cart and the gutter, or the duck-pond and the hay-stack and the barn-yard fowls beneath his window. He is in the forest with the song-birds; he is on the mountain top with the eagles. He sat down in rusty broadcloth, he is arrayed in the imperial purple of his singing-robes. Let him alone now, if you are wise, for you might as well have pushed the arm that was finishing the smile of a Madonna, or laid a rail before a train that had a queen on board, as thrust your untimely question on this half cataleptic child of the muse, who hardly knows whether he is in the body or out of the body. And do not wonder if, when the fit is over, he is in some respects like one who is recovering after an excess of the baser stimulants.—*From "Exotics," by* Oliver Wendell Holmes, *in September Atlantic.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 4, 1875.

Robert Franz and the German Volkslied and Choral.

We cannot forbear translating and presenting to our readers the principal portions of an essay, recently published at Leipzig, which we feel to be a masterpiece and model of sound, appreciative musical criticism, while it gives a most instructive insight into the whole development of the most important period of musical history: "Robert Franz *und das deutsche Volks-und Kirchenlied,*" *von* August Saran. The writer, who studied theology in Halle, as well as music with Robert Franz, has already become known here by a remarkable Sonata (Fantasia) and other very original and beautiful piano compositions. In the present writing he pays the most intelligent tribute to the genius of his master which has yet appeared, though Liszt and Ambros have written on the same theme with enthusiasm. Saran here shows us precisely wherein the individuality of Franz and the peculiar characteristic of his Songs and all his work consists. He traces the wonderful rich stream back to its quickening spring in the cradle of the Reformation,—to the old German people's melodies and to the Protestant Choral; and, in so doing, sheds a flood of light upon the peculiar nature and the pregnant principle of that old melody, which contained the germ of polyphonic harmony, and shows the secret of the art of Bach and Handel, and of so much that is greatest and most sure to live in modern German music; while it clearly differentiates two tendencies in great German art,—that of Bach and Handel on the one hand, that of Haydn and Mozart on the other.

We propose to translate by instalments so much as we find practicable without much use of music type. The book has a musical appendix, containing Six Chorals for mixed choir, and Six Old German Songs for one voice, arranged with pianoforte accompaniment by Franz:—all most interesting as showing the remarkable family likeness between this old melody and that of Franz himself, besides exemplifying the inimitable art which Franz has of harmonizing and accompanying such things according to their nature.—We begin with the biographical portion, showing how Franz grew up under the influence of this old music.

The Songs of Robert Franz have enjoyed for some time a steadily growing sympathy, as well on the part of the musical public, as on the part of criticism. Outward circumstances may perhaps have contributed to bring the name and the works of this composer nearer to many circles, which hitherto have stood aloof from them. But the warm interest for the artist would hardly find sufficient explanation here, if something did not meet us in his songs, which enchains every deep soul with an irresistible magic.

Criticism has sought to define this something in different ways. Franz Liszt particularly, and A. W. Ambros, and finally Heinr. M. Schuster have said what is sound and full of intelligent appreciation about our composer. [The papers of the first two have been translated in this Journal]. And yet these writers do not seem to us to have drawn the specific and peculiar essence of the Franz muse to the light with perfect clearness. To be sure they elucidate it on several sides in the most striking manner; nevertheless they have not succeeded in referring all the manifold particulars, which come in question, to one all penetrating central point of view, from which they all derive their light. Yet this is absolutely necessary for the right appreciation of Franz's compositions,—and fortunately too it is quite possible, as we here hope to show.

In fact we maintain, and we shall endeavor to prove; *that the specific essence of the lyric art of Robert Franz lies in its intimate relationship to the German Volkslied and Church song, as it has developed itself down to Sebastian Bach.* The German Protestant Choral is the mother's lap out of which the Franz song was born. All the other elements which the artist may have assimilated to himself in his development, form as it were only the woof to that warp.

The whole course of the composer's life points with all distinctness to this end. Franz has made interesting communications to us, partly by letter, partly by word of mouth in the most private friendly circle, about his early life; those of them which belong to the purpose of the present essay we are tempted to relate.

"My first musical impression," he says in a letter, "of which to be sure I can form only a very vague idea now," (Franz was at that time something over two years old) "goes back to the festival of the three hundredth anniversary of the Reformation. In Halle, too, high festival was held, and I imagine still, as in a dream, that I can hear a choir of trombones (which, as I was only afterwards informed of course, was executing Luther's immortal hymn: *Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott*) sounding down from the warder's towers of our principal and city church."

After some years we find the boy in still contentment sitting at the feet of his father, while he sang to his children a "countless number" of beautiful Chorals. Franz's father was born in the middle of the last century; accordingly at a time when the church song represented an incomparably more living power among the people than it does in our days; especially in Halle, the chief seat of pietism, which, together with the awakening of inward piety, also cherished sacred song with warmest interest. Hence although Franz's father, perhaps in consequence of pietistic youthful impressions, had imbibed the prejudices then prevailing in town circles against "breadless arts," and therefore was not the man to talk with of the son's later calling, yet he must have been not without musical endowment. For he intoned the aforesaid Chorals with infallible certainty, and he understood how to reproduce their singular melodic phrases (*Melismen*) through an accentuation suited to the words. Franz remembered two hymns in particular: *Lasset uns den Herren preisen und vermehren seinen Ruhm*, and *O dass ich tausend Zungen hatte*, whose peculiar figure work on the repetitions of the text still rang distinctly in his ears. As often as the children found the father in the mood for it—which to be sure he was not always—he had to sing to them; and probably our Robert, who actually was never tired of listening, formed the most interested portion of the audience.

Years passed, and by degrees these artistic enjoyments fell off more and more, since Franz's father was one of those exceptional personages who love to occupy themselves with little children rather than with those grown up. On the other hand the boy now entered the public school. Here his musical reminiscences reduce themselves essentially to the characteristic fact, that his irresistible propensity for adding a second part to the Choral melodies which were practised in the singing hours, drew down on him many a chastisement from the weighty hand of the singing master.

Franz had already reached his fourteenth year, when he suddenly conceived a lively desire for some regular musical instruction. At first his parents would hear nothing of it, but they finally gave in to it. Only the teachers, who were given to him, left a great deal to be desired. In spite of that, his talent broke the way for itself. Very soon the inclination came again to occupy himself with Chorals; the consequence of which was that, among friends and acquaintances, he selected those who were animated by a similar passion. At that time (1825–30) individuals so constituted were more easily found and brought together, than is now the case. Each one gave proofs of his facility in Choral playing, and there must at times have been variety enough. For Franz the chief gain consisted in the fact, that from this time forward a steadily growing inclination for church music gained possession of him. That also drew him with all power to the Organ bench; "he ran," as Liszt says, "on Sundays from one church to another, to help out the several organists on single Choral verses."

In his twentieth year Franz left his native city "to study music" with Friedrich Schneider in Dessau. There fate brought him together with a companion with whom he had already made a passing acquaintance at the gymnasium of the Orphan house in Halle. It was a certain Reupsch, a young man, who possessed an altogether uncommon gift for organ improvisation, which he employed almost exclusively in the treatment of the Choral. But in this department his achievements must have been quite extraordinary. Franz has repeatedly assured us, that Reupsch could play with wonderful facility, using any Choral melody he pleased as *cantus firmus*, and furnishing it with the richest basses, and with corresponding figure work. Often had he listened motionless to his improvisation, and he reckoned these hours among the most unforgettable of his life. Naturally he began to make attempts himself to emulate this model, and, with the energy of his peculiar bias, we may well assume, that he acquired thereby a respectable facility in the handling of free counterpoint.

Friedrich Schneider's systematic schooling brought order and proportion into this unbridled play of fancy. His artistic direction may not in other respects have been much to our friend's liking; but anyhow it gave him an excellent *technique*, which seems in our day to become continually rarer.

Returning to Halle, the incipient artist found right away the opportunity to cultivate his decided fundamental tendency still further. He joined a circle which, formed on the model of that of Thibaut in Heidelberg, occupied itself only with the old Italian and old German art, closing the latter

with Bach and Handel. Here for the first time there rose a light for him over Sebastian Bach; it was the splendid Motet for double chorus: *Furchte dich nicht, ich bin bei dir.* From that time Bach's compositions, but especially the Chorals, became his daily food. Franz has assured us that he owes the best part of his musical ability to their uninterrupted study.

At the same time he became acquainted with Schubert's compositions, which he devoured with a feverish hunger. Now his fate was decided. The infinitely exciting and fructifying power of Schubert's music kindled the creative spark that slumbered in him, and there arose a series of songs (*Liedern und Gesängen*), which clearly bear the impress of their model. Franz, with a self-denial seldom met with in our time, has kept them in his desk. He felt that his specific individuality had not yet reached in them its full expression. For this he needed first a reconciling process between the old and the new elements, which he had taken up into himself; and this indeed did not come accidentally, but with an inward necessity at the hand of the works of Mendelssohn and Schumann, who were at that time beginning to control the musical world. Hence the first printed works of our author show clear traces of the epoch to which they owe their origin: particularly in their harmony. In the melodic shaping, on the contrary, we recognize from beforehand a specific individual character, which seizes more and more decidedly upon his whole manner of composition, and which has its starting point nowhere else but in the German Choral.

But before we come to the exact proof of this, we must remind the reader, that Franz for many years has been an organist and, as we have often enough had occasion to convince ourselves, availed himself most richly of the opportunity thus offered him, to illustrate Choral melodies in the greatest variety of ways, now simple and now figurative. Moreover he has for many years directed the Halle Singakademie, an institution which has devoted itself almost exclusively to the older, above all the Bach and Handel music.

In spite of all this, our composer's affinity with the Church song would not be adequately explained, unless we took into the account, with these outward circumstances of his life, the strong stamp of an individual mental and moral constitution (*eine sehr ausgeprägte Gemüthsanlage*). Franz is a personality entirely directed toward the inward and ideal. The philosophical movement, which proceeded from Halle in the third and fourth decades of this century, has drawn him deeply into its circle and impressed its stamp upon his turn of mind. But while in many others it degenerated into politico social and religious radicalism, it has become clarified in him to an ideal æsthetic way of looking at the world. From the bottom of his heart a hater of all outward show and all desire to push himself forward, it lay always outside of our friend's circle of vision to think of plucking virtuoso wreaths or other artist laurels for himself; in the quiet circle of his native town, in very modest outward circumstances, faithfully devoted to the duties of his calling, he has worked incessantly, until his hearing has become impaired so as to make any sort of musical activity impossible. With the sharpest perception of the only field of art that corresponded to his individuality, he has gone on composing, without letting himself be led astray by disparaging criticisms, merely *Lieder* and *Gesänge*: a self-limitation which, with his undoubtedly conspicuous talent, certainly deserves our admiration. That so decidedly lyric and contemplative a nature should feel itself drawn with especial preference to the old Protestant music, will seem strange to no one who considers the wonderful majesty and splendor of this music and Franz's early musical impressions.

But it is time to take a nearer view of the affinities to which we have alluded, and to adduce our proofs.

(To be Continued.)

The Musical Season.

The *Advertiser* of Monday anticipates the Fall and Winter music with the following glowing summary of what is promised. Whether the prospects be indeed so "exceptionally brilliant" must depend upon the filling of the blanks, to-wit the programmes, particularly of the Symphony and Oratorio series.

The prospects of the musical season of 1875–76 strike us as exceptionally brilliant, and if the latter year were so fortunate as to include a Handel and Haydn Triennial, its total record might perhaps be unsurpassed. The arrival of two of the greatest musical artists know to Europe is almost daily anticipated. The name of Dr. Hans-Guido Von Bülow first claims attention. Born in Dresden in 1830, an early pupil of Friedrich Wieck—the distinguished teacher and father of Clara Schumann—then a student of law and philosophy at the Universities of Leipzig and Berlin, the love of music soon drew to itself the entire intellectual force of a man who might have distinguished himself in any profession. His inspiration was first drawn, however, from Liszt, of whom he became the devoted friend and defender, and his theories both concerning the composition and the performance of music were doubtless grounded upon ideas which he derived from Liszt's original and fertilizing mind. He early distinguished himself as a critic and controversial writer, taking the side of Liszt and Wagner and the "new school," and dealing with words almost as dexterously as with notes. As a pianist, after winning a first place in his own country he saw and conquered hostile Paris, and in 1873 for the first time visited England where his performances excited the liveliest enthusiasm. It would be neither just nor judicious to anticipate through hearsay our readers' impressions of the method of this grand artist; but, as compared with Rubinstein, the best opinion of him seems to be that while he has less of the extraordinary genius and the fascination which belong to the latter, he is also a much less wilful and capricious and consequently a much more faithful and trustworthy interpreter of the works of the great composers than the wonderful Prussian. In intellectual force and insight and in the power which springs from character, culture and earnestness, Von Bülow is proclaimed to be without a rival and his technique is said never to have been surpassed, if ever equalled. Boston is to have the pleasure, and perhaps we ought to say the honor, of hearing Von Bülow's first performance in America; this will be given in the Music Hall on the evening of Monday, October 18 and will be followed by five concerts on the 20th, 22d, 23d, 25th 29th and 30th days of the same month. Von Bülow's Boston concerts will be given under the direction of Mr. Peck, and a full orchestra will take part in each of them.

Madame Teresa Tietjens, one of the most celebrated singers of modern times has been engaged by Mr Strakosch to give a series of concerts in America, her first appearance in this country being made at Steinway Hall, New York, on the fourth of October. And later in the same month or early in November it is expected that Madame Tietjens will sing in the Boston Music Hall. This accomplished lady was born in Hamburg in 1831 and, after singing for a while in her native city, made, when twenty-two years of age, her grand debut in Vienna and achieved a triumphant success as *Donna Anna* in "Don Giovanni." Both in Germany and England—in which latter country she has now lived for several years—she has been recognized as one of the noblest interpreters of oratorio and opera, and her style is unanimously pronounced to have a breadth, intelligence and expressiveness which demand the epithet "magnificent." Madame Tietjen's voice has undoubtedly lost something of its original purity and sweetness during the past six years, and it is unfortunate that we have not been able to hear her during the period of her highest vocal endowment; but her singing will undoubtedly give very great pleasure to cultivated listeners. Mr. Strakosch has not yet engaged the company who are to assist Madame Tietjens, and we suppose he intends to do so in America.

But one regular opera troupe has as yet been organized for the season, and that is Miss Kellogg's English corps, which will give performances in the vernacular at the Boston Theatre early in the winter. Miss Kellogg's list of artists includes besides herself, Madame Van Zandt, Miss Montague and Miss Beaumont as sopranos; Miss Annandale as contralto; Mr. Castle and Mr. Muas as tenors, Mr. Carleton as barytone, Mr. Conly and Mr. Peakes as bassos, with Mr Behrens as conductor. The only new opera which appears in her repertoire is Benedict's "Lily of Killarney." The comparatively unfamiliar names of "The Huguenots" and "The Star of the North" are found upon her list, where we hope they will not be left in cold neglect, as they were last season. A German company will doubtless be got together for the sake of Herr Wachtel, and he also is announced to appear at the Boston Theatre. Opera bouffe is already represented in New York by a company, of which the English Miss Julia Mathews is the leading singer, and her charms of voice and action are warmly praised by some of the sensitive critics of the commercial metropolis. The managers of the Lyceum Theatre are threatening to import Mlle. Jud', the queen regnant of the opera bouffe in Paris; and it is impossible to say how much of this raucous-voiced and loud-mannered talent may be poured down upon us before the close of the season.

The supply of symphony music will be large in quantity and we have no reason to suppose otherwise than excellent in quality. The Harvard Musical Association will give their regular ten concerts in the Music Hall on the first and third Thursdays of November and the four following months, the only variation from this arrangement being in the case of the second concert in December, which takes place on Friday the twenty-fourth. Mr. Theodore Thomas will give six subscription concerts on Wednesday evenings, beginning on the seventeenth of November, and continuing about every third week. Mr. Thomas and his orchestra will be heard for the first time this season in New England in the Eliot Hall, Newton, on the second of November. No programmes for either of these courses of concerts have yet been arranged, but it is the intention of the managers to make them of the highest possible character and interest. Mr Thomas is again to have the occasional help of a chorus drilled by Mr. Sharland, and Mr. Remmertz and Mr. Bischoff will sing at some of his concerts. In the kindred department of chamber music we may expect some fine performances from the Mendelssohn quintet club, in which the place of Mr. Hamm has been taken by the excellent violinist, Mr. C. N. Allen; and the Boston Philharmonic club have made definite arrangements to give in Bumstead Hall, beginning on the third of November, a course of six classical concerts at which they will be assisted by Madame Schiller, Mrs. Smith, and the Temple quartet.

The Handel and Haydn Society promise nothing further than the giving of their usual Christmas and Easter oratorios; but it is safe for a prudent Yankee to "guess" that they will not neglect any opportunity for securing the services of Madame Tietjens for at least two of their performances. The Apollo club, which will be conducted by Mr. Eichberg until the return of Mr Lang in the fall, will doubtless give their customary number of rehearsals for the delight of friends and associate members, and have engaged the Music Hall for their "private concerts" on the evenings of December 30, January 3, May 23 and May 25. The Boylston club, now flourishing under the direction of Mr Osgood, will give their regular concerts in the Music Hall on December 29, January 4, May 24 and May 29. The entire season will be as full as the most importunate lover of music could desire, and the character of the music provided seems likely to be sufficiently excellent and elevated to satisfy the most exacting taste.

London.

Revival of English Opera. Every English amateur, the "Telegraph" remarks, knows that when Mr. Carl Rosa and Madame Parepa-Rosa closed their very successful labors in America and returned to this country, it was with the fixed idea of reviving English opera amongst us. The best results were expected to attend the enterprise; but, while man proposes, it is God who disposes. In the midst of the preparations for an opening campaign at Drury-Lane Theatre, which, if carried out, would have anticipated the present success of "Lohengrin," Madame Parepa-Rosa was taken away by death, and the bereaved *impresario* at once abandoned his scheme.

He did so however, only for a time. Last winter Mr. Carl Rosa, with an efficient company of English-speaking singers, went the round of the leading provincial towns, meeting nearly everywhere with the success which usually attends his shrewd and efficient management. Thus encouraged to persevere he determined to open in London, and on the 11th of September next the Princess's Theatre will witness the beginning of a seven weeks' campaign. Those who know the thorough-going principles upon which Mr. Rosa invariably carries out his public duties need no assurance that the projected attempt to revive English opera has been seriously determined upon, and will be carried out in a like spirit. They expect to hear of the utmost possible efficiency in every department and are quite assured that should the enterprise fail *absit omen* it will not do so for lack of deserving a better fate. Perhaps, when we give a few particulars, others may share this desirable confidence; and, first, as to the *répertoire* of the season. Taking an eminently practical view of the situation Mr. Rosa does not propose to limit himself to operas by native composers—a course which, though sometimes insisted upon here as proper and patriotic, is never followed even in countries the lyric drama of which presents a sufficiently wide field of choice. "German opera" among our Teutonic cousins has often nothing German about it but the language, and both the French and Italians largely devote their lyric theatres to adaptations in their respective national tongues and forms of foreign works. Mr Rosa, we believe will follow the example thus set. While mindful of the claims of English musicians, he will present the operas of others in an English dress, and so secure variety at the same time that he promotes acquaintance with music not generally familiar. Among the works which will be performed in the course of the season at the Princess's are Balfe's "Siege of Rochelle," one of that talent composer's most dramatic contributions to the English lyric stage; Cherubini's "Water Carrier," better known as "Les Deux Journees," under which name it was once or twice performed in 1870, during Mr George Wood's interesting season at Drury-Lane Theatre; the "Bohemian Girl," as prepared by Balfe for Paris; "Le Nozze di Figaro," always welcome in whatever shape; and a new opera by Cagnoni the story of which is founded upon "The Porter's Knot." Turning from this appetizing section of the *répertoire* to Mr Rosa's executive resources, we find an orchestra of forty efficient players, among whom are Messrs Carrodus, Benjamin Zerbini, Howell Svendsen, Hutchings and Reynolds, representing the "pick" of the Italian opera bands. The chorus has been chosen with equal care, and the engagement of Signor Espinosa as ballet-master guarantees efficiency in another important respect. No statement in full is yet possible with regard to the principal artists, but two names may be mentioned confidently—those of Miss Rose Hersee and Mr. Sandley. In parts suited to the means of a "light soprano," Miss Hersee leaves very little indeed to desire. She is an excellent singer, and a piquant and attractive actress worthy to hold the position of a *prima donna* in Mr. Rosa's company, whoever may be her colleagues. Respecting Mr Sandley we need not say more than that he will have a hearty welcome back to the lyric stage, which he quitted in an evil day. One accomplished baritone it is said, will assume in Cagnoni's opera the part which, in the original drama, was played by Ronson.

The *Athenæum* gives as a confirmation of its statement that Herr Wagner's theory has not destroyed the *prestige* of the ordinary opera as has been alleged a list of the works performed during the month of May in the two Imperial theatres of Austria and of Prussia.

In Berlin there were 14 operas given, viz: "The Barber of Seville" and "William Tell" of Rossini; the "Trova-

tore" of Signor Verdi; "La Dame Blanche" of Boieldieu; "Der Frieschütz" and "Oberon" of Weber; the "Nozze di Figaro" and "Flauto Magico" of Mozart; the "Africaine" and "Huguenots" of Meyerbeer; the "Fidelio" of Beethoven; the "Marta" of Herr von Flotow; and the "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser" of Herr Wagner, besides six ballets—"Flick and Flock," "Sardanapalus," "Fantasca," "Santanella," "Ellinor," and "Morgana." In Venice seven operas were performed—the "Mignon" by M. Ambroise Thomas; "The Merry Wives of Windsor" by Otto Nicolai; "Oberon" by Weber; "Romeo and Juliet" by M. Gounod; "L'Etoile du Nord" of Meyerbeer; and the "Flying Dutchman" of Herr Wagner, besides three ballets—"Ellinor," "Satanella," and "Sardanapalus." In Italy, France, Spain, and Belgium not a Wagner opera has been performed.

Sims Reeves's Benefit Concert. The *Musical Standard, August* 7, says:

Mr. Sims Reeves's grand concert on Saturday afternoon brought the musical season for the Crystal Palace to a close with *éclat;* but after all, the "recess" at Sydenham is a very brief one, and two months hence we shall be again at work. The concert derived additional interest from the fact that Mdlle. Titiens on Saturday made her last appearance in England before her departure for America. We annex the scheme:—

PART I.

1. Overture, "Masaniello".....Auber
2. Part Song, "Strike the Lyre".....T. Cooke
   The London Vocal Union.
3. Song, "Home of my heart" (Lurline)....Wallace
   Mr. Edward Lloyd.
4. Scena, "Ernani involami".....Verdi
   Mdlle. Tietjens.
5. Recit., "Deeper and deeper still," and Air, "Waft her, Angels"... .....Handel
   Mr. Sims Reeves.
6. Air, "Let the bright Seraphim" (Samson). Handel
   Madame Christine Nilsson.
   Trumpet Obligato .. .. Mr. T. Harper.
7. Ballad, "The Shadow of the Cross".....O. Barrl
   Signor Foli.
8. Song, "There is a green hill".....Gounod
   Madame Patey.
9. (a) Novelette in F..... .....Schumann
   (b) Valse in D flat.....Chopin
   Mr. Charles Halle.
10. Duet, "Parigi, o cara".....Verdi
    Madame Christine Nilsson and Mr. Sims Reeves.
11. Masque music, "The Merchant of Venice," Sullivan

PART II.

1. Part Song, "Take thy banner".....Coward
   The London Vocal Union.
2. Ballad, "Kathleen Mavourneen".....Crouch
   Mdlle. Tietjens.
3. Ballad, "When other lips" (Bohemian Girl). Balfe
   Mr. Edward Lloyd.
4. New Ballad, "Let me dream again".....Sullivan
   Madame Christine Nilsson.
5. Pianoforte Solos, (a) Mouvement Musical. Schubert
   (b) Caprice in D flat.....Heller
   Mr. Charles Halle.
6. Ballad, "By the sad sea waves" (Brides of Venice,) Benedict
   Madame Patey.
7. Song, "Heart of oak"..... Boyce
   Signor Foli.
8. Ave Maria.....Gounod
   Madame Christine Nilsson.
   Violin, Pianoforte, and Harmonium Obligato—Mr. Watson, Mr. S. Naylor, and Mr. J. Coward.
9. Nautical Song, "The Bay of Biscay".....Davy
   Mr. Sims Reeves.
10. Finale—March, "Le Prophète".....Meyerbeer

Conductors—Mr. AUGUST MANNS and Mr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Mdlle. Titiens' Concert. Mdlle. Titiens gave a grand farewell concert at the Albert Hall on Wednesday se'nnight. She was twice recalled after the "Inflammatus," from the "Stabat Mater," and took the soprano part of the duet from Verdi's "Requiem," the "Agnus Dei," which has been pronounced to be the gem of the work; Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini sang the contralto part. Mdme. Christine Nilsson sang "Angels ever bright and fair," and "Auld Robin Grey;" she also volunteered two Swedish songs on encores. Mdme Trebelli-Bettini repeated the "Brindisi" by desire, and Mr. Sims Reeves accepted the *bis* both for Bishop's song, "The pilgrim of love," and "Tom Bowling." Mr. Chas. Hallé played Schubert's Impromptu in A flat, Heller's Caprice in D flat, and three of the "Lieder ohne Worte,"—the well known one in B minor, the delicious spring-morning song in A major, and the one in C from Book VI, a favorite of Mdme. Arabella Goddard.—*Ibid*

A concert in aid of the sufferers from the recent floods in France was held at Langham Hall on the evening of the 27th July, under the patronage of the Lord Mayor. Madame Liebhart, Mr. Nelson Varley, Miss Fairman, Madame Bernhardt, and Mdlle. Renard lent their valuable aid as vocalists. Madame Liebhart was rapturously applauded, and encored in a new song of G. B. Allen, "Little birds so sweetly singing." Herr Lehmeyer and Mr. J. W. Bernhardt led off the soirée with a duet for pianoforte and harmonium on 'Lurline," brilliantly performed; Miss L. Albrecht played Ketterer's grand Gallop de Concert; Herr Franke a violin solo of Vieuxtemps, and Miss Bessie Richards (with Herr Daubert) a duet of Chopin, his 'Introduction and Polonaise Brillante." Mr. J. F. Barnett's Fantasia, on 'The Ancient Mariner," played by himself, was an event of the concert. The conductors were Herr Lehmeyer, Mr. W. Macfarren, and Mr. Ganz.—*Ibid.*

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Her Name is Mary Ann. 2. D to e. *Straight.* 30
"A smiling mug
And muscle like a real man."
Very comical.

My dear and only Love. 4. E*b* to f. *Sullivan.* 40
"I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword."
Words by the Marquis of Montrose, in the year 1640. Are still fresh and beautiful, and are fitted to a sweet melody.

I'm an Orphan. (L'Orfanello). Romanza. 4. G minor to f. *Hackensollner.* 35
"I am hungry, I am homeless."
"Non un pane, non un tetto."
Has that neat, soft, graceful quality, which renders a pretty Italian minor song something else than minor in its effect.

The Bunch of Violets. (Il mazzolin delle viola). 4. E*b* to f. *Pinsuti.* 50
"Shining like pearls so dear."
"Come du perla."
A beautiful "Flower Song" sung by Marie Bishop.

Sweet Good-Night, dear Father. Song and Cho. 3. A*b* to f. *Christabel.* 30
"Come, hear me say my little prayer."
One of the sweet, homely, home songs that so touch one's heart.

Vesper Hymn. Quartet and Solo fr. Batiste. 4. E minor to *g*. *M. F. H. Smith.* 30
"Arms strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care."
From the set called "Choral Echoes," and is a very nice vocal arrangement of one of Batiste's organ pieces.

Evening at Sea. 4. G major and minor to *g*. *Blumenschein.* 35
"And to their couch the waves retire
And slumber in repose."
Finely elaborated, and interprets finely the sentiments of the poem.

Ecce Panis. Motet for 4 voices. 4. G to *a*. *Du Mouchel.* 90
"Ecce panis angelorum."
Latin words only, and those not commonly sung, which is a recommendation. A smooth, beautiful, classical piece.

He roamed in the Forest. (Der Knab' ging zum Walde). 4. D to d. *O'Leary.* 35
"He fashioned a flute from a willow spray,
To see if within it the sweet tune lay."
A dreamy, poetic thought by the Swedish poet Björnsen, well set to music. German and English words.

The Watchman Contralto or Baritone. 3. E*b* to e. *Knight.* 40
"What of the night, brave Watchman?"
Most effective and touching narration of the watchman and his little daughter.

She is handsome as a Dream. 3. C to f. *Speck.* 30
"The roguish eyes, so bright and blue."
Very bright, popular ballad.

The Forest Witch. (Waldhexe). 4. C minor to e. *Rubenstein.* 40
"A horseman rides at wildest speed."
"Vorbei, vorbei, durch Feld und Wald"
A wild, unearthly ballad, which reminds one of the "Erl King," with equally wild music.

Maritana, gay Gitana. 4. D to f. *Levey.* 50
"wild and free,
O'er the hills of Spain I wander,"
Somehow Italian composers are making the finest English songs—and some who speak English do better than Spaniards in Spain,—as witness this successful half-Moorish, half-Spanish lay.

Yachtsmen's Song (and Chorus.) 4. D*b* to *g*. *Wels.* 40
"Our yacht is on the tide."
A spirited glee, which musical Yachtsmen will not be slow to appreciate.

Thou whom my Heart adoreth. 3. C to e. *Barnby.* 30
"Must I then strive so oft in vain
Thy wayward heart to prove?"
Capable of great expression, and very effective.

That dear Song I loved the best. 3. E*b* to f. *Hyde.* 30
"In the twilight we would wander,
When the forest trees were green."
A very attractive theme. Richly musical.

It goes against the grain. 3. G to e. *Coote.* 30
"Tho' very slow to declare it,
We have to grin and bear it."
A very good sentiment, combined with attractive music.

Special Notices. *Continued.*

Instrumental.

Indigo, or 40 Thieves. By Strauss. *arr. by Maylath.*
No. 1. Potpourri. 3. 1.00
14 luscious melodies are stirred into this musical dish, which thus becomes unusually sweet and savory.

Colored Leaves. 6 Easy Pieces. *Lange, ea.* 35
No. 1. On the Water. (Auf dem Wasser). 2. C.
" 2. Violet's Greeting. (Veilchengruss). 2. C.
" 4. Contentment. (Seelenfroh). 3. D.
Extremely graceful and capital instructive pieces.

Wig-Wag Polka. 3. F. *J. S. Smith.* 40
Zig-Zag Galop. 3. G. " " 35
The titles indicate eccentric pieces, and they are such, but bright, attractive, and none the worse for being original.

What Fun. Polka. 3. C. *Wheeler.* 30
A rollicking affair. One of those pieces that feels so jolly it does n't know what to do with itself.

Beethoven's March from Ruins of Athens. 6 hands. 2. C. 60
The 6 hand arrangement is very easy, and the quality of the music is not injured. Arranged by Rubenstein.

March from Tannhauser. 6. B. *Liszt.* 1.00
Players who do not like easy pieces will be pleased with this, which is sufficiently craggy to the performer, and very brilliant when conquered. "The entrance of guests at the Wartburg," is the part of the opera used for the march.

On the Meadow. (Auf der Wiese). 3. G. *Lichner.* 30
A musical thought, happily expressed.

Summer Nights Dream on the Hudson. Barcarolle. 4. A. *Haevernick.* 30
Not on a steamboat, you understand, but on some gentle, rocking boat, on a moonlight night, in a cool, shady nook in the High ands. At least such is the idea one gathers from the piece, which is a charming one.

A Hundred Years ago. Quickstep. 3. G. *Rice.* 40
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BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS.
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CRY ALOUD AND SHOUT.
CALL TO REMEMBRANCE.
COME UNTO ME ALL YE.
DOTH NOT WISDOM CRY?
ENTER NOT INTO JUDGMENT.
GOD IS OUR REFUGE.
GOD IS A SPIRIT.
HEAR THE PRAYER OF THY SERVANT.
HOW LOVELY ARE THY DWELLINGS.
HOLY LORD GOD OF SABAOTH.
HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNT'NS.
HOW BEAUTIFUL IS ZION.
HAPPY AND BLEST. IF YE LOVE ME.
IT IS A GOOD THING.
LET THE WORDS OF MY MOUTH.
LET US NOW GO TO BETHLEHEM.
O LORD, HOW MANIFOLD.
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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 898. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 18, 1875. VOL. XXXV. No. 12.

A. Saran on Robert Franz and the Old German Volkslied and Choral.*

(Continued from Page 87.)

Let us now cast a hasty glance upon the old German Song and its history.—Its origin is veiled in obscurity. Only so much seems certain: that it developed itself at quite an early period in opposition to the Gregorian Church Song, both as sacred and as secular *Volkslied*, or People's Song.

[In his Appendix Saran gives two specimens of the religious Volkslied, arranged, at his request, in four-part harmony by Robert Franz.]

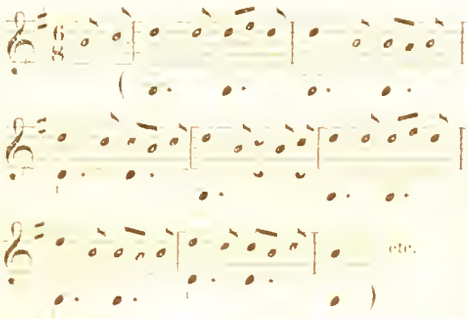
The bloom of the secular people's song was in the fourteenth and fifteenth century. Unfortunately but very meagre remains of the luxurious richness of the popular melodies of that time have been handed down to us in their original form. The most we have is found—probably with free modifications—in contrapuntal elaborations (*Bearbeitungen*) by the great tone-masters of the fifteenth and sixteenth century, who, well appreciating the high value of the popular melodies, frequently made them the foundation as *cantus firmus* for church compositions. But a few years since a collection of melodies for one voice from the middle of the fifteenth century was discovered by Fr. Arnold, and has been published in Chrysander's *Jahrbüchern*, Vol. II. These undoubtedly belong to the oldest songs that we possess in notes, and therefore are of eminent importance. In Arnold's opinion, to be sure, the melodies contained in this collection are to be regarded not as People's, but as Art Songs. Nevertheless they shed a clear light on the Volkslied of that time. For, apart from the fact that many of the melodies agree in their essential character with accepted *Volksliedern*, it may safely be assumed, that the composers of those days, in their high esteem for the Volkslied, took it for the model of their own song compositions. Moreover no one to this day has succeeded in establishing precisely what then passed for *Volkslied* and what for *Kunstlied* (Art-Song), or wherein the distinction between the the two consists.

Accordingly, if we may be permitted to apply what Arnold says of the characteristic traits of the melodies in this old "Lochheimer Liederbuch," to the old German song in general, the fundamental features were about as follows:—

1. The pregnant construction of the principal melodic motive, and the strictly thematic carrying out of the same. "A melodic thought, even if not of much significance, yet long-winded and admitting of development, extending through four, or at the least two measures, stands sharply stamped at the head; then follows the after-period, formed with strictest musical consistency out of the first motive. And now begin, for the first time, a series of transpositions, in which the rule was that the other keys were to be touched according to the degree of their relationship, without introducing the same cadence twice. After this the motive is shortened or amplified, according to the changing rhythm of what is to be sung; and a melodic clause, already used as middle passage in the connecting work, commonly forms the conclusion." (*Arnold, page* 23.)

2. The melody is polyphonic. "Every tone contains in itself at the same time a definite harmony; or, as von Liliencron in his '*Lieder und Sprüche aus der letzten Zeit des Minnegesanges*' expresses it: 'Every succession of tones is at the same time a succession of latent harmonies of such importance, besides being of such easy flexibility, that they are infinitely superior to the usual trivial chords of an accompaniment." (*Arnold, page* 28.)

Compare, for example, the following (homophonous) Italian popular melody:



(*Bardale*, by E. Baumstark and W. v. Waldbrühl, p. 16:) with the polyphonous Choral: "Vater unser im Himmelreich:"

The former is based on two chords; in the latter every tone progression demands inexorably its own significant harmony; it obliges the Bass also to become a characteristic melodic "part" or voice.

3. The key has its foothold on the old Church system; but it shows already a strong tendency to the modern Major and Minor. (*Arnold, p.* 29.)

4. The rhythm of the melody adheres closely to the verbal accent; the most intimate interpenetration of word and tone, even to the finest details, is perceptible throughout. (*Arnold, p.* 24.)

This, substantially, was the German Song in its first period, while it was yet untouched by the Contrapuntal art, which afterwards took possession of it and illustrated it in the richest manner, though to be sure, with the limited means of that time, in a somewhat clumsy and, for us of later birth, more or less unenjoyable form. Robert Franz has—also at our desire—arranged two pieces from the *Lochheimer Liederbuch* in modern form, for a single voice with piano accompaniment. (*Given in Appendix II.*)

The Reformation was of epoch-making significance also for the Volkslied. If we may believe Arnold, the greater part of the Protestant Chorals down to 1570 are borrowed from the old folk-songs. But these underwent melodic and rhythmical modifications in the religious service. Thus in the singing of the congregation (however rhythmical this may have been in the beginning) the more animated rhythm of the melodies, corresponding with the verbal accent, must have been smoothed away, so that the chorals very early acquired that more calm and even step, in which they are now sung. But also in regard to the progression of intervals, many changes occurred; for the people never allows itself, not even to-day—in spite of all the pains of our historians and organists—to be deprived of its right to vary the melodies according to its own need or taste.

But also in this form the Volkslied (now church song) became for the second time the starting point for the richest and grandest development of Art. On the one hand they composed, with this for their pattern, numberless chorals; but on the other hand there sprang from it the two great main streams of the vocal and instrumental music of the seventeenth and eighteenth century: the Motet and Organists' School from John Eccard to Sebastian Bach. Here the Choral was employed, in a similar manner with the secular Volkslied before, as the melodic foundation for the mightiest contrapuntal creations; and hence we may regard the Choral as the very mother's lap of all the Bach and Handel music.

This is put still more beyond a doubt, when we consider finally the third epoch of the history of the sacred Volkslied. While the choral in that artistic treatment retained essentially the traditional form, we see it since the end of the seventeenth century, plainly under the influence of the native schools and of the newly rising Italian opera, put forth still a last splendid blossom—in the so-called *Freylinghausen's Hymn Book*.

This remarkable book, which first appeared in 1704 and 1714 in two parts, contains in its later editions, edited by G. A. Francke, son of the celebrated Aug. Herm. Francke, (1741 and 1771), 1581 hymns with 609 melodies. The latter are partly the old ones long in use—yet with many sorts of embellishments; partly they are taken from the Darmstadt hymn book, which appeared in 1698; and partly again, as the preface says, they are "composed for it anew by Christian and experienced musicians here upon the spot (that is, in Halle.")

Now these new melodies, as well as those taken from the Darmstadt book, bear a wholly different character from the old ones. If the latter are essentially to be regarded as the plain and sublime expression of the objective church consciousness, the "Halle" melodies correspond entirely to the subjective pietistic tenden-

* Translated for DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC.

cy, to which they owe their origin. Hence an exuberant fullness of melodic charm, even to sickly sentimentality. We note in them also an especial partiality to the 3-4 measure, at times bordering even on the dance style. And finally a broadly laid out structure of the strophes (or stanzas), with innumerable symmetrical limbs and smaller members (repetition of lines, &c.), wherein the influence of the Aria form is unmistakable. Hence we are by no means inclined to be answerable for all the numbers of the book. But there are also a great many among them fully up to the most exacting claims.

[In proof of this, Saran gives four more Chorals, expressly harmonized for a mixed choir by Franz.]

But what is most interesting in these pieces of music, is the striking affinity which they show with the structure of Bach's melody,—so striking that, from of old, Bach has been suspected of the direct authorship of most of them. This conjecture may now be considered as finally set at rest through the conclusive investigations of Spitta (*Joh. Seb. Bach*, Band I. S. 365 ff.)

But all the more interesting is the light shed by this *Freylinghausen'sche Gesangbuch* on Seb. Bach and his contemporaries. We see, the melody of this book is in a certain sense the common property of the epoch. And even Bach and Handel, greatly as they tower above all their contemporaries in other respects, draw from this gushing spring of living waters, and are rooted in the midst of the musical movement of the century.

Now, after what we have said about the very relative distinction in the older times between the People's- song and the Art-song, we have not the least hesitation in ascribing the "Halle melodies" to the People's Song in the wider sense; and this the more confidently, since these melodies, in spite of the warning protest of the Orthodox-Lutheran Faculty of Wittenberg, have spread with wild rapidity over Germany, so that the *Freylinghausen 'sche Gesangbuch* became the favorite one of the whole last century. Regarded from this point of view Sebastian Bach,—who is more deeply rooted than any other man, with all his fibres, in the mother soil of the religious Volkslied—appears to us in fact (to use Spitta's fine expression) as the incarnate musical genius of the German people.

For in him and his contemporaries the church Volkslied had completed its peculiar history. After Seb. Bach not another important Choral-composer has appeared. The few beautiful tunes from the second half of the last and from our present century cannot affect the account at all.

Anyhow, with Bach the old North German Protestant musical development is essentially concluded. Having its footing upon entirely different foundations, and drawing from quite different sources, has the later so-called classical, i. e. the South German Catholic school of music (Haydn, Mozart, &c.), developed itself. Here there is no trace to be discovered of the older Volkslied or the Choral.

Only since Mendelssohn has the most recent time formed a new tie with Bach and Handel, and so taken up the old North German tradition anew. But no one is more deeply rooted in it than ROBERT FRANZ.

(To be Continued.)

Titiens Abitura.

[From a Correspondent of the London "Musical Standard."]

There is a period in the duration of every good voice, when it is possessed of an especial charm. The particular time of its occurrence and the length of its continuance are uncertain. With some it is early, with others comparatively late. With some too it is brief, with others, again, somewhat lasting. No certain rule can be given when to look for it, as in this matter Nature is capricious; but mostly, though not always, it is to be found before the voice has attained its full ripeness. In this case, though the voice subsequently would be pronounced finer, the particular fresh charm or bloom *might* be wanting. The word "bloom" must not on any account be accepted as the synonyme of "veil," which is essentially different, as its cause and effect are different.

It would be invidious to point to all those public singers who are now in the possession of this charm of voice. Suffice it to say that Mdlle. Titiens possesses it. She is an example of those who retain it for a lengthened duration. And possibly in her case a long course of singing had to be gone through ere that peculiar bright tinge of color came. It is to be hoped that when our friends across the Atlantic hear her for the first time, the gifted lady will be in perfect health, and free from both bodily and mental fatigue, as this freedom is a condition, generally speaking, of the existence of this charm. Then will America know in a measure what an artist England has been enjoying since 1858, when the late Mr. Lumley first introduced the lady to the subscribers to the Opera held at Her Majesty's late Theatre. It will, however, but be in a measure that the greatness of the Titiens will be known, as, if report be correct, the lady will not appear on the stage, but only in the concert room and in oratorios. America, therefore, will be incapable of fully realizing the portrait, musical and dramatic, of the devoted wife (Fidelio), with which English amateurs are familiar, and which again and again they can picture to their mind's eye, so indelibly impressed is it upon their imagination, owing to the exceeding power with which it was first presented to their intelligence. In like manner that country will be incapable of comprehending the pictures, appreciable from several points of view, of Lucrezia, Valentine, Semiramide, Medea, and Norma, among a few others, which opera frequenters have for long admiringly looked at, until their sense of admiration has become either heart-sympathy or awe, this latter emotion being particularly excited by the Ortruda which the great artist presented, leaving upon the remembrance of all who witnessed it (especially those who were present at Drury Lane on the Saturday evening when Lohengrin was produced) an impress as if the very letters of the character were cast in fire, whilst those of the character of Elsa were moulded in the purity of angels' wings.

But in the concert room to which, it may be, Titiens will confine her talents, there will be enough to fill all listeners with delight. There will be the majestic tones, *steady*, grand, rich, well-modulated, and tinted with the charm already alluded to, but which it is beyond the power of any one adequately to describe. There will be the noble conception of all the great songs she undertakes. Added to this will be her vocal resources, her executive skill, her *coloratura*, her variety of tone-color indicative of the sentiments by which she will seem to be animated; as such an artist will not give utterance to a thought or feeling in musical cadence which will not carry with it the proper tone-shade, telling its spontaneity, and proclaiming it as warm and fresh from the heart.

Whilst she is away the English people—who never cross the fathomless ocean, and who shrink with something of terror from the thought of those long days and long nights where nothing is to be seen but sky and water, save when a distant ship is descried, an object of excitement to all on board, especially to those traversing the boundless deep for the first time—will be with her in imagination, anticipating her triumphs, anxious to read the earliest reports of her reception, and of the enthusiasm she will have occasioned, and desiring most of all her happy return, crowned with the laurel of the tens of thousands of our appreciating friends across the Atlantic, who are as we are, speak the English language, and take no greater pleasure than in sympathising with us in everything that is great and noble, whether it be in acts of policy, deeds of war, the adaptation of science, or the exaltation of art. F. P.

Bayreuth.

WAGNER'S NEW OPERA-HOUSE AND RESIDENCE—TWO BEAUTIFUL CHATEAUX—BAYREUTH IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

[Correspondence of the Cincinnati Gazette.]

Bayreuth, once the residence of the splendor-loving Margraves of Blandenburg, is now a dull and lifeless city, waiting for its birth into new life by the appearance of the Niebelungen in the summer of '76.

It still wears the vestiges of the ancient grandeur, for which it is indebted to Margraves Christian, George William, and Frederic, husband of Wilhelmina, the gifted sister of Frederick the Great. The majority of the very oldest buildings were destroyed during the siege of the Hussites in 1430. The old palace, built in 1454, escaped the general devastation, and is now used for public offices; the new palace, as it is called, built in 1753 by Margrave Frederic, has been fitted up for the King of Bavaria. The town seemed so void of life as we drove from the depot to the hotel, and the few people we did meet appeared so curious as to the movements of strangers, that one could readily fancy he had dropped back into the middle ages. There seem to have been but two new buildings erected in this century, the spacious and modern residence of Richard Wagner, and his famous opera-house.

I have never looked at the great composer without admiring the intense amount of faith he has in his own efforts; but since I have visited Bayreuth and its surroundings, seen the superannuated town in one corner of a little plain, and the Parnassus of the Wagnerian temple way off in another distant corner, reached only by a miry, muddy road, surrounded as you approach it by a bed of coal-tar refuse that sticks to your shoes, soils your clothes and fires your temper, and remembered that this man, in the face of all these obstacles, had undertaken this work and very nearly brought it to a successful consummation, with as much confidence as though he were placing it in the centre of a populous city, I not only admire the man, but I am astounded at the audacity of the undertaking. How he ever expects to fill it with an appreciative audience, even at the representation of the "Niebelungen," is a mystery, but to make it afterward a paying investment is a still greater wonder. Wagner, of course, does not look at the matter in so common-place a light or take so material a view of it as to reckon it in the way of thalers and groschens, though he has hard labor and care enough to raise a sum sufficient to complete it. Perhaps after the strangely-constructed building has served the one great end for which it is erected, the representation of the master work of the artist, he will consider it as a temple of harmony in a great desert, where every composer must make a pilgrimage, who would have their new works brought out under the influence of this wonderful acoustic; or he may be satisfied to let it add another to the monuments of decayed grandeur, of which Bayreuth now possesses so many. It will be a fitting accompaniment to the sumptuous opera house, built in 1747, in which Princess Wilhelmina introduced Italian opera and French comedy, and drew the best talent out of Paris—the celebrated Clairon and the noted pantomimists, Heurtaud and Lekain—and out of Italy the maestro Porporino, the lovely Consuelo, the singers Leonardi and Grassi, the ballet dancers Balbi Bigatti, and conducted an opera-house that emulated the largest in the world. This splendid building is now

in a most dilapidated condition, but even in its empty and deserted state calls forth admiration from every spectator. It is said Wagner conceived the idea of building his new opera house and bringing out his Niebelungen from the old building, erected in such sumptuous style, and which has been the scene of so much departed glory.

In outward appearance the new building does not at all resemble the old one, nor, indeed, any other that one has ever seen. Fancy a large building, whose whimsical owner has added a wing here, a rounded corner there, a covered piazza some place else, with two or three extra vestibules, and you will have a fair idea of the irregular external appearance of the new opera house. The inside when completed will be superb. The stage is immense, occupying fully half the building. There are no side boxes to obstruct the view, and the parquet runs up like an amphitheatre. There are but twenty-nine rows of seats, and these are arranged in a three quarter circle, touching the stage at either end, and will seat 2200 people. A gallery runs around the circle at some distance above, but there is but little provision made for seats here, as they would be very undesirable.

The King's box is in the front of the stage, just beyond the parquet. The peculiarity of the internal arrangement lies in placing the orchestra out of sight of the audience. To accomplish this they are seated at a proper distance below the stage, and surrounded by a railing that is high enough to screen them, but does not obstruct the view from the lowest tier of seats. The effect of hearing the music without seeing the movement of the instruments will undoubtedly add greatly to the interest of the performance. We, unfortunately, arrived at the building just five minutes too late. As we entered, Herr Wagner and his best two female singers came out. They had been trying the acoustic, which the gentlemanly superintendent, who so kindly showed and explained to us the arrangement of the building, told us was truly magnificent and perfectly satisfactory in every way. This we could have imagined from the gratified expression on the face of the composer, who came out bowing and smiling, while the ladies were still humming some airs of the opera, and tripping along as gayly and happy as birds.

If there be no further lack of funds, there is every prospect of the house being in readiness for the summer of '76. Plastering, painting and decorating are not yet commenced, and the stage, with its immense net work of hanging ropes, resembles the masts and spars of a shipping port, but the superintendent assured us all was progressing favorably, and he expected to deliver the keys before the appointed time.

Herr Wagner's residence is a handsome square, modern house, in the building of which he has been ignobly accused of appropriating some of the funds contributed for the opera house. He has earned for himself a comfortable home, but, if report be true, Madame W. does not allow him much quiet enjoyment of it.

In the suburbs of Bayreuth are two beautiful chateaus, the Ermitage and Fantasia. The first, built by the Margrave George William, in 1715, is surrounded by fine gardens and parks, containing numerous cool fountains and artificial rivers. Among the family portraits in the chateau are one of Frederick the Great as a child, one as a king, and one very fine of his sister, the Margravine. There is a portrait also of the Countess Orlamunde, the original of the White Lady who died in the year 1300, but who still haunts the palace in Berlin, appearing always before the death of a member of the royal family. As the countess was buried in a church at Himmelkron, a small village on the road leading to Beamberg, we are willing to believe disembodied spirits make their visitations at such distant points without being subjected to all the annoyances of modern travellers. Were it otherwise, there would have been long before this an improvement in the system of hotel-keeping.

The Fantasia belongs to the Duke Alexander of Wurtemburg, and is at present occupied by him. After we had walked over the beautiful and well-kept grounds, the duke was obliging enough to vacate his rooms that we might inspect them, we wishing particularly to see some statuary made by his mother, the Duchess Marie, née Princess of Orleans, daughter of Louis Philippe. The sculpture was in every way worthy of the praise we had heard bestowed upon it, a bust of Joan of Arc and a suppliant angel being remarkably fine. The rooms are furnished in exquisite taste, and admirably in keeping with the beautiful surroundings. As we left the palace there strolled leisurely up one of the shaded walks a lovely woman, dressed in a charming blue robe. Her maid brought her a piece of bread, and as she strewed it around her the gray and white pigeons came from all directions and cooed about her, pecking at her pretty feet, alighting on her shoulders, caressing her, and begging for more. Passing soon after one of the embowered summer-houses where she sat, the duke entered and said: "You are looking remarkably well to-day." To which pretty speech she retorted: "Complimentary as usual, Herr Graf," but in a tone that showed how thoroughly she appreciated the remark.

The grounds, the fountains, the walks with interlacing trees trimmed in stiff French style, the cooing pigeons, the handsome duke, the pretty woman, all combined to carry us back to the past century, when Maria Theresa played shepherdess, and the prince and princesses strolled through her parks with broad-brimmed hats and graceful crooks to do the bidding of their pretty but wilful mistress, or converted themselves into nymphs and satyrs to enable her to while away a weary hour in admiring their transformation.

Bayreuth, under the regime of the talented Wilhelmina, was a witness of similar gayeties and festivities. The whole court was ordered in imitation of the French; indeed, it was French, the master of ceremonies was a nobleman from Versailles; all the knights and cavaliers were from the best French families. Voltaire, as guest, was received with royal honors, and the vain poet revelled in the homage bestowed upon him by the Margrave and Margravine, and acted himself in his tragedy of the "Death of Cæsar." The music director was a Count Mirabeau, from the same family out of which afterward came the Mirabeau of the revolution. Another French officer was superintendent of the Margravine's theatre, and when the palace was reduced to ashes by the insatiable flames, it was under his direction that it was rebuilt in all its former splendor.

The princely cuisine was supplied with three masters of the kitchen, two head cooks, four pastry cooks, two cooks for the cavaliers, an assistant cook, and one who did nothing but roast the meats, together with a small army of underlings, both male and female. The army, a hussar corps, a body guard battalion, seven musketeer companies, the artillery, and a landwehr regiment, surpassed in the elegance and splendor of their uniforms the soldiers of Frederic the Great. Frederic and Wilhelmina, rulers over a province that contained but 300,000 souls, lavished in their capital, that at the foot of the Fichtelgebirge lay remote from all other great cities, a luxury and splendor that appalled Frederic the Great, and on the occasion of a visit to them, he reproachfully exclaimed: "Where do you gather all the necessary gold—I cannot do it?"

In great festivities the large salon of the palace was converted into a forest by the building in at one end a large addition out of the bark of trees. This was hung with colored lights, and the Prince and Princess did the honors of the house at a table glittering in gold and silver. When the bountiful repast was over, the noble lords and ladies mingled with each other, clothed in masquerade costumes of so great a value, from their rich texture and costly graven shields, that the price of one should have supported for a year many a poor peasant family that groaned under the heavy tax imposed upon them by their thoughtless rulers.

Upon the Margrave's birthday the great salon was transformed into the Mount of Parnassus. A celebrated singer acted Apollo upon a throne erected for the purpose, from where he sang a cantata filled with allegories, and besought the Muses, wine, beautiful women, to prize the happy day, and the arts and sciences that would be represented before them. At the side of the theatre stood the banquet table arranged with 150 seats, and arrayed in all imaginable splendor. The walls of the room were hung with French proverbs framed in wreaths of green. The assembled court formed the followers of the gods, and paraded around in a fitting costume. On the succeeding Sundays the officiating priest never failed to denounce the godless gayeties, and placed before them the future pains and torments they would suffer for their wicked behavior; but where Voltaire erected an altar and sacrificed to the gods the good man's threats and reproofs were in vain; even the white lady could find no rest in her grave, an unearthly noise filled the corridors every night, ghastly figures flitted through the rooms, and unholy blood flowed from the sarcophagi in the princely mausoleum; but, with all these frightful warnings, the festivities still went on.

It was in this palace, every room of which was ornamented with Oriental splendor, that Wilhelmina wrote her memoirs. Here she exchanged with Voltaire letters replete with sparkling witticisms. Here she conceived the idea of founding a university, at the consecration of which, in 1743, she selected the opening theme, and gave the Spinoza idea: "That the material can think." Here, crushed and suffering from great physical pain, she grieved over the fall of her house, and resolved not to survive the coalition of Austria, Russia and Sweden, that threatened to overthrow her idolized brother, Frederic the Great. Here, with the speculations of Descartes, she sought to drown the deepest sorrow of her life, and passed through a bitter conflict, when she learned that her husband, whom she truly loved, had, fascinated by one of her court ladies, proved false to her, and a lady to whom she was not alone princess, but a confiding friend. Upon a column in the park was engraven: "Thou art more deeply buried in my heart than in this stone." This sentence the princess, in her agony, oft repeated. With the death of Frederic and Wilhelmina the glory of Bayreuth passed away, and had the reverend father lived to see her broken spirit, he could well have believed his denunciations had proven true before her departure to another world.

So Bayreuth looked in the eighteenth century. Shall I spoil the picture by relating how it appeared to five strong-minded women of the nineteenth? Arriving at the station we found three omnibuses awaiting the train. With the usual feminine weakness we chose the one with the brightest paint and the reddest cushions. It landed us at an unpretending hotel; it could not well have been otherwise. The landlord seemed so astonished to have such an inroad of guests that I think his dumpy legs must still ache from the amount of waddling around he did. I rather imagine he fulfilled the manifold duties of landlord, clerk, head waiter, boots, and possibly lent a hand in cooking, from the way he puffed up and down stairs to know if we would have coffee or tea, eggs soft or hard, cutlets or ham, and when our whole order was centred into the one article of an English beefsteak, the poor man's anxiety was really ludicrous to witness. We managed, however, to get food enough to refresh us, walked over the lifeless old town, smothered under some feather-beds, and left at 4 o'clock in the morning, minus five thalers, in addition to an extravagant bill. In benighted Bavaria they still use guldens and kreutzers in putting the account into marks and groschens. The good man got the better of us, which we did not discover until we were many miles away. We consoled ourselves by fancying that it was a descendant of one of Wilhelmina's ground down burghers revenging himself on the fair philosopheress by cheating her foreign sisters. Still, upon our return, it would not be wise for any of you to ask us, "How we like Bayreuth?"

L.A.B.

Practical Bearing of Helmholtz's Discoveries.

(*From "Church's Musical Visitor."*)

In the former paper, I gave an outline of Helmholtz's discoveries in the matter of sound color, the substance of which was that the quality of a sound depends upon the number and relative intensity of the partial tones associated in the clang. I also gave a description of his ingenious apparatus of tuning-forks by which he imitated at will, not only the characteristic tones of the various orchestral instruments, but also, and more wonderful still, the vowels of human speech. Those who have read Tyndall on "Sound," have found in his book this theory of Helmholtz's announced; but for some reason Tyndall gives no account of the apparatus by means of which Helmholtz placed his theory beyond dispute. For it is evident that when he claims the characteristic quality of a violin tone to consist of harmonics as high as the tenth partial tone, the last four being very clear and bright, but the lower six somewhat suppressed, and then turning to his apparatus which has not one element of a violin about it, and after suitably adjusting its resonators, produces a distinctly characteristic violin tone, lacking only the *bite* of the bow on the string, he has placed his theory beyond dispute.

Rather funnily, and as might have been foreseen, Helmholtz has been distinctly contradicted by an Englishman named Chappel, who pooh pooh's the

whole theory, and thereby cuts a ridiculous figure, which he would have been spared had Tyndall taken the trouble to describe the tuning-fork apparatus and the experiments with it (extending over some eight years), in the course of which Helmholtz abundantly demonstrated the absolute certainty of his theory.

The practical value of this knowledge of sound does not yet appear. Thus far it seems to be used merely as a toy, or to gratify an idle curiosity. Nevertheless, it has a very decided promise for the future, certainly for the pianoforte, organ, and reed-organ, and probably in voice-training.

I. The Pianoforte. The crucial problems of the piano-maker, are three: 1. Tenacity of tune; 2. Prolonged tone; 3. Quality of tone. The first desideratum has been quite successfully dealt with. Notwithstanding the fearful strain upon a seven-octave piano, there are many of them that hold their pitch extremely well. For instance, I gave lessons on a piano last winter that kept in very good tune through two months or more of boarding-school use, which, of course, is worse than six months in a parlor. Last summer I used a Grand that travelled a couple of thousand miles or so with Rubinstein, and after a month's hard use, and twelve miles' ride in a wagon, it was still in very good tune, although a little "rough" in the unisons.

Still, it is a fact that some of the best pianos seem to get out of tune sooner than other poorer instruments: especially is this true of the uprights. This, however, is only apparent; just in proportion as the tone becomes free and resonant, and prolongs itself in a good singing quality, just in that proportion the piano becomes extremely sensitive to being in perfect tune. For where the tones are so prolonged, it gives time for every little imperfection in the tuning to show itself. Suppose, for instance, that the "beats" which occur between two strings of a unison not in perfect tune, occur so seldom as one a second. If now the tone ceases within the second, the beat may not take place at all; but if the tone be prolonged five seconds, five beats will take place, and the dissonance becomes palpable. This is true of all uprights; for all these have more singing tone than the squares of the same make.

In regard to the prolongation of tone, the piano is at a great disadvantage, especially if we require the prolonged singing tone, unmarred by the impact of the hammer which on some pianos so disagreeably impresses itself on the player's consciousness; for the vibration of the piano tone has its inception in a steel wire, firmly struck by a hammer. It necessarily follows, therefore, that the first moment of the tone is the strongest; thus we have always the *sforzando*, an accent and a rapid *diminuendo*. In spite of this inherent depravity of the pianoforte, the makers have so contrived to brace and support the sounding-board, and have so improved its quality, that the tone is prolonged plainly for many seconds, frequently with very little loss of power for quite a long time.

But after all, the great question is: Has the piano a good tone, and is it uniform in quality throughout the various registers?

At present there is no standard of quality in the tone of the piano. Different makers have different ideas. Each one has his own ideal of a fine tone, which he realizes as closely as he can. Compare, for instance, the tones of the grand pianos of Steinway, Decker, Weber, Hallet & Davis, and Chickering. The Weber tone is brilliant, very pleasing at a distance, and very powerful. It derives its brightness from the presence in the clang of certain very high harmonics, some of which are dissonant. For playing a Liszt piece, I should doubt whether it had a superior. The tone of the Steinway is less voluminous, and has less of a certain reckless brilliancy, nevertheless, in the hands of a good player, is susceptible of the loveliest effects. The Chickerings, again, have a different ideal of tone. We find it in all their pianos—a clear, sweet tone, pure, easily to be tuned; but, on the whole, not brilliant enough. Strictly speaking, it is too consonant. It lacks some of the partial tones necessary to sparkle in the tone. The Boston makers generally seem to have the Chickering tone for their ideal.

On what depends this variety of tone-color in different instruments? I answer, on the point at which the hammer strikes the string, the shape and quality of the hammer, the quality of the sounding-board, etc., etc. After the piano is made, the tone is "voiced," as it is called, by doctoring the hammers until the voicer thinks the tone is even. He seeks a uniform quality throughout the piano. But his only guide is his poor fallible ear. What he needs is a manageable resonator which will tell him with scientific precision what partial tones exist in the clang, and in what prominence. Knowing this, it will not be impossible to reinforce some and suppress others until the true effect is reached. The failure of many piano-makers is a failure of ear. I know personally a number of piano-makers and organ-makers who, I believe, seek honestly to produce the best possible. But their ears do not treat them well, and they never will make good instruments until they learn to trust the judgment of musical ears, or depend on the infallible testimony of a scientific analysis of the tone. I fully believe the success of the foremost piano-makers depended largely on the deference they paid to honest criticism on their earlier efforts.

II. The Organ. But it is the organ that has the most to hope from Helmholtz's discoveries. At present organ-pipes are voiced entirely by guess. The voicer has a very vague and distant ideal of some "gamba" or "diapason" or "oboe" he has somewhere heard, and toward this ideal he works pipe by pipe. A bad dinner or a night's dissipation plays havoc with his ideal. What is needed is a copy of Helmholtz's apparatus in every organ factory. Let a good "gamba" be accurately analyzed, and then we have something definite to go on. The voicer can then at any moment test the accuracy of his work, and then in time we may reach what we have not yet—a perfectly even stop; that is, one in which every note gives the same kind of a sound as the others, and all are alike true to the standard. What wonderful voicing we find now in some organs! Still there is a great improvement in late years. Hook, Johnson, Pomplitz, Steer, and Turner, and many others are sparing no efforts to excel in this art. But so far it depends solely upon the accident of their employing certain men who happen to combine acute ears and practical skill. Some day it will come to pass that standards of voicing will be acknowledged, and all work will be scientifically analyzed and compared with the standard.

III. The Voice. I dislike to meddle with a subject I know so little about as the voice. And perhaps the coming "compound resonator" has but a small field in the singer's province. Nevertheless, I notice that every voice has its own quality, which is, when you come to think of it, the predominance of a particular vowel sound which enters into and discolors all the utterances of that voice. The prevailing color of the voice must be noted and practice given in those vowels which will bring out the partial tones habitually wanting in the clang. One voice is all oo, another all ä ä-ä-h. Another has a pinched, flat sound. The great, vague oo must pinch up to the a (in *fast*); and the pinched-up a must round out into o and oo. Purity of vowel clangs is one of the radical things of voice training, and one of things commonly forgotten entirely.

As it is now, one teacher knows no vowel but *ah*; another none but oo; another only ō. There is too little discrimination and adaptation of means to ends.

These are a few of the practical bearings of Helmholtz's discoveries. They reach out also into harmony and the whole doctrine of musical theory, and in many respects singularly confirm the empirical observations of the ancients which in the early days of scientific knowledge were discredited. For example, Helmholtz shows wherein the dissonance of the perfect fourth consists—namely, in the interference of the partial tones. The same book also gives a beautiful account of the ear, and its wonderful mechanism. But this part has been translated.

W. S. B. Mathews.

How One Extreme begets its Opposite.

The London *Musical World* prints the following translation of an article found in a recent number of the *Art Musical* of Paris. So here we have it: on the one side, Wagnerite fanaticism, with its aggressive arrogance; on the other merciless French hate.

The Temple at Bayreuth.

"It cannot be a theatre; it is a temple erected in honor of a god by the god himself. On one occasion only will the deity exhibit himself to the eyes of believers. After that he will ascend to the spheres of eternity, leaving behind him a luminous track on our unhappy world. Once will the *Nibelungen* dazzle our souls, and then Bayreuth and its temple will return to chaos. One single type of the ideal masterpiece will issue from the sacred mould; the mould will then be shattered or carried away by angels. The act of faith will have cost some millions of francs, but with what glory it will cover the holy people who had the ineffable grace to produce Richard Wagner!

"Such is the substance of the hymns now being sung by the fanatics. We French, who in questions not involving politics, are gifted with robust common sense, ask whether the whole business is a mystification or a proof of insanity.

"A letter published by M. Edmond Neukomm, in the *XIXe Siècle*, furnishes us with details of the edifice at Bayreuth. It is large, uniform, and regular, like an immense barn, or an enormous shed at a fair. The auditorium is dwarfed, while the height of the stage reaches ninety-six feet. The interior is repulsively naked and monotonous. No boxes or luxurious places; the whole is a kind of amphitheatre separated from the stage by a chasm in which will be concealed the orchestra, out of sight of the spectators. Herr Wagner, who has invented and directed everything, calls this chasm the 'mystic space.'

"The *Nibelungen* will be performed in four evenings, for the opera which the Pontif of the Future is about to administer to his fanatics is quadruple. Then, as we said above, Bayreuth will relapse into silence, and the temple will be turned into a magazine for forage, unless it is burnt, so that its ashes may be scattered to the four quarters of Germany. Lastly, the *Nibelungen* will re-ascend to the clouds, or constitute the glory of the Musico-German Fatherland—if they do not fall flat the fourth evening, leaving behind them only the recollection of the most gigantic mystification of modern times, for, we repeat it, the whole business is either a mystification or a proof of insanity.

"We have no reason to spare Herr Wagner. Whether speaking as Frenchmen or cosmopolitan critics, we find for him only words of indignation. This man whom Nature endowed with marvellous gifts; this man who ought to have become a great musician, and shed lustre upon the epoch in which he lived, has done nothing but heap up ruins around him. His absorbing, envious, and malevolent spirit has attacked everything beautiful and deserving respect; on the remains of the splendid school founded by the masters of music and even by great poets, he has attempted to raise himself a throne, and, were he allowed to do so, nothing would remain standing of whatever has rendered famous the nineteenth century and the end of the eighteenth; everything would be dominated and wiped out by his invading personality, by that fatal face in which hate displays its most odious grimaces. A false admirer of the Antique, which he arranges after his own fashion; an utter contemner of what is modern; admiring only himself, but doing so without cessation and without restraint, Herr Wagner, we hope, will leave behind him nothing more than the recollection of an artistic monstrosity.

"Both as a politician and as a man of the world, Herr Wagner would, certainly, furnish matter for a study the reverse of flattering, but we will speak of him only as a musician. We shall find ample grounds to account for our antipathy.

"The musician, who began with works full of promise, and was endowed with the qualities to produce a master, has fallen, thanks to his pride, into the balderdash of exaggeration. In the first place he thought: 'I will not do as others have done. My genius shall strike out a new road.' This road was scarcely aught but a narrow path, encumbered with weeds and stones. He then thought: "The road by which I was the first to pass, must be the only good road, the only road to be followed.' He then attacked, with savage brutality, everything he had previously admired. He saw nothing but Himself; Himself; always Himself! The pride of the artist, a pride pushed to madness, rendered execrable a man who was naturally bad. This man has been stubborn and cruel in his hate. He has gone so far as to forget the time when he gained his livelihood among us, and was always well treated in Paris. For this he will render an account to Heaven.

"To all of us, French, Italians, and even Germans, he is bound to render an account for the miserable state to which he has endeavored to reduce musical art. His genius for intrigue, his audacity, and his art as an actor, have procured for him such supporters, that he has imperilled our great art and, for a time, obstructed its progress. Italy will be saved by the vigor of her temperament; as for Germany, she will remain unproductive and foggy so long as she chooses to imbibe the Wagnerian poison. Let her. But we French cannot entertain for this false reformer too much hatred.

"He has perverted the musical feeling of our youth; he is the cause, to a great extent, why they

p

- lence! In si - - -

p

- lence! In si - - -

- lence! In si - - lence!

- lence!

p

- lence!

- lence!

ff

In si - - - - - lence!

dim - in - u - en - do.

ff

3/4

No. 5. Recit. and Chorus.—SHOULD OUR CHRISTIAN FOES ASSAIL US.

Recit. A Druid Guard.

Bass Voice.

Accomp

Should our Christian foes as - sail us, Aid a scheme that may a - vail us!

p

Andante ♩ = 104.

Feigning demons, whom they fa - ble, We will scare the big - ot rab - ble,

Feigning de - mons, whom they fa - ble, We will scare, will scare the

Allegro moderato. ♩ = 144.

big - ot rab-ble. Come! Come! Come with

p *Ped.* ✻ *Ped.* ✻

torch-es bright-ly flash - ing, Rush a - long with bil - lets clash-ing, Thro' the

night-gloom lead and fol - low, In and out each rock - y hol - low.

Ped.

p

TUTTI

Come! Come with torch - es bright-ly flash - ing, Rush a -

CHORUS.—DRUID GUARDS.

mf BASS.

Come! Come! Come with torch-es bright - ly flashing, Rush a -

- long with bil - lets clash - ing, Thro' the night-gloom lead and fol - low, In and

TENOR (8ve. lower.)

mf

Come!

mf

out each rock - y hol - - low. Come!

leggiero.

Come! come with torch - es bright - ly flash - ing, Rush a -

Come! Come with torch - es bright - ly

- long with bil - lets clash - ing, Thro' the night - gloom lead and

flash - ing, Rush a - long with bil - lets clash - ing, rush a -

fol - low, In and out each rock - y hol - - -

Come! Come!

- long. Come! with torch - es bright - ly

- low. Owls and ra - vens, Howl with

flash - ing. Owls and ra - vens, Howl with

8ve.

sf

produce nothing that will live; he has poisoned the young school by his anti-musical doctrines; he has robbed it of its respect for the masters, and has doomed it to protracted sterility. Had not our public opposed, with their cold energy, an insurmountable barrier to the Wagnerian encroachments, our national art would now be in the most pitiable condition. But the public were on their guard, and are so still. We are the more sure of them because it is their nature itself which resists. In their invincible repugnance to this false music there is nothing to show a preconceived purpose. The public consider the new Wagnerian manner to be hideous and irritating. They reject it, and disown works from which it seems to peep forth. That is all.

"Yet, in days gone by, we applauded some superb pages signed Richard Wagner, and, ha! he not tortured his musical genius, so as to render it as monstrous as his intellect, we should, doubtless, applaud him still. But his bad feelings have become more strongly marked and exaggerated; he has produced tiresome, soporific, and unhealthy works. We have had the *Meistersinger*, that summary of his musical life up to the present, and the *Meistersinger*, a genuine mystification, has not been able to succeed anywhere.

"Now come the Temple of Bayreuth and the *Nibelungen*, an opera in four evenings—the maddest enterprise ever yet conceived by an artist or a patient escaped from Charenton. Everything is being prepared; the chorus is studying; the solo singers are ready; the orchestra is rehearsing under the direction of the composer, who has declared he is the only person worthy of conducting the immense work, which, like the 'De Profundis' of Master Barnabas, 'is destined to inter all the others.'

"Let us await the result. If it is such as we suppose it will be, the Theatre at Bayreuth may, without any very great modifications, be turned into a lunatic asylum.

"Come what may, however, we determined not to let slip the opportunity of expressing our opinion about Herr Richard Wagner, and his Temple. Richard Wagner, our common enemy, and the executioner of modern art, has launched out into a foolhardy enterprise which proves that his pride has been pushed to insanity. His disappointment can never equal the failure we hope he will experience; the complete failure he deserves. The greater that failure, the more ought the world of art to rejoice. G. STRADINA."

Adulterated Musical Literature.*

* *The Great Composers*, by Sarah Tytler. Daldy, Isbister and Co., London.

The following pungent and undoubtedly just criticism appears in the *Concordia* of Aug. 21.

Here we have a packet of notes and scraps, biographical, anecdotal and sometimes critical, taken without discernment from works of all kinds on the subject of music and musicians, put together without system and published without shame. If Miss Tytler, the arranger of this discreditable mixture, had confined herself to shaking up together the materials she has borrowed from Mr. Haweis's *Music and Morals*, Moscheles's *Memoirs*, the *Imperial Cyclopædia of Biography* and the back numbers of the *Athenæum*, the result would still have been bad. But she has been indiscreet enough to add a great many facts and observations of her own concoction; and, as a whole, her volume may be fairly described as a mass of original and selected trash. The possible value of her copious citations is destroyed by the disorderly manner in which one authority is allowed to follow on the heels of another, whom, instead of supporting, he now and then trips up. Music cannot be divided absolutely, like the weather, into good, bad and indifferent; and widely divergent opinions may be lawfully entertained in respect to at least the great majority of composers. But when a writer, as ignorant of music and of the history of music as Miss Tytler shows herself to be, turns first to one author, then to another, in order to find out what is the proper thing to say about this or that composer, her judgments cannot be edifying, and are often just the contrary. Perhaps Miss Tytler would have failed less conspicuously had she taken less pains. If the publishers of the *Imperial Cyclopædia of Biography* would only have given their consent, she might have made an excellent book by simply reproducing from that work the articles on the most celebrated composers, more or less abridged. We should not perhaps have shared on all points the opinions expressed by the distinguished author of the articles in question; but the opinions would, at least, have been genuine. They would have been based on some principle, and they would have been those actually entertained by the writer. Miss Tytler's opinions, however, are now those of Mr. Haweis, now those of the *Imperial Cyclopædia of Biography*, now those first of one then of another writer in the *Athenæum*; while at intervals she increases the general confusion by expressing views of her own.

Moscheles, according to Miss Tytler, was the greatest pianoforte composer of his period; Rossini was an ignorant impostor; one of the most admired pieces in *Norma* is an air called "Ah non giunge;" Schubert was coarse, and by his want of refinement shocked the delicate taste of Chopin; German music is good and Italian music bad; Balfe wrote an opera called *Geneviève*; Miss Balfe married Sir John Crawford; Beethoven is well known in England by his *Moonshine Sonata*; "Chappell" is an eminent English composer; Mdme. Schumann plays the piano in a style worthy of Charles Hallé;—and so on to infinity in the way of blunders.

"What is all this to me?" some irritated reader may ask, and what chance is there of any one believing, on the strength of Miss Tytler's assertion, whether at second hand or absolutely at random, that Moscheles was greater than Beethoven; that the composer of *Il Barbiere* and *Guillaume Tell* was a charlatan; that *La Sonnambula* is somehow included in *Norma*; or that in defiance of time and space, Chopin was acquainted with Schubert? As for minor errors, every one knows that Miss Balfe married Sir Pitt Crawley, who quarrelled with her because she hummed all day long the airs from her father's opera of *Geneviève de Brabant*; that with the exception of the *Moonshine Sonata*, attributed to Beethoven, Arthur Chappell composed all the music performed at the Monday Popular Concerts; that William Chappell is the author of the original melody of "God save the King;" that Tom Chappell wrote the whole of D'Albert's waltzes, and that Mdme. Schumann not only plays the piano as well as Charles Hallé, but even better.

It would be very difficult to give a full account of Miss Tytler's performance without condemning it in severer terms than we should like to employ. She has done her work neither cleverly, nor in good taste, nor with good faith. Thus she speaks again and again of composers whose works she does not know even by name, and administers to them praise or blame according to the opinion she may happen to have adopted from the critic she has last consulted. In such a case as this, we have a right to complain of the publisher quite as much as of the author. A grocer has no right to sell as articles of diet, substances unfit for human consumption; and a bookseller has no right to offer to the public, and even seek to force upon it by means of advertisements, a work professing to contain the opinions of a writer on a subject which that writer has not studied. If Miss Tytler had heard a little of the music of which she writes in such confident, and sometimes in such insulting terms, she might, for all we know to the contrary, be able to discuss it with high intelligence. We will give her the benefit of the doubt. But we cannot acquit the publisher of the charge, which every competent person who reads Miss Tytler's book will bring against him, of presenting to young persons—for whom Miss Tytler's volume is specially designed—very pernicious stuff indeed.

A French Singer at the Berlin Operahouse.

(From the "Diary" of M. Roger, the once famous tenor.)

On Friday, June 13, 1851, I arrived in Berlin. My first visit was to Meyerbeer. He was ill, but we had a long conversation together. In the evening, I saw *Faust*, a drama I did not know. It interested me greatly by the boldness of its conception and the admirable manner in which it was performed. I shall think of this same *Faust*; perhaps a drama might be made out of it for Paris, but all the philosophical reflections would have to be omitted, and the fantastic element, as furnishing a good opportunity for display, brought prominently forward. I reside in the Hotel de St. Petersburg, Unter den Linden. A man called on me, and asked me to give him tickets for my first appearance. After talking of one thing and the other, he remarked that the Berlin public were very cold, and that it was absolutely necessary to dispel their frigidity by certain vigorous movements of the hands. I recognized in my visitor the chief of the Berlin *claque*. With us matters are not managed so discreetly. I thanked him politely for his visit, remarking that I was not acquainted with this "German custom."—21st June. A bad day. At 10 o'clock, rehearsal of *Les Huguenots*. I was really detestable; no voice in consequence of indisposition. And Meyerbeer himself was there! He introduced me to the orchestra, who greeted me with applause. After I had sung, however, the applause ceased. I felt after the rehearsal like one damned. Berlin already displeased me. I fancied that every one in the street must read my disgrace in my face. Bacher, a friend of mine, who induced me to sing in Germany, had come from Vienna to hear me. And then such a falling off! I sat the whole day at home, with death in my heart.—22nd June. My success in *Les Huguenots* was great. After the romance in the first act, the ice was broken. The public, said to be generally so cold, applauded valiantly, like paid *claqueurs*. The duet in the second act, and the septet went well. The fourth act put the crown on everything. Mdlle. Wagner and I were called on three times in succession; something unusual for Berlin. After the fifth act, the applause resembled a regular ovation.—Mdlle. Wagner is a tall slim lady, a niece of Wagner the composer, who is beginning to attract attention in Germany. In Paris, her figure would, perhaps, be considered too tall; but she is so nobly plastic, that she produces the greatest effects. She studied under Garcia, who greatly developed more especially her chest notes. She possesses a great deal of fire and a lively imagination; in a word, she is an artist. As I sat at her feet, she leaned over me, and her beautiful long locks almost enveloped me completely; I saw nothing more and felt like a nightingale caught in a cage made of hair.—After this success, I was myself again, I once more became the "Parisian star" worthy of the reputation by which I had been preceded. Bacher brought me on the stage a bouquet from Meyerbeer's mother.

Music in New York.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 13, 1875. Few of the patrons of the Central Park Garden have realized the difficulties with which Mr. Thomas has had to contend during the past two months, and which his indomitable energy has enabled him to overcome. In July last Mr. Thomas was absent from town for a fortnight, during which time the concerts were successfully conducted by Mr. Dudley Buck. This short season of rest, which was absolutely necessary after a year of peculiarly trying work, was abruptly terminated by the sudden disappearance of the lessee of the Garden, leaving a large number of unsettled accounts.

It never rains, but it pours. This proverb was literally exemplified during the four stormy weeks which followed, when the very elements seemed to join in a conspiracy against the management of this favorite establishment, and to financial embarassment was added the diminution of receipts caused by a long succession of rainy evenings. But here Theodore came to the rescue with a brilliant idea; that of giving a series of extra nights, one or two each week, to be devoted to some one great composer. This plan has proved eminently effective in increasing the receipts at the door, while as a means of musical culture the programmes have surpassed everything which has gone before.

I will give them in the order in which they came without further comment.

Tuesday, August 3. Beethoven Night.

Selections from Ballet Music, Prometheus, Op. 43.
Overture—Adagio—March.
(Violoncello Obligato by Mr. Ch. Hemann.)
Septett, Op. 20
Theme and Variations—Scherzo—Finale.
Overture, Coriolan, Op. 62
Symphony No. 5, C minor, Op. 67.
Overture, Leonora No. 3, Op. 72.
Romanza in G, Op. 40.
Played by all the first violins.
Turkish March, Ruins of Athens, Op. 113.

Thursday Evening, August 5.

Introduction and Fugue [first time] ..... Mozart.
Ballet Music, Orpheus ..... Gluck
Symphony, No. 11, in G, [Breitkopf and Härtel edition.] Haydn
Overture, Medea, Op. 22 ..... Bargiel
Romanze for violin, [new] ..... Max Bruch
Mr. S. E. Jacobsohn.
Mephisto Waltz, Lenau's Faust ..... Liszt
Schauspiel Overture, [new] ..... Hoffmann

Serenade, [new], arr. by Theo. Thomas.....Schubert
March, Tannhäuser.... ....Wagner

Tuesday, August 10, Schubert Night.

Overture, Fier-a-bras.
Octet, [first time.]
1. Introduction—Allegro,
2. Andante,
3 Scherzo,
4. Andante—Molto—Allegro.
Symphony, No. 9, in C.
Entre-acte, Rosamunde.
Theme and variations, Quartet D minor.
String orchestra.
Overture: Alphonso and Estrella.

Thursday Evening, August 12.

Maestoso, Molto lento, Chaconne. } New.....Gluck
German Dances.... .....Schubert
[Adapted for Orchestra by Johann Herbeck.]
Symphony in D, No. 5... .....Mozart
Overture, Anacreon.....Cherubini
Septet, Op. 20 ....Beethoven
Theme and Variations—Scherzo—Finale.
Overture: Manfred, Op. 115.....Schumann
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 3, in D.....Liszt
Symphonic Poem, LeRouet d'Omphale...Saint Säens
Fairy Overture: Aladdin ....Horneman

Tuesday, August 17, Mozart Night.

Introduction and Fugue in C minor.
String Orchestra.
Masonic Funeral March, [first time].
Concertone for two solo violins with oboe and violoncello obligato and orchestral accompaniment.
1. Allegro spiritoso, 2. Andantino grazioso, 3 Tempo di Menuetto.
Symphony in C, "Jupiter."
Overture: Marriage of Figaro.
Concerto, for Flute and Harp. and Orch. accomp'nt. (Manuscript, first time, Cadenzas composd by Mr. Chas. Baetens.)
Messrs. Wehner and Lockwood.
Rondo di Chasse, [first time.]

Thursday Evening, August 19.

Marche des Imperiaux (Julius Cæsar).... .....Bülow
Vorspiel, Rosawitha, Op. 12..... G. Linder
Introduction and Caprice, [new].....Fr. Brandeis
Ritterliche overture, [new]..... ..Carl Stoer
Symphony No 3, F major, "Im Walde".....Raff
Overture: King Stephen, Op. 117.....Beethoven
Theme and Variations, Quartet D minor.....Schubert
String Orchestra.
Polonaise, Struensee.....Meyerbeer

Tuesday, August 24, Grand Gala night and one hundredth Concert of the season.

BEETHOVEN.

Overture to Leonora, No. 1, Op. 72.
" " " " 2, "
" " " " 3, "
" " Fidelio " 4, "
Symphony, No. 7, in A, Op. 92.
Septet, Op. 20.
Overture: Egmont, Op. 84.

Thursday Evening, August 26.

Overture: Lodoiska.....Cherubini
Pastoral, Christmas Oratorio.....Bach
Symphony in C No. 10 [first time].....Mozart
1. Allegro vivace. 2 Andante di molto.
3. Allegro vivace.
Overture: Coriolan.....Beethoven
Andante from the Octet.....Schubert
Faust (Ein Musikalisches Characterbld)...Rubinstein
Overture: Robespierre..... ....Litolff
Interlude.—Invocation of the Alpenfay, Manfred, Op. 115. } Schumann
Hungarian Dances .. ..Hoffmann
Huldigungs March... .....Liszt

Tuesday, August 31, Scandinavian Night.

Coronation March.....Svendsen
Nordish Suite, No. 2, Op. 23, [new].....Hamerick
1. Old Norse Ballad, 2. Legend, 3. Heroes' Hymn, 4. Norse Fling.
Overture: Im Hochland.....Gade
Concerto for Piano, Op. 16.....Grieg
Mr. S. Liebling (his first appearance in America.)
Symphonic Introd'n to the drama "Sigard Slembe," Svendsen
Fairy Overture: Aladdin.....Horneman
Wedding March... .....Soedermann
From the Drama, "The wedding of Ulfasa."
Fantasie, "Visions in a Dream".....Lumbye
With solo for Zither.
Galop, Champagne.....Lumbye

Thursday Evening, September 2.

Overture, Athalia .....Mendelssohn
Hungarian dances, [by request]..... ....Brahms
Introduction, Quintet, Finale. } 3d act "Meistersinger".....Wagner
Symphony, No. 4, D minor, Op. 120.....Schumann
Rhapsodie Hongroise (Pesther Carneval).....Liszt
Romanze, in G, Op 40.....Beethoven
Torchlight March in C minor, No. 3.....Meyerbeer

Saturday, September 4, Mendelssohn Night.

Overture: Athalia.
Symphony, No. 3, A minor, [Scotch].
Concert Overture, Melusine.
Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, G minor.
Mr. S. B. Mills.
Music to Midsummer Night's Dream.
Overture, Scherzo, Intermezzo, Nocturno, Wedding March.

Tuesday, September 7, English Night.

Overture: Wood nymph, Op. 20.....Bennett
Symphonic Poem, Macbeth Op. 54.....Pierson
Act 2d. Scene 4th.
Overture: St. John the Baptist.....Macfarren
Symphony, G minor, Op. 43, (new).....Bennett
1. Allegro moderato, 2. Minuetto, 3. Romanze, 4 Intermezzo—Rondo—Finale.
Overture: Lurline ....Wallace
Harp Solo, Welsh melody "The Ash Grove," J. Thomas
Mr. A. Lockwood
Prelude to Shakespeare's Tempest, Dance of Nymphs and Reapers. } .....A. Sullivan
Overture di Ballo.....A. Sullivan

Thursday Evening, September 9.

Berlioz.

Overture: Le Carnaval Romain.
Symphony Harold in Italy, Op 16.
Obligato viola by Mr. Chas. Baetens.
Harp—Mr. A. Lockwood.

Liszt.

Symphonic Poem, Les Preludes.
Die Loreley.
Mr. H. A. Bischoff.
Mephisto Waltz, Lenau's Faust.

Wagner.

Introduction, Finale. } Tristan and Isolde.
Siegmund's Love Song, from first act of Walkuere.
Mr. H. A. Bischoff.
Kaiser Marsch.

Saturday Evening, September 11, Schumann Night.

Symphony, No 2 in C.
Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, A minor.
Mr. S. B. Mills.
Traeumerei, [for String orchestra].
Selections from the music to Byron's Manfred.
Overture, Interlude, Invocation of the Alpenfay.
Overture: Genoveva.

To-morrow evening will be a Wagner night and on Wednesday evening September 16, the regular season will terminate; but a grand extra concert is announced for Thursday night, which will be the benefit of Theo. Thomas.

Of the concerts in prospect for the coming winter I will write next time. A. A. C.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 18, 1875.

A Musical Professorship at Harvard.

II.

In congratulating our old University on its making room at last for a Chair for Music among the other "humanities," we promised some account of what actually *has* been accomplished there in this direction within a few years.

About a year ago we gave a sketch of the musical instruction, the clubs, the chapel music, &c., citing some passages from the report of the examining Committee on that branch. The College began with a very moderate recognition of the importance of the subject about twenty years ago, in the employment of the late Levi P. Homer as "musical instructor," in which office he was succeeded by Mr. Paine in 1861. His functions were few, and his sphere of labors exceedingly small. In fact there was little for him to do, beyond directing the chapel music, training a few short-lived voluntary singing classes, and giving a few private lessons on the piano and organ, or in harmony, &c. And there was small pay for that. In course of time the instructor, of his own impulse, gave one or two courses of lectures on musical history and æsthetics before a very meagre audience of students and townspeople. Four or five years ago, however, when the system of "Electives" came in force, Music was placed on the list of elective studies, and Mr. Paine formed his first class, of only six or eight young men, who "elected" to devote some three recitation hours per week to exercises in Harmony and simple Counterpoint. The next year a new class was formed, equally small, while the old class went on in studies more advanced, getting somewhat initiated into Imitative Counterpoint, and the study and practice of the various musical *forms* (Song, Rondo, Sonata, &c., &c.) Last year the course was further extended into the mysteries of Fugue and Canon, and even somewhat into the study of Instrumentation. The exercises and attempts at original composition of a number of the pupils were highly creditable, and two or three of the young men seemed to show great promise; one of them, Mr. Arthur Foote, of Salem, of the Class of 1874, is devoting himself to the study of Music as a life profession. But the examiners (and the very appointment of such a Committee must be counted among the signs of a recognition of Music on the part of Alma Mater), suggested in their report of 1871, whether perhaps Mr. Paine was not trying to cover too much ground, considering the limited time the students have for it amid so many other studies, and whether it would not be wiser to give more time to making them more thoroughly grounded in the earlier stages of Harmony, plain Counterpoint, the harmonizing of Chorals, &c., rather than attempt to carry them into Instrumentation, when no orchestra or opportunity of trial of their exercises existed in the college. And also whether the teacher's influence need be limited to the inducting of a very few students into the dry theory of Counterpoint; whether he could not do something also toward interesting the mass of undergraduates in music as a matter of taste and refined social culture, accustoming them to the *hearing* of the best works of the masters.

—We are happy to say that during the past year both of these suggestions have been adopted by the "Assistant Professor" (the title which Mr. Paine has worn for one year preliminary to his receiving the full professorship.) The study of Harmony, the Choral, &c., has been dwelt upon more thoroughly, throwing the second and third classes into one, while at the same time one or two students who were exceptionally advanced have received special instruction in the higher branches of Imitation, Fugue, &c. And there can be no mistaking the zeal and earnestness with which the young men make the most they can of the few hours they can spare for this pursuit.

During the year, too, Mr. Paine has instituted a fourth class, in the *history* of Music, which has been somewhat larger than the others. The Professor lectures on some period of the history in a familiar conversational way, while the students take notes The next time, having consulted authorities meanwhile as recommended by the teacher, they are questioned on the points of the last lecture, and take notes on a new instalment of the history.

But the new feature of most interest undoubtedly has been the Thursday Evening social musical performances, which Mr. Paine, aided by some of the best singers and players of instruments among the students, has held weekly through the year in the class room,—a small and very uninviting place for it, to be sure, and the poor *square* piano being not eminently sympathetic or responsive to the best artistic intentions; it is to be hoped that a better place and better means to work with will be provided when the Professor is inaugurated! These "Abendsunterhaltungen," as they call such occasions at the Leipzig Conservatory, have proved very interesting and instructive. The attendance has been quite large, and the programmes choice and historically significant. On one evening when we had the pleasure of being present, Mr. Paine played first a group of pieces, consisting of a Fugue by Handel, a Sarabande by Bach, and a Gigue by Mozart, preceded by brief historical and critical notices of those masters. Then came an Aria of Mozart: *Dalla sua pace*, from "Don Giovanni" beautifully sung by the young tenor Szemelenyi, who graduated this year; then *Lieder ohne Worte* by Mendelssohn; Piano pieces by Schubert and Schumann, followed by Songs of the same; and finally a Sonata of Beethoven. We were struck by the very close attention of the students who composed the larger part of the audience; they evidently were bent on

knowing something about the several composers, and the forms and styles in which they wrote.—We understand that the number of students who have given notice of their intention to take up one or more of these musical "electives" in the next term is at least double what it was last year.—We have not room now, but we feel it necessary to the completeness of this report that we should give some specimens of the musical questions put to the students in the "Examination Papers" at the end of each term.

Some further signs of musical progress in the College might be mentioned; for instance, 1. The improved character of the musical Clubs. 2. The not unfrequent appearance of late years of musical topics in Commencement "parts." Thus one young gentleman this year discoursed on "The Evolution of Musical Thought,"—whatever that might mean. 3. The conferring, for the first time this year, of the degree of Master of Arts on the ground of examinations in special studies, Music as well as any other; Mr. Arthur W. Foote received this degree after special preparation and examination in Music. The College wisely refrains from conferring Musical degrees as such ("Mus. Doc," or "Mus. Bac.") Such titles are only known in England; nowhere in Germany does such a degree exist. If Schumann, or von Bulow are called "Doctor," it means Doctor of Philosophy, or what not, conferred by some University by way of compliment, intimating that he, a musician, is thus recognized the peer of men of highest culture in literature, philosophy or science.

Music in Boston.—The Season's Probabilities

"Old Prob," seems to have turned his attention to the musical skies, and every newspaper has its column of *on dits*, prognostications, guesses, coupled in some instances with grave "we told you so" advice, about the multifarious phenomena which are to make up the approaching musical season, both of the meteoric and the regularly recurring kind. Judging from all their observations, there will be plenty of weather; possibly some of the dull kind, but no storms are predicted: all will be harmony, all rose color; the season will be exceptionally brilliant, as every season always was—beforehand!

First come the great shooting stars, of whom three of the first magnitude are positively announced. These are (remembering *place aux dames* in the order of naming them): first, Madame Teresa Tietjens, who for some 17 or 18 years, has maintained the character of the grandest, noblest, most dramatic singer, alike in concert, oratorio and opera, in England! If she be still all that she was when we heard her fourteen years ago at the Birmingham Festival and in operas like *Fidelio*, (and all English criticisms declare that she has rather gained than lost in voice, expression and effect), her concerts here will certainly be memorable. She will be heard in our Music Hall sometime in November, it is said.—2. In the same month Mme. Arabella Goddard, England's great pianist, will arrive here from California, as we have already stated, probably after first giving a few concerts in New York. Her only previous appearance in this country counts for nothing; for then she was placed in an entirely false position for an artist of her rank, and wholly lost in the huge Babel of the Gilmore "Coliseum." To hear her play the great classical concertos and other piano works of the masters in the Music Hall, where she will *really* be heard, and before a really musical audience, will certainly not be the least among the exceptional events of the season.—3. The greatest of the German pianists, after Liszt, Herr Dr. Hans von Bulow, is to be here, everybody knows. His movements are a daily theme in all the papers, and his enterprising managers scatter broadcast through the land, a glowing pamphlet sketch of him, after the manner in which the Italian Opera managers have been wont to announce their singers. We believe we have not omitted any essential point of his career and character as an artist in the references we have from time to time made of him. It is now understood that, as the new Chickering Hall will not be completed so early as was expected, his first appearance will be in Boston on the 18th of October. He will remain here a fortnight, giving in that time six concerts in the Music Hall, under the business management of the Superintendent of the Hall. These concerts will be with orchestra, (selected from our own musicians), and conducted by Carl Bergmann of New York. We see it further stated that his programmes will follow a somewhat historical order, beginning with Bach and Handel, and gradually coming down to the most modern composers, including his own peculiar idols of "the newness." Probably there is no more competent interpreter of old or new, or any, school.

For Orchestral music—since it is "manners" to name "company" first—we are to depend first on Theodore Thomas, who announces six "Symphony" Concerts again, to begin on Wednesday evening, Nov. 17, besides a "popular" series. He is to have a chorus again, under the direction of Mr. Shareland. The programmes are not yet announced; but any one may gather from the rich list of his recent New York programmes, furnished us to day by our correspondent, out of what materials they will be composed.—The Symphony Concerts of the Harvard Musical Association (ten as usual) will be first in the field, beginning Thursday afternoon, Nov. 4, and continued Nov. 18, Dec 2 and 24 (Friday), Jan. 6 and 20, Feb. 3 and 17, March 2 and 16. Each season ticket (price $10) will admit the holder to the last rehearsal of each concert; the other rehearsals, more numerous than heretofore, will be strictly private. There will be Choral performances in several of the concerts,—it is hoped by the "Cecilia," as last year, only somewhat enlarged. It would be premature as yet to say much of the programmes, since many points remain unsettled. They will be as rich in quality, variety and novelty as the programme Committee, composed of the following gentlemen, can make them with the means at their command: J. S. Dwight, C. C. Perkins, J. C. D. Parker, Otto Dresel, B. J. Lang, Hugo Leonhard, Geo. L. Osgood, and Wm. F. Apthorp. Eight of the ten Symphonies are already agreed upon, namely: Haydn's No. 2, in D, one of the largest and very finest, which has not been heard here for many years; Mozart, in G minor; Beethoven, No. 1, and the "Eroica," the only two which have not very lately figured in these Concerts; Mendelssohn, in A minor ("Scotch"); Schubert, op. 140, instrumented for Orchestra by Joachim, (first time in Boston), an exceedingly original and interesting work; Spohr (first time), "Irdisches und Gottliches;" Gade, No. 4, in B flat. Of the two not yet decided, one undoubtedly will be by Schumann. A rich repertoire of Overtures, both grand and light, shorter Orchestral pieces, Concertos, &c., will be drawn from as occasion and the fitness of things may dictate. Next time we shall be able to say more. Meanwhile we will state that any person who is eager to come in for a chance in the early private distribution of seats, with the members of the Association, has only to apply to one of the above Committee, or to any member of the Harvard, before the 12th of October.

For Oratorio, the Handel and Haydn Society may surely be relied upon for their usual Christmas and Easter concerts; and we have the strongest assurances from members of its government, that Bach's *Passion Music* will be given complete, one half in the morning and one half in the evening, on Good Friday,—the way in which it was originally intended to be given, and used to be given in Germany. This is almost too good to believe; but if it really is done, it will be *the* event of the season of 1875-6, putting the noblest crown upon the whole.

The Operatic prospects are not particularly brilliant. Such information as we have has been already transferred to our columns.—Of the Quintette Clubs, the various Chamber Concerts, and the Singing Clubs of amateurs, we shall speak next time.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Some Notes from A. W. Thayer.

I.

I have received a Boston newspaper containing a sketch of Beethoven's life, in which the same old errors, repeatedly in former years corrected in this Journal of Music, are revived and new ones added. Some of the more prominent are these:

1. The two visits of Beethoven to Vienna—the second one permanent—are confounded and a false idea of his success there during the first is conveyed.

2. Beethoven "found a home with Prince Lichnowsky for a period of ten years,"—Yes, he was much at home there for more than that length of time; but, except as an occasional visitor, he was there as a member of the family during but two or three short periods of a few months each.

3. This same old story of "Land owner" and "Brain owner"—is a mole hill turned mountain. Suppose Smith, who went South in the war, changed his card from "Smith, Colonel 1st Reg. Mass. Vol.," to "Smith, Col. Int. Revenue," and afterwards to "Smith, Cotton Planter"—would anybody notice it? Johann v. Beethoven, when he bought an estate, having given up his other business, changed his card, as is universal in Germany and Austria, so that it read "Johann v. Beethoven, Guts-Besitzer" (Estate Proprietor). On New Year's day, as is a universal custom in Vienna, he sent his card with compliments to his brother. There was no "superciliousness" about it; and when Ludwig sent back his compliments with his title "Brain owner"—it was not meant as cutting sarcasm, but as a good natured joke.

As to his calling his brothers "the evil principle of his life," this is all nonsense or worse. Why don't people, when they write, quote their authorities with some degree of correctness? Look into that translation of Schindler, known as "Moscheles's (?) Life of Beethoven," Second Period—first paragraph. Schindler speaks of Beethoven's life as a drama, of which *he* (Schindler)—not Beethoven—calls the brothers the "evil principle." That is all there is of that.

4. "Pouring buckets of cold water on his hands by the hour together"—That's reasonable, isn't it? Who brought these buckets of water? Did he hire a man for the purpose? Did he keep a dozen or two buckets full on hand? Again I ask, why not quote your authority correctly? This is also from the Moscheles book, where the word is "jugs." The original is "*Krug*,"—what Americans translate "pitcher." "By the hour together!" Turn to your Moscheles Book, (English Ed. II. 177) and read Schindler for yourself.

5. The story of "Dannhauser and the Mask"—there is not one word of truth in the story, unless all this occurred after Beethoven was dead—for *then* and not until then did Dannhauser take a mask.

6. Spohr's story of "historic value in determining the time when Beethoven abandoned concert giving." I do not see well how; Spohr says the story was related to him of Beethoven's last concert, and that the occurrence was at a *rehearsal*. But when was it related to him? why, in 1812, or about that time; and Beethoven gave some ten or twelve concerts after that date.

7. Grillparzer's words: "Thou, who ne'er in life," &c., were not sung at his funeral, but on a subsequent occasion, when some friends visited his grave. The error here is copied from the wretched English translation, of Seyfried's forgery, the so-called "*Beethoven's Studien*"—a book which I once, with more zeal than knowledge, defended in *Dwight's Journal*.

II.

Here is a paragraph that is going the rounds of the American press:

"The poet Seidl, author of the Austrian National hymn, "Gott erhalte unsern Kaiser," died at Vienna on the 18th July."

And here is an advertisement, which I copied from the *Wiener Zeitung*—the official newspaper of Vienna—for the year 1797; here is a translation of it:

"New Song, *Gott erhalte unsern Kaiser*, von Lorenz Leopold Haschka, in music set by Herr Joseph Haydn, sung for the first time on the 12th of February, the birthday of our most gracious Monarch. For the pianoforte, 10 kreuzers."

The question is, whether the American papers or the *Wiener Zeitung* be correct. As it is seventy-eight years since the song was written, and Seidl only died this summer, I, for one, rather incline to the opinion, that he (Seidl) was not the author—but I do not know when he was born. I think Haschka, on the whole, should have the benefit of the doubt. A. W. T.

—*Trieste, Italy, Aug.* 1875.

More about the Great American College of Music.

1. A Sensible Letter from the Composer of "Faust."

The following letter from M. Gounod, the eminent French composer, will be read with interest. It was written in answer to an application made to him through M. Millet, the head of the Paris Conservatoire, to act as head of the proposed American College of Music:—(It takes your clever Frenchman to do these things so neatly!)

Aug. 1, '75—P. M.

My Dear Millet:—I received your two notes and I have just received a third. It has been impossible for me, I assure you, to find time to answer them. I am deluged with letters, and I never cease to curse the quantity I have to write. It is death to my work. I was a musician; I have become a correspondent.

But to come to the object of your letter. I recently met at the Conservatoire, on one of those days of pleasant reunions toward the close of the year, when I had the honor of being one of the jury, G. Chouquet, who told me he was about to write to you; and I begged him at the same time to forward to you my excuses, my regrets, and my answer.

I am no longer of an age nor in a state of health to emigrate for the purpose of founding a conservatory. I have two children, a son of 19 years of age and a daughter of 12. I can neither take my family to America nor leave it here. Moreover, I have neither the capacity nor the strength necessary to go to America, play the administrator, and spend the years left to me in labors the result of which I shall not witness, and which perhaps would only end in mistakes and deception. I am 57 years old and have no desire to end my life in new enterprises. My fighting time is over, and though, as your brother says, I am not so very well off, I do not wish to face again the ocean of adventure. I will end my days in the quiet and modest position which incessant labor has won for me, and which is at least a security for my children.

I am not the less obliged to you,—indeed, I am very much flattered, that you should have thought of me as the Atlas of this new world, which I find too heavy for my shoulders.

If I dared offer any advice it would be this: Put an American at the head of an American conservatory, whoever he may be. Yours truly,

Ch. Gounod.

2. More Millions.

—The new American College of Music in New York city promises to be the most extensive institution of the kind in existence. The original endowment of five millions of dollars, contributed anonymously, will it is stated, shortly be supplemented by an additional donation of five millions by another millionaire Mr. Daniel Hopkins. The constitution, by-laws and scheme of instruction are now completed, and awaiit the sanction of the board of trustees, which being obtained—as it doubtless will be—the college can immediately begin operations. The institution will be temporarily located in the handsome block on Fifth avenue between Forty-fifth and Forty-second streets, now partly occupied by the Rutgers Female College; and it is expected that in about five years the permanent building, which will cost at least a million will be completed on the site appropriated by the legislature and park commissioners, in Central Park, from Eightieth to Eighty-first streets. The munificence of the endowment will render it possible to provide musical education practically free to all. The terms of instruction will be very low, and there will be an abundance of free scholarships.—*Advertiser, Sept.* 2.

3. A New Candidate perhaps.

We read in the *Springfield Republican*, that Delle Sedié of Paris is now thought of for director, and the composer and pianist Boscovitz will be offered a professorship.

What Tietjens Can Do. The *London Athenæum* in a review of Mlle. Tietjens' abilities as a lyric artist, says:—"Although what are termed the light soprano parts, such as those sustained by Persiani, Sontag, Mme. Jennie Lind, Mme. Adelina Patti, Mme. Nilsson, Signora Varesi, etc., can no longer be included in the repertoire of Mlle. Tietjens, she retains a monopoly of Valentina, of Norma, of Lucrezia Borgia, of Medea, of Donna Anna, of Semiramide, of the three Leonoras ('Trovatore,' 'Fidelio,' and 'Favorita,') of Agata ('Der Freischutz,') etc. In not one of these assumptions can we cite any other existing singer, at home or abroad, who can compete with the rich, sound and powerful quality of voice possessed by Mlle. Tietjens, who is, in fact, the legitimate successor of Pasta, Grisi, Schroeder-Devrient, Malibran, Viardot, etc. Her reception by the American amateurs will doubtless be as enthusiastic as that she has met with here as well as in her own country, and she has the artistic advantage of being as attractive in the concert-room as on the lyric stage."

A New York paper states:

Mr. Strakosch has engaged Mlle. Tietjens for fifty performances, with the privilege of doubling the number at his option, at the rate of $1000 in gold for each performance. She will leave England September 18, with her manager, Mr. Mapleson, the director of Her Majesty's Opera in London, and will leave to return home again in time to meet her engagements beginning next March. Her first appearance in this city will be in October at Steinway Hall probably in opera-concert. Her appearances will be in Steinway Hall, with a dollar admission fee, $2 and $3 for reserved seats. Selections from Weber, Pacini, Schubert, Handel, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Meyerbeer, Beethoven and Gluck, will be presented, Mlle. Tietjens singing in all her most famous characters. Her most celebrated parts are *Agatha* in "Der Freischutz;" *Lucrezia*, in "Lucrezia Borgia," and *Leonora*, in "Fidelio." After giving a very few performances in this city, Mlle. Tietjens will make a tour of other cities, and sing in Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, Toronto, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. Should the season be profitable enough to warrant 100 performances, Mr. Strakosch will make a tour of the southern States as far south as New Orleans.

Jenny Lind Goldschmidt.

Hon. Lyman Tremain in a letter from Carlsbad, Austria, dated Aug 10th, says:

On Sunday before last quite an interesting little incident occurred at the conclusion of the services in the English church. As there was no regular organist, the Rector had requested that if any lady present was willing to play on the melodeon the next Sunday, he would be obliged if she would inform him. At the close a lady, who was a stranger to him, volunteered her services. Discovering that she spoke in broken English, he said: "Do you think you are competent to play upon the melodeon?" Said she, "I think I am. Perhaps you may not doubt it when I tell you my name. It is Jenny Lind Goldschmidt." He cheerfully acquiesced, and propounded no more questions as to her capacity. The Rector, who is the minister of a church in England, and is here only for a short time, has been very polite and attentive to our party. Desiring the assistance in singing of our two young ladies, who are both excellent singers, Miss Julia Parsons and Miss Childs, of Cleveland, he called and requested them to meet Mrs Goldschmidt at rehearsal, which they did. On Sunday last I went early to church and found Mrs. G. at the melodeon. I hope I may be pardoned having watched her face and her movements with quite as much attention as was consistent with the solemnity of the service. She played and sang. Her voice still exhibited much power, especially in the higher notes. She appeared to be a woman of fifty or upwards, with nothing about her to attract attention, and was dressed with great plainness and simplicity, without ornament of any kind. Can it be, I thought, that the woman before me, joining so devoutly in these religious services, is the same world-renowned Queen of Song, before whom the people of America formerly paid such wonderful homage? Is this the person to see and hear whom I had travelled one hundred and fifty miles, with my wife, and paid $20 for two tickets of admission to her concert, at Tripler Hall in New York, some twenty-five years ago? Was this the same Swedish Nightingale whom I had seen tripping upon the stage, gorgeously attired in all her youth, power and beauty, and who received such bursts of applause from the brilliant audience which crowded the hall from pit to dome? Ah! what changes hath time wrought! Her countenance, no longer beautiful, seemed to me to be plainly marked by sorrow, sadness and care. She has a daughter who is said to inherit her voice, her genius and musical talents. Jenny Lind will always be remembered with admiration and regard by her numerous American friends. They will hope that she may live over again her brilliant career in the triumphs of her daughter.

The Original "Elijah" in America.

(*From the "Transcript," Sept* 4.)

To the Editor of the Transcript: Mr. Thomas Ball, long a resident in Florence, writing under date of Aug. 1 for a copy of the address of the president of the Handel and Haydn Society before that institution, at its last annual meeting, extracts from which he had "seen in the papers," says, "It took me back twenty-five or thirty years into the midst of my most pleasant associations. Your widely circulated Report will be perhaps the only record to the next generation that Thomas Ball, whom they may still judge of as a sculptor and painter, was also in his time a pleasant singer. You know how apt we are to think our poor amateur efforts, no matter in what line, more surprising than our most successful professional works; so, when I read in Dwight's extracts from your address that 'Thomas Ball, the now eminent sculptor, was the original Elijah in America,' it sent a thrill of delight to my heart; and I really believe, now, that it would excite my vanity more to be introduced to a stranger (especially if he were musical) as the 'original Elijah in America,' than as the 'author of the equestrian statue of Washington in Boston.'"

The letter is replete with expressions of interest in the society and of events in its history; and the only apology the writer can offer for making public any portion of a private letter is found in the fact that Mr. Ball was for many years intimately identified with the Handel and Haydn Society as one of its members, and a prominent solo singer in the oratorios with Anna Stone (now Mrs. Eliot of New York), and many others, and has since secured higher honors in another department of art, until his name is familiar to all Americans at home as well as abroad. L. B. B.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Poor Old Nance. S'g and Cho. 2. A*b* to f. *Minnie Patterson.* 30

"And on the time stained page they read
"My dear boy Jamie's hair."

Quite touching narrative song.

My Darling under the Vine's cool shade. (Herzliebchen mein unter Rebendach). 3. A*b* to d. *Conradi.* 30

"O come thou down to me."
"O komm herab zu mir."

A charming German peasant ballad, in the form of a serenade.

Pleasures of Love. (Plaisir d'Amour). 3. F to f. *Martini.* 30

"Je t'aimerai, me repetait Silvie."
"I love thee, I love, said Silvie."

Uncommonly sweet melody. Throughout neat and beautiful.

If I only knew her Name. 2. D to f. *Brockway.* 40

"My heart was like a lark,
The sky was bright and gay."

By the author of "Twilight in the Park" and quite as good as that. Begin early to sing or whistle it. Fine picture title.

Little Tin Soldier. 3. B*b* to d. *Molloy.* 30

"She was a little fairy dancer,
Bright as bright could be."

Hans Andersen's little story set to music. Those who sing it will be sure of great applause from the little ones, as it is very pretty.

Broken Rhythm. 3. E*b* to e. *Boott.* 30

"My ears keep time to half a rhyme,
That slips and slides away from me."

Words by Eliz. Stuart Phelps, and are quite worthy of Mr. B's pure, classical, musical setting.

Bird of Love. 5. A to *a*. *Lemmens.* 30

"It warbles softly at the dawn,
And sings the whole day long."

A bird song of the sweetest character. Requires a moderately good execution in the "warblings," but otherwise not difficult, except, perhaps, in the rhythm.

Instrumental.

La Sylphide. Morceau de Salon. Op. 55. 4. C. *Lange.* 40

An exquisite "morsel," truly, and graceful as Lange's must be.

From a distant Shore. (Von fernem Strand). Polka Mazurka. 3. D. *Faust.* 30

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En Route. Marche Brillante. 4. E*b*. *S. Smith.* 75

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Marche des Amazones. 3. D. *Maylath.* 40

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The Flower of Andalusia. Fandango. (La Fleur d'Andalusia). 4. E*b*. *Maylath.* 40

A spirited Spanish Air.

Pride of our Home. Nocturne. 3. E*b*. *Wilson.* 60

Very sweet piece but hardly as sweet as the child's face that looks out from the title.

Irish Diamonds. By *Willie Pape, ea.* 75
No. 3. Has sorrow thy young days; and Young May Morn.

Similar to others of the set in beauty, difficulty, and adaptability to public taste.

Bouquet de Bal. (Mazurka elegante). 4. F. *Ketterer.* 50

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Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter: as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

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THIS LOVE IS LIKE THE WIND		*Duerrner.*
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" " " " Christmas	*Earl of Mar.*
BUT THE LORD IS MINDFUL	*Mendelssohn.*
BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL	*Hiles.*
BOW DOWN AND HEAR ME	*Mozart.*
BLESSED IS HE	*Dr. Nares.*
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BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS.
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ENTER NOT INTO JUDGMENT.
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GOD IS A SPIRIT.
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HOW LOVELY ARE THY DWELLINGS.
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HOW BEAUTIFUL IS ZION.
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O LORD, HOW MANIFOLD.
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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 899. BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 2, 1875. VOL. XXXV. No. 13.

A. Saran on Robert Franz and the Old German Volkslied and Choral.*

(Continued from Page 90.)

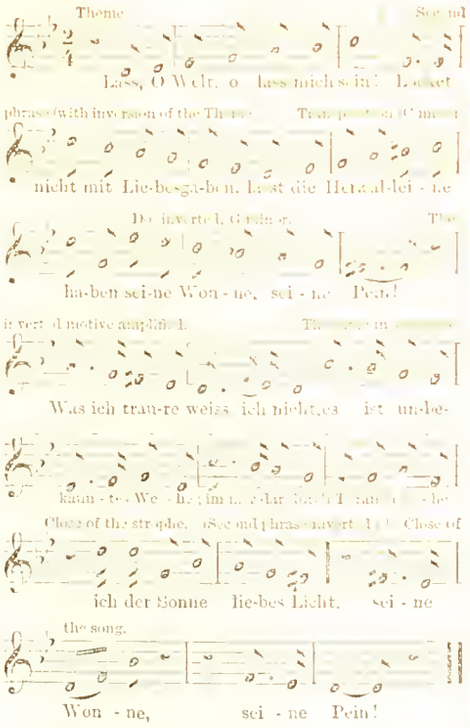
When we read Fr. Arnold's description, above quoted, of the old German Song, we were not a little astonished to find there partly the same traits which we had always recognized as the specific peculiarities of the Franz song. A closer investigation among the old German songs which have so far become known to us, particularly in Ott's collection, lately published by the Society for Musical Research, yielded the most surprising results of this sort. We found among them melodies, which in their tone and mood have so striking a resemblance with the Franz songs, that we arrived at the conviction, unexpected even by ourselves, that the Franz song in its deepest ground is nothing else but the German Volkslied enriched and idealized with the means of modern Art. Consider, for example, the four numbers from the Ott collection, newly arranged by Franz in the Appendix, No. III; not forgetting that the arranger only a short time since had no idea of the existence of these things. Every attentive observer will be forced to perceive, how the forms of accompaniment which Franz here uses, are as naturally fitted to the old melodies, as if they had sprung to life simultaneously with them. And yet these are forms which belong just as naturally and necessarily to the Franz songs,—surely a significant proof of his near relationship with the old Art.

These pieces also are conceived in the modern Song form: a voice part with pianoforte accompaniment. Some of them are transposed into a different key from the original; a freedom which, it is hoped, will easily be pardoned. Now and then the necessity appeared for slight alterations of the melody. But whoever will take the pains to compare them with the original, will find that these changes are not more essential than those transformations which the old composers very frequently allowed themselves to make in their contrapuntal elaborations. * * * * *

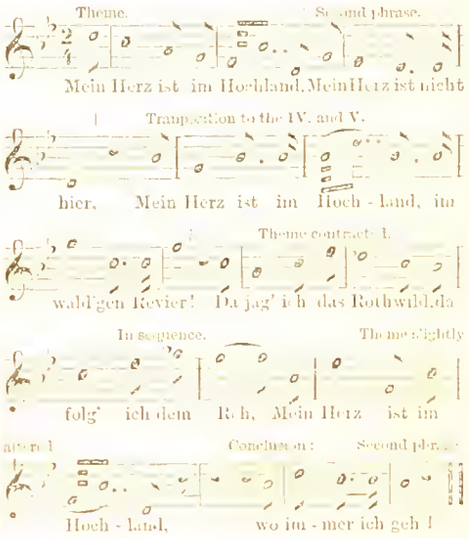
Now that this striking and involuntary first impression of Franz's relationship with the old German Song is no mere subjective illusion, but rests on solid objective grounds, is a statement which will find confirmation on all sides, if we carry out the comparison in detail from formal and ideal points of view. With regard to *form*, the following parallel presents itself.

In the first place, the Franz Songs are, the great majority of them, properly speaking, *Strophe* songs, like the old ones. The so-called "composed-through" (*durch-componirte*) song of modern times forms with him only the exception. Dramatically laid out, broader forms, like the Ballad, are scarcely found at all among his compositions. He is a lyric composer through and through.—It cannot escape the accurate observer, to be sure, that Franz does not simply repeat his strophes, but always, as the text requires it, introduces modifications of the melody, enrichments of the accompaniment, fine harmonic and rhythmical *nuances*, and knows how to give to the whole commonly a significant conclusion. But in general with Franz the simple song form of the ancients reigns more purely than with any other of the more modern composers.

Now if consider further the architecture or thematic structure of the single strophe, we perceive therein a like simplicity of symmetry and a like severity of musical logic, such as Arnold praises in the old German songs. On the one hand, we find likewise in Franz, in many ways, those broadly planned, "long winded" fundamental motives, which stand at the head as sharply stamped as they are capable of development; and then follows the answering clause (*Nachsatz*) formed with strictest musical consistency out of them. The same sort of transpositions usually succeed with Franz, which touch the *next related* keys. Hereupon the motive is shortened or amplified, and for the close we have a melodic member which has been already used before. Examine Franz's melodies by this scheme, and you will be surprised to see how frequently they coincide entirely or approximately. For example, Op. 28, No. 5: "Lass, O Welt, O lass mich sein:"

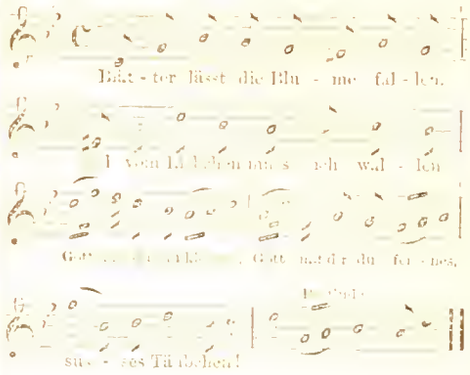


or, Op. 31, No. 6: "My heart's in the Highlands:"



or Op. 30, No. 1: "Sterne mit den goldnen Füsschen;" or Op. 28, No. 4: "Du trüber Nebel," &c., &c.

On the other hand we observe very frequently in Franz that "sequence-like carrying through of the motive," which Arnold admires in the old melodies, and which gives them, to use his fine expression, the "rock-firm architecture that defies all ages." Compare, for example, the following simple strophe from Op. 30, No. 2: "Blätter lässt die Blume fallen:"



or: "In dem Dornbusch blüht ein Röslein," Op. 26, No. 2.

"Derweil ich schlafen lag," Op. 28, No. 2.

"Rosenzeit, wie schnell vorbei," Op. 27, No. 5.

"Er ist geknommen," Op. 1, II, No. 1.

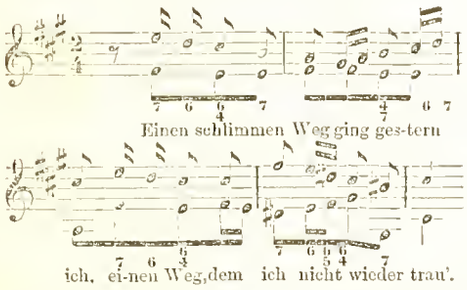
"Nun die Schatten dunkeln," Op. 10, No. 1.

"Dort unter'm Lindenbaume," Op. 31, No. 1.

But, above all, the truly superb sequences in: "Mein Liebchen, wir sassen beisammen," Op. 18, No. 4; and: "Das ist ein Brausen und Heulen," Op. 8, No. 4, (second half: "Ich seh' sie am Fenster lehnen.")—If now we remember how important a part the sequence form plays in all the old music down to Sebastian Bach, Franz's intimate relationship with it cannot possibly escape us.

* Translated for DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC.

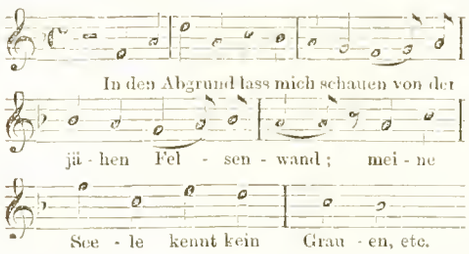
But this comes far more strikingly to light, when we examine the melodies of our master purely with reference to their tonic character. Here it must instantly occur even to the most superficial observation, that they are almost altogether *polyphonous* in the strictest sense; and thus they bear in themselves what is the most specific fundamental peculiarity of the older German melody (in contradistinction to the Romanic). So Franz's melody hides in itself, step for step, a latent harmony, and thus before all it compels the Bass to cling most closely to it and thereby assume for itself a characteristic "*Stimmführung*" (or carrying on of its own part as if it too were an independent melody). His very first song (Op. 1, No. 1.) bears this peculiarity so sharply stamped upon its brow, that we cannot resist the temptation to give a sketch of its beginning here:



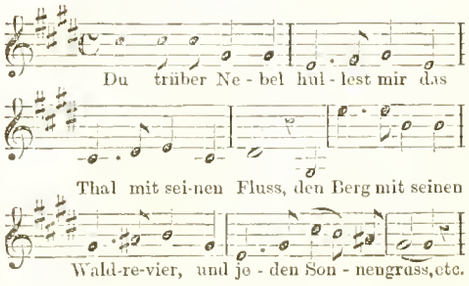
And so all the songs with very few exceptions. Franz hereby places himself in clear contrast to the modern *homophonous* song style which has acquired ascendancy through the South German school, especially Mozart and Schubert;—a style, which, in some of its representatives, in the interest of a falsely understood popularity or nationality, has sunk to the most maudlin sort of street ballad singing. That, however, the true people's song is anything but vulgar, our explanations have made evident enough already.

Now from this strictly polyphonous ground character of the Franz melody, there results in the next place its thoroughly *simple* and *natural* stamp, by which it reminds us most significantly of the melody of the old time. One might say it is, like that, an intensified speech, an expressive declamation reduced to artistic symmetry. It occupies that middle region, peculiar to the Song, between the mere dramatic reciting melody of many moderns,—which can be very characteristic in details, but is seldom just to the ground mood of the text,—and that most independent, freely unfolding, oftentimes sensually refined, luxurious, wanton style of others, which does not penetrate into the deep meaning of the text, and grazes lightly along the borders of sentimental triviality. The Franz melody, free and self-sustained, yet strictly bound to its underlying harmony, moves calmly and composedly along, despising all outward ornament and finery, as well as renouncing all far-sought "characteristic," all "taking" rhythmical embellishment, getting possession of us purely through its inward truthfulness and depth, and through its simple, noble beauty of form and bearing—a faithful type of German womanhood. Whoever will take the pains to examine the Franz melodies for once more carefully with regard to their interval progressions, will find that these may be reduced, almost without exception, to the most elementary relations:—the scales, and the two ground harmonies, the Trichord and the Seventh, with their component elements dispersed: a peculiarity, which lends to these melodies an irresistibly convincing power and a classic character raised far above all temporary tastes.

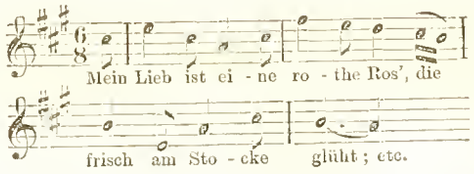
Consider, for example, the beautiful and natural architecture of the melody Op. 44, No. 6, "Am Rheinfall:"



(What sort of a break-neck melody would many a modern have set to that text! ?—)
or: "Du trüber Nebel," Op. 29, No. 4.



or: "My love is like a red, red Rose," Op. 31, No. 3.



We could easily adduce dozens of such examples, all showing to every unsophisticated eye an intimate relation of the Franz melody to the old German style.

This *polyphonous* peculiarity also conditionates and determines the manner in which Franz handles the *harmony*. Here again we distinctly recognize partly the peculiarity of the old German Song, partly the influence of Bach and Handel. The first appears in the remarkable fact that, although Franz for the most part brings into requisition the modern tonal system—that is to say, the major and minor scales,—yet in numerous instances, especially in composing to popular texts, he goes back to the old Church Modes and uses their specific tone material. He has as it were rediscovered this almost forgotten tone-world for our modern music, and thereby added an exceedingly rich and significant element of expression. Little as the old Church Tones on the whole can be employed for the sharply individual character of modern dramatizing lyric art, yet they are wonderfully suited on the one hand to the representation of the soul's *complex* moods,—where joy and sorrow are inextricably blended—on the other hand, to the reproduction of those contemplative nature-moods, which border on the Pantheistic, such as the more recent poetry affords us in abundance. For the purely lyrical they are an invaluable material. In what a thoughtful and effective manner Franz knows how to use it, may be seen in the *Volkslieder*, Op. 23; also in:

"Es klingt in der Luft," Op. 13, No. 2.
"Ein Tännlein grünet wo," Op. 27, No. 6.
"Zu Strassburg auf der Schanz," Op. 12, No. 2, etc.

As for the other influence above named, rich as Franz is in harmony, master as he is of all the modern acquisitions in this field, and importantly as he has increased them,—still there is a double distinction between his harmony and that of most of the moderns, his reminding us of the school of Bach and Handel. In the first place, his modulation throughout shows itself as the product of the melodic carriage of the parts or voices (*Stimmführung*). The middle parts are drawn into like sympathy through the bearing of the melody and the bass; i.e., they flow melodiously and gain, under the hand of our master, such sharply outlined individuality and such fineness of characterization, as we seek elsewhere in vain in the music of the present day. Franz's for the most part strictly four-part setting is unique in its way. It shows the most intimate blending of freedom and loyalty to binding law, of momentary inspiration and thematic strictness,—a phenomenon which we are wont to find only in the greatest masters.

Add to this, that Franz, precisely like the ancients, with great care avoids or gets round all harsh, unprepared successions of harmonies, by which composers latterly are so fond of producing their greatest effects. His modulation is far more animated, richer, and more many-sided than that of most of his contemporaries; yet it has as a general rule, unless the text compels a deviation, a thoroughly natural character. Unobserved it moves along from key to key with the most convincing inward necessity, and even the remotest harmonies are so finely prepared, that, wherever they occur, they never offend and never have the least appearance of wilfulness. The reason lies simply in this: that Franz, with all his freedom in details, yet in the average course—again like the old music—moves in the circle of the intervals peculiar to the scales; that is to say, within the related keys, of course accepting the material peculiar to their scales also. This gives his modulation a genuine classic tint, and the character of repose in motion, such as we only meet with in the greatest masters.

Examine, for instance, the modulation of the song: "Ein Tännlein grünet wo," Op. 27, No. 6, or: "Horch, wie still es wird," Op. 10, No. 2; nay even: "Das ist ein Brausen und Heulen," Op. 8, No. 4, which is perhaps the boldest and most full of genius of anything that Franz has done in the way of modulation.

(To be Continued.)

Tristan and Isolde.

(From a Correspondent of the London "Mus. World.")

Now that Wagner's most popular opera has been given both at Her Majesty's and at Covent Garden, and that the English musical public, if not converted to the theories put forward by the great German composer, has at least shown a very unmistakable interest in his music, a description of the performance here (Weimar) last week of *Tristan and Isolde*—a work which has hitherto been performed only at Munich and Weimar—may not be unwelcome. Weimar, a

quiet unpretending Residency Town, of some 16,000 inhabitants, has many artistic associations, both past and present, which cannot fail to interest the passing traveller. For more than half a century it was the home of all that is brightest in Germany's literature: Schiller, Goethe, Wieland, and Herder all lived here, and at every turn and corner one finds some recollection, some memento of those great names. The Town, too, has long been renowned for the energy with which it has thrown itself, heart and soul, into the study of Wagner's music. Liszt, one of the greatest supporters of the new school, and a friend of Wagner, was formerly Capellmeister here; and, though he has resigned that post, he still passes his summers in a house, the "Hof-gartnerei" just outside the town, which has been put at his disposition by the Grand Duke. Ably seconded by his successor in office, Herr E. Lassen, he has been enabled to plant the "music of the future" more firmly in Weimar than perhaps anywhere else in North Germany. The libretto of *Tristan* was written by Wagner in 1857, when in his 45th year; he composed the music shortly afterwards at Venice. The composer explains that it was the desire to produce something which, by reason of its less ambitious proportions, would enable him to hear once more a production of his own, that induced him to pause in the elaboration of *Die Nibelungen*, and turn his attention for a time to a shorter work—"a wish which the encouraging reception in Germany of older works seemed to place within my grasp."

The story of Tristan and Isolde—one of the most wide-spread of the Celtic Sagas—is found in full in the poem of Gottfried von Strasburgh ("Meister Gottfried" as he is usually designated), the contemporary of Wagner's other heroes, Wolfram and Walther von der Vogelweide, who lived about the beginning of the 13th century. Gottfried was, next to Wolfram, the greatest epic writer of the Middle Ages. A deep perception of the beautiful, a thorough mastery of the human character, a clear and easy diction, are the marked characteristics of his writings. None has drawn so vividly as he the daily life of the Knights of old; how they lived, and fought, and loved, and died. As in Wolfram's *Parcival*, Gottfried opens his poem with the history of the hero's parents—Riwalein, King of Parmenia, and Blanchefleur, sister of King Marke of Cornwall—of their loves and adventures, of Tristan's birth, and his parents' death; how he was subsequently captured, when but 14 years old, by Norwegian pirates who, frightened by a storm, landed the child on the Cornish coast, and how his kinship with King Marke was eventually discovered. Of all this, however, there is no mention in the opera. Tristan had been living some years at the Court of his uncle King Marke, when the country was thrown into consternation by the arrival of Morold, brother in law of Gurman, King of Ireland, who demanded that thirty noble boys, chosen by lot, should be given over to him as a tribute to the Suzerain Irish Court. Tristan offers to fight the mighty Irishman in single combat, and, though severely wounded, is enabled, by the help of "Gott, Recht, and hoher Muth," to slay Morold, and release his countrymen from that dreaded obligation. All Cornwall, however, cannot find the antidote to heal the poisoned wound. This is only known to Morold's sister, the Queen of Ireland; and, in despair, Tristan determines at last to run the risk, and seek a cure at the hands of his victim's sister. The Queen takes pity on the lone stranger, who arrives at her Court in disguise, and not only undertakes to heal his wound, but intrusts to his care the education of the beautiful Isolde. He succeeds in his task, and becomes so beloved at the Irish Court that it is with difficulty he is allowed to depart and re-visit once more his boyhood's home. On his arrival in Cornwall he finds the chieftains urging King Marke to take to himself a wife. Tristan, remembering his late pupil, the loveliest maiden of her age, begs of his uncle to allow him to return to Ireland and make her, in the King's name, an offer of marriage. Marke, after much hesitation, at last consents, and Tristan sets sail again to Ireland. Soon after his arrival an accident reveals to Isolde that her former tutor is none other than the slayer of her uncle Morold. Tristan upon this admits the truth, and reveals the real object of his mission. In spite of the girl's repugnance to the match and to "Kornwalls muden Konig," her parents consent, and Isolde leaves for her new home, in despair at her fate and indignant with Tristan, to whom she attributes all her misfortunes. We now approach the catastrophe of the poem. Forgetful of their former antagonism, Tristan and Isolde give themselves up to the most passionate love, brought about by the all-powerful influence of the Minnetrank, or love-potion—an elixir which makes them the victims of an inevitable fatality.

Act I., of the opera opens, on board ship, with the journey of the bride to Cornwall. Isolde, first bemoaning her fate, relates the above story to her attendant, Brangäne, and then, violently upbraiding Tristan for his cruel conduct, invites him to join with her in drinking a death-potion. Brangäne hands them instead the Minnetrank, which immediately works its effect; and the last scene of the act depicts the despair of the lovers at their separation when King Marke arrives on board to lead away his bride to her future home. In the following act the scene is laid in the garden of King Marke's castle; the marriage ceremony has been performed, and Isolde is Queen of Cornwall. Marke, a prey to suspicions, but yet too devoted to accuse his wife, starts off on a hunting party, attended by all his court, and the lovers arrange a meeting that very night in the garden. The famous love-scene follows; the pair, blinded by the delirium of passion, are heedless of all the risk they run. In spite of Brangäne's oft-repeated warnings they linger on, unconscious of all save their loves and sorrows, and are rudely awakened by the entry of King Marke at break of day. Urged on by Melot, a jealous courtier, the King has returned earlier than expected, and discovers but too plainly the treachery of the one and the infidelity of the other. Tristan leaves the court of his uncle branded as a traitor, a disgraced and ruined man. In the third and last act the scene is laid in the garden of Tristan's castle, on the coast of Brittany. As the curtain rises, Tristan is seen, extended on a couch, sleeping, as it were, the sleep of death, and tended by the faithful Kurwenal, who, in all his wanderings, has never left his masters' side. A shepherd stands on the look out, awaiting the first sign of a ship from Cornwall, to bring the glad tidings to his suffering lord. Tristan gradually recovers consciousness, and realizes his fate and position; his agitation momentarily increases; in vain does Kurwenal constantly ask news of the herd-man, and scan the horizon himself, from time to time, in search of the expected sail. At last, after a painful period of suspense, a ship is seen bearing down from the north. She enters the port, and Isolde is seen standing on the deck. Tristan, in an agony of impatience, raises himself from his bed of sickness, and totters towards the castle gate; but the effort and excitement are too much for him; his last hour has come, and he has but strength to murmur once more the beloved name Isolde, to fall into her arms and die. The despair and grief of the unhappy queen at this terrible blow is interrupted by the arrival of a second ship, with King Marke, Melot, and Brangäne on board. The last has in the meantime explained to the King how she had been the cause of all this sorrow, by having given the lovers the all potent elixir, and he immediately sets sail to follow them, and grant them his pardon and forgiveness. Kurwenal refuses to admit the royal party within the castle, a struggle ensues, in which retributive justice avenges the betrayal of Tristan by the death of Melot at the hands of Kurwenal, who is himself afterwards slain by the King's attendants. When at length Marke enters the castle, he hastens to announce his message of reconciliation and peace. It is too late; he comes but to find Tristan dead and Isolde lying insensible on the lifeless body of her lover.

Such is Tristan's history as it appears in Wagner's libretto—three chapters, as it were, out of the life of Meister Gottfried's hero. The ill fated love of the unhappy pair is the one theme of the opera, and the interest of the plot is entirely concentrated on the issue of that love. The other characters are few in number, and the subordinate parts do little more than unfold the story of the drama. The ship's crew or attendant knights occasionally utter a few words, but of actual chorus there is no vestige throughout the whole work. The very first bars of the overture introduce us to the "love phrase," expressive of a longing, eager, unsatisfied desire, and the same idea continually recurs as the opera proceeds. In the introduction to, and at the end of the first scene of Act II., the same notion—this craving after an absent love—is carried out by the constant repetition of the ascending passage ending on a minor 9th; while the "hunting phrase," heard sometimes on the stage, sometimes in the orchestra, reveals the ever-present fear of Brangäne, lest the King should return and discover Isolde's infidelity. This whole passage is a marvel of descriptive music-painting, if I may be allowed to use the word. Later on in the same act, the duet in four flats (three-four time), with its syncopated rhythm and highly original accompaniment, followed by a series of *arpeggio* chords, as Tristan and Isolde sink, lost in a dream of love, into each other's arms, is, perhaps, the most beautiful passage in the whole opera. In Act III., the treatment of the shepherd's horn, played on the stage, is wonderfully worked out; the long minor unaccompanied solo at the beginning of the first scene; the perpetual recurrence of the horn in minor tone so long as the watchman fails to see the expected sail; and, at last, the sudden burst into a joyous major as the ship heaves in sight; all this is admirably dramatic and picturesque. Properly to appreciate the opera, a certain amount of instruction in Wagner's dramatic ideas is no doubt necessary, and, above all, a thorough knowledge of the feelings he aims at representing on the stage—in other words, of the story of the work. The opera consists almost entirely of declamatory recitative; no stage vocalization is anywhere permitted; no chorus, not even an air—employing the term in its usually accepted sense as the equivalent for rhythmical melody—is to be found, and, as in all Wagner's operas, the musical interest is concentrated chiefly on the wonderfully elaborate and rich accompaniment of the orchestra.

Before ending, I must add a few words of praise as to the execution of the work. Nothing could have been better than the singing and acting of Herr and Frau Vogl, of the Royal Opera of Munich; both real artists, they threw themselves thoroughly into their parts, the most difficult, perhaps, that even Wagner has ever written, and the result was a faultless impersonation of the two principal parts. Herr Milde (baryton), who took the part of Kurwenal, was thoroughly at home in his *rôle*, and succeeded in awakening in the audience a keen sympathy for the brave and faithful attendant. Herr Hennig (bass), as King Marke, and Fraulein Dotte (soprano) as Brangäne, made the most of two somewhat ungrateful parts. Lastly, the orchestra, though small, was well in hand, and left nothing to be desired. The *tempos* were faultless throughout, and their conductor's reading of Wagner's music came as near to perfection is possible. The house was crowded on both nights. The Queen of Wurtemberg and the Grand-ducal Family were present, and the Wagner world was well represented by a crowd of enthusiastic admirers, among whom may be mentioned the Abbé Liszt and Madame Wagner. The vast majority of the audience evidently knew the opera thoroughly before; no applause was tolerated for a moment during the acts; but, the curtain once down, the long repressed enthusiasm broke out, and the Vogls were greeted with rounds of well earned applause, such as are seldom heard in German theatres. I have only to add that the scenery and appointments are good, the acoustic properties of the theatre excellent and the grouping of the sailors, and especially of the *tableau* in the last act, cleverly and effectively arranged.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Concerning Elementary Pianoforte Instruction.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

The ultimate end of pianoforte instruction, we all agree, is the production of good players—that is *musical* players of *musical* music. By musical music I mean, of course, real music; music that has imagination and genius in it, and which therefore requires a great deal more of the player than a mere fluent getting over the keys. The consciousness in good playing is not that of raising and putting down, again particular fingers, but simply a mental conception of a musical effect which the skilful hand produces as successfully as it can at the moment; and on the correspondence of the produced effect with that conceived beforehand the mind through the ear sits in judgment. This it is with the singer; she thinks not of such and such muscular adjustments of vocal chords, diaphragm, and pharynx, but only of a certain tone, standing in intelligible relation to the other tones of her melody. This sought for melody-note the voice automatically produces—produces with such cunning and intricate combination and opposition of muscular adjustment as it may be doubted whether any anatomist in the world fully comprehends; produces with a success

commensurate with the singer's original talent and acquired skill. But the consciousness is that only of *singing* a particular note. So also is it with the artistic player. A sequence of chords, or any passage or phrase is conceived of as a musical idea and is performed automatically by muscles habituated to such obedience through long preparation. That is to say, the good player no more thinks of the separate tones, chords, and accidentals of his music, than a good reader thinks of the individual letters, syllables, or even the words themselves of the passage he is reading. He thinks only of the ideas. The eyes see the words, or the memory recalls them from the mysterious tablet whereon he has previously impressed them; and the mouth and other organs of speech combine the elements into syllables, the syllables into words, the words into phrases and sentences, all with such co-ordination of inflection and emphasis as truly to express the ideas of the author;—which *ideas* only have occupied the consciousness of the reader, all this other work being done for him in some back-kitchen of his cranium by servants whose very names he knows not—knows nothing of them indeed save that their works praise them.

In these three examples we have the same kind of result. An intelligent person occupies his mind with the ideas of another, and turns them into their appropriate language (speech, song, or playing) for the entertainment of the listener. And the interpretation of the author's ideas will fail just so far as the mind of the reader, the singer, or the player, is taken up with the mechanism of the performance instead of rejoicing in the poetry or eloquence of the ideas themselves. Pianoforte playing very seldom reaches this kind of perfection. Too often it is lame either in technique (not being able to pronounce all an author's words), or in intelligence, so that while the words may be pronounced they lack the life-giving emphasis, and fall on the ear with the tedious monotony of a child's reading.

There are a number of reasons which might properly be assigned to account for this degree of failure in pianoforte instruction. One of these is the common want of fine musical susceptibility. This results to a great degree from lack of training. The ear with its wonderful provision of nerve filaments organized to perceive music a thousand times finer than mortal has ever yet been able to compose, lies open to the delicate feet of the tone-fairies. Americans are a nervous race, and in this high-strung nervous organization lies great potency of musical cultivation. What we want is to hear more music; to hear more *fine* music in childhood and youth; to train the ear to the sequences of noble melody and chaste harmony; and especially to waken the spirit of the child to the fascinations of music before cold-hearted practical life has chilled his fine sensibility and sealed every portal of sense with the great American dollar.

But a more patent reason for this failure lies in the fact that the true ideal is too seldom held up to the pupil. Thus it is in religious matters. The average man after generations of religious teaching believes it more important to *think* right concerning various and sundry abstract questions of theology than it is to *do* right in the plain matters of every-day life. And just as long as he thinks so he must surely fail in the practical regulation of his conduct, because his attention is elsewhere. As the first thing to aim at in religious life is to be *good*, so it is in musical life, the first thing is *music*; to produce a musical result is the first object for a pupil to aim at, and this too must be the object of every step he takes in advance. This is exactly the point of eccentricity in father Wieck's "Piano and Song." He recommends a young pupil to be kept for a year playing chords, musical sequences of his own construction, scale passages, etc., *before he is made to read notes at all*. This is an eccentric idea; but then it is common sense. Common sense is the height of eccentricity.

Now it may be that there are lands where music is so much in the very air that, start a pupil how you will, and carry him by whatsoever road, he will in the end arrive at musical cultivation. As it is in New England, turn a boy loose where you will (so it be not south or west of Springfield) and on whatever road, and in due time you may be sure of finding him sitting on the shores of the frog-pond gazing in admiring wonder at the yellow dome of the State-house; and there some good young man will find him, take him over to the noon-day prayer-meeting, and it is only a question of years how soon you'll find him in his office on Pearl street or some of those other financially high and mighty thoroughfares. Anywhere else in this country a boy turned loose so is sure to go to the devil—or to New York, which is the same thing. And that is about how it is in music. The first element of certainty is to appoint a certain destination toward which all steps must aim. To think and comprehend music and to re-produce musical effects and especially to produce from the piano a musical tone—these are the first necessities of the elementary pianist.

Mention was made above of the automatic performance of the details of the reading, singing, or playing. An automatic performance is one that goes itself, like a boy's whistle. Now all these automatic performances in speech or playing have first to be acquired. We all know how a child learns to talk. A familiar word impresses itself on his ear. By degrees it dawns on him that the word stands for an idea. The first word is an easy word, Mama, Papa. These are the beginnings of our speech; the first learned lovingly by the child because it stands for all that is dear to him; the second taught by the mother in that lovely wifely loyalty. Every day he seeks to encompass a new word. A new want arises, a want suggested by what he has seen and heard, and he essays the reproduction of the word which vaguely lingers in his ear as the symbol of the object wanted. How imperfect his first attempt! None but the mother can make it out. Then is her opportunity for instruction; before giving him the object she pronounces to him its name very distinctly; then she has Johnnie say it after her, then hear it again, then say it again. And so little by little the ear becomes educated, and the organs of speech more and more nearly approximate to the demands of the mind.

Such would be the process of learning to play and sing if begun at the right age. For here in the first eight or ten years of the child life the world is very small, and playing and singing by imitation would come in as an important and many-times welcome diversion. But alas, too few mothers have time or the heart for such an addition to their daily task. Now, however, the work of musical study is neglected until other things have begun more and more to press upon the attention. Then too the greater age of the child makes external results in great and immediate demand. It is not a disadvantage that the parents want the child to be able to "play something" immediately. On the contrary, this desire, if properly handled, becomes a very powerful incitive to diligence. The desire to play something well leads the child to a closeness of criticism on his own efforts, and to a cultivation of his powers of musical thought, to an extent quite impossible to bring him to through general principles only.

Nevertheless, much depends on the teacher. For here is the time to form a right habit of practice. Mason says, in his queer way, that he hardly knows which most completely ruin their chance of becoming good players; those who make mistakes and correct them, or those who make mistakes and never correct them. And here he hits a fundamental principle. For practice is simply the attempt to learn a piece; that is, by playing it over many times to habituate the hand to it to such an extent that every muscular act in the piece will suggest the following one. In other words, practice seeks to establish an automatism of the sequence of muscular acts which enter into the performance of that piece. This automatism will never be reached by a performance containing mistakes, *whether corrected or not*. Every mistake is the misplacement of one muscular act in the series, and the possible insertion of anywhere from two to ten not belonging to the series at all. When, therefore, a mistake takes place after even six times correctly performing the sequence, this one mistake vitiates the automatism prepared by the six perfect performances preceding it. Probably an ordinary passage becomes automatic after about forty times correct performance. Some passages require many thousand repetitions before complete automatism is established. The Cadenzas, for instance, in some of Liszt's pieces require from three to six months practice. What Mason meant to say was that "only those learn to play *well* who *learn to practice entirely without mistakes*."

Nevertheless this idea is not strictly true, for intelligent practice of pieces and passages has two stages: in the first the series of motions (the phrase or passage) is repeated without error, and consequently slowly, for a certain number of times,—say, *e. g.*, ten. After these ten correct repetitions of the series there is a possibility that a degree of automatism is established. The second step, therefore, is to play the phrase or passage rapidly, taking the risk of mistakes. These fast repetitions take place several times, but not more than the number of previous slow playing, and as soon as the same mistake has twice appeared, let the fast repetitions cease, and re-commence the slow practice. The fast playing is for the purpose of ascertaining whether automatism has become established. This kind of alternation of fast and slow practice is not a new discovery, although I am not aware that the true reason has been assigned. Plaidy made the discovery of its value, as doubtless have many others, some of whom have supposed that the chief value of the fast playing was to correct the tense and rigid condition of the muscles too often the accompaniment of slow practice. It certainly does have this value. But the principal mechanical value of the fast playing is that thus we determine our approximation to automatism. It will be seen that this kind of practice requires great concentration of the attention to carry it on properly.

Whenever we observe the performance of an artist, we see him fully wrapped up in what he is doing. Some become artists because nature has laid the foundation for them by giving them such a vivid musical susceptibility that, of many impressions simultaneously made upon the sensorium, the musical ones absorb all the attention. When nature has not done this for a musician, art must step in and by a long course of training bring him to a similar state; for we have almost indefinite power of cultivating the faculty of directing the attention in a particular direction. And here again nature helps us by ordering the nutrition of the brain-fabric itself (as Dr. Carpenter thinks), so that habitual mental operations become more and more easily performed, in consequence of a better nutrition of those parts of the brain where the changes take place which accompany the mental operations in question. However this may be, unless the musical

us, and scare the cra - vens! Owls and

8ves.

sf

ravens, Howl with us, and scare the cra - vens. Howl with us, and scare the

8ves.

cres.

cra - vens. Come with torch - es bright - ly flash - ing. Thro' the

cres.

8ves.

sf

sempre. p

night - gloom lead and fol - low. lead and fol - low. In and

out each rock - y hol - - low. Come with torch - es, Come with

8va.

sf p

Sempre p

Come with bil - lets, Owls and

Owls and ra - - - -

torch - es, Owls and

bili

ra - - vens, Howl with us, and scare the

- vens,

ra - - - vens, Howl with us, and scare the

8va

A GUARD. Bass Solo.

f

Come, come! come!

p f

cra - - vens! Come, come!

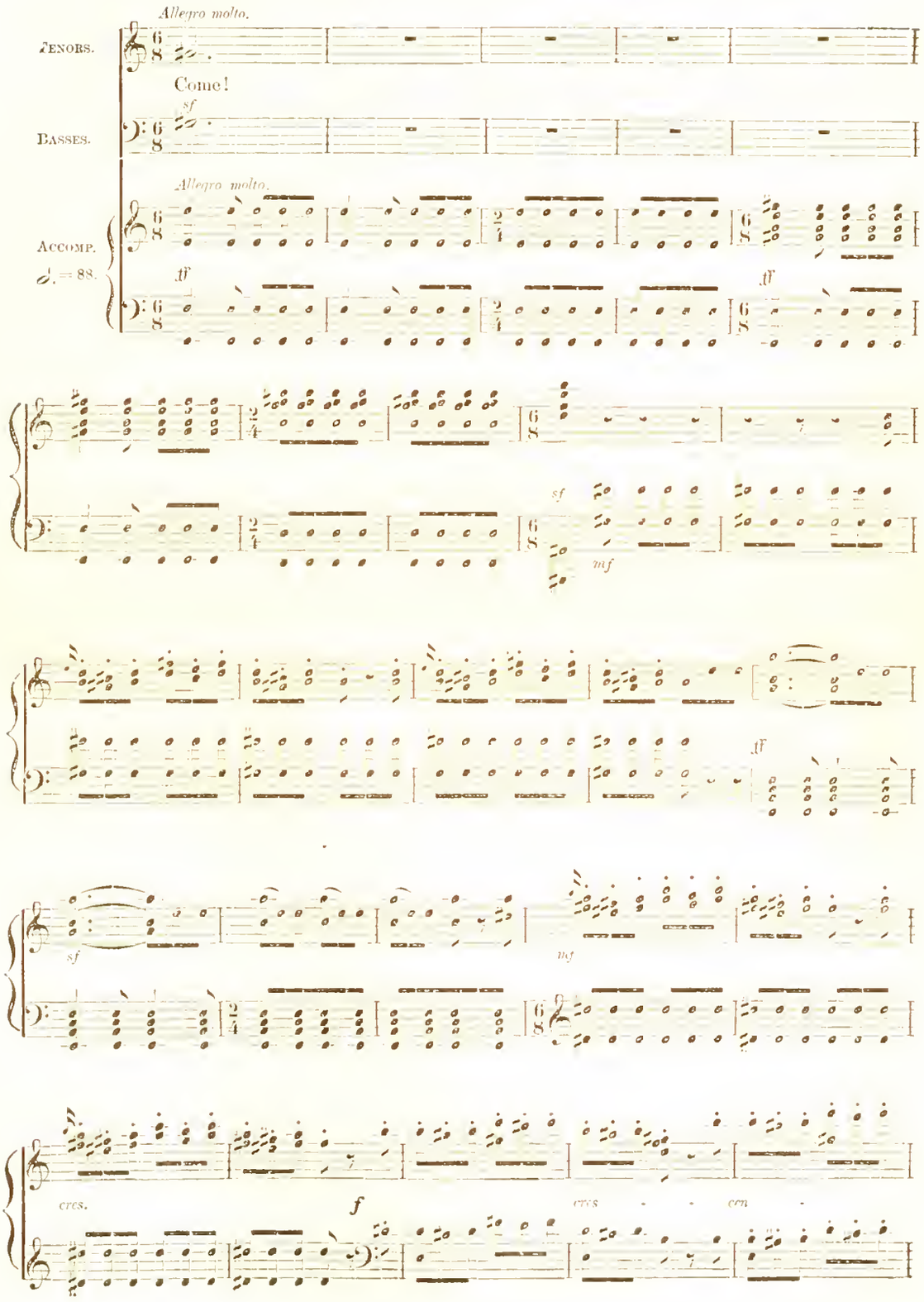
p f

Ped.

pp

*

No. 6. Chorus.—COME WITH TORCHES BRIGHTLY FLASHING.



do. ff sf mf

Tenors. (8ve lower.) ff

Chorus. Come with torch - es brightly flash - ing, Feigning

Basses. ff

con fuoco.

De - mons whom they fa - ble, Rush a - long with bil - lets clash - ing,

cres. sempre.

Thro' the night - gloom lead.... and fol - low!

ff

artist can fully absorb *himself* in his musical performances, he certainly will not be able to exclusively engage the attention of his public. And on this concentration of an artist's attention, hang certain very important conclusions in regard to the conduct of elementary studies, both as it regards technical exercises and the use of *études*.

And first in regard to mechanism. The elementary movements of the fingers in piano-playing belong to three catagories: Complete flexion of the fingers on all the joints as in shutting the hand; second, partial flexion of the fingers, the metacarpal joints only being flexed; and, third, the separation and approximation of the fingers by means of the *inter-osseous* muscles, which lie between the bones in the palm and on the back of the hand. The first two movements are the work of the great common flexors of the fingers, which lie in the fore-arm. The second class of motions (the five-finger motions) are performed by exactly the same muscles as those of the first class; the difference being that in this limitation of the action to the metacarpal joints the first and second joints of the fingers are prevented from bending by the extensor muscles which are contracted just enough for that purpose. Entire control of these motions is facilitated very much by the fact that the difficulty is to cause any finger to act independently of its next neighbor, in consequence of the muscular contraction taking place not through the whole width of the broad flexor muscle, but only along a part of the fibres, those, namely, the handiest to the finger it is desired to move. The fore finger is always more independent because it has help from special muscles, and has also a thousand occasions for bestirring itself every day. But in the case of the others the passages 34 or 43, or 23, 32 are much more difficult than 24, 42, 31, 13, etc. From the small number of motions possible to the fingers, and from the fact just pointed out that the crucial point is the independence of the adjacent fingers, it follows that technical exercises may be perfectly adequate to the mechanical training of the hand though very few in number. All that is asked mechanically of the hand being endurance, speed, and certainty. I, myself, believe that Mason's "two finger exercise" (if applied in the various proper ways habitual with him) furnishes all the muscular training any fingers require, provided only it be practised properly and long enough —which for concert technique I should say would not exceed an hour a day. All the rest, scales, arpeggios, broken chords, etc., have chiefly a mental value. They familiarize the mind and the hands with the fundamental passages of piano music and are therefore indispensable. But for merely muscular training they fall far below the exercise already mentioned.

With regard to Plaidy's technics the defects seem to me to be two: First that radical motions of the fingers are not easily reached in definite amounts by his exercises. For the sake of doing one thing which your hand needs, you have to do five or six things you care very little about. This objection I cannot explain without a degree of elaboration for which I have here no time. Let it suffice to say that in effect these exercises are a series of select permutations of the various alternations possible to the fingers. When complete automatism of an exercise is secured, therefore, we have not an automatism of a radical passage like a scale or arpeggio, the possession of which is of permanent value, but only an automatism of one little sequence of motions out of millions likely to be met with in playing. The only passages which it is important for the pianist to have in complete automatism, are those which are likely to occur in rapid playing, and those are scales, arpeggios, broken chords, and accompaniment figures of one kind and another. Besides this one has to acquire automatism for the cadenzas of all the pieces one plays. Beyond this, playing rests on a suitable technical foundation, which as it regards the fingers is all embraced in *the ability to alternate any two adjacent fingers as many times as necessary and in any reasonable speed and force.* On this foundation it is easy to build up the moderate automatism necessary for any given piece.

My second objection to such exercises is that they are necessarily played from the book, and being in themselves musically uninteresting they conduce to a heartless performance. It is far better, I think, to accomplish the technique by exercises played by heart and rendered somewhat interesting by being thrown into rhythmic forms. As soon as the exercise assumes a rhythmic form, especially if it be a long and (for the pupil) involved one, the attention begins to be more completely absorbed, and thus is laid the foundation for that concentration of attention so indispensable to the artist. If in addition to the rhythmic forms *accentuation* be judiciously added, the fingers are trained to a discriminating touch, and the ear is continually called on for its approval or disapproval of the result attained.

In regard to the use of mechanical *études*, such as those of Czerny and Köhler, it seems bold to raise any question. Nevertheless they lack musical interest, and by so much conduce to dull and uninteresting playing. In point of mere technique they do not advance a pupil a quarter as fast as simple scales, etc., will do. The pupils who indulge in them much usually fall into mere fluency. I have repeatedly had pupils who had been through a large collection of these things, occupying the most of the practice for several years, and in every case they have been conspicuously inartistic players. As soon as I have discarded these things and for technique had recourse to simple exercises, filling up the greater part of their time with pieces, they have manifested marked improvement. In my opinion this improvement resulted from the cultivation of two habits which their previous practice had neglected. These were, the constant appeal to the ear to verify the musical result of the playing, and second the concentration of their attention in the natural effort to sooner arrive at a desired accomplishment.

Much that I have here said seems abstract and vague. Nevertheless the theories of mental action here referred to are those now most authoritatively held. (See Dr. Carpenter's "Mental Physiology.") I have taken the trouble to recount them in the hope that they might prove in some mind a "productive ferment" (as Albert Parsons calls Wagner's ideas) leading to important simplifications of the art of piano teaching.

Chicago, September 17.

The Rehearsals at Bayreuth.

A Wagnerian communicates to the *Indépendance Belge* a letter of some interest, describing the rehearsals of the tetralogy of the Niebelungen, which took place at Bayreuth last month. He says:—

Setting out from Brussels on the 1st of August by the 5.30 train, I was at Cologne at 11 o'clock in the evening; the next morning about 5 o'clock at Mayence, and I arrived at Bayreuth at half past three in the afternoon. On the road I met Mdme. La Baronne de Schleinitz, of Berlin. This meeting, on my arrival at Bayreuth, made me acquainted with the Baron Schleinitz, with the burgomaster of Bayreuth, and with M. Feustel, the banker of the Bayreuth scheme, who were waiting the arrival of Mdme. Schleinitz at the terminus. The lady, as you know, is an enthusiastic admirer of Wagner's music, and one of the persons who has contributed most to interest the high society of Berlin in the artistic enterprise at Bayreuth. The banker Feustel offered me hospitality, and I yielded to the temptation. My first care naturally was to betake myself to the new theatre at Bayreuth—Wagner's theatre. It is situated at some distance from the town, about a quarter of an hour's walk, on a hill; seen from a distance, on the Bayreuth side, its aspect, though simple, is imposing. A shady walk, "Wagner Street," leads to it. All round are meadows and forests.

The effect produced by the interior is grand, especially as a whole. It is nearly all finished; it only remains to execute the decorations and to place the benches. Scarcely had I hazarded a few looks to the right and to the left, and particularly plunged into the gulf where the orchestra is placed, when Wagner arrived. Liszt, Mdme. de Schleinitz, and Mdme. Cosima Wagner accompanied him. He addressed a few pleasant words to me, praised the people of Brussels, who, he said, had taken so active a part in the enterprise, and invited me to his reception in the evening. All the orchestra were at their posts, and the rehearsal commenced at once with the first part of "Rheingold." Although the orchestra had only had one reading, all went as if by enchantment; and I can state, to my great satisfaction, that the acoustic properties of the hall seemed excellent.

The following were the arrangements for the rehearsals: In the morning from 10 o'clock till noon, rehearsal for the orchestra alone; in the evening, from 5 to 7 o'clock, full rehearsal with the singers:—

Monday, 2nd	August	"Rheingold"	(1st part).
Tuesday, 3rd	"	"	(2nd part).
Wednesday, 4th	"	"Walküre"	(1st act).
Thursday, 5th	"	"	(2nd act).
Friday, 6th	"	"	(3rd act).
Saturday, 7th	"	"Siegfried"	(1st act).
Sunday, 8th	"	"	(2nd act).
Monday, 9th	"	"	(3rd act).
Tuesday, 10th	"	"Götterdämmerung"	(1st act).
Wednesday, 11th	"	"	(2nd act).
Thursday, 12th	"	"	(3rd act).

Seated at a table quite near to the footlights, Wagner directed all the rehearsals from the stage. Hans Richter was at the conductor's desk in the orchestra. Liszt was present in the hall opposite Wagner, the score open before him. It was a real pleasure to hear the orchestra read at sight the inconceivable difficulties accumulated in these scores; to this it added, in accompaniment to the singers, a discretion which could not be sufficiently admired. The singers for the most part also deserve nothing but commendation.

In the "Rheingold," Betz, of Berlin, sang the part of Wotan (Germanic name of Odin, the Jupiter of Scandinavian mythology). He is an artist celebrated throughout Germany; his baritone voice is of admirable *timbre*, and his fine presence well fits him for the part. Loge (the god of fire, the Mephisto of the prologue of the Niebelungen) was in the hands of Vogl, of Munich, whom you heard at the festival of Düsseldorf, and who has just made a great success at Munich and Weimar in "Tristan and Isolde." He has a good tenor voice and excellent delivery. Alberich (the dwarf who renounces love to gain the Rhine gold) was confided to Carl Hill, a singer of great reputation at concerts before he appeared on the stage. Hill is at the theatre of Schwerin. The Dutchman in "Der Fliegende Holländer" is considered his best *rôle*. His conception of the part of Alberich and his declamation are perfect.

As to the giants Fafner and Fasolt, they have good interpreters in MM. Reichenberg of Mannheim, and Eiler of Coburg. Mime (the future educator of Siegfried) is equally well interpreted by M. Schlosser, of Munich, and Donner by M. Niering, of Darmstadt. Fricka (the wife, the Juno of Wotan) is Mdme. de Grun Sadler, of Coburg, a well-known singer, with a beautiful voice, an excellent method, and a prepossessing face. Freia (the Germanic Venus) is a secondary part, fairly filled by Mdlle. Haupt, of Cassel. Erda (the goddess of the earth) is Mdme. Jaida, of Darmstadt who has a perfect voice and declamation. The three daughters of the Rhine: Mdlles. Lili and Marie Lehmann, and Mdlle. Lammert, of Berlin, could hardly be surpassed in beauty of voice and purity of intonation in the very difficult music assigned to them. A very successful rehearsal of the "Rheingold" resulted.

In regard to the "Walküre," the tenor Niemann, trusted with the part of Siegmund, was obliged to quit Bayreuth hastily, on account of the sudden illness of his wife. I was told that at the rehearsals at the piano he had sung better than ever. Vogl, who had already played Siegmund at Munich, offered to take his place, and acquitted himself famously.

The distribution of the other parts was as follows:—

"Wotan:" Betz. An extraordinary interpretation; above all in the final scene of the third act, where the god, at the instigation of Fricka, and in

spite of the supplications of Brünnhilde, decrees the death of Siegmund, the ravisher of Sieglinde.

"Hunding" (the husband of Sieglinde): an ungrateful part, but well filled by M. Niering.

"Brünnhilde" (the Walküre): Mme. Friedrich Materna, a born interpreter of Wagner's music. In the part of Brünnhilde she is inimitable; her voice, in spite of its compass and power, is capable of most velvet-like sounds; her delivery is overpowering; the entire impersonation has in it something irresistible. Her success was phenomenal.

"Sieglinde:" Mdlle. Vogl, of Munich. This is the well-known interpreter of Isolde. A singer of the first order, she possesses a very beautiful voice. Her success was very great.

"Fricka:' Mdme. de Grün-Sadler. As in the "Rheingold," excellent.

The eight Walküre, in spite of the almost insurmountable difficulties of the score, left nothing to be desired. On its part the orchestra was irreproachable, especially in the "*chevauchée des Walküre*" and in the "*conjuration du feu.*" And this, after a single rehearsal! When all was over the enthusiasm of the persons present was without bounds. There was an interminable ovation

At Wagner's house in the evening I found young Liszt; for Liszt is positively becoming young again. He was asked to play; he sat down to the piano and played a study, then the Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 2. I can well say that only Liszt can play so. That reminds me of a lively anecdote; it was last summer, I believe. Antoine Rubinstein was at Weimar at Liszt's house, where were present also a few friends of the great artist. Rubinstein, among other things, played Schumann's symphonic studies. It was superb, says my friend L. . . . . ., who was present. When it was finished Rubinstein got up streaming. Liszt succeeded him at the piano; he plays, he plays, this is thunder, these are lightnings; then pauses and . . . . gets up as if nothing had happened. Such is Liszt.

Although the rehearsals were strictly forbidden to the public, every day the crowd of spectators became greater. Eighty seats had been placed in the hall for the visitors admitted or invited. Very soon these were no longer enough; so that people were obliged to seat themselves on the floor or the steps.

"Siegfried," the third part of the tetralogy, in which Wagner has put his finest art, did not appear at first to make so deep an impression on the public as the "Walküre." Little by little, however, the public familiarized itself with the work, and ended by taking to it. The scene of the awakening of Brünnhilde and the love duet which follows raised frantic applause. The following is the distribution:—

"Siegfried:" M. Unger, of Mannheim. The person of this actor is imposing, his voice is powerful, and he is a man of resources; but it cannot be said that M. Unger is in reality the Siegfried dreamt of by Wagner. His singing does not take the public, and his performance is not always spritely enough. The artist however deserves praise.

Betz is always equal to the part of "Wotan." With him all tells, nothing is wasted. M. Hill gets on equally in Alberich. M. Schlosser's Mime appeared flat; but it is probable that it will become a good interpretation in time.

As to M. Reichenberg's Fafner, he is a superb giant. It was tried to make him sing through a speaking trumpet: the experiment succeeded beyond all expectation. Brünnhilde, as represented by Mdme. Materna, is always enchanting. Mdme. Jaida, in Erda, is again distinguished by her voice and delivery. Mdlle. Lili Lehmann, the bird of the forest, is ravishing.

M. Brandt, of Darmstadt, worked during the rehearsal some of the scenery executed under his directions. It produces a very good effect both as regards the composition and the working.

In the evening I had the opportunity of seeing a singer formerly celebrated, Wagner's niece, Johanna Wagner, now Mdme Jachmann. She asked me to accompany her in several songs, which she sang *à ravir.*

But now we have come to the last, to the most powerful of the dramas which compose the tetralogy of the Niebelungen, the "Götterdämmerung." Every part of this work struck the public and caused an uninterrupted succession of applause. The rehearsal of the first and longest act had to be commenced half an hour sooner and only finished half an hour later than the other rehearsals.

The following are the parts:—

"Siegfried:" M. Unger.

"Hagen" (the murderer of Siegfried) M. Emile Scaria of the opera at Vienna. This was an interpretation of the first order. M. Scaria seems born for this part. It is a gigantic apparition. His powerful voice, which has unexpected vigor, produces an indescribable effect. He was applauded with the utmost enthusiasm.

"Gunther:" M. Eug. Gura, of Leipzig, a well known artist and a skilful singer. You may remember his success at Düsseldorf in Rubinstein's "Tower of Babel." He has here justified his reputation to the utmost.

"Alberich:" M. Hill. As in the Rheingold.

"Brünnhilde"—Mdme. Materna, always incomparable in sentiment and dramatic intensity. The last scene (the death of the Walküre, who throws herself all armed under the funeral pile of her husband Siegfried), is as enchanting as possible. Wagner threw himself on the neck of the great artist and embraced her with effusion. (!)

"Gutrune:" Mlle. Weckerlin of Mannheim. A pretty voice; she sings well, and with purity. But I did not remark anything particularly worthy of observation.

In the part of "Waltraute," Mdme. Jaida showed herself in all her glory. The grand recitative of the first act, in which she announces the decline of the gods, was one of the most successful parts of the whole rehearsal.

The three "Daughters of the Rhine," the two sisters Lehmann and Mdlle. Lammert, were again perfect in their parts: very pure and well-rounded singing.

The "Nornes," entrusted to Mmes. de Grün-Sadler, Ehrenfest, and Preiss, were very well sung. The Companions of Gunther were also in very good hands, or rather in very good voices.

I have already told you that in the "Götterdämmerung" everything went well: when the final scenes arrived a renewal of enthusiasm seized all present. I avow, for myself, it was the deepest impression I have ever felt in my life. At the end there was stamping and cheers for Wagner. Wagner, in a few words, thanked the artists and performers for the zeal which they had shown during the rehearsals. On the whole they had been very satisfactory. As to Wagner's last work, it is perhaps the grandest manifestation of the genius of the master. Success next year appears henceforth certain.

The last reception at Wagner's house was very brilliant. Illuminations in the garden and villa, fireworks, serenades by the military band of the garrison of Bayreuth- nothing was wanting. All the performers had been invited. Wagner again expressed his gratitude to them. Then he proposed the health of the King of Bavaria. After a toast to Wagner, much cheered, Liszt played some fragments of his oratorio "Saint Francis." Then we separated with repeated cheers for "Wagner in 1876."

In the course of the rehearsals, a trial of the apparatus for lighting was made. For the stage alone there are 2,500 burners; in the hall 15,000. Underneath the theatre are two cellars in which jets of steam will be kept ready for scenic effects. Thanks to some very ingenious contrivances, the whole stage can be enveloped in a cloud of vapor, which, with the aid of different colored lights, will imitate mists, clouds, rain-bows, &c., and will also serve to extinguish fire if it should break out.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 2, 1875.

Music in Boston.

We have already cited "Old Prob," as to some of the chief signs of the season close at hand; such as the Oratorios, the Orchestral Concerts, and the "great stars." These, though last named, will be first in the field; and both as to these, and other features yet to be enumerated, "probabilities" resolve more into certainties as their day approaches.

First in order come the concerts of Herr Doctor Hans-Guido von Buelow (we have succeeded in adding an inch to his stature,—i.e., a syllable to the length of his title as displayed in the announcements). The programmes of the first three concerts (Oct. 18, 20, and 22) are before us. They are strong programmes and significant. Each consists of three numbers: a group of piano solos being placed between a Concerto or some other large form of piano work with Orchestra (conducted by Carl Bergmann). Beethoven heads the table in two of the banquets, while Liszt sits opposite as *croupier.* Beethoven appears at his greatest (it will be no fault of the interpreter if he do not), namely in the great E-flat, the "Emperor," Concerto, and the lovely one in G; —Liszt in a *Fantaisie Hongroise*, which he has dedicated to Bulow, and his E-flat Concerto, which Anna Mehlig used to play here. Between them are ranged, at the first feast, solos by Chopin (Nocturne, Chant Polonaise, Berceuse, Valse); at the third, Bach (Organ Prel. and Fugue in A minor, arr. by Liszt), Mendelssohn (Prel. and Fugue, Op. 35, No. 1), and Raff (Prel. and Fugue, from Suite, Op. 72), —this last a very worshipful and learned company. In the second programme, Henselt takes the head, with his F-minor Concerto; Weber the other end, with his brilliant *Polonaise* in E, as arranged by Liszt; and only Beethoven between, i.e., a party of his brain children, in the shape of the 15 Variations, &c., on a theme from the "Eroica." There are to be seven of these concerts, including two Saturday matinées, at the first of which (Oct. 23) the first programme will be repeated. Von Bülow is to play the Chickering Piano.

The other "bright particular star" of the pianoforte heavens, Mme. Arabella Goddard, has joined the Tietjens constellation, which will be very lustrous. We are informed that Mr. Max Strakosch has engaged her to appear with Mlle. Tietjens in sixty concerts, for which he is to pay the great pianiste three thousand pounds sterling, the engagement to commence in New York on the 4th of October, and conclude about the middle of January. We presume this double star will shine on Boston when the Bülow sets.

And now for Chamber Concerts. The Quintette Clubs, of which we had three last winter, are reduced to two by the disbanding of the "Beethoven" party. (We cannot say that we are sorry; for this tendency of our best musicians, particularly violinists, to traverse the country in small clubs, is well nigh fatal to any hope of a complete and well-trained Boston orchestra; and Boston will hardly have the right to call herself a musical city if she depends on travelling organizations from without for *that.*)

The oldest of them all, the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, is in excellent condition, and has, we believe, already started on one of its long Western concert tours. One only of the original members remains, Mr. Ryan. Our excellent Wulf Fries, the favorite violoncellist from the first, withdrew from them a year ago; had he continued in the Club, Boston would miss so true an artist through the chief part of the season; but we are happy to know that we shall have him always with us. Mr. C. N. Allen, head and founder of the late Beethoven Club, has taken the place of Mr. Hamm, who has returned to Germany, and of course fills it worthily, alternating occasionally with Mr. Schultze in the leading of the classical quartets and quintets. They have an admirable 'cellist, as they had last year, in Mr. Hennig, besides the occasional assistance of Mr. Alexander Heindl's double bass. Mr. Edward Heindl plays both viola and flute, being good at both, exceptionally fine with the latter instrument. Mr. Ryan still adheres to viola and clarinet. We believe they intend to give a short series of their good old classical chamber concerts here some time in the latter half of the winter. Meanwhile they have already given a taste of their quality, twice, in the popular Sunday evening entertainments at the Parker Memorial Hall:—such concerts, we presume, as they will give in the country and out West, —not precisely the "good old" classical style of programme, although partly that; but the part is not equal to the whole, nor is it equal to itself, in fact it is not itself, when severed from the whole! Each of these concerts (which, we must own, were

eagerly attended and heartily applauded after every piece) began with an arranged Overture, six instruments for outline of an orchestra, the clarinet, for instance, doing duty also as trumpet, horn, and what not. In this way the Overtures to "Tell," and Mendelssohn's "Meeresstille," &c., (which the programmes still persist in mistranslating "A calm sea and happy voyage") suggested themselves in some of their salient features. For classical numbers, they played one night the Allegretto and Adagio from Mendelssohn's B-flat Quintet, and the slow movement from Beethoven's in C; and, on the second night, the Andante and Scherzo from Mendelssohn's Quintet in A, and the noble Adagio from Schubert's Quintet with two violoncellos. These were interspersed amid solos and variation pieces, in which each virtuoso gave fine proofs of his skill, and arrangements, paraphases, &c., from operas, *Lohengrin*, &c. Last Sunday evening, they had the assistance of a pleasing vocalist, Miss FANNY KELLOGG, who was much applauded after Bishop's "Echo Song" (voice rivalling flute) and a song or two by Franz and Schumann. Her clear, fresh voice, quite flexible, and her style and culture, thus far, seemed better suited to the former than the latter. To fairly judge her powers, however, we must hear more of her; we should say there was good voice and talent; but whether concertizing through the country is the best school for it, one might doubt.

The Listemann party [Boston Philharmonic Club] composed as before, of the brothers Listemann, violin, Mr. Gramm, viola, Hardegen, 'cello, Werner, flute, Belz, horn, —announce six classical concerts in the renovated and re-ventilated Bumstead Hall [under the Music Hall] as follows: Nov. 3, Dec. 1 and 22, Jan. 3 and 19, and Feb. 20. Mme. Schiller, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Dow, and others will assist during the season. We have had nothing of its kind so good in Boston as their poorly attended concerts of last winter; and now that their quality is better known, we doubt not they will be warmly patronized and give us a series of rich feasts.—That there will be other Chamber matinées and concerts of a choice character, of pianoforte music, at all events, may be taken for granted, since we have the artists with us, and their annual bouquets of Beethoven, Chopin, Schubert, Schumann, &c., which they know so well how to choose, combine, and to present, have grown indispensable. The "Conservatories," also, will not allow Chamber concerts to cease from the land, trust them for that. But so far the announcements in this kind are few; and a musical season in Boston without a great many purely classical Chamber concerts can hardly be called a season. If there is much call for them, will they not come?

We come now to the vocal Clubs. The Apollo will make every exertion to keep up its high standard in the execution of male part-song and chorus. From the fact that their conductor, Mr. B. J. Lang, has been in Europe seeking new stores of music for them, we may entertain the hope that they will find matter worthier of their powers than German part-songs merely. Besides their frequent "public rehearsals" in Horticultural Hall, or elsewhere, concerts will be given in the Music Hall Dec. 30, Jan. 3, May 23 and 25.—The Boylston Club has resumed its rehearsals under the able direction of Mr. G. L. Osgood. Its Music Hall concerts will take place on the evenings of Dec. 29, Jan. 4, May 24 and 29. Their repertoire has been materially enriched, and we hear that among other good intentions, they have that of studying Cherubini's noble Requiem for male voices,—the work which won the highest compliment from Beethoven.—The Orpheus will not leave its room;—not that it is sick by any means.—The English Glee and Madrigal singers, from New York, will renew their welcome visits early in December, and also later in the season.

Clubs of mixed voices, large enough to sing with orchestra, will not be wanting; though some of them feel more at home, feel their own voices more, with only a pianoforte or quartet accompaniment. Of one of these we read, in the *Courier:*

"The friends of the Foster Club will be glad to hear that it will reassemble next month, and at once begin work on some large and new composition, either Gade's *Erl King* or *Kalanus* by the same author. Mr Allen A Brown, who divides with Mr George Foster the direction, and assumes with the same gentleman all the responsibilities of management, has lately made a metrical translation of the text of the last-named work. This will be the ninth working season of the club, though the tenth of its existence, the last season having been given up on account of the formation of The Cecilia. During each season one or more large choral works, never before heard in Boston, has been brought out; and the lighter music of the programme, part songs and the like, has always consisted largely of novelties in their way. Mr. George E. Whiting will officiate as director for this season."

The Highlands Musical Association, so far as reported, had not yet decided on its conductor. The Sharland Choral Society, which bears the name of its efficient leader, will sing as last year,—250 voices strong,—in the concerts of Theodore Thomas. They have begun rehearsals on some modern German works.—"The Cecilia" has been notified to reassemble for rehearsal under Mr. Lang and doubtless will take part in several of the Harvard Symphony Concerts. It is proposed to strengthen it in point of numbers so far as it may be done without impairing the rare purity and refinement of its ensemble of voices. The work is not laid out for it with any certainty; but some or all of the following compositions will probably be given: of last year's work there may be repeated some selections from "Paradise and the Peri"; the "Emyanthe" Finale by Weber; the "Loreley" by Mendelssohn. And there are under consideration, for new matter: a chorus from Gluck's *Alceste*, preceded by the Overture; Gade's "Comala," a portion of Schumann's "Faust" music, and possibly one of the great Cantatas by Bach.

Beside the operatic prospects already mentioned [the Kellogg English troupe, the Wachtel German and Italian opera], we have assurance from headquarters that Miss Adelaide Phillipps is organizing an effective company for Italian Opera including several new singers [among them the sister of Miss P., who has won such praise abroad]. During the winter she will revive some of the good old Rossini operas, such as *Semiramide* and *Cenerentola;* and it is even under consideration to give us a first hearing of his sparkling *Comte Ory*, next to the "Barber" his most amusing comic opera. This is certainly good news.

HARVARD SYMPHONY CONCERTS. Mme. MADELINE SCHILLER will play in either the first or second concert. If in the first, the programme will be:

Overture: "The Water Carrier," ..... CHERUBINI
Piano Concerto, in B minor, Op. 89 [*first time.*] HUMMEL
Mme. MADELINE SCHILLER.

"Scotch" Symphony..... MENDELSSOHN
[?] Piano Solo.
Overture: "Ruler of the Spirits."..... WEBER

A CORRECTION.—Will you allow me to say through the Journal that either I wrote the wrong name by mistake in my article [copied from *Church's Visitor*] on the practical value of Helmholtz's discoveries, or my MS. was *edited* after it left my hand.

The Weber piano [as one can easily hear] has in general *not* the tone ascribed to it in my article, but a more reserved, sombre, somewhat muffled, almost *dull* tone, and is far from being particularly rich in the high partial tones. The piano I intended to mention was the *Decker Bros.*, which is the one having the brilliant, reckless tone I spoke of, so *very* abundant in high partial tones, not all of which are consonant. Although this is a matter of no consequence, not the slightest blame or censure being implied in my article, I desire to make the correction simply because I do not like to have the credit of a poorer ear than I have.

Please say to Mr. A. W. Thayer that if I have repeated the "hand-washing" story of Beethoven, I hereby swear off, and will do so no more. YOUR OB'T. SERV'T,

Sept. 22. W. S. B. MATHEWS.

Music in New York.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 27. The last week of the season, at the Central Park Garden, witnessed two remarkable Concerts. The first, Sept. 14, was a "Wagner Night," the programme consisting of selections from his works in chronological order.

On Thursday, Sept. 16, the night set apart for Mr. Thomas's benefit and the last concert of the season. The winds blew and the rains descended; but every box was taken and every seat in the house occupied. Whenever Thomas turned his genial face to the audience he was greeted with cheers and applause. The programme was, in itself, a work of art, and might be called, "the history of the symphony from its inception to its perfection." It was as follows:

Suite in D, No. 3..... J. S. Bach
1. Overture, 2. Air 3. Gavotte,
4. Bourree, 5. Gigue
Symphony in G, No. 13, [Breitkopf and Hartel], Haydn
Overture: "Magic Flute"..... Mozart
Masonic Funeral March..... Mozart
Concerto, for flute and harp [first movement]..Mozart
Messrs. Wehner and Lockwood.
Sonata appassionata, Op. 57, F minor.....Beethoven
Mr. S. Liebling.
Symphony, No. 5, C minor .....Beethoven

The beautiful Suite in D, had already been played, at the Garden, but the Haydn Symphony was heard for the first time, and was received with much enthusiasm. It has all the characteristics which make Haydn's music so beautiful, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Thomas will give us another opportunity of hearing it.

The movement from the Mozart Concerto, (Flute and Harp), afforded the players, Messrs. Wehner and Lockwood, an opportunity to display their admirable talents to great advantage.

The pianist Mr. Liebling played the *Sonata Appassionata* from memory, giving a correct and intelligent interpretation. This artist, who has recently made his appearance among us, is a young man of 16 years, who has already acquired a somewhat extended reputation in Europe. He plays the most difficult concertos from memory and displays great facility of execution. His playing lacks the deeper feeling and passion of the matured artist—but this seems all that is wanting.

And now a few words respecting our musical prospects for the fall and winter.

We are to have the usual series of Symphony Concerts, six in number, by the Thomas Orchestra, at Steinway Hall, on the Saturday evenings Nov. 13, Dec. 4, Jan. 22, Feb. 24, March 25 and April 22. On the Thursday preceding each concert a public rehearsal will be given at 2 o'clock. With this orchestra of course the rehearsal is in nowise inferior to the concert; and last season, when this system was adopted, many persons attended both the rehearsal and the concert.

The N. Y. Philharmonic Society has issued its prospectus for the coming season. Instead of three public rehearsals preceding each concert, as heretofore, there will be two rehearsals only. The first of these will be termed a matinée, and the programme will be varied by the introduction of pieces not in the regular concert list. At the rehearsal immediately preceding the concert the regular concert programme will be adhered to. The Concerts will be given on the following evenings, Nov. 13, Dec. 11, Jan. 22, Feb. 19, March 18 and April 22. It will be observed that three of these concerts fall upon the dates selected by Mr. Thomas for his Symphony soirées.

The Concerts of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society, with the Thomas Orchestra, will take place on the evenings of Dec. 18, Jan. 15, Feb. 12, March 18 and April 8. There will be three public rehearsals before each concert.

Messrs. M. and M. Strakosch will take the field Oct. 4, and open the campaign with a series of six concerts at Steinway Hall. These concerts will be given on the evenings of Oct. 4, 6, 8, 11, 13 and 15. There will also be two matinées on Oct. 9, and 16, respectively. The concert troupe is composed of the following artists: Mdlle. Theresa Titiens, Mdme. Arabella Goddard, Sig. Sauret, violinist, and others, —making one of the best companies which have ever appeared in America.

A short season of English Opera will be given by the Kellogg Company, at Booth's Theatre, beginning on Monday evening Oct. 11, and lasting two weeks. Twelve evening performances and two matinées will be given.

The opera season, at the Academy of Music, will open on Monday evening Oct. 18, under the direction of Mr. Ad. Neuendorff. There will be twenty subscription nights and six matinées of Italian and German opera. The operas to be produced include "Lohengrin," "The Huguenots," "La Juive," "L'Africaine," "Il Trovatore," "William Tell," "Le Postillion de Longjumeau," "La Dame Blanche," "Il Profeta," "Fra Diavolo," "Lucia," "Lucretia Borgia," "Masaniello" and "Martha," part of which will be sung in German and part in Italian.

Herr Wachtel will be the leading artist, and the company will include: Mlle. Eugenie Pappenheim, Mme. Minna Wagner, Mlle. Jeannette Goldberg, Mlle. Natalie Wittman, Herr Julius Milder, Herr Bruno Guntzburger and Herr Joseph Fassbender. Most of these names are new to us, but it is to be hoped that the support will be, in some degree, worthy of the great tenor, whose splendid singing we have already had occasion to admire. A.A.C.

Musical Examinations at Harvard.

The following printed questions were submitted to Prof. Paine's Classes at the annual examination, June, 1875. Written answers were required from each member of the class, prepared upon a given day in the class room, and without aid of book, notes, or instrument.

1. HARMONY.

1. Resolve the dominant seventh chord of D into the other triads than the tonic triad.

2. Resolve the dominant seventh chord of B flat through an upward progression of the seventh:

(*a*) By exchanging the progression with various parts;
(*b*) By sustaining the fundamental tone;
(*c*) By chromatic alteration and modulation.

3. Give three different resolutions of the chords on the blackboard.

4. Write out the four-part harmony of the figured bass given on the blackboard.

5. With what seventh chords of the scale may the augmented triad be connected? Give an example and resolution of each.

6. What is suspension? State the rules that govern suspension.

7. Correct the examples of suspension given on the blackboard, and state the rules which they disregard.

8. Write out the four-part harmony to the bass given on the blackboard.

9. State the rules of the proper treatment of organ point. What are stationary tones?

10. What are passing notes and appoggiaturas, and what are the conditions of their proper treatment?

11. Why would the movement given on the blackboard be inadmissable?

12. What intervals may appoggiaturas form when introduced *above* the harmonic note?

13. What faults in harmony must be avoided in using passing notes and appoggiaturas?

14. State the different kinds of modulation, and the principal means of effecting modulation.

15. State the conditions of the good treatment of the bass in writing the harmonic accompaniment to a melody.

16. What constitutes a good melodic progression of the parts?

17. What restrictions are to be observed in the use of the chord of the sixth and fourth?

18. When are covered fifths and octaves allowable, and when not?

19. Harmonize in four parts the melody given on the blackboard.

20. Harmonize in four parts the choral, "Christus, der ist mein Leben."

2. Counterpoint.

1. Give a definition of counterpoint.

2. Give the rules of four-part equal counterpoint.

3. Write an example of equal counterpoint in four parts to the bass given on the blackboard.

4. Give an account of the resources that may be employed in counterpoint of the second order, two notes against one.

5. Write a counterpoint of the second order, cantus firmus in the alto and counterpoint in the soprano, to the theme given on the blackboard.

6. Give the rules of counterpoint of the third order, four notes against one.

7. Write an example of three part counterpoint, four notes against one, cantus firmus in the bass and counterpoint in the alto to the theme given on the blackboard.

8. Write an example of two-part counterpoint (3–2), cantus firmus in the alto and counterpoint in soprano, to the theme given on the blackboard.

9. Define double counterpoint, and give the rules of double counterpoint in the octave.

10. Write double counterpoint in the octave with an additional voice in the alto, cantus firmus in the bass, to the theme given on the blackboard.

11. Give the rules of double counterpoint in the tenth and twelfth.

12. Write double counterpoint in the tenth, with an added middle part, to the theme given on the blackboard.

3. Imitative Counterpoint and Fugue.

1. Compose an example of imitative counterpoint in four parts to the choral, "Vom Himmel hoch da komm ich her."

2. Define the fugue. What are principal parts and devices of the fugue? Give a separate account of each.

3. What are the general divisions in the form of a complete fugue, and the usual modulations that take place in the course of a fugue?

4. State the order of the entrance and recurrence of the voices in the treatment of the subject, and other principal materials of the fugue in two voices.

5. Compose a two-part fugue to the theme given on the blackboard.

4. History of Music.

[Give important dates. Two of the questions marked with an asterisk may be omitted.]

1. Describe the mediæval church modes and their characteristics, and give an account of the reform in the tonal system.

2. Give a sketch of instrumental music from Giovanni Gabrielli to Sebastian Bach.

*3. Why did instrumental music naturally succeed vocal music in the order of artistic development?

*4. Origin of the organ, harpsichord, and violin; at what period did these instruments severally attain their full development.

5. What progress did the Italian Opera make in the eighteenth century in the development of the recitative, air, chorus, and orchestral accompaniment? Name the masters who best represent the Neapolitan opera style.

*6. What were the characteristics of French Opera under Lully and Rameau?

7. Bach: Give a brief outline of his career, and an account of his principal vocal and instrumental compositions. What position does Bach occupy as a representative master, and what forms of music did he complete? Describe the characteristics of his counterpoint.

8. Handel: State briefly the chief events of his life, and name his principal works. What object did his long career as a dramatic composer serve? What place do Handel's Oratorios hold in the historical development of musical art?

9. Haydn: Give an account of the Symphony as developed by Haydn. What is *thematic treatment?* What elements of style are combined in the modern symphony?

*10. Gluck's career at Paris as a dramatic composer; his theory of art.

11. Mozart: Give a brief account of his life. What position does he hold in musical history? Describe the principal characteristics of his dramatic music.

How did Mozart improve the art of instrumentation? Give an account of his three best symphonies.

12. Beethoven: Give a brief sketch of his life. What influence did he have on instrumental music, and what does he represent in this branch? State the characteristics of his style as exhibited in the form, orchestral coloring, and emotional expression of his works. The Ninth Symphony as a representative work of art.

13. Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Schumann, and the leading characteristics of their music.

Christian Hoffmann.

To the Editor of the Boston Courier:—

This noted musician died at his home in Hoboken, New Jersey, June 23, 1875, of pneumonia. He was born April 10, 1841, at Hanau, near Frankfort-on-the-Main. He entered the Leipsic Conservatory of Music in 1863 and became the worthy pupil of Hauptmann, Richter, and Wenzel. In the class of Wenzel were at this time Carlyle Petersilea, Paul Gormar, Volkland, Ferdinand von Inten and the writer. His temperament was that of a genuine artist, and his nature exceptionally adapted to draw him as pupil into the most sympathetic relation with his teacher. The one thing that made his character dear to his great master, was the admirable blending of his heart with his head, a union that produced well tempered metal in his private, as well as public career. That which he did, he glorified in doing well. He was the first to refrain from any undertaking if conscious that any inability on his part might possibly endanger its complete success. His nature was holy; his gesture, mien, voice declared more praise to his God, than all the ceremonies in Christendom. When asked, why he did not join the church, he replied in Abraham Lincoln's words: "If you can show me the church, that embraces all humanity, I will join it." He was a great admirer of Bach and loved him for his simplicity and majesty. Next in his affections came Schubert, whose songs were interpreted by his mellow, sympathetic voice most fully. The ballads of Carl Loewe came in for a large share of his interest, and he fairly revelled in their sweetness and bold modulations, and was overjoyed when the opportunity presented itself to sing them to a friend for the first time. He leaves a noble wife and one child, two children having gone before him by one year. A few days ago I received a letter from our teacher. I can in no better way close this tribute than by translating that portion of it, which relates to the departed one: "The death of our dear friend Hoffmann, which your last letter announced to me, made me very sad. Another gone to join the ranks of the many I have been obliged to lose in recent years. Their demise almost appears like a personal *memento mori*, and all the more emphatic, the older I grow. The form and appearance of the deceased are still vividly before me. I remember yet so many experiences with him, musical and otherwise, that endeared him to me and proved him to be a man full of sentiment, a disciple of his art actuated by the noblest motives."

Ernst Perabo.

Boston, September 12, 1875.

Worcester County Music School. This comparatively young institution, in the "heart of the Commonwealth,"—judging from its strong corps of teachers, the highly classical programmes of its numerous matinées and concerts, and especially from the excellent lectures on the great composers by Mr. Allen (of which we have copied some reports)—has already won for itself a high place among the Music Schools and "Conservatories," which are springing up all over the country. Its principal teachers heretofore have been: in the instrumental department, G. W. Sumner and H. G. Tucker of Boston, B. D. Allen and E. L. Sumner of Worcester, and F. F. Ford, of Boston [Violin]; in the vocal department: Chas. R. Hayden of Boston, and Mrs. M. J. Sumner of Worcester. Of the new term, which has just opened, the *Worcester Gazette* says:

The school has been in the past, and gives promise of being in the future, a great success. During the past year its pupils have given some twenty-five recitals and several matinées, all of which have proved delightful affairs. A class for singing the finer German music has been started. The musical lectures of Mr. B. D. Allen have proved highly instructive and interesting. The subjects of his last course were Bach, Handel, Mozart and Beethoven. The lectures are to be continued this winter, with the following list of subjects:—Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin and Franz.

The new circular of the school shows valuable additions to its corps of instructors. Mr. L. F. Goering of Boston, who was formerly connected with the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, and later with the Orchestral Union, and who is popularly known by Worcester concert-goers, is to teach the flute. Mr. D. Henry Suck, who is celebrated as a solo performer on the violin is to give instruction on that instrument. The name of Miss E. J. Sumner, who made her very successful *debut* last winter, is also on the list. Miss L. E. Knowlton, who was added to the teachers of the school last year, will still have charge of the guitar pupils.

The school enters upon its fall term with promise of continuing success, the large list of pupils including ladies and gentlemen from Kansas, Minnesota, Illinois, Canada, New York, and the District of Columbia, as well as from all of the New England States.

Bumstead Hall has been thoroughly renovated. The new room is brightly tinted, the walls being colored in salmon, while the ceiling is drab, with handsome border lines of various colors. The antiquated gas fixtures have given place to four new, elegant chandeliers. The seats have been newly cushioned, and the stage is completely new, and much more convenient than the old platform. The hall will be perfectly ventilated, the most modern and improved system of insuring pure air having been adopted. The Handel and Haydn Society are to resume their rehearsals here, this season, after one year at Beethoven Hall. The Philharmonic club, and perhaps the Catholic Choral Society, and other musical organizations, will hold rehearsals in the hall. It is well adapted for rehearsal purposes.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Wolf. Bass Song. 3. E*b* to f. *Shield.* 40
"Your keys, jewels, cash and plate!
Silence, or you meet your fate."
For Bass or Baritone voice. A sensational piece describing the midnight visit of robbers.

My Good Father. (Il mio Babbo). 4. C to *a*. *Ricci.* 30
"In a trice, my little daughter."
"Presto, presto Giovanni."
A pretty little comic Italian ballad. One of about 30 songs, ably selected and translated by Mr. T. T. Barker. The set is called "Wayside Flowers."

Softly, sweetly Whisper. S'g and Cho. 3, B*b* to e. *Danks.* 35
"Softly whisper that you love me,
Put your dimpled hand in mine."
One of Mr. D's beautiful melodies, joined to a pretty poem in popular style.

Won't you kiss me, little darling? S'g and Cho. 3. E*b* to f. *Persley.* 30
"Press your ruby lips to mine."
Nice music.

What's the use of fretting? S'g and Cho. 2. G to e. *Beg.* 30
"They only wait a decent chance
To make their troubles known."
A bright little bit of sunshiny poetry, in praise of good humor, and against worrying.

Pretty Bird, come tell me why. 2. E*b* to f. *Fox.* 30
"The day has gone, and still I hear,
Thy silvery notes so pure and clear."
A very sweet and simple ballad.

Fade, fade each Earthly Joy. Quartet. 4. *Crandall.* 40
"Jesus alone can bless."
Includes good solos, duet, etc., and is a very smooth and beautiful hymn anthem.

Grand Magnificat. For 4 voices. 4 C to *a*. *Du Mouchel.* 75
"Magnificat anima mea."
"Praise the Lord, O my soul!"
A rich quartet or chorus. Latin words only.

Dream that I love thee still. 3. F to f. *Price.* 30
"Dream that my spirit floats
Ever to thee."
Song in the drama "The Grand Admiral." Dona Serafina sings it. Short, but very sweet.

Sweethearts. 3. A*b* to f. *Sullivan.* 40
"Oh, love,—for a week,—a year:—
But alas for the love that loves alway."
Among the best of its class.

I will go to the Altar. Trio for Sopr., Tenor and Bass. 4. G to *g*. *Southard.* 35
Such a sacred trio as one would expect Mr. Southard to write:—graceful, musical and highly finished. Try it.

Year after Year. 3. D to *a*. *T. D. L.* 30
"Year after year the cowslips fill the meadow."
A beautiful fragment of poetry by Miss Mulock, with music nicely adapted to the thoughts.

To Horse! Cavalry Song. 4. C to *g*. *Elson.* 30
"To horse! The trumpet calls,
On ready ears the signal falls."
A very spirited war song, dedicated to the "Lancers."

County Guy 3. E minor and major to e. *Sullivan.* 40
"Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea."
It requires a skilled hand to put new music to an old and favorite ballad, and to do the work well. But Mr. Sullivan has succeeded in doing it.

Let me Dream Again. 4. C to e. *Sullivan.* 40
"Is this a dream?—
Then waking would be pain."
A most charming reminiscence.

One little sweet Kiss. Song and Cho. 3. E*b* to *g*. *Maylath.* 30
"She was fair as the blush of the morning,
And her smile was a treasure to me."
Very pleasing ballad in popular style.

Return. 3. B*b* to f. *Glover.* 30
"A spirit whispers, ah! return
To the land where all thy loved ones dwell."
A rich melody to words that sing of "home."

Aubade. Serenade. 4. F to *g*. *Cowen.* 40
"The stars are sleeping, and, dim with weeping,
The moon is keeping her watch on high."
Sung by Sims Reeves, and is a capital concert song.

SPECIAL NOTICES. *Continued.*

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Premiere Saltarella. For 4 hands. 4. C. *Leybach.* 75

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" 2. Galop. 3. A. 35

It is a new thing for Strauss to write anything but dance music. But this operetta seems to be made principally of that kind, and all is therefore Strauss-y and super-brilliant

The Holy Virgin. Meditation. Op. 225. 4. C. *Lange.* 50
Heather Rose. Op. 78. 3. F. " 35

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A powerful march enclosing a melodious left hand passage of considerable length. Excellent practice.

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easy glees or to

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are sufficiently solid and
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CONTENTS:

	Words by	Music by
THE ROSEBUD	Bodenstadt	*Hauptmann.*
GOOD NIGHT	Rueckert	*Schumann.*
THE WOOD	Dunker	*Vierling.*
HIGHLAND LASSIE	Burns	*Schumann.*
MAY SONG	Goethe	*Hauptman.*
THE DREAM	Uhland	*Schumann.*
WELCOME REPOSE	Sturm	*Vierling.*
MAY SONG	Oestenwald	*Franz.*
SPRING		*Mueller.*
FAITH IN SPRING	Uhland	*Franz.*
ON THE WATER		*De Cuvrey.*
THE NUN		*Schumann.*
EVENING SONG	Rueckert	*Hauptmann.*
THE LITTLE SHIP	Uhland	*Schumann.*
THE WATER LILY	Geibel	*Gade.*
SPRINGTIME		*Abt.*
THE WOODBIRD		*Abt.*
THE SMITH	Uhland	*Schumann.*
THIS LOVE IS LIKE THE WIND		*Duerrner.*
MORNING WANDERINGS		*Duerrner.*
THE LINDEN TREE	Polish Volkslied.	*Hauptmann.*
SUNDAY		*Hiller.*
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ABIDE WITH ME.....*Bennett.*
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BEHOLD HOW GOOD.....*Whitfield.*
BLESSED BE THE LORD.....*Bortniansky.*
" " " " Christmas..*Earl of Mar.*
BUT THE LORD IS MINDFUL...*Mendelssohn.*
BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL.....*Hiles.*
BOW DOWN AND HEAR ME.....*Mozart.*
BLESSED IS HE.....*Dr. Nares.*
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CALL TO REMEMBRANCE.....*Novello.*
CHRIST IS RISEN.....*Elvey.*
CHRIST OUR PASSOVER.....*Chapple.*
CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.....*Novello.*
DOTH NOT WISDOM CRY.....*Haking.*
DAUGHTERS OF ZION.....*Mendelssohn.*
ENTER NOT INTO JUDGMENT.....*Atwood.*
GIVE EAR, O LORD.....*Oberthur.*
GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.....*Garrett.*
" " " .....*Downes.*
" " " .....*Novello.*
HOSANNA.....*Macfarren.*
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AND YE SHALL SEEK ME.
ARISE, SHINE! FOR THY LIGHT IS COME.
AS PANTS THE HEART.
BEHOLD, HOW GOOD and HOW PLEASANT.
BLESSED ARE THEY WHO HAVE BELIEVED.
BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS.
BLESSED ARE THE DEAD.
BUT THE LORD IS MINDFUL.
BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON.
CRY ALOUD AND SHOUT.
CALL TO REMEMBRANCE.
COME UNTO ME ALL YE.
DOTH NOT WISDOM CRY?
ENTER NOT INTO JUDGMENT.
GOD IS OUR REFUGE.
GOD IS A SPIRIT.
HEAR THE PRAYER OF THY SERVANT.
HOW LOVELY ARE THY DWELLINGS.
HOLY LORD GOD OF SABAOTH.
HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNT'NS.
HOW BEAUTIFUL IS ZION.
HAPPY AND BLEST. IF YE LOVE ME.
IT IS A GOOD THING.
LET THE WORDS OF MY MOUTH.
LET US NOW GO TO BETHLEHEM.
O LORD, HOW MANIFOLD.
PRAISE WAITETH FOR THEE.
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COME, THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING.
COME, YE THAT LOVE THE LORD
FROM THE CROSS UPLIFTED HIGH.
IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST I GLORY.
JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.
JESUS CHRIST IS RISEN TO-DAY.
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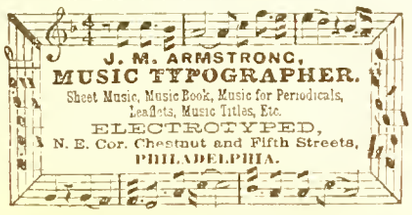

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Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston. C. H. Ditson & Co., New York. Lyon & Healy, Chicago.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 900. BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 16, 1875. VOL. XXXV. No. 14

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Oriental Lyrics.

BY FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

I.

THE DESERT WANDERER.

I roam through sandy, blazing wildernesses;
She rests beneath the Talha's leafy tresses.
Sharp thistles wound my feet, that wearied daily;
She wanders down the violet-scented valley.
I hear the jackal's scream the djinn's shrill hooting;
She lists the nightingale's melodious fluting.
Oh, would her tent dog, barking, run to meet me!
Oh, would her pleasant tent's kind welcome greet me!
I sigh for thee, Zuleika, Kanah's daughter,
As pants the wounded hart for running water!

II.

AMRA.

I spake:—In the hushed encampment,
Men, camels, and steeds sleep still;
Morn slips the bolt of the midnight;
Fair Amra, love's goblet fill!
—She spake:—The spirits of evil
Close, close, o'er the desert fly;
I hear them mutter and whisper;
Pale genii are hovering nigh!
—I spake:—From thy sweet embraces
I won the magical might
That whirls the earth 'neath my footstep,
Or stays the wheels of the night.
Fear not the rush of the sandstorm,
Fear not the leopard's breath;
The kisses of happy lovers
Disarm the angel of death.

III.

WAR SONGS.

Too pale the glow love's blisses bestow!
A wilder transport these pulses know!
When to songs of war my heartstrings vibrate,
A burning sandstorm, I rush on the foe!

They drone no moan of pitiful woe;
Frenzy, flame, from those clangors flow;
Through riot and rapture of slaughter, elate,
A hungry leopard, I spring on the foe!

Sand stings, thirst tortures, angry wounds glow;
To joust with the lightning a thousand go;
Through war's red roar rings the trumpet of Fate,
The right hand of Fate, I shatter the foe!

IV.

THE CREATOR IN THE CREATION.

(Dschelalledin Rumi.)

I am the mote in the sunbeam, and I am the burning sun;
"Rest here!" I whisper the atom; I call to the orb, "Roll on!"
I am the blush of morning, and I am the evening breeze,
I am the leaf's low murmur, the swell of the terrible seas.
I am the net, the fowler, the bird and its frightened cry,
The mirror, the form reflected, the sound and its echo, I;
The lover's passionate pleading, the maiden's whispered fear,
The warrior, the blade that smites him, his mother's heart-wrung tear.
I am intoxication, grapes, wine-press, and must, and wine,
The guest, the host, the tavern, the goblet of crystal fine;
I am the breath of the flute, and I am the mind of man,
Gold's glitter, the light of the diamond, the sea pearl's lustre wan,
The rose, her poet nightingale, the songs from his throat that rise,
Flint sparks, the flame, the taper, the moth that about it flies.
I am both Good and Evil; the deed, and the deed's intent,
Temptation, victim, sinner, crime, pardon, and punishment;
I am what was, is, will be; creation's ascent and fall;
The link, the chain of existence; beginning and end of All!

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A Spiritual Kiss.

Red lips said, "Don't;" gray eyes said, "Do,"
Her silent wish found passage through;
A voice in my heart's chamber heard
Contradicts her spoken word,
While from her eyes the clear star-shine
Came flowing, flowing into mine.

Hands clasped we stood. I felt no need
Give either voice obedient heed,
Suspended in a trance of bliss—
The soul of that unproven kiss
Forth from her gray eyes divine
Came flowing, flowing into mine.

*

A. Saran on Robert Franz and the Old German Volkslied and Choral.*

(Continued from Page 98.)

If in this connection we examine the pianoforte accompaniment a little more closely, it seems at first sight to have scarcely anything in common with the old school. And in fact Franz avails himself of all the real improvements which the modern piano *technique* has made since Beethoven. But, as already in Schumann's piano forms, in many ways so nearly related, the influence of Sebastian Bach is clearly noticeable, so too still more with Robert Franz, whose piano style altogether is more strict and measured than that of Schumann.—Particularly does Bach's school show itself in Franz's systematic avoidance of the material most common in the modern lyrical accompaniment: the broken chords, the chords struck in solid mass, &c., instead of which he invents and uses forms of more significance. For who can deny, that such piano accompaniments, as the *homophonous* melody almost of necessity begets of itself, are in most cases characterless and say nothing? Franz, by the *polyphonous* structure of his melody, is guaranteed beforehand against such trivialities. Even when he lets the piano play on with the melody, simply, in four parts, without any sort of figure work, such a setting, with the smooth elastic flow of interwoven parts, with a bass full of character, and the middle parts so full of life and beauty, gives a tone-picture rich in colors.

Examine from this point of view, for instance, "Volker spielt auf," Op. 27, No. 1. What an effect the simple trill of the interlude makes here! And all because the four-part melody appears exclusively all the rest of the time. What kind of a dramatic scene would not many a modern have developed out of this text? Franz recognized the genuine Volkslied trait in it, and hence by the simplest means produces the greatest effects. It is just in limitation that the master shows himself. So one may go through all the numbers of this *Opus*, to convince himself how well our composer knows how to take hold of us and thrill us by means of his simple four-part composition.

It will be understood as a matter of course that Franz also uses broken chords and single chord strokes, where they are in the right place. But it will not escape the attentive observer, that they are always aptly interwoven with other elements, or brought into the melodic flow, and thus are moulded in so interesting a manner that there is nothing trivial about them.

As to broken chords compare, for instance, Op. 1, Nos. 3, 5, 10; Op. 2, Nos. 3, 4, 5; Op. 3, Nos. 1, 3, 4, 6, and so on.

With regard to chords struck in solid mass, we will only point to:

"Nun die Schatten dunkeln," Op. 10, No. 1.

"Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen," Op. 5, No. 1.

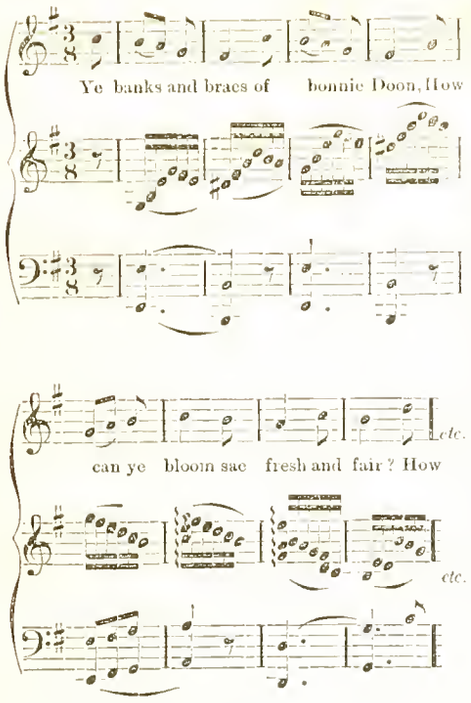
"Drüben geht die Sonne scheiden," Op. 2, No. 2.

"Es hat die Rose sich beklagt," Op. 42, No. 5.

The highly poetic effect, which this form here produces, speaks for itself.

Yet as a general rule with Franz the four-part melody—at least in its principal features—forms the substance of the accompaniment, particularly in the later works, in which the individuality of our master is more and more sharply prominent. The figure work serves only as ornament, which lends light and shade to the fundamental mood. But it stands almost always in direct organic connection with the melodic fundamental motive; grows naturally out of it, and never loses itself beyond the limits which artistic unity prescribes. We can compare this method only with the way in which Bach and Handel usually accompany their Arias. Here too the general bass part, or the quartet of strings, forms the groundwork of the accompaniment, from which the *obbligato* instruments stand out in contrast by way of coloring and ornament. And if you look more closely at Franz's figures of accompaniment, you find a near relationship between them and the figure work of Bach. They appear for the most part as free Counterpoint—the polyphonic melody compels it anyway—and truly with a fineness and a pliantness, which challenge our admiration constantly anew. You see this, for example in "Ye banks and braes of Bonnie Doon," Op. 4, No. 4.

* Translated for DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC.



or in: "Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen," Op. 5, No. 1.

"Eingewiegt von Meereswellen," Op. 9, No. 6.

"Mutter, O sing' mich zur Ruh," Op. 10, No. 3.

"An die bretterne Schiffswand," Op. 25, No. 6.

"Der schwere Abend," Op. 37, No. 4, &c.

Finally we find also songs in which—as so often with the old composers—a frequently recurring Motive ("Motto" one might almost call it) in the accompaniment is set against the voice part, running like a *cantus firmus* through the whole song and lending it that deep and earnest, or tragical, weird character which the text requires. For example:

"Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen," Op. 11, No. 2.

"Sie liebten sich beide," Op. 31, No. 4.

By these peculiarities the Franz accompaniment wins in an unforced way such an *organic* relation to the melody, as we hardly can find elsewhere in the more modern lyric composition. It does not merely illustrate the *Cantilena* from without; it shoots out from it by an inward necessity. Hence the inestimable peculiarity, that of itself it clings to all the finest *nuances* of the text, without ever swerving from the fundamental mood or calling in the aid of any foreign material.

Since the Franz song shows itself in respect to melody and harmony so closely related to the old German lyric, we may expect the same too in respect to rhythm. This, to be sure, is difficult to show in detail, because the Rhythmic of the old German Song is still a very obscure field. But so much is certain: that the ground principle of the old German Song Rhythmic, —particularly its very close adherence to the structure of the verse, and its careful regard to the tone-value of the words and syllables,—also predominates with Franz. So strict is he in this, that he avoids, for instance, repetitions of the text almost on principle. So little room is left to the music to unfold itself with broader independence, that many of the Franz songs show the same laconic, and really epigrammatic precision with a great many of the Volks-melodies.

And this leads us to a point of his affinity with the old German style, which looks, to be sure, beyond the formal over into the ideal field. We mean that *masterly blending of word and tone*, about which Liszt, Ambros and Schuster have written so much that is true and beautiful. Having already had occasion here and there to allude to it, we refrain from any special demonstrations, in order not to overstep too far the space prescribed to us. We only signalize *this* fact: that the peculiar way of blending word and tone with Franz (for it is well known that there are several ways) rests on the same principle as with the old German style. It lies simply in the *Polyphony* of both of them alike. The polyphonic expression alone is by its nature able, on the one hand to call to light the inmost depths of the text with a single stroke; and on the other, at the same time, —by means of its manifold harmonic relations and its rich faculty of thematic development —to give the fitting character to all the ups and downs of feeling, as well as o the finest shadings of the fundamental mood, without causing any break in the strict unity of the whole. Hence the Franz songs often give one an impression, as if they were born at the same instant with the text, as we say of the old Volkslied,—as if the text could only be composed with just *this* melody.

It would indeed be quite perverse to wish to explain this phenomenon merely from the formal nature of the melody. Better say, that just here is the point where the genial divining and productive power of the true artist reveals itself in the *creation* of a Cantilena corresponding to a text. And in what an eminent measure our friend possesses this, requires no further proof after the expositions in the writings we have mentioned. If Liszt and others point to the fact that Franz understands how to portray in music the various individualities of his poets;—if Ambros tells us, that he represents the most different national types in Volk-songs, without knowing them, with a fineness of feeling which resembles divination, —so can we too add largely to the number of these facts. Let it suffice simply here to call attention to our repeated statement, that Franz only lately for the first time, through us, became acquainted with the old German songs, of which his own seem so remarkable an echo. In short, there is no modern song composer known to us, who has looked so deeply into the inmost heart of his poets and his texts; who has listened to them with so fine a sense and caught and translated into tones their secret essence. Franz shows himself herein a genuine son of his People; the People, which in speech and music is capable, as no other is, of plunging into the depths of the spiritual works of all times and nations, and assimilating their quintessence to itself. He shows himself a true heir of the great lyricists of old, who did not merely stand facing their texts on the outside and letting their imagination be stirred up by them, but who saw through them with a genial divination, nay lived through them with their own heart, and then knew how to pour them out in tones of individual originality, as well as the irresistible force of truth, and consequently of imperishable duration.

(To be Continued.)

Ferd. Hiller on Verdi's Repuiem.

[Translated by J. V. Bridgeman, for the London *Musical World*.]

This work (first performed on the 22nd May, 1874), which the popular composer of *Il Trovatore* wrote for the anniversary of the death of Alessandro Manzoni, has, since its production, created a deep sensation in Paris, London, and Vienna, where it has been repeatedly given under Verdi's own direction. Ricordi, the great Milan publisher, has, it is true, had the score and separate parts engraved—but he reserves the right of allowing the work to be performed only in such places and under such conditions as may meet with his (or Verdi's?) approbation. Perhaps he will get together the whole paraphernalia of chorus, band, and solo singers, and undertake a *Requiem* tour—who can say that such a venture would not be worth trying? But, however this may be, we must, for the present, content ourselves with forming an acquaintance with the work (certainly the most important Verdi has written) by means of the pianoforte arrangement—and the acquaintance is one of the most interesting and agreeable which for a long time we have had an opportunity of making in the domain of high class vocal music.

"A Requiem by Verdi?" many of my esteemed German colleagues will exclaim, with an incredulous shake of the head; but I think that, in the end, many will agree with me. It is a pleasure to wander through the work of a master who exercises a sovereign sway over his resources, but the sovereign sway of human despotism, which requires from every one only what appertains to, and becomes, him. It is a pleasure to wander through the work of a master who is scarcely ever left in the lurch by his muse—who fears neither to be too short nor to become prolix, and who sends forth his song with all the abundance of a soul teeming with melody. It is a pleasure, lastly, to become acquainted with a work whose entire and great effectiveness strikes with unqualified certainty the hearing eye (or seeing ear) from the mere inspection of a pianoforte arrangement, which is, after all, but an unsatisfactory affair.

Artless as the melodies of this composition appear, and natural as, taking the work as a whole, is the course of the harmony, I should be puzzled to name any production from which we might obtain a notion of its peculiarity. With Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, the brilliant qualities of which every impartial musician must allow, Verdi's *Requiem* has only the most general features of Italian melodies in common;—as regards tone, expression, and especially breadth of plan, originality of form, and the treatment of the chorus and solo voices, it stands upon totally different ground. It is, probably, the first occasion that, in a composition with a religious text (the *Requiem* cannot be called a sacred composition), whatever good has been achieved in modern times has been so fully and so brilliantly employed. We have perfect freedom of construction, though the architectonic lines never disappear—luxuriantly developed periods, without wearisome dwelling on, or dragging out, particular details; the most thorough and unrestricted use, without the abuse, of modern technics—and characteristic declamation without nervously pedantic subservience to every syllable. Though the composer has invariably aimed at dramatic expression, and though the latter is, perhaps, here and there, carried to a point lying beyond the line which refined taste might desire to see respected in such a work, we cannot say that the *Requiem* is theatrical in a bad sense of the word. This is, perhaps, the case only where the composer (in the "Libera") has had recourse to the imitation of church psalmody—

the introduction of what is outwardly church-like has always something stagey about it. Many of the melodies possess, indeed, deep feeling—a few only approach what is common-place—expressive they may all be called. Verdi proves himself eminently a great master in the various ways in which he interweaves his chorus with the solo-parts. He here finds the advantage of his immense theatrical career, though the seriousness characterizing the mode in which, in the *Requiem*, he profits by the skill he won upon the stage is very different from what it is, or what it could be, in his operas. But it is not merely in perfectly free, and, partly, very original, vocal combinations, that the master is revealed; in those pieces, also, where he pays tribute to strict polyphonous forms, he knows how to move with a dexterity both natural and free from pedantry. The "Sanctus" fugue for double chorus, and the four-part *fugato* in the "Libera me," may afford many a contrapuntist *ex professo* food for reflection.

The pianoforte arrangement, moreover, does not leave us a moment in doubt as to the fact of Verdi's making the very best use of his orchestra; of the *Requiem's* not being deficient in modern, piquant, unusual, and original instrumental effects. But just as little are we left in uncertainty on another point, namely: that, above all things, the Italian master puts in the mouths of his singers what he has to say, and what he knows how to say. His singers sing—they are souls full of tone—no mongrel beings, crosses between musical interlocutors and unmusical interlocutors, obliged to be on their guard against encroaching on the province of horn or viola. They come forward with all the magnificence inherent in that divine organ, the human voice. It is true that Verdi requires singers—in the fullest acceptation of the word—not voices without training—not virtuosos without voice—not declaimers without one and the other. And this is the most delightful thing in the work; it is a living protest against the still spreading absurdity of vocal music in which the servants are made the masters, in which a man, pouring forth song from the depths of his breast and soul, has simply to render clear miserable words, instead of making his innermost heart re-echo in his strain; an absurdity which will always be an absurdity, no matter with what genius exhibited, and however fanatically applauded; an absurdity sooner or later to be consigned to the huge lumber-room of æsthetic, philosophic, poetic, and prosaic errors, to which even so-enlightened a period as our own fails not to contribute.

New National Opera House, London.

(*From the "Daily Telegraph."*)

It must occasionally have struck the reflective mind, when that respectable entity has been brought into passing relations with the impressive ceremonial of laying a first stone, that a good deal of difficult and laborious work has gone before; that the first laying of the architect's pencil to paper was a serious business; that the first figure in the builder's estimate had a prophetic significance; and that each of those preliminary steps which are needful in planning and securing a solid foundation for the structure must have involved anxiety as well as hope. Before Mr. Francis H. Fowler's architectural design for the New National Opera House, projected by Mr. Mapleson, could begin to make itself manifest above the level of the Thames Embankment, there was much to be accomplished beneath. This was made clearly and abundantly evident on Tuesday, the 7th inst., when Mdlle. Tietjens laid the first brick—not the first-stone, which is reserved for future and more public honors—of the great lyric temple in question, and had to descend into the depths of the earth to do it. Even the experience and practical knowledge of the contractor, Mr. William Webster, had not prepared him for the necessity of digging and delving to so profound a level in order to reach a firm basis in the London clay. A thick bed of sandy soil and a large overlying mass of rubbish, the accumulation of several ages in the history of Westminster improvements, had to be excavated; and then, the clay having been reached, there was a great intrusion of water along with it, so that a system of pipes was needed for the operation of pumping. In the course of all this labor, many relics of old times were brought to light, and are preserved with antiquarian zeal. Skulls and bones of animals that roamed the Thames Valley, and were hunted by ancient Britons, in those Druidical days which long preceded the very earliest representation of *Norma* on any stage, have been gathered, cleaned, sorted, and labelled with praiseworthy care. Swords, gold, inlaid, and richly fashioned, tell of the feuds of York and Lancaster; and many objects, long concealed, come forth again to throw a light on the faded scroll of the past.

On the ground that has been cleared and deeply mined for the National Opera House a small party of gentlemen, and a still smaller meeting of ladies, came at half-past one o'clock on Tuesday, the 7th inst. Mdlle. Tietjens was accompanied by her niece, Miss Kruls; and there were also present Mr Mapleson, Mr. Fowler, Mr. William Webster, Mr. Godbold, Mr. Rolfe, of Melbourne, and others interested, personally or publicly, in the objects which are included in the scheme, and which, if successfully realized, must conduce to the national advancement of art, skill, and taste in music and the higher walks of the drama. A temporary flight of steps, carpeted with crimson cloth, led far down to the concrete floor on which the work of bricklaying was now to be begun by the gloved hand of a lady. Deep as this level seemed from above, it had yet been raised high above the clay bed into which Mr. Webster's peaceful regiment of sappers and miners had penetrated. The trenches had, in the first instance, been dug to a depth of forty feet on the inland side, and of about fifty where the site abuts on the Thames Embankment. The concrete then shot into these depths is on the average 25 feet thick, and 21 feet of brick work and masonry will bring the basement up to that stage on which the first or corner stone is in due time to be laid, probably with Royal *prestige*. The site to be occupied by the new lyrical theatre is nearly a square, and comprises fully two acres. There is an ugly protuberance upon the space on the side farthest from the Embankment, efforts to obtain possession of property in that quarter having failed; but the intrusive elbow of bricks and mortar takes but little room, and has very small effect in marring the symmetry of the plan. When Mdlle. Tietjens had been led to the spot on which a thin, smooth layer of white mortar had been spread like a breakfast cloth, Mr. Webster handed to her the richly chased parcel-gilt silver trowel, while at the same time the foreman placed a fair stock brick in the midst of the snow-white surface. The implement held by the lady bore the following inscription: "National Opera House. The first brick of this building was laid by Mdlle. Tietjens, the 7th of Sept., 1875.—J. H. Mapleson, proprietor. Francis H. Fowler, architect; William Webster, contractor." A loud and hearty cheer was given as soon as the inaugural act was performed, then Lord Alfred Paget placed another brick beside the first. Mr. Fowler followed in turn; and presently a considerable deposit of amateur bricklaying might have been beheld from the brink of the pit above. The company then repaired to neighboring quarters, where an elegant *déjeûner* was waiting, and where an opportunity was afforded of inspecting the architect's plans and elevations. From these it appears that an imposing edifice, in Franco-Italian taste, is very quickly to rise up in close proximity to St. Stephen's Club; so close that a subway, already made, will connect the two establishments. Being also near the Westminster station of the Metropolitan Railway, it is contemplated to endow the new Opera House with another subway, for the convenience of the public coming and going by that line. The building faces towards the Embankment, but has really four sides, three of which have openings on roads, so that the house can be emptied very speedily. Exits from the stalls are made to each side, as well as from the front, and entrances and exits of amphitheatre and gallery, though under cover, are altogether separate, by which plan much confusion will be avoided. But there is another and most commendable arrangement, often met with abroad, where no need of niggardly paring and scraping, in the disposition of space, is felt. As there is no cramping or want of room in the plan of the National Opera House, it has been found practicable by the management to adopt this very sensible practice, which is to number the boxes and stalls, in every part of the house, with odd and even figures, the odd being billeted to one side, the even to the other. The pavilion like front of the edifice, with its three stories of columns and striking capacity for sculpturesque and other ornament, suggests a pleasant resort on summer nights to the noble balconies overlooking the river at its most sightly point. The auditorium will be surmounted by a light and graceful cupola, rising to a height of 116 ft. in front of the roof which covers the stage. The plan of the front of the house shows a large vestibule, 100 feet in length, from which, on a level, are the entrances to the stalls. On either side in the pavilions are circular staircases, leading to the grand tiers; and the pit tier is approached by separate staircases. The area will contain 500 stalls, the grand tier will be lofty, and the foyer on a level with the corridor. The suite of rooms provided for refreshment and promenade are, if we may judge from the drawings, certainly unsurpassed by anything of the kind attempted in this country. Each private box will have an anteroom, which, taking the outer radius, will, of course, be larger than the box itself. The lines of the auditorium have been generally taken from those of La Scala, at Milan, which have been found the best both for sight and hearing. To some of those guests who looked at Mr. Fowler's elaborate drawings yesterday, it may have seemed that the task undertaken by the contractor, of finishing the new Opera House in time for it to open at the beginning of next season, is a formidable one. Let it be remembered, however, that though Rome was not built in a day, there have been some extraordinary feats of building against time; that the largest theatre in Europe, the San Carlo at Naples, took only six months in erection; that the Scala of Milan was raised in seven months; and that this same period sufficed for Messrs. Kelk and Lucas to erect the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden.

The health of Mdlle. Tietjens and *bon voyage* was a toast which everybody drank with the utmost cordiality, at the call of the architect; and Lord Alfred Paget, who was deputed to return thanks, expressed a hope that the success awaiting the gifted *prima donna* in America might be followed in due time by that of the Opera House she had gracefully inaugurated. Lord Alfred also complimented and congratulated Mr. Mapleson on the circumstances in which this beginning of his enterprise had been made, and remarked that in every other country, of Europe a subvention would be paid towards the accomplishment of what, in this, was left to be carried out by private enterprise. Before the company separated, they heard from Mr. Mapleson the gratifying intelligence that the various departments of the new building will be devoted to the advancement of art, both musical and dramatic, and that, whilst giving his usual attention to Italian Opera, he also proposes to offer performances of English works sung by English artists. Part of the year, moreover, is to be devoted to dramatic representations. A musical training school will not be lost sight of, negotiations being in progress for bringing the Academy of Music under the roof of the National Opera House.

Carl Rosa's English Opera.

Amateurs old enough to have been present must still retain agreeable memories of certain performances at the Princess' Theatre when the late Mr. Maddox was lessee and director. It was then the custom to give English versions of Italian and French operas, and occasionally to produce original English operas as well. A new work, or a *début* of some new singer at the pleasant little house in Oxford Street, used invariably to be looked forward to with an interest easily explained by the fact that for the most part the entertainments were very good, sometimes indeed, excellent. Nevertheless, it is but fair to add that no purely operatic representation, so complete and effective in all respects as that with which Mr Carl Rosa, on Saturday night, began his advertised series of performances had ever been previously witnessed at the Princess's Theatre, even in its most halcyon days. That Mr. Rosa, husband of the late much regretted Euphrosyne Parepa, is not only a "*cultivated* and deserved reputed violin solo instrument being the violin, but a thoroughly practised musician, is generally known; as also that after marriage he abandoned the profession of a public player and devoted his energies exclusively to operatic undertakings. The "Carl Rosa Opera Company" has long been talked about in circles where the necessity of reviving English opera is discussed, and a belief in the probability of success is maintained with more or less assurance. Those who think, as we do, that the non-existence of any such establishment, amply provided, is discreditable to a populous city like London, where music of almost every kind is brought forth in such abundance, and who regard the lyric drama as one of the most en-

gaging forms of artistic expression, hail with satisfaction this new and spirited endeavor to revive it. They must have found their opinion strengthened in the unanimously hearty appreciation by a densely thronged audience of the admirable performance on Saturday night. Everything passed off well; from the rise to the fall of the curtain there was scarcely a point to justify unfavorable comment.

With this preliminary it may at once be stated that the opera chosen for the occasion was Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, with a new version of the libretto from the pen of Mr. Charles Lamb Kenney, whose happy manner of reflecting the humor of Beaumarchais (the dialogue being here spoken, instead of sung to "*recitativo parlante*") and skilful adaptation of the lyrics and concerted pieces fashioned in Italian by Lorenzo da Ponte, so much to the contentment of Mozart, merit unqualified praise. Mr. Kenney should now prepare for us an English *Barbiere*, to pair off with the *Nozze*.

In consonance with a precedent not lightly to be ignored, the opera was preceded by our National Anthem. The singing of this by the chorus satisfied every hearer that no pains had been spared to secure efficiency in a department of such essential consequence to complete operatic representation. Not merely, however, in efficiency but in numerical force, the chorus is all that could be desired in a theatre of the actual dimensions of the Princess's. The orchestra has been appointed with equal judgment. About 40 in number, with Mr. Carrodus, our leading violinist (supported by Mr. Pollitzer) at the principal desk, and other professors of recognized ability and long experience among the members, something like a perfect "*ensemble*" might have been taken for granted; and this was emphatically realized by one of the most strikingly effective performances of the overture to which we have ever listened. The precision was remarkable, and as Wordsworth might have said, if speaking of musicians, instead of cattle, "There were forty" *playing* "like one." The applause at the end was of such a character that not to comply with the desire of the audience would have been scarcely possible; and so the overture—happily, under the circumstances, one of the shortest, as well as one of the quickest, ever composed—was repeated. Mr. Rosa, by the way, tempered the customary "*presto*" (which Mozart has marked "*allegro assai*") in a certain measure; and the consequence was that the special phrases accorded to different instruments, with a taste and refinement peculiar to Mozart, were distinctly heard, and the intended effect was legitimately produced. At the same time, let us here, not for the first time, protest against encores. If there had been no encores on Saturday night, several pieces which, though omitted, are essential to the score in its integrity, might have been retained. Mr. Rosa knows well enough which are the pieces referred to, and how much the opera would gain if they were restored to their proper places. His performances should be model performances from every point of view; and, with regard to general execution, that of Saturday may be pronounced a "model" without fear of contradiction—one of the best, in fact, we ever heard in any language, or under any conditions, of the comic masterpiece (if "comic" that which abounds in grace, sentiment, and deep feeling, may reasonably be denominated) of the greatest and most gifted of "absolute" musicians.

A thoroughly effective distribution of characters in *The Marriage of Figaro*, owing to there being no less than five of importance, is difficult to obtain. Especially difficult is it to meet with three lady singers capable of giving due significance, vocally and dramatically, to the Countess, her confidential *femme de chambre*, and her page. Mr. Rosa, however, has been lucky in finding adequate representatives of those personages. Mdlle. Ostava Torriani (soprano), who will be remembered favorably, a season or two past, as one of Mr. Mapleson's new singers at Her Majesty's Opera, where she made her *debut* as Gilda, in *Rigoletto*, is an excellent Countess Almaviva—lady like always, depressed or lively as occasion may require, delivering the English spoken dialogue with remarkable point and clearness for a foreigner, and note perfect in the music; Miss Josephine Yorke, an American, we are informed, who has played with success at some of the chief operas in Italy, seems thoroughly at home in the part of Cherubino, into her delineation of which she throws an unusual amount of natural spirit and vivacity, while never losing sight of its musical significance; and last, not least, Miss Rose Hersee, our accomplished countrywoman, upon whose incontestable talent and popularity we are hardly called upon to dwell, is a Susanna so piquant, sprightly, and natural, as to make it difficult to put entire faith in the statement that she never played the character till now. That Miss Hersee would show herself, like the artist we all know her to be, conversant with every bar of the music which Mozart has put into the mouth of his charmingly animated *soubrette*, none doubted; but her thorough acquaintance with the business of the scene revealed a new gift, promising no little for the future. These were the three chief ladies; and each was successful. We cannot enter into details, but may add that, where all was more or less satisfactory in a musical sense, the "Dove sono" (we use the familiar Italian names) of Mdlle. Torriani, the "Voi che sapete" of Miss Yorke (encored), and the "Deh vieni non tardar" of Miss Rose Hersee were the solo exhibitions severally obtaining the most spontaneous recognition of their excellence. The bass and bass-barytone parts were sustained by Signor Campobello and Mr. Santley. Upon the re-appearance of Mr. Santley on the operatic stage great stress has been laid; and no wonder. When, at the rise of the curtain, our great barytone, in the familiar costume of Figaro, came forward with Miss Hersee (Susanna) the applause was loud, unanimous, and prolonged. Every man and woman in the house was pleased to welcome back such an artist, to a scene which he never should have quitted; and when, shortly afterwards, the curtain fell to the concluding notes of "Non più andrai," the audience, still unsatisfied, would not cease their clamorous manifestations of approval until it was raised again, the favorite air repeated from beginning to end, and Cherubino exposed to another onslaught of malicious raillery. Mr. Santley, we are told, had never played the character of Figaro before. If so, he may be justly congratulated; for not only was his execution of the music in all respects worthy his repute, but he showed an insight into the characteristics of the part which, though his general view of it is less demonstrative and in other respects differs from many of the renowned Figaros we have seen, brought it prominently forward as, in certain respects, an original impersonation. Signor Campobello was a stately, imposing, and resolute Count Almaviva, and his fine bass voice imparted due effect to the soliloquy in which the Count gives indignant expression to his jealousy of Susanna. The duet, "Crudel! perchè," between the Count and Susanna, was another of the evening's encores. The smaller parts were in competent hands. Mrs. Aynsley Cook, in her way, is the best Marcellina, and Mr. Charles Lyall, in every way, the best tenor Basilio we can remember. There was no excuse for the latter's omitting the quaint air addressed to Bartolo, "In quegli anni," which, at all events, invests the part of Basilio with *quasi*-importance. Mr. Aynsley Cook presents a humorous sketch of Bartolo, and gives full expression to the air, "La vendetta," of which Rossini was evidently thinking while writing "La Calumnia" for the *Barbiere*. With regard to the execution of the concerted music, to avoid detail it will suffice to add that the two great *finales*, as examples of "*ensemble*," were all that could possibly be wished. The ballet, under the direction of Señor Espinosa, was charming, and the deliciously quaint *fandango*, one of the "hits" of the evening. The credit of the stage directions is due to Mr. Arthur Howell, to whom was entrusted the character of the always (why always?) drunken gardener. At the termination of the opera the applause was vociferous, and the calls for the chief performers were continuous; but no compliment had been more honorably earned than that paid with such unanimous cordiality to Mr. Carl Rosa, who directed the whole performance with such skill, readiness, and success.—*Times*.

Tietjens and Arabella Goddard in New York. The First Concert.

[From the *Sun*, Oct. 5.]

The German prima donna, Mdlle. Titjens, gave her first concert in America last evening.

The occasion was one of sufficient interest to bring together an audience that filled the hall. The vocalist had the assistance of Mme. Arabella Goddard, a pianist of great reputation in England, and of several other artists of eminence.

Mlle. Titjens was welcomed with the cordiality due to her reputation. No one doubted that in her they would find a thoroughly accomplished artist, for in England during a generation she has been looked upon with admiration, both as an operatic prima donna and as a concert and oratorio singer.

The only doubt that could attach to Mlle. Titjens, indeed, was as to whether she had not waited to come to this country until after the meridian of her powers, when the freshness of her voice was dimmed, and the renown of the past greater than the merit of the present. The lady has seen twenty five years of arduous service, and under the most trying conditions.

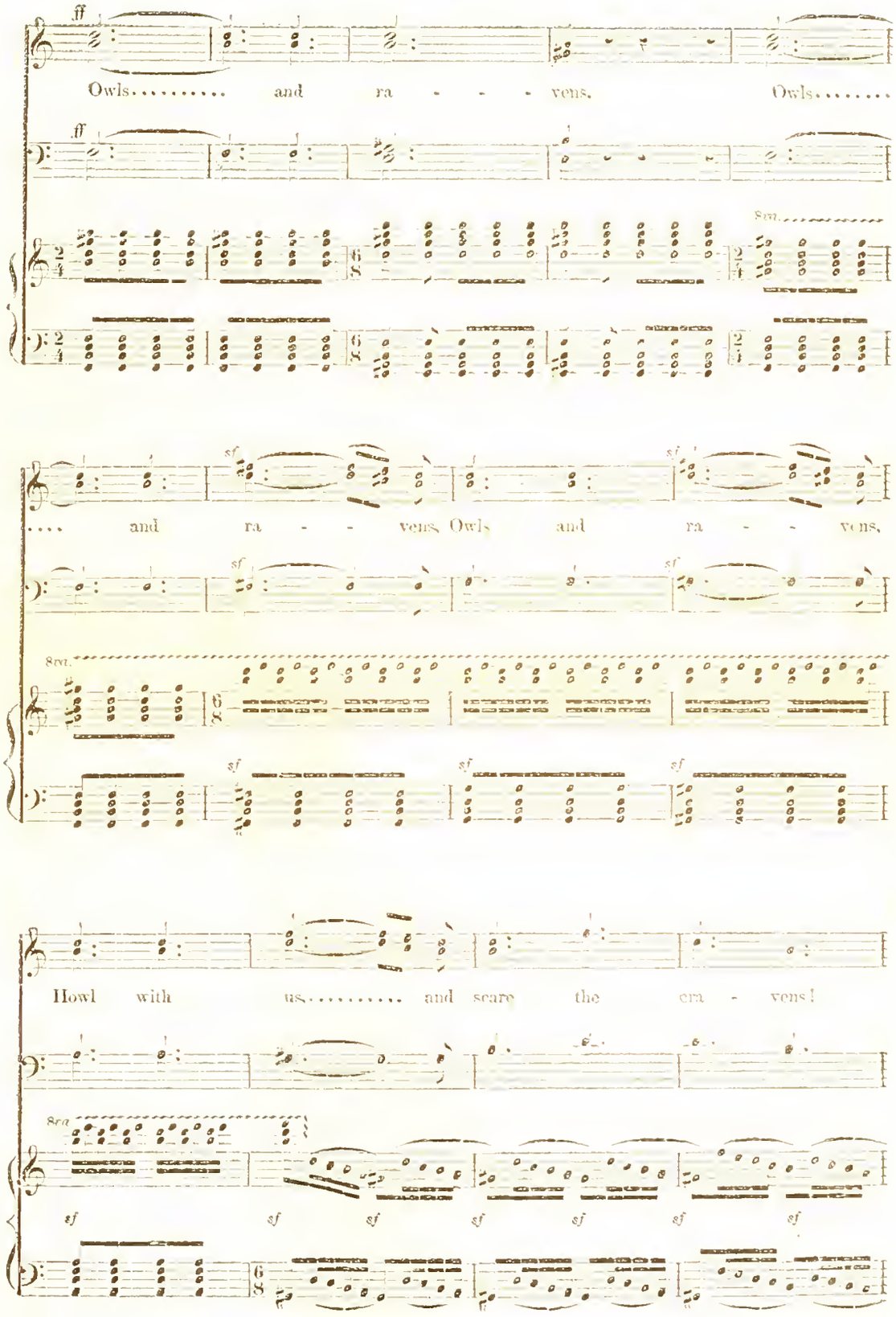
Grisi came here after a career of equal length, but Grisi had the aid of her consummate acting to offset her worn voice, and that reliance Mlle. Titjens has to forego. The first appearance of this vocalist was in 1849, when she made her dêbut upon the Hamburg stage, singing afterward at Frankfort and Vienna. But early in her professional life Mr. Lumley engaged her for Her Majesty's Theatre, and since then she has almost identified herself with England, being heard everywhere, and in all varieties of music, now in opera, again in concert, and almost invariably at the great musical festivals at the Crystal Palace and at the annual oratorio performances of the three choirs. When Grisi surrendered the stage, Titjens became her legitimate successor, having certain attributes akin to those of the great Italian. But of late years other and younger singers have called away to themselves a portion of the interest of the English public that once centred on Titjens, and as the star of Patti and Nilsson rose that of Titjens somewhat waned.

She has attempted a great variety of operatic characters, ranging from those written in the highest soprano register, such as *Leonora* in "Trovatore," to such mezzo soprano parts as *Fides* in the "Prophète," and *Ortrud* in "Lohengrin," sung here by Miss Cary, a contralto. Wear like this was not likely to be without its effect upon the voice of the singer. As long ago as July, 1869, the London *Athenæum*, warning Mlle. Tietjens against her ambition in attempting so many rôles, prophesied that she "would infallibly destroy a voice which, once magnificent, had already been irreparably injured by reckless wear and tear." This was the opinion of one of the best and most accomplished of English critics, and certainly in the six intervening years the voice has not gained in freshness.

The disadvantage that Mlle. Titjens labors under in appearing on the concert instead of the operatic stage is by no means a slight one. For here she loses the benefit of the intelligence which she brings to the interpretation of great tragic characters—all her dramatic ability and those displays of energy and passion with which she is wont to excite the enthusiasm of her audiences. Nevertheless, even under these restrictions Mlle. Titjens was able to manifest some of those qualities on which her reputation rests.

The aria with which Mlle. Titjens chose to introduce herself to the public of this country—Weber's "Wie nah e mir der Schlummer"—was probably as well known to every one in the audience as any that she could have selected. Not only has it been sung by almost every great vocalist that ever stood on the concert stage at Steinway's, but it is so constantly used in parlors and church services as to become a household possession. It afforded the audience, therefore, the best opportunity to form a judgment of the singer and her style by the test of comparison. From the earliest notes of the noble introduction to the aria it was evident that the singer no longer held absolute control over the voice. First the tone itself was neither fresh nor pure, and secondly the power of sustaining or diminishing the tone was impaired. This was more apparent in the aria itself, which requires perfect evenness, steadiness and purity of tone, and a sustained cantabile style. Certainly its interpretation as a whole was a clear disappointment. But the nobility of style and the fine method of the singer were recognized, and Mlle. Titjens was warmly recalled. She responded to the demand with one of Schumann's most fervent songs, the "Widmung," ("Du Meine Seele, Du Mein Herz.") This Mlle. Titjens sang in an impassioned manner, but with the same faults noticeable in the Weber aria, that is, such a lack of sustaining power as to cause her to take breath in the middle of a vocal phrase, and to give to the whole song a staccato effect.

At the close of the first part of the programme she sang another broad, quiet, simple, and beautiful aria, the one with which Nilsson opened her career in this country, Haydn's "With Verdure Clad." We cannot think either of these selections adapted to show the best qualities of this artist. They seemed calculated rather to display the injuries that time had wrought upon what in its prime must have been a superb voice.—Hardly second to Mlle. Titjens in point of English esteem is Madame Arabella Goddard, who took part in the concert,


ff
Owls..... and ra - - - vens. Owls.....
ff
8va
.... and ra - - vens. Owls and ra - - vens.
sf
8va
sf
Howl with us..... and scare the cra - vens!
8va
sf

Chorus of Guards of the Druids and the Heathens.

Soprano.

Come..... with torch - es bright - ly

Alto.

Tenor (8ve. lower.)

Come, come, come!

Bass.

Soprano.

flash - ing, Feigning de - mons whom they fa - ble, come, come, come!

Alto.

Rush..... a-long with bil - - lets clash - ing, In and out each

rock - y hol - low! Come, come, come! Owls..... and ra - vens,

p *sf*

Howl.....with us, and scare the era - vens! Come, come,

sf *p*

come! Owls..... and ra - vens, Howl..... with us, and

sf

scare the era - - vens! Come, come, come!

p

Chorus. Soprano.

Come..... with torch - es bright - ly flash - ing. Feigning demons

Alto

Tenor (8ve lower.)

Owls..... and ra - vens, Owls.... and ra - vens, Howl with

Bass

sf *sf*

piu f

whom they fa - ble, come, come, come! Through.. the night - gloom

piu f

scare.... and

us, and scare, and scare, and scare the cra - vens!

Howl with us,

and

sf

lead..... and fol - low, In and out each rock - y hol - low, come, come,

cra - - vens, Owls and ra - vens, come,

Owls and

sf

playing movements from Beethoven's Concerto in E flat, and a fantasia by Thalberg. This lady has long been considered the foremost English *pianiste*.

This is not the lady's first appearance in this country. She was heard at Gilmore's Second Jubilee in Boston, in June, 1872, playing then only a few times, and her qualities received no adequate appreciation, it being impossible for any pianist to be heard to advantage or to be otherwise than lost in that monster building.

Since then she has been heard in distant parts of the world, and recently in San Francisco, and now comes eastward from that city. She has done more almost than any one else at the Saturday Popular Concerts in London and otherwheres to bring before the public the almost forgotten, but estimable works of composers of the second rank, such as Dussek, Clementi, Scarlatti, Steibelt, Moscheles, Woelfl, and others of the same stamp. Her playing of the movements from the Beethoven concerto was characterized by great sensibility and delicacy of musical perception—a firm, but not a very strong touch—exquisite finish and grace in scale passages, and in whatever points of ornament there were, and a broad and fine interpretation of the themes of the concerto.

To the encore she responded with a waltz by Chopin, taken in such a quick tempo, and with a clear accentuation of the bass, that it made a new reading of a familiar piece. As Madame Goddard is not a bravura player, she will have to win her way into public favor by her quiet talent.

There were other solos, noticeably Faure's "Les Rameaux," extremely ill sung by Signor Orlandini, which we have not space at present to more than refer to.

As a whole the concert, we believe, left upon the mind of the audience a sense of disappointment.

Executants and Editors.—II.

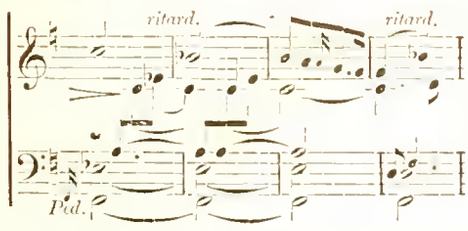
[From *Concordia*, [London.]

"Sie sagen das muthet mich nicht an,
Und glauben sie hätten's abgethan."—*Goethe*.

In the preceding article* it was pointed out that the increased desire for clearness, precision and fulness of detail, which is a characteristic of modern thought, has been felt in music; and that it has given rise to a formidable array of executants and editors whose achievements, like those of the best philologists, are based upon subtle and critical dissection of the texts, and subsequent reconstruction thereof. It has been shown that tradition is anything but a trustworthy guide; yet that the hope of ultimately establishing and *recording* a consistent, and in all likelihood correct, style for the interpretation of Palestrina, Bach, Beethoven, &c., is not by any means extravagant. Let us look to Joachim's rendering of Bach's *Ciacona* or to Von Bulow's edition of the *Fantasia cromatica* as examples of the minute care and loving insight with which such work should be done.

An editor's task, over and above the guarantee for a text free from misprints and such like, is that of a practical commentator, and interpreter; and he is wanted in both the latter capacities; wherever instruments have gone out of use, or the nature of instruments has been modified since the author's time (witness the gradual change of the harpsichord into our concert grand); wherever obsolete signs, or abbreviations are used (Couperin, Rameau, Bach); wherever inflections of light and shade and other directions for precise execution are missing—in a word, wherever a composer has trusted to the habits and special knowledge of contemporary craftsmen; for in no art does that which seems the natural speech of some particular generation appear so frequently and so quickly obsolete, as in music.

As an example of the possible harm a composer may do to himself by neglecting detailed indications let me take a recent case—Schumann's "Arabesque," op. 18.



* Copied in No. 5 of this Vol., (June 12); failure to receive the *Concordia* in season has obliged us to delay this second part.

After these two, he gives five more *ritardandos*, in succession. Does he mean what he actually says? that the tempo is to become slower and slower by degrees, consequently, that at the fourth or fifth remove it should cease altogether? Of course not! we all answer; Schumann means that we are to begin anew in full time after each second *ritardando*, that the phrases are to rhyme in point of speed as they rhyme rhythmically and harmonically, and he omitted to put an "*a tempo*" after each bit of four bars. Well and good—this is quite obvious to us; but are we sure that it will be equally obvious a century hence?

Again, take the *pp*, *ppp*, *pppp*, at the close of Schubert's "Moment musical," No. 3, in F minor. Shall the sound disappear altogether, like that of the horn player who made grimaces instead of playing at the rehearsal, and whom the conductor admonished to play still more softly at the performance? Of course not is the answer; you must interpret the last *pppp* as a *calando*. Moderate the movement gradually towards the final bars. Well and good. But is this so very obvious, and so entirely free from cavil? Why should not Schubert have indicated his intentions in precise terms? Could not an editor in both cases render good service?

Confining ourselves to the pianoforte, let me enumerate a few recent editions, in which everything that can be wished for has been furnished by the editors: Schubert—Ausgewählte Sonaten und Solostucke, edit. *Liszt*; Weber—Ausgewählte Sonaten und Solostücke, edit. *Liszt*; Weber—Ausgewählte Werke, edit. *Henselt*; Beethoven—Sonaten und andere Werke (from op. 53 to op. 129), edit. *Von Bulow*; Seb. Bach—Œuvres choisies, edit. *Von Bulow*; Handel—Œuvres choisies, edit. *Von Bulow*; Chopin—Œuvres, in course of publication (3rd vol. just out), edit. *Klindworth*.

It is as though one was privileged to look into a great actor's private copy of his part in a play; for these editions, besides presenting a correct text, clear of all ambiguities and misprints, exactly as the composer wrote it, give, on separate staves, or distinguished from the original by smaller type, the editor's *variantes*, his interpretation of all *embellimenti*, dynamical marks, phrasing, fingering, pedals, together with frequent explanatory annotations by way of foot-notes. Of course no editor cares to assume papal infallibility. Each distinctly states in his preface that what he offers is but a record of his individual interpretation, and that he does not pretend to lay down the law absolutely. So, in the end matters turn round the question, "Who is who?" which question a comparison of the work here done with any other work of the same intent will speedily answer. Detailed quotations would be useless, as the present purpose does not admit of a review. Let the assertion suffice that these editions are sure to prove more valuable than yards of new compositions.

I may note, by the way, that the desire for clearness, precision and fulness of detail, which was formulated into a tendency to eschew incomplete suggestion, and by all possible means to appeal to the hearer's sensuous perception, lies at the root of all those extremely elaborate *partitions de piano*, which have been published since the appearance of Liszt's models in that way, his transcription of Berlioz's "Symphonie phantastique," and overture to *Les Francs Juges*, Weber's Overtures and Beethoven's symphonies. Such are, for example, Von Bulow's *Tristan und Isolde*, Tausig's *Die Meistersinger*, Klindworth's *Rheingold*, *Walkure*, *Siegfried*, *Götterdammerung*; or, in a smaller way, Tausig's and Saint-Saen's movements from Beethoven's quartets, or the latter's arrangements from Bach's cantatas and solos for stringed instruments. Such transcriptions really may be compared with a careful and correct engraving of some large picture in oils; and they differ essentially, and infinitely for the better, from the older type of Clavieransung à la Czerny, which reduced the orchestra to the level of a piano, instead of raising the piano to the level of an orchestra.

From the same point of view—that of protest against incomplete suggestion—we should be ready to welcome whoever fills up with a master's hand and in the spirit of the original the outlines of figured bass, etc., left by Bach, Handel, and all their pro and epigonoi; as Robert Franz has done so supremely well to many an air of Handel's and cantata of Bach's, or as Mozart and Mendelssohn have added to the scores of the *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*.

And this point of view from which additions to a score, *i.e.*, translation of suggestions into something equivalent and positive, are justifiable, will also cover all genuine cases of re-instrumentation; *i.e.*, giving to the composer the proper means for expressing his thought wherever his thought is unmistakable, and the means used to express it, for mechanical reasons easily pointed out, palpably inadequate.

It is only recently that the publication of score and parts to an orchestral work, is a matter of daily occurrence. Men used to be content with putting things down in a shape best calculated for immediate sale. Thus sketching was encouraged, and composers became apt to let their inventive faculties run riot, instead of concentrating and maturing their thought. This applies, for instance, to some of the loveliest of Schubert's pianoforte compositions.

The parallel between painting over a picture and the re-instrumentation of a piece of a music is not a happy one. If it were attempted between the re-instrumentation of a piece and the copy of a picture, in which some details are changed, no matter whether for the better or the worse, one might pass it by as harmless, or else dispose of it with "variatio delectat;" but as it stands, the inference is necessarily, that a musician who adds to the instrumentation of a movement commits a piece of Vandalism akin to that of a dauber who besmirches a master's picture; and any parallel couched in such loose terms, must be protested against. The original sketch, copy, edition, whatever it may be, of a piece of music, is not destroyed by a masterly transcription or re-instrumentation; on the contrary its power to move men is frequently enhanced thereby. And thus we can account for the odd fact, that pieces often receive an entirely new lease of life by being either re-scored or transferred from some particular instrument or group of instruments, to another, or to the full orchestra.

Some pieces may be likened to a pencil sketch or etching, and to apply color to such would be writing oneself down an ass. But there are others, and not a few, whose dimensions are fully drawn out, forming a complete canvas ready for color. Such are, for instance, Chopin's Allegro de Concert in A, op. 46, which is the first movement of a concerto, with *tutti* and *soli*, and still awaits its resurrection; Etudes, op. 39, Nos. 8, 9 and 10, in G sharp minor, a perfect concerto in three movements, only wanting instrumentation to appear in due splendor; Schubert's Grand Duo à 4 mains, in C, op. 140, a complete symphony, which has been colored for full orchestra by Joachim; Weber's Polonaise in E, op. 72, which has been scored by Liszt, and many more. Here there is no shadow of presumption or uncalled for meddling with the works of others. It is the same case as when, in an atelier of old, a picture was in the main considered and designed by the elder master, and in subordinate parts executed by his friends and pupils.

To end: what tiny cricket has been crushed with this ponderous sledge hammer? what is the result of all this palaver? Little enough, truly: in the first instance, let us *tolerate* that which is supposed to run athwart of pseudo tradition; in the second, let us not ignore that which is accomplished on higher than "traditional" grounds, for fear lest men might some day, in Schopenhauer's phrase, be tempted "to derive ignorance from ignoring." Let us avoid codifying the law for the present; let us examine each single case of interpretation, restitution, addition, instrumentation, on its individual merits; and let us study with all reverence, and due patience, that which our greatest players and acutest critics have elaborated in the course of a lifetime.

I am convinced that if here and there the right thing is exaggerated or overdone by competent persons, or, what is far worse, the right thing is badly done by incompetent persons, the common sense of musicians will easily put matters to rights.

EDWARD DANNREUTHER.

PROFESSOR RITTER'S HISTORY OF MUSIC.—The friends of Professor Ritter will be pleased to learn that the History has been republished in London (Reeves & Co.) this summer, and has been most favorably received by the English press; a compliment fully merited by its learning, trustworthiness, and breadth of judgment. Professor Ritter has not been idle during the "long vacation;" the New York *Tribune* has already informed us that he has been employed on his Fourth Symphony, which, we learn, is now completed. He has just published (Schuberth & Co., New York) a new arrangement of ten of the most beautiful of Moore's Irish Melodies; and a new collection of original songs by the Professor will shortly be issued by one of the principal European publishing houses.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 16, 1875.

The "Excellent Art of Musick."

The following "Dedication" to a quaint old folio volume of Music, published in London, A. D. 1700, will amuse the reader. The title page, very imposingly printed in black and red, and confronted by the big-wigged, Chief-Justice-like portrait of the author, reads thus:—

"Amphion Anglicus. A Work of many Compositions, for one, two, three and four Voices; with several Accompagnements of Instrumental Musick; and a Thorow-Bass to each Song: figur'd for an Organ, Harpsichord, or Theorboe-Lute. By Dr. John Blow."

One knows not which most to admire in the seraphic Doctor: his large sense of the dignity of his art, or the well-rounded, Ciceronian vernacular in which he has couched his meaning. Decidedly his paragraphs are worthy of a place among elegant extracts. The modesty, too, of the concluding sentences stands in rich contrast with the aforesaid big-wigged portrait, and with the series of poetical rhapsodies addressed to the author, which he has printed after the dedication; one of which is headed: "*To the Most Incomparable Master of Musick*, Dr. John Blow; *Occasioned by his obliging the World with his Inimitable* Amphion Anglicus."

Altogether the book is a curiosity. Many a *prima donna* of the present day would shrink from the vocal *roulades* and passages with which these old songs bristle; and that *tenore* would have to have more virtuosity than most of our "negro melodists," who should undertake to sing, for instance, the song of "The Fair Lover and his Black Mistress," commencing: *Oh! Nigrocella! &c.*

To Her Royal Highness, the Princess Ann of Denmark:

Madame: The excellent Art of Musick was thought by many of the Wisest Ancients, to have derived its Original immediately from Heaven; as one of the First, most beneficial Gifts of the Divine Goodness to Mankind: thereby to draw and allure, the old, rude, and untaught World, into Civil Societies; and so to soften and prepare their Minds for the easier reception of all other Accomplishments of Wisdom and Vertue.

The most Learned of the Ancient Heathens, the Grecks, were so much of this Opinion, that they carried their Veneration for this Admirable Faculty too far. They believed they could not do it right, but by assigning to it, for its Protection and Improvement, some peculiar tutelary Gods of its own. Nay, when to all the other Ornaments and Perfections of human Life, they seldom appointed more than one single Deity to preside over each of them, to Musick alone they allotted a greater number of Guardian Divinities than to any of the rest; some of the Male, but most of the Female and Fairer Sex.

They were indeed mistaken, when they bestowed on it these Fabulous Honours; and they made but ill Gods and Goddesses of those Men and Women, who would have done excellently well if they had only passed for patrons of it, or inventors in it, as they really were.

But in all times of the truer Antiquity, even amongst God's own peculiar People, we find this most instructive and delightful Skill did always meet with its due and deserved Honours, short of Idolatry, and within the bounds of Sobriety and Decency.

Thus we read in the Holy Scriptures, not long after the History of the Creation, the Name of the Man is Solemnly recorded with Renown, among the Founders of Nations, who was the first Inventor of the Harp and the Organ.

And undoubtedly, there was never any Age of the true Church afterwards, whether Jewish or Christian, wherein the Sacred delights of Musick were not admitted, to bear an eminent Part in the Worship of the True God.

In the Jewish Church, it is certain, that even before the Temple itself was built, while it was yet only in Design, God Inspir'd David, the Man after his own Heart, to Compose before-hand, the Hymns and Divine Anthems that were to be Sung in it.

And the choice of the Person for that Work, was infinitely for the dignity of the Art: Since no less a Man, than the chief of their Monarchs and the greatest of their Conquerors, was ordained by God, to be their Poet and Musician on that occasion.

And it were easy to prove, that the same Celestial Spirit of Musical Concord and Harmony, was all along cherished and entertained in the Christian Church, during the very best Times of its purest Doctrines and Devotions.

It will be enough, only to mention one undeniable Instance, That, in the Primitive Age, during the cruellest Persecutions, in their most Private and Nightly Assemblies, the Christians of that early time, as Pliny informed Trajan, remarkably distinguished themselves, by their alternate Singing of Psalms, and Spiritual Songs.

Such, Madame, have been always the Employments of the Sublime Art of Musick, to teach and cultivate Humanity; to Civilize Nations; to Adorn Courts; to Inspirit Armies; to Inspire Temples and Churches; to sweeten and reform the fierce and barbarous Passions; to excite the Brave and Magnanimous; and, above all, to inflame the Pious and Devout.

For these Reasons, it has all along received the Encouragement and Favor of the Greatest, the Wisest, the most Religious, the most Heroick Persons of all Ages. And it seems but reasonable, that it should be so, that they should principally take upon them the care of this Highborn Science of Tuneful Sounds and Numbers, whose Souls are more elevated than others, and seem most to partake of that Natural, and Divine Harmony, it professes to Teach.

You see, Madame, what undoubted Title Your Royal Highness has to the Patronage of this Art. It is Your own by many rightful claims, not only for your High Birth and Royal Dignity, but for something, that is even yet more Your own; for that admirable temper of Spirit, that harmonious sweetness of Disposition, that silent Melody, and charming Musick of Your whole Life.

After I have said this, it cannot be denied, but that, by inscribing these Papers to Your Royal Highness, I have chosen the worthiest and most excellent Patroness for these my Studies, that this Nation, or Age has produced. Yet I must still confess, while I applaud my self for the happiness of my Choice, the ambition of it puts me into Confusion; I am ashamed to think, that to such a Patroness I can present so very little, either worthy of the Art I admire, or of the Glorious Princess to whom I dedicate all my Muses.

But for that part, which concerns Your self, Madame, Your own Goodness and Benignity has set my Mind at ease, by Your generous Invitation and favourable Promise, of accepting the low Present I now offer, and Your Gracious Assurance of a perpetual Protection to its Author.

And that also, if anything can, may possibly enable me to supply the other Part better for the future, and lift up my Genius to something more becoming the Majesty of Art it self.

The two most Noble ends of Musick Vocal and Instrumental, being either to raise and nourish the tender, and the Generous Passions of Love, Friendship, and Honour, among Men; or to animate our Affections, and to kindle the ardour and zeal of our Devotions towards God: I must own, that what I now lay at your Royal Highness's Feet, consists only in some weak Performances of the first kind.

I will make no apology for the Subjects of any of them, tho' they are generally conversant about Love-Affairs; since the divertisements and delights of those softer Affections, when conceiv'd in pure thoughts, and clothed with innocent Expressions, have been always allowed in all Wise and Good-natur'd Polite Nations; and never any where Condemn'd by the truly Good and Honourable part of Mankind.

I dare affirm, that nothing but the unsociable sullenness of a Cynick, would ever exclude secular Musick, so qualified, out of Civil Societies; as nothing but the perverse sowerness of a Fanatick, would ever drive Divine Musick out of the Church.

But yet, lest a Work of this Nature, though perhaps not blameable in it self, either for the Matter, or the manner of it, should however seem to fall below what is due to Your Royal Highness's Greatness of Mind, and consummate Vertue: Give me leave, Madame, to tell You, I am preparing, as fast as I can, to make some amends for this, by a Second Musical Present, upon Arguments incomparably better: I mean my Church-Services and Divine Compositions.

To those, in truth, I have ever more especially consecrated the Thoughts of my whole Life. All the rest I consider but as the Blossoms, or rather the Leaves; those I only esteem as the Fruits of all my Labours in this kind. With them I began my first youthful Raptures in this Art: With them, I hope calmly and comfortably to finish my days. Nor will my Mind be ever at rest, till I have offer'd them up to God, for the Publick use of the best Church in the Christian World, under the Propitious Authority of Your Royal Highness's Name.

May it please Your Royal Highness,
I am Your Most Humble, most Dutiful,
and most Devoted Servant,

JOHN BLOW.

Von Buelow.

The great pianist is here, having arrived last Sunday in the Parthia. All the papers have assured us that he is safely bestowed in quiet, comfortable quarters up in Beacon Street, where he prefers to remain undisturbed during the week of preparation for his first concert in America, with which he is to honor Boston, devoting, it is said, some eight or nine hours per day to practice of his instrument. He may or he may not need it, but "eternal vigilance" is the price of all consummate mastery; and it may be that the thought of playing such a repertoire as his in our vast Music Hall suggests to him the need of some modification of the *scale* in his dynamics. On Monday evening we shall have the felicity of hearing his masterly interpretation of the greatest of Concertos, Beethoven's in E flat, called by Englishmen the "Emperor,"—and that will be a Concert in itself. The remainder of the programme, and of two to follow is given in the advertisements; only we have seen it stated that besides his own numbers, the orchestra, made up of Boston musicians, and conducted by Carl Bergmann (who ought to have staid with us when the old "Germania" broke up, instead of going to New York) will play the *Leonore* Overture, No. 3, and one or two smaller pieces. Of course the desire to hear these concerts will be very great, and they will doubtless form in one sense the marked event—at any rate sensation—of the season.

We are assured that Dr. von Buelow positively will *not* conduct an orchestra during his visit to this country; he comes here as pianist, and in justice to that function will avoid the strain of another equally exacting. But we are sure all lovers of the best piano music are united in the hope that, besides great concerts in the Music Hall, he will not leave us without giving one or more Chamber Concerts for compositions without orchestra, in a smaller hall where such fine tone-poems can be best appreciated.

As yet, however, we have not heard of any such intention on his own part or that of the management.

Ferdinand Hiller, who writes so many good things about the Art of which he is himself a master, has furnished, in the *Kolnische Zeitung*, an almost photographic portrait of Von Bulow's personal appearance, which certainly agrees well with our own recollection of him as we saw him nearly fifteen years ago. This writer says of him: "He is a small man, with a thoroughly Prussian look, and, as all fine orchestra leaders, has a military martinet air. His head is that of a soldier more than that of an artist,—small, compact, hard looking as a hickory nut. His eyes are large—*à fleur de tête*, as the French say. He wears a heavy brown moustache, a little Vandyke beard, which hides the shape of his mouth; his forehead recedes, the crown of his head is a little bald; the ears incline back, adding to the rather sharp, belligerent expression of his keen little head and face. When he takes his place before the orchestra, you expect to see him draw his sword, and every musician is ready to charge to the death.

Hiller also says of him:

"Bulow is one of the Generals who divided among themselves the inheritance of Liszt—Alexander the Great. For several hours he has kept our audience in a state of such breathless astonishment that the feeling at length became almost painful. His playful subjugation of all technical difficulties; his really military strength and power of endurance; his nearly infallible certainty; and his memory, in which all the pieces that he played, and who knows how many more that he did not play, appear to be stored as safely as a collection of classics in an oak book case, caused the audience to forget entirely that they had come to a Beethoven entertainment."

Chamber Music.

A New Pianist. The Matinée of piano music given, in the name of the Boston Conservatory, on Tuesday last, by Mr. John Orth, held a large audience well interested to the end, in spite of the heat of Wesleyan Hall. Mr. Orth is a young American, born in Taunton of this State, we believe, of German parentage. He has been studying music very earnestly for several years in Germany, and has been under the influence of Liszt and several of the most eminent teachers at the various schools there. He is an intellectual and manly looking youth, and shows great self-possession, quiet reserved force, and evidence of thorough and determined study, as well as more than ordinary talent,—perhaps something higher.

His programme on this occasion drew largely from Liszt and others of the modern school, including some of the most arduous tasks of execution. Every piece was played from memory,—some of them with the vitality of a present genuine feeling and conception. He began with Tausig's transcription of Bach's great D minor Toccata and Fugue for the Organ. The arrangement in itself is very grand and broad and organ-like, and it was played with perfect evenness, firmness and distinctness, making a fine impression. A Prelude in E minor by Raff and quite an original and quaint Gavotte by Silas (whoever he may be) were discreetly, beautifully rendered. There was great delicacy of expression in his recital of Liszt's "Consolation," and much grace and freedom in his *Série de Valse* after Schubert. The Norwegian Wedding March, by Sodermann, had a captivating quaintness and freshness, and of this too he seemed to have caught the spirit truly. One of the larger Novelettes of Schumann was well conceived and rendered. Liszt's "Gnomenreigen" and extremely difficult and brilliant Polonaise in E we could not stop to hear.

Mr. Orth certainly made the impression of a gifted, earnest, thoroughly-trained pianist, equal to high tasks. His execution is remarkable, and his conception, taste and spirit, so far as these examples could show, rarely at a fault. He must prove, we should think, a welcome and a valuable addition to our already rich company of piano-playing artists.

Mr. Perabo has made arrangements for three piano recitals, to be given on the following dates: November 5 and 19 and December 3. At the last named he will be assisted by Mr. Ferdinand von Inten, a fellow-student in Leipzig, at present a teacher in New York. Mr. Perabo will return to Boston about the 21st inst.

The Boston Philharmonic Club (Messrs. B. Listemann & Co.), announce the programme of their first of six Chamber Concerts in Bumstead Hall for Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 10. It includes the C minor Quintet of Beethoven; Schumann's Quartet with Piano (Mme. Schiller) who will also give the Suite by Raff in E minor; Theme and Variations from Schubert's Quartet in D minor; Carnival (Scenes Mignons) by Schumann, arranged for the Club; Solo for 'Cello, Mr. Hartdegen, and for flute, Mr. Weiner.

Harvard Symphony Concerts.

The public sale of season tickets for the ten concerts of the Eleventh Season will begin at the Music Hall on Monday, 18th inst. The members of the Association, who guarantee the concerts, have reserved a more limited number of seats for themselves than usual, so that there will be a plenty of choice seats for sale. Each season ticket will admit also to the *last* rehearsal of each concert; the other rehearsals (increased in numbers for the more thorough practice of the orchestra) will be *strictly private*, and no admissions to any rehearsals will be sold. Mr. Zerrahn will conduct as usual, and "The Cecilia," under the direction of Mr. B. J. Lang, will sing in several of the concerts both with and without orchestra.

The dates, with a single change, are as we have heretofore stated, namely: Nov. 4, 18, Dec. 2, 27 (Monday); Jan 6, 20; Feb. 3, 17; March 2, 16;—all on Thursdays, and at fortnight intervals, with one exception.

Of the programmes we are able to give substantially the first four, as follows:

First Concert, Nov. 4.—Overture to "The Water-Carrier," *Cherubini*; Piano Concerto, No. 4, in F minor (second time in Boston) played by E. Perabo.—The "Scotch" Symphony, *Mendelssohn*; Overture: "Ruler of the Spirits," *Weber*.

Second Concert, Nov. 18.—Overture to "Fierrabras," *Schubert*;* Piano Concerto (first time), in B minor, op. 89, *Hummel*, played by Mme. Madeline Schiller; Entracte and Invocation from "Manfred," *Schumann*.—Symphony: "Eroica," *Beethoven*; Overture and * * ballet music from "Preciosa," *Weber*.

Third Concert, Dec. 2.—Overture to "The Men of Promethens," *Beethoven*; * * Finale of *Schumann's* Scenes from Goethe's *Faust*, by "The Cecilia"; Symphony in D, No. 2, *Haydn*; Part Songs, by the Cecilia.—Three Short Marches (second time) from *Mozart's* "Figaro" and "Magic Flute," and *Beethoven's* "Fidelio"; "Loreley" (Soprano solo, chorus and orchestra), *Mendelssohn*, (second time). Overture: "The Hebrides," *Mendelssohn*.

Fourth Concert, Dec. 27.—Overture "In the Highlands," *Gade*; * * Symphony, instrumented from *Schubert's* op. 140, by Joseph Joachim.—Piano Concerto in E flat, No. 5, played by Hugo Leonhard; * Overture to "La Dame Blanche," *Boieldieu* (born Dec. 1775).

Among other things for piano in concerto form during the season will be two novelties: A concerto by the distinguished French composer and organist at the Madeleine, Camille Saint Saens (by Mr. Lang); and probably Schumann's Concert Allegro, op. 134,—the only work of his for piano with orchestra which has not been given in these concerts. There will probably be one more Beethoven Concerto, that in C minor, to be played by Mr. Parker.—More in due time.

Carl Zerrahn at Worcester. The *Worcester Spy*, in its report of the Musical Festival held there this week, has this to say of Mr. Zerrahn. We trust it will meet the eye of the musical committee of the Centennial at Philadelphia.

"Mr. Zerrahn loses none of his popularity as a conductor each succeeding year among the members who make up our chorus, and the warmth with which he is greeted, the respect and confidence which he commands, is something remarkable. At the same it is not to be wondered at, for there is no question but what he excels all others in this country as conductor of oratorio music. A careful observer who attends the rehearsals each day, cannot fail to notice how perfectly Mr. Zerrahn has committed the music he is conducting to memory. His assistance to the singers is always valuable; they have learned to depend upon him in every emergency, and we can recall many instances in which, during the performance of some oratorio on the night of the concert, he has fairly saved a chorus from what might have been a complete failure on their part, or some artist who but for Mr. Zerrahn's assistance might have gone far astray, with no power of regaining what they had lost. For these reasons he will continue to occupy his present high position, and grow in favor with our musical societies the more they sing under his direction. We write these words, not that they are needed, nor in any flattering spirit, but simply to express our individual sentiments, feeling that they will find a response in the minds of those who have so long known and studied with him, as well as those who have witnessed the admirable style with which he performs his work."

Singing Lessons. It will be good news to many that that accomplished artist and highly cultivated woman, Miss Clara Doria, will remain in Boston this winter and devote herself almost exclusively to pupils who desire "Cultivation of the Voice," and instruction in "English, German and Italian Music." She has taken rooms at No. 16 Ashburton Place. She is one of the truly musical, experienced, intelligent, inspiring sort of teachers, as all who have been within her sphere of influence will testify. It is very, very seldom that a *singer* is at the same time a *musician* in the full sense that she is.—Mme. Rudersdorff is another instance, of still more experience, and in larger fields. The traditions of the best days of Oratorio and Opera are hers. During the past year her throngs of pupils, both in town and at her summer residence (in Wrentham), have kept her almost out of public sight. She has just returned to her last winter's quarters at the Hotel Boylston.

—It also gives us particular pleasure to say that Mrs. Irving I. Harwood has so far recovered health and hearing that she is able to resume her lessons. She always had a winning and successful way with pupils as with audiences, and has withal rare musical taste and judgment.

Music in London.

Crystal Palace. A magnificent programme is put forth for the 26 Saturday Afternoon Concerts of the 20th series, beginning Oct. 2, under the direction of Mr. August Manns. It includes the following list of works to be performed and artists:

Palestrina—Motet for Chorus.

Bach—A Sacred Cantata, "God's time is the best," for solo voices, chorus, and full orchestra; Suite, for orchestra and solo flute, in B minor—both for the first time.

Handel—The Chandos Te Deum, in B flat—for the first time.

Haydn—Symphonies; in D, No 8 of Salomon set; in E flat, No. 4 of new series (Rieter-Biedermann)—both first time.

Mozart—The *Requiem*—first time; the Symphony in D (Haffner); Concertante, for violin and viola, in E flat—for the first time.

Beethoven—The nine Symphonies in chronological order. *The Mount of Olives*. Various Overtures. The Pianoforte Concertos in G major and E flat. Selection from the Octet for two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, and two horns [Op. 103]. Selection from Serenade, for flute, violin, and viola [Op. 25]—both first time.

Schubert—Grand Duo in C [Op. 140], orchestrated by Joachim; Allegro, for strings, in C minor [1820]—both first time; Symphony in B flat [No. 4].

Mendelssohn—Symphony [No. 1] in C minor; the *Hymn of Praise*; the *Walpurgis Night*; the 95th *Psalm* with final chorus MS.*—for the first time; "To the Sons of Art," for men's voices and brass instruments; Capriccio in E minor, for strings—both first time; Overtures, &c.

Schumann—Symphony in E flat [No 3], Overture, scherzo and finale; Overture [*Rheinweinlied*], with chorus—first time; Introduction and Allegro, for piano and orchestra, in D [Op. 134]—first time; Selection from *Spanisches Liederspiel* [Op. 74], for a vocal quartet—first time.

Weber—Rondo all' Ongarese, for bassoon; Overture to *Peter Schmoll*—both first time; Favorite Overtures; and Scena for soprano and orchestra.

Spohr—Symphony [No 4], "The Power of Sound;" and the 2nd Concerto, for clarinet.

Hiller—Concerto, for piano and orchestra, in F sharp minor.

Brahms—"Rinaldo," Cantata, for solo tenor, chorus of men's voices, and orchestra [Op. 50]—first time; Schicksalslied for chorus and orchestra; the G and Serenade [Op. 11].

Raff—Symphony [No 4] in G minor; "Mazurka, Polonaise, and Russisch," from Op. 174, for orchestra, by the composer—all first time.

Robert Volkmann—Overture to Shakspere's *Richard III.*—first time.

Wagner—Overtures to *Tannhauser* and *Der fliegende Holländer* and extracts from *Tristan und Isolde* and other operas.

LISZT—Der Tanz in der Dorfschenke [Mephisto Waltz], from "Zwei Episoden aus Lenau's *Faust*," for orchestra—first time.
A. RUBINSTEIN—Concerto for piano and orchestra [No 3]; Scena, for soprano and orchestra—both for the first time.
Sir W. STERNDALE BENNETT—Overture, "Parisina;" Caprice in E for pianoforte and orchestra
Sir JULIUS BENEDICT—Andante and Finale from 2nd Symphony, in C—first time.
Professor MACFARREN—Oratorio, *St. John the Baptist*—first time.
HENRY H. PIERSON—*Macbeth*, a Symphonic Poem for orchestra—first time.
SULLIVAN—Symphony in E.
JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT—Concerto for piano and orchestra—first time.
HENRY HOLMES—Concerto for violin and orchestra—first time.
E. PROUT—Magnificat for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra—first time.
W. G. CUSINS—Overture to *Love's Labor Lost*—first time.
And new works by Alfred Holmes, H. Gadsby, and other English Composers.

New works by Gounod, Verdi, Ambroise Thomas, and other eminent composers of the day as well as the favorite Overtures of Rossini Cherubini, Auber, and others, will also be brought forward from time to time.

Engagements have already been made with—Mdme. Lemmens, Mdme. Sinico, Miss Edith Wynne, Mdme. Blanche Cole, Miss Rose Hersee, Signora Ostava Torriani, Mdlle. Cristino, Miss Sophie Löwe, Mdme. Osgood, Mdme. Patey, Mdme. Antoinette Sterling; Mr Sims Reeves, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Lloyd, Signor Foli, Mr Patey, and Mr. Whitney; Mdme. Neruda, Mdme. Essipoff Miss Marie Krebs, Miss Zimmermann, Miss Anna Mehlig, Herr Joachim, Herr Wilhelmj, Mr. Henry Holmes, Mr. Carrodus, Signor Piatti, Mr. Charles Hallé, M. Mortier de Fontaine, Herr Pauer, M Dannreuther, Mr. Oscar Berringer, and Mr. Franklin Taylor.

The Solos for Wind Instruments will be performed by the principals of the Crystal Palace Band Flute—Mr. Alfred Wells. Oboe—Mons. Dubrueq. Clarinet—Mr. Clinton. Bassoon—Mr. Wotton. Horn—Mr. Wendlandt.

Other eminent artists will be engaged as opportunity occurs; and offers have been made to MM. Brahms and Rubinstein for performing and conducting some of their own works.

The Musical Prospect in Philadelphia.

[From the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, Oct. 6.]

Among the duties almost peculiar to a journalist is that of constantly treating old subjects as if they were new ones. Nor is this less a privilege than a duty; for, as the circle of his readers daily includes many to whom his subjects are fresh and unfamiliar, the writer may pass through some portion, at least, of his own first impressions in going over old ground again.

The musical annalist is permitted to enjoy this pleasure more frequently than many others. Possibly the privilege is intended to console him for many a private pang. In listening to some shabby performance of *Don Giovanni*, his eye may rest upon a young devotee in the pit, to whom *Batti! Batti!* is appealing for the first time. The youthful listener hears only Mozart. The shortcomings of mademoiselle are all unknown; and the reviewer, as he watches, is half inclined to overlook them himself, in sympathy with the delighted novice.

As the intellectual study of music becomes more and more universal, the annual pleasure of laying before the reader some prospect of forthcoming musical events is increased. It is gratifying to know that each year, the approaching festivals are more eagerly anticipated, and more thoroughly enjoyed. The season now opening, if less brilliant with the promise of ephemeral names, offers, at least, a large store of the solid and unchangeable attractions. * * * * * *

Beginning with the musical preparations which are being made at home, the choral organizations deserve the first attention. The "Handel and Haydn," which is by many years the oldest of our choruses, is starting upon its winter's studies under fresh management and with a new leader. Mr. Francis T. S Darley, a gentleman closely identified with our musical affairs for many years, and always popular therein, will assume the baton laid down by Mr. Carl Sentz. Under his direction the Handel and Haydn Society will give three concerts, for which the following works are now in active rehearsal:—

Fratres, Ego Enim Accepi.....Palestrina
We Praise Thee O God.....Gounod
Blessed be the Lord.....Stainer
Glory be to God on High.....Tours
The Fool Hath Said in His Heart.....Bennett
Miserere.....Allegri
O Praise the Lord.....Righini
Lead, Kindly Light.....Calkin
Ora Pro Nobis.....Novello
O Come Near to the Cross.....Gounod
Cantata, Malchus.....F. T. S. Darley

The rehearsals of the society take place on Tuesday evenings at their rooms, No. 1618 Arch street.

"The Beethoven Society," which had so much success last year under Mr. Cross, is at present without a leader. It is understood that the celebrated Otto Singer, now of Cincinnati, and who organized under Theodore Thomas the grand choruses for both of his recent festivals in that city has been invited to assume the vacant leadership of the Beethoven. Mr. Singer is now one of the most prominent chorus masters in America, and his residence in this city would be a substantial advantage that can hardly be overestimated. If he accepts the proffered position the Beethoven Society will resume its rehearsals on the 13th instant.

Two new choruses have been organized since last winter, of which the "Cecilian" seems to contain the most vitality. It held its first rehearsal on September 25 with an active membership of one hundred and thirty. This has since been increased to nearly two hundred. The Cecilian has for a leader Mr. Michael H Cross, under whose guidance any chorus is certain of success. He has begun with the study of the *Messiah*, which it is intended to bring out in conjunction with the Theodore Thomas Orchestra about Christmas time. The rehearsals take place on Saturday evenings at the hall northeast corner of Eighteenth and Chestnut streets.

"The Philadelphia Oratorio Society" was also started in September under the direction of Mr. William Wolsieffer. Its first season will be made both attractive and important to all lovers of music by the production of two compositions which are great in themselves and new in this community. Robert Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," and Macfarren's cantata of "St. John, the Baptist," are now in rehearsal. * * * * Mr. G A. Macfarren, president of the time-honored Philharmonic Society of London (the same which sent Beethoven a generous donation on his death-bed), is an able musical writer, and a sterling composer. Any work of his is sure to be interesting The "St. John" is the first one of any magnitude which has been studied here, and as it has never been heard in America, the new society will deserve much credit for bringing it out.

THE MALE CHORUSES.

"The Orpheus Club," founded and conducted by Mr. Cross, now comprises thirty members. These gentlemen are talented musicians, and their connection with the Beethoven Society last winter at its successful concerts was greatly to their credit. The club will give, during this, its third season, the usual three concerts at Musical Fund Hall on the evenings of November 26th, February 18th and May 5th. At the first of these concerts Miss Henrietta Beebe, the well-known soprano of the New York Glee and Madrigal Club, will sing.

"The Abt Society," oldest and best of the male choruses, has resumed its studies under the accomplished leader, Mr. Hugh A. Clarke. Some twenty new compositions, selected with great care during the vacation, are to be put in rehearsal, and the three regular concerts will be given, this time at the Musical Fund Hall. The famous "Prisoners' Chorus" from *Fidelio*, and Goldmark's beautiful version of the "Three Fishers" are among the compositions selected for early production. The "Vocal Union," led as heretofore by Mr. Wolsieffer, and the German Singing Societies, "Maennerchor," "Junger Maennerchor," "Sängerbund," and others are at work, but their intentions have not yet been made public.

CHAMBER MUSIC.

In this department Mr. Charles H Jarvis, our really great master of the piano-forte, is first on the list He will give the usual allotment of six classical concerts during the season, beginning in November. At each concert a favorite vocalist will appear, while in the department of piano music Mr. Jarvis promises an unusual number of fine compositions. The following are some of the works selected for the concerts:—

Concerto, A flat.....Hummel
Concerto, A flat.....Kalkbrenner
Etudes, symphoniques.....Schumann
Carnival.....Schumann
Fantasie on Russian airs.....Thalberg
Fantasie on Don Giovanni.....Liszt
Sonata, D minor (piano and violin).....Schumann
Quintet, C minor.....Spohr

Mr. Jarvis will have the valuable assistance of Mr. Carl Gaertner, violinist, and other eminent players, who will aid in the concerted music, besides furnishing a quintet accompaniment to the chief piano works.

Mr. Carl Gaertner will give a list of his well-known classical concerts on evenings which will be hereafter announced. The feature of these will be the more important septets, octets, quintets and quartets of the great masters,

Besides the above the customary series of chamber concerts are being prepared by our talented young artists, Messrs Guhlman, Zeckwer and Gastel. The programmes and other particulars of these are still incomplete; but, judging by the past, they are sure to contain much excellent music. * * * * * * *

For Orchestra music, it seems likely that we shall have to depend chiefly on Theodore Thomas's Orchestra. This combination has issued the annual prospectus for a series of symphony concerts, and the sale of choice seats began October 4. The dates of these concerts will be October 29 November 12, December 16, and January 13. They will take place at the Academy of Music as heretofore, and they will be given on the same scale of marvelous excellence which makes the Thomas Concerts indispensable to a musical season. There is some prospect of a revival of the Wolsieffer Concerts on Saturday afternoons. It is greatly desirable that some such an undertaking as this should prove successful. The large number of orchestral players in this city ought to combine in a permanent organization. Such a combination, properly conducted, would meet with a sure and speedy success.

Of opera music this winter we are likely to have but little. The Kellogg Troupe, well known to all musical readers, will give two weeks of opera here, beginning on November 22, and will add another installment of performances in the spring. The famous and undeniably great tenor, Theodore Wachtel, has again arrived on our shores, and will give a series of performances at the Academy of Music in January. A fair company is said to have been engaged to support him, and the prospect of legitimate German opera is, therefore, very gratifying.

Of Italian opera there is no immediate prospect. One of its greatest living exemplars, Mdlle. Teresa Tietjens, is announced for the present in concerts only. She will give three concerts at the Academy, on the evenings of October 22 and 27, and at a matinée on the 23d. This lady is destined to secure a triumphant recognition here. Her stores of culture and her great natural advantages added to the prestige of twenty years' successes in the Old World, will insure her a welcome which ought to be more sincere and enduring than that which pours itself out so profusely before this or that sky-rocket artist of yesterday or to-day.

Another important name must be included in the list of concert performers. The celebrated Hans Von Buelow, pupil and near relative of Liszt, a man famous the world over for his achievements as composer, director and performer on the piano-forte, will give five concerts here on December 17 18 21 22 and 23. So great an artist coming quickly on the successful path of Rubinstein will attract unbounded attention from the musical world.

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Oh blushing Flowers of Krumley. 3. G min. to f. *Eichberg.* 40
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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 901. BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 30, 1875. VOL. XXXV. No. 15.

A. Saran on Robert Franz and the Old German Volkslied and Choral.*

(Concluded from Page 106.)

In the above remarks we think we have expressed the precise heart and kernel of the relationship of Robert Franz with the old composers. Let us follow it a little more into detail, to make it clearer.

If we consider the *poetic objects*, which Franz draws into the realm of his production, we perceive in him, as in the song composers of the fifteenth and the sixteenth century, an outspoken partiality for the Volkslied and all that is related to it. This came to light at the very beginning of his artistic career with such decidedness, that his Op. 1, among twelve numbers, shows four by Burns, three by Geibel, two by Eichendorff, and one each by Hoffmann von Fallersleben and Ludwig Tieck,—all of them poets who in their best productions have struck the tone of the old Volkslied, and sometimes have hit it wonderfully. (Compare Vilmar: *Das Deutsche Volkslied.*) And this direction Franz has held down to his latest work. Besides many original or elaborated Volkslieder (See Op. 23 and the set by Edward Mörike, Op. 27), the texts of Heine and Osterwald occupy the largest space with him. Plainly a trait of deep, interior elective affinity leads him continually back to them anew. With regard to Heine it consists in the fact, that he, like Franz, strikes a tone which, without precisely reproducing the Volkslied, as Hoffmann von Fallersleben has done in so masterly a manner, nevertheless has caught its finest aroma:—the truth and depth of feeling, the noble simplicity of expression, the sharp precision of the thoughts and, above all, the incomparable singableness, by which Heine's songs stand actually alone in their kind.—As for Osterwald, we discern the affinity in this that he is able with great skill to imitate the tone of the older popular Minnesingers and give an excellent reproduction of the melody of the Volkslied proper. And when in addition to those already named we mention Goethe, who is also represented by a number of songs with Franz, there can be no longer any doubt about the latter's preponderating sympathy for the Volkslied and for all that stands near to it.

In some others of his poets, such as Rückert, Lenau, Waldau, and partly too in Geibel, this popular trait to be sure is less prominent; but on the other hand they have in general a peculiarity which also meets us in the old German, and particularly in the religious lyrics: namely, a tendency to the contemplative and transcendental. These poems are penetrated and pervaded with the modern philosophical or religious speculation. We may compare them in a certain sense with the song poets of the period of the Reformation, in so far as they too bring to poetic manifestation a new way of looking at the world. Hence it is certainly no accident if Franz, who in the choice of his texts evidently proceeds with the greatest care and only composes what is homogeneous to himself, precisely in the songs of these poets strikes a tone, which either borders on the Choral, or which through its ethereal aroma charms us out of the world of sense into the realm of the Ideal. Compare (besides the *Ave Maria* of Geibel, Op. 17, No. 1) the "Schilflieder" of Lenau, Nos. 1, 2 and 5 of Op. 2. Moreover:

"Weil' auf mir, du dunkles Auge," by Lenau, Op. 9, No. 3.

"Du trüber Nebel hüllest mir," by the same, Op. 28, No. 4.

"Zwei welke Rosen," "Es klingt in der Luft," "Schemen erloschener Flammen," by Waldau, Op. 13, No. 1–3.

"Die stille Lotosblume," Op. 1, No. 3, "Nun die Schatten dunkeln," Op. 10, No. 1, "Der Mond kommt still gegangen," Op. 28, No 3, by Geibel.

"Ich hab' in deinem Auge," by Rückert, Op. 6, No. 6.

"Marie, am Fenster sitzest du," by R. Gottschall, Op. 18, No. 1.

"Du liebes Auge," by O. Roquette, Op. 16, No. 1, &c., &c.

Still more distinctly do Franz's relations to the old German Song spring forth in the poetic subjects which he sings. The old Volkslied in its earliest origin, we know, is historical in its topics; but later, at its period of full bloom, it is prëeminently a *Love Song*. The joys and sorrows of love form the foreground; Nature gives the scenery: Spring and May, woods and fields, the singing of birds and the murmur of brooks, the withered leaves of Autumn, Winter's white snow, &c. And this is precisely the stuff which Franz is decidedly most fond of clothing in tones. It is characteristic of his thoroughly lyrical,—his in fact subjectively and contemplatively lyrical—nature, that he composes so little of the epical-romantic matter – the Ballad, as we have remarked before, has hardly any place with him,—while at the same time he has as little as possible to do with the "spirit-of-the-age" lyric (*Tendenzlyrik*) of the present day. He sings what moves the human heart most powerfully in all ages and under all zones: Love.

And finally, in the way in which he conceives and treats this matter, he stands also near to the old German Lyric. Hard and even repulsive as many of the texts of our Volkslieder are, the music almost always knows how to idealize them. It as it were strips off the "earthly mould" from them, and lifts them into a higher, purer atmosphere. It softens the waves of passion, which pulsate in the texts, and clarifies them to a beautiful moderation, to the most tender virgin chastity. Nay the most precious of our people's melodies, even where they belong to lively texts, are pervaded by a gentle but deep sadness, a renunciation, like a painful remembrance of the lost Eden, or like the longing for that perfect communion of souls, which here below ever remains an unattainable ideal.

Precisely these same characteristics does the Franz song reveal to every one who really goes in to it. At the same time it is free from all that coarse sensual refinement, which meets us alas! so often and so offensively in the moderns. It breaks off the extreme points from the impassioned moods, and softens them to some repose. The clearest proof of this lies in the relation which Franz assumes toward the texts of Heine. Not only does he attach himself exclusively to the ideal side of this wonderful double man; but the fine sarcasm, which runs, often scarce perceptible, through many of Heine's poems of the purely lyrical kind, loses its sharpness through Franz's music, and resolves itself into pure, deep and tender sadness.

Above all does the Franz song bear in itself that trait of resignation, which we perceive in the noblest Volkslieder: something of that "*Weltschmerz*," if you will, which would seem to be the characteristic stamp of all the more modern lyric art. But with him it is without any sort of *baroque* distortion, or any of that morbid self-mirroring of which poets and composers are so fond to-day; rather is it a pure, true expression of the deep yearning after the Ideal, which dwells in every human heart.

Herein lies, what has been justly signalized, the high *ethical* significance of the Franz songs. They have—to say nothing of their texts, which not without good grounds have been called a model collection of modern German lyric poetry—a like purifying, consoling and exalting nature with the finest of our old German Volks- and Choral melodies. For, although they spring from a religious or philosophical view of the world which is no longer that of our ancestors, yet the same true German heart blood pulsates through them all.

* Translated for DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC.

Schumann's Faust Music.

(From "Concordia," Oct. 2.)

Scenes from Goethe's "Faust." Composed for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra. By Robert Schumann. The translation by Miss Louisa Vance. London: *Novello, Ewer & Co.*

There is probably not one of Schumann's works which in Germany is held in higher esteem than that now under notice; nor perhaps is there any of his larger vocal works which is so frequently performed—that is as regards the third part, which, for reasons presently to be mentioned, is very often given apart from the first and second. That up to this time the *Faust* music has remained almost entirely unknown in this country, can only be accounted for by the fact, that hitherto there has been no edition with English words, and it has therefore been inaccessible to our choral societies. The

present volume will therefore be heartily welcome to all musicians, and, for the sake of those who are at present unacquainted with it, we propose in the present notice to give some account of one of Schumann's most original, characteristic, and (as regards a considerable part of it) emphatically greatest compositions.

As will be seen from the title of the present work, it is only a selection of scenes, and not the poem of *Faust* which Schumann has set to music. The scenes he has chosen are the "Garden scene," "Gretchen before the image of the Mater Dolorosa," and the "Cathedral scene," from the first part; the scene with Ariel and the Elves, the "Midnight scene," "Faust's Death," and the "Apotheosis" from the second part of the poem. Of these scenes, the "Apotheosis," which forms the third part of the music, was the first composed, having been written in great part in the year 1844, not long after *Paradise and the Peri*, and at the time when Schumann's genius was at its brightest, before the shadows which darkened his later years had fallen upon him. This is the explanation of the fact that the music of this epilogue is so far superior to that of the first and second parts, which were composed between 1849 and 1853.

The overture to the work was the last piece written, being three years later in date than any other portion. At the time of its composition, symptoms had already developed themselves of the mental disease which clouded the composer's last years; and though it would probably be too much to say that the overture shows indications of incipient insanity, it is undoubtedly one of Schumann's most obscure and labored, and least interesting productions. The following "Garden scene" between Faust and Gretchen (baritone and soprano) is much more pleasing and abounding in graceful and tender melody. The next numbers, "Gretchen before the image of the Mater Dolorosa" and "In the Cathedral," have also been set to music by Schubert, and a comparison of the two versions would, did our space allow, be of much interest. It may be briefly said that Schubert's settings are superior in abstract musical beauty, and that Schumann has depicted more forcibly the poignant anguish of the dramatic situations. Though neither number is among the most attractive in the work, both are of real value, and well worthy of their composer's fame.

The second part opens with the scene of Ariel and the Elves, followed by Faust's awaking. The music here again is of unequal interest; much of it, such as the chorus of Elves (p. 42), "Vales grow verdant, hills are swelling," is of great beauty, but it is not sustained throughout; so again with Faust's long solo (pp. 50-57), which contains many charming passages, but is too much spun out, and would probably be found wearisome in performance. The following scene, "Midnight," in which the four gray women—Want, Guilt, Care, and Need—come forward, is exceedingly dramatic, as is the final number of the second part, the scene of Faust's death. Neither, however, will rank on the whole among Schumann's finest inspirations.

Those readers who have followed our remarks thus far will have probably conceived no very exalted idea of the *Faust* music; and, in plain truth, if we possessed only the first and second parts, it would be impossible to reckon it among Schumann's masterpieces. As soon as we reach the third part, however, we find ourselves in another world altogether. It is difficult to give adequately our candid impressions of this part, without seeming to utter the language of extravagant eulogy. This wonderful scene of Faust's Apotheosis, where his soul is escorted to heaven by angels—while the Anchorites on the mountains sing their hymns of praise—has inspired Schuman with some of the most magnificent music which he ever penned. The opening chorus in F, 9-8 time, is of indescribable charm: it is followed by two somewhat less remarkable, though very beautiful solos, which lead to the exquisite chorus of Happy Spirits of Boys (for treble voices), p. 100. The following solo and chorus of the Younger Angels, "Aided were we by the flowers," is another number of equal beauty and simplicity. In the next movement a very curious effect is obtained by the combination of triple time rhythms in the chorus with common time in the orchestra. This piece is one of the most "catchy" (to use a colloquialism) in the whole work. It is succeeded by a very magnificent full chorus—"A noble ray of spirit-life"—with brilliant accompaniments for the orchestra; after which we find one of the gems of the work in the baritone solo—"Free is the prospect here"—with harp accompaniment. The solo and chorus which follows—"Thou, O Purest, Holiest"—is one of those pieces which cannot be described in words; though almost as simple as a psalm tune, it is of wonderful effect. Its melody is of that haunting character, that when once heard can hardly be forgotten. The continuation of this number, though very beautiful, comes almost as an anti-climax after such a commencement. The final movement is a double chorus with solo quartet. Of this there are two versions. Schumann, in the published score, marks the second as "to be preferred to the first." On this matter opinions will probably differ; for ourselves, with all deference to the composer's judgment, we must confess that we prefer the first. Both are, however, exceedingly fine, though hardly at the same height of inspiration as some of the preceding numbers.

Though in places of considerable difficulty, the music to *Faust* is by no means impracticable by good choirs. It has not yet been given entire in this country; but the third part was performed (and very creditably) at the last concert of the Cambridge University Musical Society some three months since; and it is only due to that society, and to its talented conductor, Mr. C. Villiers Stanford, that the credit should be given to them of the first production of this great work in England. It is much to be hoped that an early opportunity will be afforded of hearing it in London. Could not Mr. Manns include it among the novelties of the coming season at the Crystal Palace?

A few words should be said in conclusion as to the English version. A translated text, however skilfully done, can never under any circumstances produce the full effect of the original; and there is probably no work in the whole range of musical literature which presents such difficulties to an adapter as the present. In the first place, even a literal and intelligible translation into prose of the original German is in places by no means easy; and when in addition to presenting, at least approximately, the author's meaning, it is also needful to keep the same metre to preserve as far as possible the accentuation, and to give the same relative importance to the words in a sentence, the task becomes an exceedingly arduous one. That Miss Vance has in places turned the flank of the difficulties by a somewhat free paraphrase, rather than faced them, is under all circumstances no more than might have been expected. On the whole she has succeeded in giving a singable version which conveys a fair idea of the original, though there are passages to which exception may be fairly taken. For instance, Gretchen's solo in the third part beginning—

"Neige, neige,
Du Ohnegleiche,
Du Strahlenreiche,
Dein Antlitz gnädig meinem Glück."

is rendered by—

"Crownèd, crownèd
With praise unbounded,
With light surrounded,
Bend on my bliss thy gracious eyes."

where "crownèd" is in no sense a translation of "neige," and the force of the original is lost. But it is so much easier to point to blemishes than to suggest amendments, that we are not disposed to be too critical. We quote the above, not in a spirit of fault-finding, but as an instance of the kind of difficulty with which Miss Vance had to deal. In justice to her, we will quote one passage in which she has, we think, been more successful in grappling with the task of translation. There are probably few lines in the poem which are harder to adapt well to English than the words of the final "Chorus Mysticus," which in the original are as follows:—

"Alles Vergängliche
Ist nur ein Gleichniss;
Das Unzulangliche
Hier wird's Ereigniss;
Das Unbeschreibliche
Hier ist's gethan;
Das Ewig-Weibliche
Zieht uns hinan."

As Miss Vance says in a note, "musical exigencies forbid a very literal rendering of the final chorus." She has been, we think, quite as successful as might reasonably be expected with the following version:—

"All that doth pass away
Is but a fable;
All that eludes is made
Here true and stable;
The Indescribable,
Here it is done;
The Ever-Womanly
Beckons us on."

A useful feature of the present edition is the introduction, in which, to assist the comprehension of the reader, an outline of the whole poem is given, and besides the complete text of the portion which Schumann has set to music, some very valuable explanatory notes are added, referring especially to the third part, in which (as in St. Paul's Epistles) are many things hard to be understood. May the present volume lead to a more extended knowledge and appreciation of a work which, as regards its third part, is one of the most valuable treasures which Schumann has bequeathed to the musical world.

"La Prova D'un Opera Seria."

A REMINISCENCE.

[*From the Evening Transcript.*]

Not that charming toy, in which Giulia Grisi and Papa Lablache used to delight the charmed audiences by their incomparable singing and witty frolic, but in all truth the rehearsal of one of the most serious of operas and a serious rehearsal of that: the rehearsal of Beethoven's "Fidelio" at Her Majesty's Theatre in London with Therese Tietjens as Leonora for the *first* time in her life!

Twelve o'clock at noon on the day preceding that fixed for the first performance! A coupé dashes up to the stage door, a lady jumps out and hurries into the theatre and upon the stage, where she is met by the handsome, tall impresario, Mr. James Mapleson, with a face nearly as long as he himself.

"Well, here you are at last. You promised Therese you would be here for the beginning of the rehearsal to help with your advice, as you had sung 'Fidelio' so often. We are all at sixes and sevens. You well knew my stage manager has been ill for the last fortnight. Therese, by some chance, has never even heard and seen the opera; the tenor, baritone and basso have never sung in it; Arditi has never conducted it, and he and Therese squabble about the tempi, and the scene painter does not know the scenery. And here is the prince of Wales who has sent word he and the princess are coming to-morrow! And oh, ——, I shall go mad! For goodness gracious' sake, just come and do what you can."

"Oh, I am so sorry! but I was unavoidably delayed. Now let us see what is going on."

What was going on, indeed? This was about the position of affairs: Arditi, arms crossed, and temper crossed also, seated at his post of conductor. The players in the orchestra resting on their instruments, cross ditto. On a rock-painted couch the tenor, evidently in the sulks. The basso, an uncommonly fat Frenchman, venting his temper in all sorts of adjectives (*sic!*) possible to a Frenchman only. You heard a good deal of "*diables*" and "*tonnerres*." Therese Tietjens was sitting in a chair against a

wing, not only in a most dejected attitude, but with evident traces of tears! The stage carpenters and scene shifters stood about bewildered.

The stage itself looked ridiculous—a small, short scene, seemingly the one of the second act in "Norma."

"Therese, what *is* the matter?"

"I am *not* going to sing this opera, I am sick of it; nobody knows anything, but everybody speaks, everybody has an opinion, everything is nonsense, and I am not going to make a fool of myself. Look at *that* (pointing with disgust to a hole made in the stage floor by the side of Florestan's rock, and the size about three feet by two.) This is the grave which Rocco and I are to dig, and in which we are both to stand! Do look at it, why, one of Rocco's legs will fill it up! Oh dear—oh dear—and they say nothing else can be done! And look at this scenery! Where is the pillar for me to hide behind? where is the staircase, where is the door? How can I move about in so small a space? And Rocco throws me about as if I were a rag, and Florestan can't get up from his ridiculous rock without bumping against me, and Pizarro does not know where to stand and when and how to go—and oh! I don't care whether Mapleson will have to shut up the house or not—but I wont sing."

Meanwhile Mapleson was standing behind her, making the most significant signs of despair and supplication. So I soothed Therese, then asked for unrestricted power to order carpenters, painters and scene shifters about; spoke to Arditi, and begged him to give the orchestra half an hour's grace for "refreshments," which Mapleson gladly promised to furnish in the shape of bread and cheese and beer; advised Therese to have a dozen of oysters and a glass of sherry; appeased the man afflicted with the "*cent mille diables et tonnerres*," and told Florestan that a cigar under the piazza would be delightful, and then had the stage to myself. Scenes were hauled out one after the other; some were accepted, more rejected, and others sent to be altered. A large aperture, ample enough to contain Fidelio and Rocco, was ordered to be cut in the flooring. This order caused the greatest turmoil. "Lord Ward would object; a smaller trap-door would have to do." "No, it would *not* do," and so what was necessary was done. And when they all came back, a deep, roomy, but gloomy dungeon awaited the actors. A small iron door at the back; to its right a grated window high up, through which were perceived the narrow stairs descending to this subterranean vault. Part of an old wall stood out at the back. On the left at the back were the ruins of the old well, in which Florestan's grave was to be dug. In front, at the right, was the heap of straw, the wretched couch of the unfortunate Florestan. A little private conversation with the amiable Arditi made him comprehend the tempi, which I had sung under Lindpaintner, Lachner and Marschner in Germany. Everything looked more promising. Therese still pouted, she felt aggrieved that for so sublime a work matters should stand thus at the eleventh hour. But when she came to that thrilling passage in the "grave digging duet" where Leonora promises to herself "whoe'er thou art, I'll save thee," her glorious artist's soul awoke and she warmed to her work with vigor and energy. Florestan was pliant, willing and full of intelligence. Pizarro the same. But "*cent mille diables*" was fat and felt very hot. He called Beethoven's divine inspirations "*musique infernale*." He would lay hold of Therese and jerk her about, when he ought not, and he would not touch her when his most energetic interference was needed. He could not or would not recollect the music, he would not understand the tempi, and it was he who truly was the "*diable*." The rehearsal was a terrible one; it had commenced at 11 A.M. and lasted up to 5 P.M. But yet, through all the clouds we saw bright rays. Therese felt them. She was glowing with excitement, the music inspired her, and she was like a warrior preparing for battle—ready, craving for the fight.

She kissed and thanked me for having imparted my experience to them, and begged, "Do, come to me this evening, let us have these people, and in my drawing-room teach them, until mistakes become impossible. Let us four but be perfect in the dungeon scene and success will be ours."

And so I went; Signor Randegger kindly presided at the piano; him we could rely on as a perfect musician. The drawing room was cleared of its crimson and gold furniture and its Louis XV. tables. Fidelio, Florestan, Pizarro and Rocco were ready for action. Therese was full of fire and indefatigable perseverance. Every scene was repeated, musically and in acting, until it was perfect. Sometimes one phrase, or one movement was gone over twenty and more times. Therese's extraordinary physical powers inspired and held up all. Rocco's "*diables*" and "*tonnerres*," were in full force, but this time tending to success. With full voice Therese went on for hours unfalteringly, and the trying "I am his wife," succeeding a violent rush from one end of the stage to the other, was repeated, until her steps were justly measured, and the heart-rending cry came forth without loss of breath. The rehearsal lasted from eight o'clock up to midnight, then all separated with relieved hearts and radiant hopes.

And how gloriously were those hopes fulfilled! What a performance! The gorgeous theatre showed against its amber satin draperies all the beauty and rank of the metropolis; the princes filled the royal boxes; the house was packed up to the ceiling.

When Therese Tietjens first stepped upon the stage—by her whole attitude, the woman's physique borne down by the heavy load of iron chains she was carrying, while out of her searching, uplifted eye the courage and undying strength of a loving soul beamed—she at once held the audience spell-bound and in complete sympathy with her. The superb scena brought down the house. Never did her incomparable voice melt in greater tenderness than in the invocation to hope, or ring out more triumphantly than in the determined allegro.

But the second act! Was there an eye dry, when with averted face she tenders Florestan the bread and with choking accents sobs to him, "Ah, take—ah, take this bread, thou poor, most wretched man." And when she tore away from Rocco's restraining grasp, flung herself between Florestan and Pizarro, hurling at him the words, "I am his wife," on the high B flat, the house literally rose to the artiste, who seemed to tower above all in the majesty and triumph of her art. Then again, when with pointed pistol she dogged the traitor Pizarro round the stage, until she saw him safe outside the dungeon door, then leaned exhausted against the postern and in answer to Florestan's "What hast thou done for me, O Leonora?" gasped out in overwhelming ecstasy of boundless joy the words, "Nothing, nothing, my Florestan!" [illegible] loud sobs were heard all were the leading bars to the orchestra, and had to deafening thunders of appl[illegible]

It was a glorious event[illegible] Tietjen's "Fidelio" has [illegible]proached, and while she is so.

We had a good cry of relief and joy, after the opera, together, and I wear on my finger a diamond and turquois ring, which was on Theres's hand then. It was given with a shower of kisses.

ERMINIA RUDERSDORFF.

Spontini's "Vestale."

[Translated and arranged for this Journal from "La Gazzetta d'Italia," by J. H. BADGER.]

Some months since, I had the extreme pleasure of hearing Spontini's "Vestale" sung at a concert in Rome; in consequence of which I was unable to resist the desire to witness its performance upon the scenic stage at Jesi. Thither I betook myself therefore, nor have I found cause to repent of that proceeding, for seldom have I derived from any musical experience so forcible an impression. Hearing at Rome, for the first time, the triumphal march, it seemed to me a new Marseillaise,—a Marseillaise with the immense impetus of the *Allons! Marchons!* but without the suggestion of impure bloodshed; with "*l'amore sacro della patria*," crowned by victory. As the scenic effects are of great importance in this work,—christened not "*opera*" but "*melodrama*,"—it is impossible to judge it fairly without having seen it represented upon the stage.

The argument of the "Vestale" is well known. The young Roman maiden (Giulia) beloved of the warrior Licinio, is refused him on account of his obscure birth and lack of martial fame. He departs for the war, covers himself with glory, and returns triumphant; but only to find that the maid beloved, of whose hand he had hoped this time to prove worthy, had been by her dying father consecrated to the service of Vesta; and she it is to whose lot it falls to crown the hero with the laurel decreed him by the grateful populace. This constitutes the first act.

In the second, the young "Vestale," who has never ceased to love the youthful hero, meets him in the temple, at night. While they renew their vows of affection, the sacred flame upon the altar dies away. A rumor is heard without, and a friend of Licinio comes to warn him that the priests, the vestals and the people are marching towards the temple. Licinio wishes to lead away Giulia, but she resolves to remain alone, to die. The crowd arrive, Giulia confesses her love, refuses to reveal the name of her lover, and resigns herself to death. So terminates the second act.

The third represents the preparations for the funeral rites of the Vestale, who is about to be intombed alive,—the vain efforts of Licinio to save her, owing to the superstitious fears of the army,—the farewell of Giulia to her companions—and her consignment to the sepulchre, into which Licinio likewise introduces himself, unobserved. The tomb is about to be sealed, when by the waving of her sacred veil, Vesta announces to the victim her pardon. The opera terminates with a chorus of rejoicing, whilst the lovers proceed to celebrate their nuptials.

The principal part, that of the "Vestale," is difficult, demanding of the singer a high degree of intelligence, together with much dramatic ability. The tenor, Licinio, has a rôle less brilliant than that of the Vestale, and much more ungrateful, allowing but little impetus (*slancio*), in order that the principal character may be always shown in prominent relief and [illegible]

The parts of Grand Vestale and Chief Priest contain some striking features. These are in the first act, two choruses, both fine, especially the second,—"Di lauri il suol," with "Della Dea pura segnale." The first is a morning hymn of the Vestale; the second, which forms a general chorus, is a heroic hymn; the triumphal march.

In the second act, the music that accompanies the degradation of the Vestal, and the removal of her crown and sacred veil, is very effective.—In the third, the funeral march, "La Vesta intida," is magnificent as is also the "allegro" chorus, and general dance of the finale: "Lieti concenti, dolci momenti."

The culminating point of this opera—melodrama, is the terzetto of the second act, "Odo ripetere le grida orribile," sung by the young maiden, the hero and his friend:—it is therefore the number, most enthusiastically received and encored by the public.

The "Vestale" met with a genuine and merited success at Jesi, and already there are rumors of its representation at Florence, Rome, and other cities, during the coming season.

Departing from the first performance, many asked themselves the question, how it could happen that Spontini has been, so to speak, ignored for fifty years. But Dante was consigned to obscurity during *centuries*. It is not alone sufficient that the flame of genius blaze, the public mind must also be inflammable; and there are certain dreary epochs, when the heart, either effeminate or petrified, is incapable of a rebound, resists every inducement to heroism, and finds pleasure alone in that which lulls it to rest, in the slough of its own petty interests.

The Vestal came into the world at a fortunate moment. It dates from 1807. Napoleon had been victorious on the 14th of June, at the battle of Friedland, and in the early part of July, had signed the treaty of Tilsitt, and held his interview with Alexander I., upon the isle of Niemen. He was at the summit of his fame. In the future he was only to descend. In 1807, mindful only of present success, all abandoned themselves to the joy of triumph, to the hopes excited by a peace which they trusted was to endure forever. At that moment, appeared the "Vestale." It was represented for the first time, Dec. 15th, 1807, at the Grand Opera of Paris. When the victor sings:

Trionfan le armi nostre.
Marte guidar ci volle
Al campo di vittoria;
E figli della gloria
Tuttor noi siam dei popoli l'onore,
De' nemici il terrore. . . . . .

[Our arms are triumphant. Mars consented to guide us to the field of victory; and as sons of glory, we are now the honored of the people, the terror of the enemy.]

And when the Vestale, after the chorus, pronounces the words:

Giovin prode, in si bel giorno
Prendi il pegno della gloria;
Monumento di victoria
Ei lo sia del nostro amor.

[Brave youth, on this glad day, receive the pledge of glory. Token of victory, may it be also a reminder of our love.]

It is impossible not to think of the marvellous hero of the campaign of Jena and of Friedland. Circumstances contributed to increase the impression which the opera was destined to produce. Jealous rivals had sought to impede its representation; but the Empress Josephine, whose private composer of music Spontini was, extended her protection, and Napoleon willed the accomplishment of her desire. The great captain had heard the heroic accent of Spontini, and predicted for the work a success which did not fail to follow. The "Vestale" had, at that time, 100 consecutive representations.

It is not without interest that one records, that Napoleon, who the day after Austerlitz, had instituted by a decree, the perpetual "Mass of Austerlitz," to consecrate throughout the ages the memory of the triumph of the emancipatory principles of the French revolution, and the fall of the sacred Roman power, imagined, the next year, after Jena, the project of consecrating, *laically*, the two campaigns of 1805 and 1806. He issued in fact, the decree of Posen, Dec. 2d 1806, which ordained the construction of the temple of Glory,—the present Madeleine,—adorning it with the statues of the heroes of those two campaigns. On the anniversary of the battles of Austerlitz and Jena, was to be celebrated, year after year, with music and with eulogy, the valor of those who had taken part in those victories. This was merely the imperial *project*, but one that naturally began at once to occupy the attention of the artist. One may, without fear of error, safely affirm that this was the principle theme of Spontini's meditations from Dec. 1806 to Dec. 1807. This was, without doubt, the true inspiration of the "Vestale."

There existed besides, a certain, personal sentiment, as much more powerful as it was more pure, —love. Spontini adored the maiden Celeste Erard, daughter of the celebrated manufacturer of pianos: but he was repulsed, not by her, but by her father, who saw in him naught but a poor, unknown composer, whose productions yet rested in obscurity. She, however, had divined the latent genius, and her faith redoubled his strength. Of her he dreamed, while writing many passages and, among others, evidently this:—

". . . . . quest'oggetto
Di terrore e d'affetto
Fu dalla madre un tempo
Promesso alla mia fè. Ma il capo altero
D'un illustre famiglia
A donarmi la figlia, allor che gloria
La mia stirpe ignorava e il nome mio,
Poteva indursi mai? . . . ."

[This object of my anxiety and of my affection, was once promised me by her mother; but could the chief of an illustrious race, consent to stoop to bestow his daughter upon me, at a moment when glory still ignored my name and lineage?] . . . . .

To Spontini, as to many artists and poets, opposition in love served as the stimulus of genius, and was the magic wand that called to light his masterpiece.

The success of the Vestale gained for its author the prize of 10,000 francs promised by the Emperor Napoleon I., to the author of that musical work produced during the last ten years which should be pronounced the most excellent. The judges appointed for this occasion, decided thus:—"The Vestale has achieved a splendid and constant success. The master possessed the advantage of being able to manifest his genius in a melodrama, touching and genuinely tragic. The music is inspired, brilliant, and not infrequently sweet. There have always been justly applauded: two grand arias beautiful in style and expression, two choruses of a character religious and pathetic, and the finale of the second act, which excites at the same time emotions of terror and of pity. The indisputable merit and the immense success of the Vestale leave to the jury no room for hesitating to pronounce this work worthy of the prize."

The music of Spontini possesses this noteworthy quality, that one perceives and feels in it, at the same moment with the splendor of glory, the impulse of triumph and the breath of liberty. The love of glory is never separated from the love of liberty. And this is so true, that, when Napoleon, after the success of the Vestale, which in his eyes had the merit of glorifying in anticipation the benefits that he vaunted himself to be about to confer by force of arms upon Spain, ordered from Spontini the "*Fernando Cortes*," in order to place in relief the hero who goes to destroy in Mexico fanaticism and superstitition, and to carry thither the blessings of civilization, the public began spontaneously to sustain the cause of those whom the great captain was about to combat. He then prohibited the performance of the work, which has nevertheless continued to be a masterpiece, preferred by many *dilettanti* to even the Vestale.

Spontini who had experienced the joy of finding himself betrothed with his beloved, after the success of the Vestale, had the felicity of espousing her after that of "*Fernando Cortes*."

Spontini, has not sacrificed Italian melody to German harmony, he has united the two. In this respect he has surpassed Gluck, nor has he been equalled by any of his contemporanies, excepting Meyerbeer, who possessed to a high degree the *nota religiosa*, the genuine and powerful accent of prayer (?). When one listens to the symphony of the Vestale, one feels again within the mind a passing breath of Beethoven's spirit; one might say that Spontini wished to place the German symphony (*symphonic harmony*) within the reach and comprehension of the Italians, by rendering it more clearly defined, in the same manner that Mozart wished to impart to Germany the Italian melody. The author of "Don Giovanni" and the author of the "Vestale" are two brother-geniuses; they both represent the marriage of German with Latin art, the voice of nature united with the voice of humanity. It is worthy of note that the successors of Spontini have frequently borrowed from him; in the Vestale one finds more than one motive that we are accustomed to applaud in other works.

The Vestale has remained in the *repertoire* of Germany, and the reason of this will be readily comprehended, after what has been previously said. At Paris, it had 200 representations during the years that followed the first 100 performances; it was also revived with success in 1854, at the beginning of the Crimean war. Owing its existence to a victory over the Colossus of the North, it was, so to speak, resuscitated at the end of 50 years, as the prelude of another victory over the same eoemy. It is, strictly speaking, neither an Italian nor a French opera, but rather a *European* work; it belongs to a species that has hardly begun, but which will go on increasing; as the tendency is, according to Goethe, towards a European literature, so is the same remark applicable to art. If Napoleon said with truth that the struggle in Europe will be always a civil war, it would not be less exact to affirm that European art and literature will fail in their mission, if each do not form and implant within the mind one and the same ideal of civilization.

Spontini was one of the order of "universal men." He was without prejudices of place, and possessed a heart sufficiently large to embrace the whole world. Born in Italy, he revealed himself in France, and his musical genius operated throughout Europe by means of France; on which account, his memory is no less honored in France and Germany than in Italy.

The reappearance of the Vestale is a sign of the times, as was also the success of the "Grande Duchesse" and of the "Belle Helene." Those who seek to bring heroism into disrespect are very near the termination of their career. After having laughed at the "Sabre de mon père," one could hardly wonder at seeing the sword of Austerlitz consigned at Sedan to the son of the conquered at Jena. The day in which morality shall have reascended to the point where the mind can no longer support the tedium of operettas slight, vapid and trivial, and finds delight only in witnessing and listening to works that glorify true heroism and which increase the love of liberty,—which purify and ennoble the mind and heart,—on that day we shall be able to salute in very truth, a perfect regeneration.

Florence, Italy, 28 *Sept.*, 1875.

The Worcester (Mass.) Festival.

[From the Worcester "Palladium," Oct. 16.]

The Worcester County Musical Association are to be congratulated on the success which has attended their eighteenth festival, which began on Monday morning, and ended yesterday evening. Taken altogether, the festival may be pronounced the best that has ever been held in this city. True, the solo department has in some years been somewhat stronger, but never has such a variety of attractions been offered within the musical week. And it may be here remarked, that the best artists in their respective lines were engaged. Outside of the operatic troupes, the list of available first-class soloists is becoming more and more contracted every year. The time that the festival is held has something to do with this. If it took place three weeks or a month earlier, the board of management would be able, no doubt, to make engagements with some of the leading operatic singers, who can never be secured after the 1st of October. The details of the Festival are given below:—

MONDAY.

At the "matinèe" in the afternoon, the following programme was presented:—

Duet—Violin and Piano.....Bertini
Mr. W. H. and Master Merrifield.
Song—"Gaily Chant the Summer Birds"....De Pinna
Miss Sargent.

come! Owls..... and ra - vens, Howl.... with us, and scare the

come! Owls.... and ra - vens, Howl.... with us, and scare the

ra - vens.

p *sf* *sf* *p*

cra - vens, come, come, come! Owls.... and ra - vens, Howl.... with

Owls.... and

cra - vens, come, come, come! Owls.... and ra - vens, Owls.... and

sf

us, and scare the cra - - vens, come, come, come!

ra - vens, Scare the cra - - vens,

pin. *f*

ra - vens, come, come, come! come, come, come!

pin. *f*

sf *f* *cres.* *sf* *sf*

Come with torch - es, come!

come, come, come! ..... Come with torch - es, come!

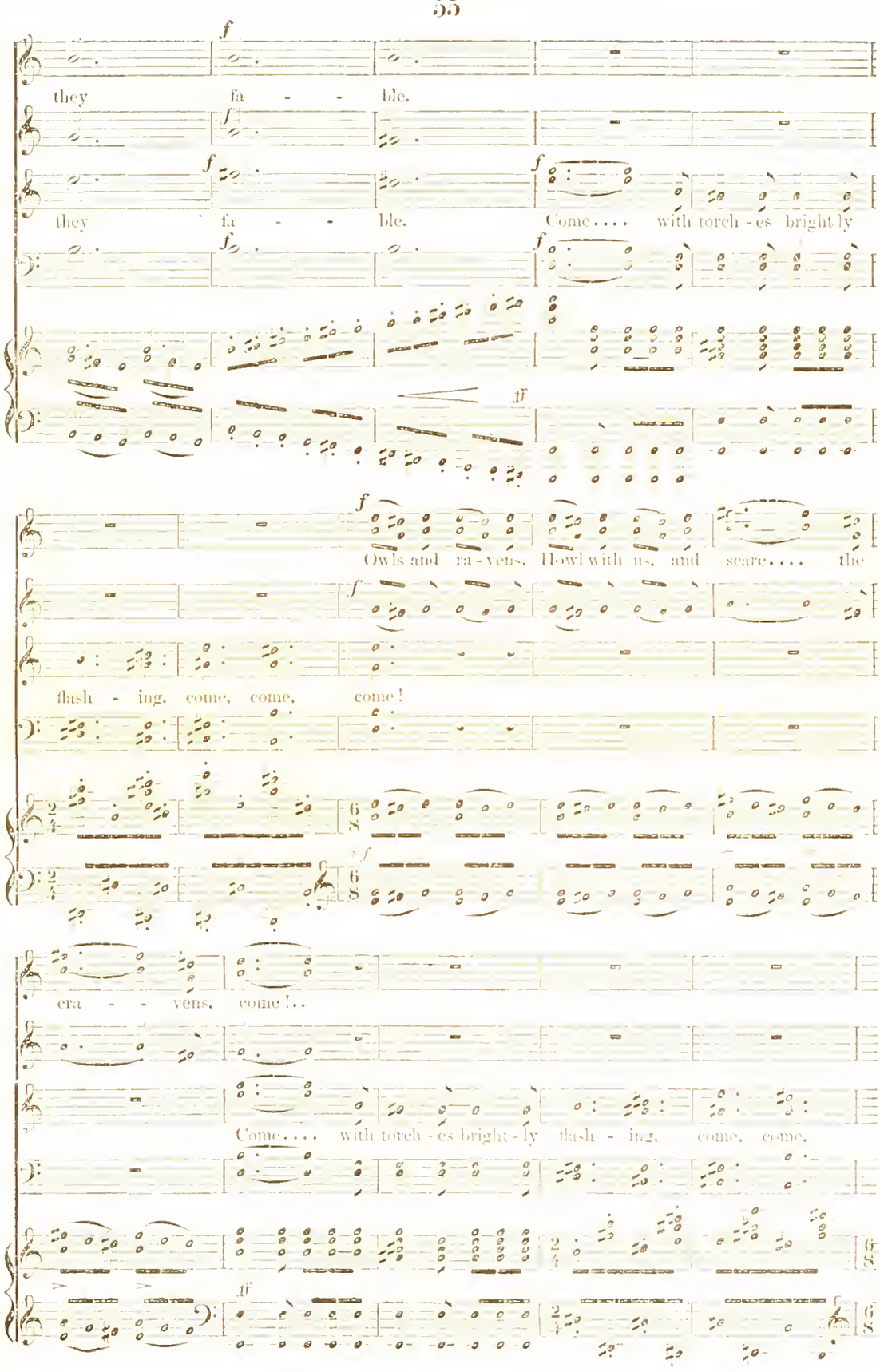
come, come, come! Come with

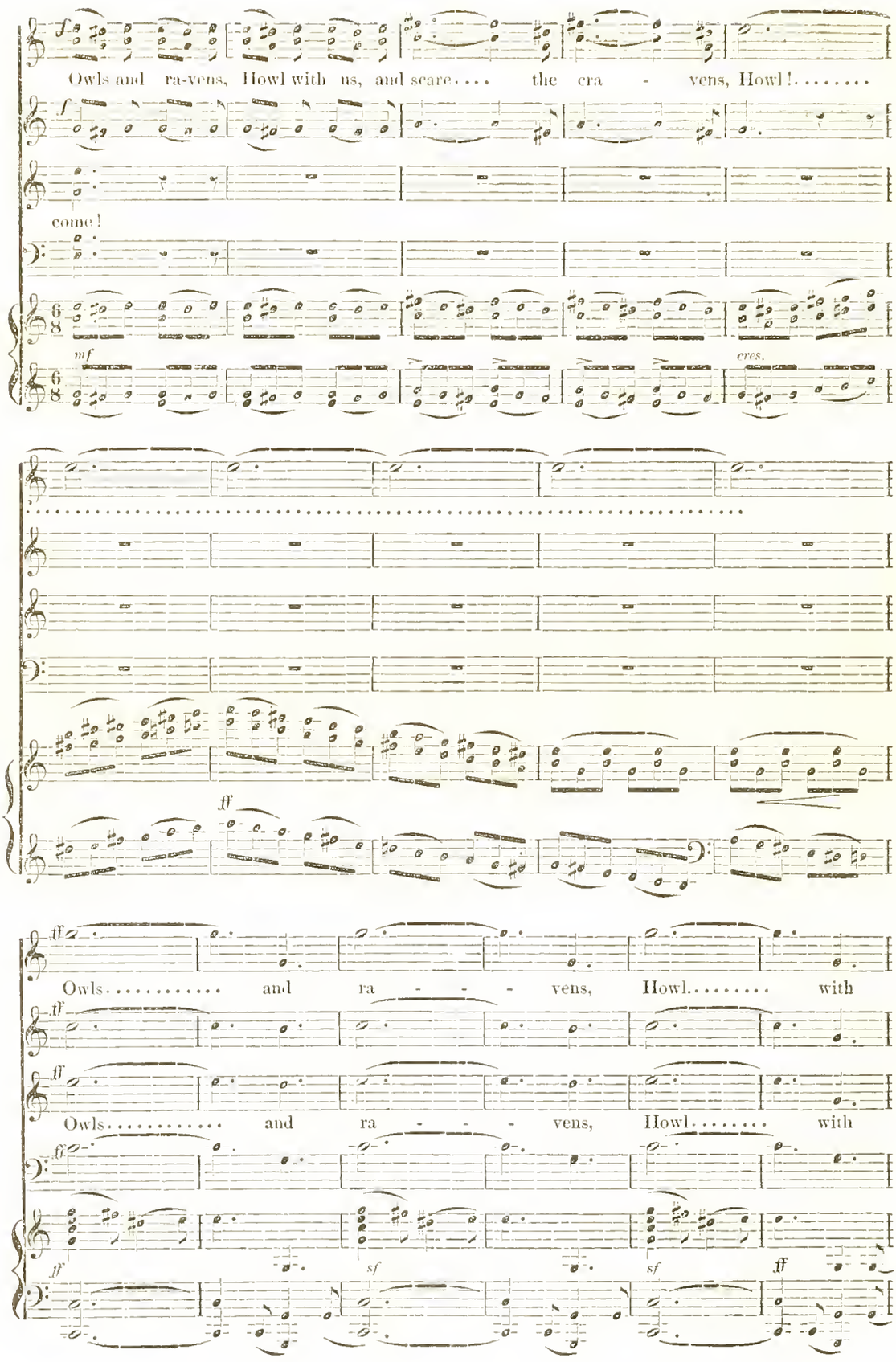
Come with bil - lets, come!

torch - es come! Come with bil - lets,

Feign - ing de - mons, whom they fa - ble, whom

Feign - ing de - mons, whom they fa - ble, whom


they fa - - ble.
they fa - - ble. Come.... with torch - es bright - ly
Owls and ra - vens, Howl with us, and scare.... the
flash - ing, come, come, come!
cra - - vens, come!..
Come.... with torch - es bright - ly flash - ing, come, come,


f
Owls and ra-vens, Howl with us, and scare.... the cra - vens, Howl!.....
f
come!
mf
cres.
ff
ff
Owls..... and ra - - - vens, Howl..... with
ff
ff
Owls..... and ra - - - vens, Howl..... with
ff
ff
sf
sf
ff

Song—"The Warrior Bold" ..... Adam
Mr Noicross.
Song—Ave Maria.. ..... Cherubini
Miss Hanlon.
Organ—(a) Transcription from Gluck ..... Best
(b) Gavotte, from violoncello sonata .... Bach
Mr Parkhurst.
Song—from the "Huguenots" ..... Meyerbeer
Miss Dora Tucker.
Quintet—from Oratorio of "David" ..... Neukomm
Miss Maynard, Miss E J Sumner, Mesdames Titus, Spaulding and Munroe.

The audience which assembled to listen to the above programme numbered over 1000 persons, which is greatly in excess of the number ever before present on a first day. It is not too much to say that the performance was much above the average of similar occasions. This was Mr Parkhurst's first re appearance in public since his return from Europe; and on stepping on to the platform he was warmly applauded. His selections were not perhaps the best he could have chosen for the occasion, nor were they suited to the capabilities of the organ, which is hardly up to the standard one might expect to find in such a fine auditorium as Mechanics Hall The instrument needs a thorough overhauling.

Of the solo singers, Miss Dora Tucker, of Norwich, Conn., easily bore off the palm And in saying this, we do no discredit to the efforts of the others on the programme, all of whom acquitted themselves with credit. The quintet from "David" was especially enjoyable. In this, the second soprano part was taken by Miss Ellie J. Sumner, in consequence of the absence, through sickness, of Mrs. J. Stewart Brown.

TUESDAY.

Fresh faces appeared in the chorus, which was truly a cosmopolitan gathering, including, as it did, singers from away down in Connecticut, others from the extreme northern part of Vermont, and some from places thirty miles the other side of Boston. These later arrivals had of course to make up some little lost ground, but by evening this had in a great measure been accomplished, the rehearsals showing much improvement. The programme performed at the "matinée" is appended:—

Piano Forte Solo—(a) "Hope" ..... Grout
(b) Novelette in F ..... Schumann
Mr. C. H. Grout.
Cavatina—"Regnava nel silenzio" ..... Donizetti
Miss Inez Budding.
Song—"Friend of the Brave" ..... Dr. Calcott
Mr. H. M. Morse.
Violin Solo—"Le Ranz des Vaches". ...Ad. Herman
Mr C. F. Morrison.
Song—"Don't Forget Me" ..... Pinsuti
Mrs. G E Kirby.
Song from Mignon—"I'm Fair Titania" ..... Thomas
Miss Ellie J. Sumner.
The Twentythird Psalm ..... Schubert
Miss Sumner, Miss Lane, Mrs. Kirby, Mr. Munroe.

Miss Inez Budding and Miss Sumner both sang charmingly. The selection chosen by the former was an ambitious one, but the singer proved, by her manner of rendering it, that she was not ignorant of its requirements. It was easy to perceive, also, that Miss Sumner has been making good use of her time lately, for her voice and style gave strong evidence of increased culture. The same remark may be made of Mr. Morse, whose song was exactly suited to him. Mrs. Kirby sang well, in spite of a severe cold under which she was laboring; and Mr. Grout's piano playing had many admirers. A less difficult piece would have shown Mr. C. F. Morrison to better advantage.

WEDNESDAY.

The attendance at the rehearsals was still further increased to-day, while, at the "matinée," the house was at least two-thirds full. The programme is appended:—

Organ—Toccata and fugue in D minor ..... Bach
Mr. H. E Parkhurst.
Song—"Sweethearts" ..... Sullivan
Miss Vinnie H. Maynard.
Song—"The Friar of Orders Gray" ..... Shield
Mr. Geo. F. Curzon.
Duet—"O wert thou in the cauld blast" Mendelssohn
Mrs G. E. Kirby and Mr J. E. Benchley
Song—"The Skylark" ..... Hatton
Miss Jennie M. Patrick.
Song—"When we are old and gray" ..... Dolby
Mr. Isaac Littlefield.
Glee—"Here in cool grot" ..... Mornington
Miss Patrick, Mrs. Richards, Mr. Richards.

Miss Patrick sang with considerable taste, and artistically besides, and was rewarded, as she deserved to be, with an encore, to which she responded with a charming little ditty about "Market day." Mr. Parkhurst's organ piece was much enjoyed, and elicited warm applause, as did all the remaining numbers on the programme.

The first concert of the festival occurred in the evening. The following programme was presented:—

1. Part Song, "Resting Place" ..... Mendelssohn
2. Rhapsodie Hongroise, No 2 ..... Liszt
Boston Philharmonic Club.
3. Solo for French Horn. Introduction and Variations ..... A. Belz
Mr A. Belz
4. Aria. "Che farò senza Euridice" ..... Gluck
Mrs W. R. Evans.
5. Hungarian Fantasie—for Violin ..... Ernst
Mr. B Listemann.
6. Scherzo from the "Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn
Philharmonic Club.
7. Aria. "Ombra leggiera." ("Dinorah,") Meyerbeer
Mrs. J. K. Barton.
8. Grand Trio in C minor, op. 66, for Piano, Violin and Violoncello ..... Mendelssohn
(a) Andante espressivo.
(b) Allegro appassionato
Messrs Story, Listemann and Hartdegen.
9. Song. "Waiting," (by request) ..... Millard
Mrs W. R. Evans.
10. Solo for Flute, Variations brillantes, Demersseman
Mr. E. Weiner.
11. Invitation a la Dance ..... C. M Von Weber
Philharmonic Club.
12. Chorus Triumphal March, from "Naaman," Costa

The attendance was larger than ever before at a first concert, nearly all the seats being full. Of the three concerted pieces played by the Philharmonic Club, the scherzo from "The Midsummer Night's Dream" and Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" were the best suited to the capabilities of the organization. Liszt's Rhapsodie was finely played, but the effect, compared with that of a full orchestra, was somewhat diminutive. The members of this club play with remarkable unanimity, and with splendid attack and expression. The most delicate passages are as cleanly cut as the more dramatic, and the crescendos are finely worked up. In the Scherzo, their playing was absolutely without a flaw. The various instrumental soloists were all warmly received. Mr. Bernard Listemann played Ernst's difficult fantasie magnificently, and is to be thanked for introducing the work to Worcester. It would have suffered nothing by repetition, and if a large part of the audience could have had its way, they would have preferred to listen to it again to any encore piece. They had, however, to do without either, for Mr. Listemann, in answer to the applause which greeted his retirement from the stage, merely came to the front, and bowed his thanks. Mr. Hartdegen's selection consisted of a medley of popular airs, and he was vociferously recalled. The French horn solo of Mr. Belz and the flute solo of Mr. Weiner were equally enjoyed by the audience. The former especially is the best soloist on his particular instrument that has been heard in this city for many years.

The Mendelssohn trio in C minor for piano, violin and 'cello, proved to be one of the best numbers on the programme, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Story had not rehearsed with the other players.

Mrs J. K Barton (a sister of Miss Mary Stone) essayed the Shadow Song from "Dinorah" and did herself great credit. Her intonation was remarkably accurate, and would bear comparison with that of many an old professional concert singer. Her enunciation, likewise, was good, and she sang with much expression. In regard to phrasing, it may be said that, while she was generally correct, a great liberty was taken with the music in the dance measures, where a slackening in the tempo destroyed the rhythm, and impaired the effect of an otherwise complete performance. In answer to an enthusiastic recall, Mrs. Barton sang a pretty Scotch ditty The lady is to be congratulated on her success. Were she to devote herself entirely to the musical art, she would doubtless achieve distinction. Her friends should certainly see to it that such a promising singer is not lost to the public and to the concert room.

Mrs. R. W. Evans proved the truth of the old saying "once an artist, always an artist." As Mrs. Mozart, she had previously achieved much distinction. She manages her voice with remarkable skill. Her success on this occasion was unequivocal, the encore she received being genuine and hearty.

The chorus had not much to do. Of the two pieces they sang, the march from Naaman was the better performance, being indeed capitally given.

THURSDAY.

The second concert of the series occurred this afternoon. The first forty minutes was taken up by the performance of the memorial work to the late Solon Wilder, which was conducted by the composer, Mr. C. P. Morrison. The composition is full and rich in harmony, and a melody, devotional in its character, is observed at various stages. A grand climax to the whole is the responsive chorus, "Rock of Ages," which was written by the deceased musician himself, and is always impressive The chorus did their part well, observing the marks of expression carefully. The soloists also contributed materially to the success of the work Mrs. Munroe, Miss J. M Patrick, and Mr. Wood of Danielsville, Conn., had various numbers allotted them. Miss Patrick proved her versatility of talent by singing equally well, if not better, in an entirely different kind of music to that in which she had appeared the preceding day The rich contralto voice of Mrs. Munroe was heard to much advantage, also. We have known Mr. Wood to sing better, and with much greater ease than he did on this occasion.

The miscellaneous portion of the programme is appended:—

1. Grand Organ Concerto, No. 2 ..... Handel
(a) Allegro maestoso (b) Allegro (c) Adagio.
[d] Allegro ma non Presto.
Mr. H E Parkhurst.
2. Song from "Pirata Tolemei" ..... Donizetti
Mr. Herbert Brown.
3. Violin Solo. Fantasie Caprice ..... Vieuxtemps
Master Willis E. Nowell.
4. Song. "Only for One" ..... Randegger
Mrs. A. C. Munroe.
5. Duetto. "Vieni al mio sen" ..... Millard
Mrs. J. Stewart Brown, Mr Herbert Brown.
6. Violin Solo. Fantasie sur des themes de Bellini, Eichberg
Master W E Nowell.
7. Choral. "A mighty Fortress is our God" Martin Luther

Mr. Herbert Brown, the Providence tenor, was not in very good voice, but sang artistically. Master Nowell showed many points of excellence in his violin solos, and the audience were so pleased with Vieuxtemps' Caprice that an encore was only just escaped. Perhaps the vocal number most enjoyed was Mrs. Munroe's song, the rendering of which was characterized by good taste and excellent moderation. The duet between Mrs. and Mr. Brown did not impress us favorably, the singers more than once falling from the key in the unison passages. It ought to be mentioned, however, that Mrs. Brown was suffering from a severe cold, but was unwilling to cause a change of programme.

Mr Parkhurst deserves great praise for his capital playing of the Handel concerto. It was one of the best organ performances to which we have listened for a long time, and we should like to hear more such. If Mr. Parkhurst would give a series of recitals this winter, he would receive the thanks of all music lovers hereabouts.

A magnificent audience was present at the evening concert, every seat in the hall, including a large number of extra chairs, being occupied. Like many Worcester audiences, however, it was cold at first the applause which greeted a splendid rendering of Mozart's "Ave Verum" by the chorus under Carl Zerrahn, being very scanty. The chorus numbered between 400 and 500, and showed itself more amenable than usual to the conductor's baton. The chorus from "Tannhauser" was almost equally well sung, although the brass accompaniments would have immensely enhanced the effect.

There is no necessity to single out any particular artist for special distinction. The concert was marked by a uniform excellence throughout. The Temple Quartette took the audience by storm, and were twice encored. Their singing was as near perfect as it is possible for male quartet singing to be. Both Miss Beebe and Miss Drasdil were honored by recalls. Each distinguished herself. Miss Drasdil gave the well-worn "O mio Fernando," the first movement especially, very effectively, and Miss Beebe's singing of the Jewel Song from "Faust" was as nearly faultless as may be. The latter lady's second selection—the Bishop song—she sang at last year's festival, if we remember aright. The new descriptive song "The Raft," sung by Mr. Winch, is not so effective as it would appear at a first reading. Mr. Winch, however, brought out all there was in it.

The charming little vocal fragment by Rubinstein we do not remember to have heard before. It was sung very effectively by Mr. Fessenden.

The English glee, "The Chough and Crow," was not taken at nearly so quick time as we have heard it in the country of its origin. In the English version of the glee, a chorus occurs between the soprano and alto solos; but in the American edition this chorus is omitted. Miss Drasdil had one of the old copies, and when Miss Beebe had done singing, of course waited for the chorus, which would not come. This little *contretemps* of course marred the

effect of the glee, but was certainly not Miss Drasdil's fault.

The following is the full programme:

1. Chorus—"Ave Verum".....Mozart
2. Jewel Song from "Faust,".....Gounod
   Miss Henrietta Beebe.
3. Vocal March. Composed expressly for the Temple Quartette, by.....Dudley Buck
   Temple Quartette.
4. Cavatina—"O mio Fernando,".....Donizetti
   Miss Anna Drasdil.
5. Song—"The Raft,".....Pinsuti
   Mr. J. F. Winch.
6. Solo, Trio and Chorus—"The Chough and Crow," Bishop
   Solos by
   Miss Beebe, Miss Drasdil and Mr. Winch.
7. Songs:
   [a] "Thou'rt like unto a flower,"...Rubinstein
   [b] Canzonetta—"Sei troppo bella," Gordigiani
   Mr. W. H. Fessenden.
8. Song—"Tell me my heart,".....Bishop
   Miss H. Beebe.
9. Quartet—"The Hoarse Singers,".....Schumann
   Temple Quartette.
10. Song—"The Voices of Youth,".....Mendelssohn
    Miss Anna Drasdil.
11. Song—"My dear and only Love,".....Sullivan
    Mr. J. F. Winch.
12. Chorus from "Tannhäuser," "Hark! hear the cannon's thunder pealing,".....Wagner

[*Concluded on last page.*]

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 30, 1875.

Hans von Buelow.

Five of the seven concerts in which this great artist was to commence his American career, in our Boston Music Hall, are already, at this present writing, memories of the past; and they will not soon be forgotten. Friday evening and Saturday afternoon of this week will have completed the series. They have been rich and rare experiences; nor can any promise of the coming season be expected to surpass or hardly rival them in interest. They have been admirably managed; the programmes have put the noblest compositions of great masters foremost, if they have dealt also largely with the wild sensational productions of the modern school, which at any rate please curiosity by showing to what marvellous perfection the finger virtuosity is carried. There has been an orchestra, a small one to be sure, with the best conductor in America at its head during the first week, which besides accompanying the Concertos has played some of the very best of Overtures. And Doctor von Buelow has had instruments to play upon, expressly made for him by the Messrs. Chickering, which we believe all who have heard them will agree with us surpass anything we have ever heard anywhere in power, rich sonority, sweetness, evenness of tone and action, and which indeed have proved adequate to all requirements of such a master in such music and (strange to say) in such a Hall. For, what with the master's wonderful distinctness of touch and rare power of bringing out tone to the best advantage, and what with such an instrument to respond, everything was heard, felt and appreciated in that vast space as if it had been in a parlor, and the real wonder was that no one thought of it as wonderful.

Under these circumstances the great pianist was sure to make his full and fair impression. And sureness, certainty, is to be set down as one of the chief elements of his peculiar power. He never fails; it seems impossible for him to fail. Whatever he undertakes, he is absolutely master of it all. It does not (commonly at least) master him, and therein talent has its compensating advantage over genius, which has finer moments, inspirations, but is seldom sure of them.—But let us take the history in order.

1st Concert, Monday Evening, Oct. 18.

Overture—Leonora, No 3.....Beethoven
[Orchestra.]

The Fifth Grand Concerto (Opus 73), in E Flat, Beethoven
Allegro—Adagio un poco mosso—Rondo.
[Piano and Orchestra.]
HANS VON BUELOW.

Overture—Oberon.....Weber

Andante—Fifth Symphony.....Beethoven
Soli—
[a] Nocturne.....[Opus 37], No. 2 in G.
[b] Chant Polonaise..[Transcription by Liszt.]
[c] Berceuse.....[Opus 57.]
[d] Valse.....[Opus 42.] Chopin

Fantaisie Hongroise—Piano and Orchestra.....Liszt
Dedicated to HANS VON BUELOW.

Priests' March—Athalia.....Mendelssohn

No finer audience, and few larger, ever greeted any artist in that Hall. The stately programme also lent assurance. It spoke well for the interpreter, and showed an honorable desire to meet the best taste and culture of our city on its own ground, that he chose the greatest, purest music for the first manifestation of his powers, and that he saw fit to make the greatest of Overtures the prelude to the greatest of Concertos, with the most imaginative of the romantic Overtures to follow it; and again a heavenly Andante of Beethoven before his Chopin solos. It challenged recognition on high grounds when he stepped forward thus between solid pillars of the immortal temple of the divine Art. The *Fantaisie Hongroise* could at least be accepted as a pardonable letting off of fireworks when enthusiasm was at its height and sober senses getting weary; and the March from *Athalie* was certainly a good "playing out" piece, rounding the whole off classically,—ideally fit, if practically superfluous. Of all this the small orchestra, under CARL BERGMANN's baton, gave a fair outline, although, to be sure, four first violins were rather thin and feeble for the great crescendo of the "Leonora" No. 3.

Had we time to go minutely and analytically into the whole rendering of that inexhaustibly rich and glorious Concerto, it would be saying all that need be said of Doctor von Bülow's art. In conception, execution and expression, taken all together, it was in a higher degree than we have ever known before true to the whole scope and meaning of the work; while at the same time it revealed a rare peculiar faculty of his, as much a matter of the brain as of the practiced fingers, of reaching everybody. Many times as that work has been played in Boston, and well played, we doubt if it ever made its mark so signally upon a great audience. Before hearing anything more, that one performance established in us the very rare and comfortable assurance, that here was an artist on whom we could absolutely rely for a true and effective rendering of the composer's meaning for the first thing. There were no shortcomings, no extravagancies; none of the wilful traits which shook one's confidence even in the midst of the electrifying moments of Rubinstein. And there was none of that sentimental trick of over-doing the *poco ritardando*, which young pianists, of the gentler sex especially, spoiled by flattering publics, are so apt to fall into. Here was the thoughtful, the self-centred master, interpreter and teacher, who *knew* what he was doing, and who only gave and did not take when hands were clapping.

Now as to all the component qualities of a consummate *technique*, as to the whole list of liquid runs, crisp staccatos, legatos, arpeggios, &c., &c., let us take it all for granted; in such an artist *celà va sans dire;* the long enumeration has been reiterated about a thousand players, in a thousand musical reports and criticisms, clothed with whatever flourish of rhetorical cleverness, and, even if we had the patience to go through it all, who would have patience to read it? The long bill may be safely passed, as they say in legislatures, after mere reading of its title. Resolved, therefore, that Dr. Von Bulow's *technique* is simply perfect. But out of all this we must specify certain traits, his in a degree that we have never seen realized before, which, while they are technical, imply a fine intellectual, spiritual force behind. First, as perhaps the most marked trait in his playing, is the power of producing *tone*, full, free, expressive, graduated to every shade of power or color; every note is heard and has its weight. The *distinctness* of his rendering is a revelation,—distinctness without the least stiffness or break of continuity. This of course implies strength and freedom of touch, exquisite shading, and mastery of the rare art of *phrasing*. It implies also sympathy with his instrument (to which he leaned so fondly and kept himself so *near*, as if to establish an electric current,) as well as an instinctive feeling of the place which the sounds were to fill, and which they did fill so successfully, as we have said before, that few seem to have said or thought how wonderful it was:—and yet we have even heard complaints that the Music Hall was too large for the the fair hearing of an orchestra! Where he astonished, startled, he did not break the spell of beauty. Proportion, measure, the *repose* of Art, pervaded all. Those wide hand-full chords, how throughout their whole breadth the tones all clung at once to the keyboard and to the ear, as if fixed instantaneously and simultaneously by Sun power. And chords, where not only both hands were full, but the whole space between,—how evenly and smoothly they moved on! (Here we are anticipating; we have in mind a passage in the Hungarian Fantaisie). In the Concerto the rapid running passage in octaves was remarkably even and subdued to beautiful expression.

Now all this is remarked essentially in all his playing; it is only the difference in the music, in the author. In every case he gives you the infallible true reading. We were hearing Beethoven, as afterwards Chopin, far more than we were hearing Bülow. And that perhaps is highest praise. At the same time on reflection we feel, as so many have felt, that he plays more from the head than from the heart. The effect produced *from him* is not precisely the inspiration of genius. Yet he knows his author and his whole repertoire (which he has all by heart) as well as he knows his instrument; and there is no denying that he plays all *con amore* (we could be pleased to notice some exceptions!); that he loves the music, or takes at all events a frank delight in it; his genial smile, and half conscious looking off towards the audience, show that he feels very happy in seeking out and bringing out all the tone and all the sense that lies in every note and phrase. If he is not one of the inspired men, he has that highest kind of talent, made the most of, and ever sure in its interpretation of inspired works, which sometimes is so much more satisfactory than uncertain genius, a victim of its nerves and failing at the crisis.

We feel that we have about said our say, and pass to a brief record of the other concerts, merely mentioning by the way that the fourth (Saturday) was a repetition of the first programme and more than confirmed the first impression. Here is the programme of the

Second Concert, October 20.

Overture—Wasserträger.....Cherubini
Grand Concerto—[Opus 16] in F Minor, Adolphe Henselt
Allegro Patetico—Larghetto—Allegro Agitato.
HANS VON BUELOW.

Overture—Der Freischutz.....C. M. Von Weber

Soli—15 Variations [Opus 35] in E Flat—Fugue and Finale.....Beethoven
On a theme from the "Sinfonia Eroica."

Menuet—From Symphony No 3 .. ....Mendelssohn

Polonaise Brillante—[Opus 73] in E. C M. Von Weber
Instrumented for Piano and Orchestra by F. Liszt.

The principal number of the programme was, we confess, what interested us least. What interested most in the Henselt Concerto was von Bülow's easy and perfect mastery of its extraordinary difficulties; but of the composition itself, though not without passages of beauty, we must still say as we did after Mr. Petersilea played it in a Harvard Concert nine years since: "Its thoughts are commonplace; its sentimental quality is only better than the average of the better masters of the new Piano virtuoso school; and the instrumentation is often awkwardly managed and sometimes coarse. It is not symphonic, but after all a purely piano-forte piece, a piece for virtuosos. The fact that it is possibly the 'most difficult' piece for the executant ever written is rather a left-handed kind of praise." But we felt more than compensated by the admirable rendering of the Beethoven Variations, &c., while the Scherzo from the Sonata, Op. 31, No. 3,—given for an encore piece—was such a felicity of perfect execution as would make one smile in his sleep. The Weber

Polonaise, too, was extremely brilliant, graceful, fascinating and refreshing.

Third Concert, October 22.

Overture—Les Abencerages.... ....Cherubini
Fourth Grand Concerto—[Opus 58] in G Major, Beethoven
With Cadences composed by Hans Von Bülow.
Concert Overture.....Julius Rietz

Soli—[*a*] Prelude and Fugue—For the Organ, in A-Minor .....Bach
[*b*] Prelude and Fugue [Opus 35] No. 1 .Mendelssohn
[*c*] Prelude and Fugue—[Opus 72] De la Suite...J. Raff
Allegretto—From the Eighth Symphony...Beethoven [Orchestra.]
First Grand Concerto—In E Fat. .....Liszt

The second greatest of the Beethoven Concertos, —the delicate, poetic one *par excellence*—was also exquisitely rendered, making a deep impression. But we cannot say that Bülow's very elaborate and difficult Cadenza in the first movement seemed to us to keep the spirit of the work. It was constructed, to be sure, out of its themes and fragments; but we did not feel that there was any vital germination or development; it was rather an ingenious putting together for effect; not a fine momentary rhapsody or reverie inspired by Beethoven; it seemed to take leave of him for the nonce, running away with his materials and playing strange freaks with them. The prelude and fugue playing was indeed most masterly. Here his wonderful distinctness came admirably in play; and never have we heard theme and answer, and the whole interweaving of parts in a fugue so clearly individualized and made so easy for the untutored ear to follow; while all was clothed with grace, or grandeur, or deep religious feeling as the case might be. After the magnificent Bach prelude and fugue, so effectively transcribed from the Organ by Liszt, that by Mendelssohn made an interesting contrast, the introduced Choral and conclusion having a heavenly expression. The work by Raff, though it was prelude and fugue, seemed but a trivial ingenious freak, after the others; a tripping, dancing, rapid, movement, playing with old forms without much respect, frolicing in chains for mere display of cleverness. But it was marvellously played. The loud and long recalls elicited again that witching Scherzo from the Beethoven Sonata.

—Was it in this concert or the next that, in answer to an unreasonably pertinacious recall, when the pianist might well be fatigued, in view too of a difficult Concerto that was to follow, he with a modest deprecating air addressed a few words to the audience? What were they? Very few heard or guessed; but on the testimony of those sitting nearest he said, evidently having been informed about the "Athens of America": "Ladies and gentlemen, you are Athenians; I am proud of your good opinions!" Rather neat and humorous!

Now of that same Liszt Concerto in E flat, which had been played here by several before, even Von Bülow's absolute mastery could not make us feel the opening and pervading theme to be anything but "ugly" as we always found it. There are strikingly, beautiful effects in the work; some of the gypsy passages, with triangle, &c., are very bright and quaint, and there is every sort of brilliancy of passage work, and queer felicities of instrumentation. But after Beethoven Concertos it is hard to take such things quite seriously. Fantastical extravaganzas would seem to be the fitter name for many of these modern so-called Concertos. Von Bülow's part in it, of course, could not fail to create enthusiasm *per se*.

– Space fails us for more now; and we are not altogether sorry, for before speaking of the new Russian Concerto, which formed the chief feature of the fifth Concert, we would gladly hear it performed again, as it will be this (Saturday) afternoon.

Tietjens and Arabella Goddard.

The next musical attraction is the Tietjens Concerts, which Messrs. Strakosch announce for next Monday and Friday evenings. There will of course be great eagerness to hear the famous lyric artist, and the most distinguished of English pianists, one of the foremost lady pianists of the world. The company includes a Tenor and a Baritone singer, and M. Sauret, the excellent violinist; and there will be an orchestra conducted by Maretzek. A writer from New York to the Philadelphia *Amateur* says of the two principal stars:

The great difficulty that TITIENS has had to encounter with us, is her own fame. Such glimpses as we had caught of her through the English press were in *Fidelio*, *Semiramide*, or *Lucrezia*, large works, that are foregone successes in plot, costume and scenery. Although standing on the bare boards of a concert room, her New York critics have not separated her from these works, or listened to her with their eyes closed. It is not good judgment or good criticism to travel out of the record. When Tietjens sings *Bel Raggio*, let us just judge of the aria *per se*, and never mind going into elaborate disquisitions as to how much better the movement would be if, so and so. True criticism takes things just as it finds them; and although comparisons are its stock in trade, it will not jumble up in its sense music and the drama.

Tietjens is really a great singer—is an artist of the most consummate skill and genius. Her voice is large and pure, and such a unit as to register, that the life and *timbre* of her lowest note are manifested in her highest. Her tunefulness is amazing. No matter what the passage or interval, everything is as clear and as true as a bell. Her culture is magnificent, and her school of the very highest order. Her versatility, also, is most extraordinary. One could scarcely suppose that the gaudy creature that dashes its wings so rapidly and so brilliantly through the *Arditi Waltz*, was the same that folds them up so plaintively, so tenderly, so simply in *Kathleen Mavourneen*.

There is one little bit of information that the critics have given us here, for which we ought to be truly grateful. They inform us that Mlle. Tietjens' voice, after the enormous wear and tear of twenty-five years, is not precisely as fresh and young as that of a girl of eighteen. Nobody doubts it; but, after all, her voice is younger than she is herself, and is, even now, one of the best in the market for either concert or opera. My opinion is, that there is no hall in America that it will not fill to the brim. Her success here, for so far, has been marked and I have no doubt that she will continue to command fine audiences to the close of her engagement.

It is very difficult to say anything at all about Madame GODDARD's piano-playing. She appears to me to have a mastery over the piano, peculiarly her own, and beyond the simple reach of one's pen. As the spirit moved her, she played miles away from me, and into my very ear, if you could call singing playing; for the instrument sang under her fingers. Such a continuous flow of delicate sound I had never heard previously from a piano; nor had I ever heard a grander volume in forte passages. In truth, she is a great pianist—great in every relation.

It strikes us, however, that if instead of *Arditi Waltzes* and *Kathleen Mavourneens*, the great singer would act on a good suggestion which we have heard made in private, and sing in one programme three things which more than any have made her concert fame, the attraction would be irresistible. The three pieces are: "Bell Raggio" from *Semiramide*; "Dove Sono" from *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and (above all) the great Scena from *Fidelio*.

The Handel and Haydn Society has been prompt to avail itself of Mlle. TIETJENS's presence here, and will give us the opportunity of hearing her in Oratorio—"Elijah"—on Monday evening, Nov. 8.

NEXT WEEK, besides the Tietjens Concerts, will be full of music. The Harvard SYMPHONY CONCERTS begin on Thursday afternoon, when Mr. PERABO will play again the Bennett Concerto, which he played two years ago for the first time; the Symphony will be the "Scotch" by Beethoven; besides which Cherubini's Overture to "The Water-Carrier" and Weber's to the "Ruler of the Spirits." The *season* tickets (*only*) admit to the last rehearsal (Tuesday, at 2 P.M.).—ERNST PERABO's first Piano Recital will take place at Wesleyan Hall on Friday afternoon.—As usual, the announcement of a Harvard Concert, draws hither others of the same sort; the Thomas Orchestra comes out with three announcements for that week, including a Sunday evening Concert. This throws the Oratorio with Tietjens into Monday evening.—There has been English Opera all this week at the Boston Theatre, and will be next week. (The newspapers are our only authority for the report).

Organ Music in New York.

MR. EDITOR:—We understand that the letter on organ music in our city which we wrote you in June last, proved interesting to some of your readers, and also, that it was copied by one of the leading English musical papers. It occurred to us that it might prove interesting to know that the organ recitals under the direction of Mr. Samuel P. Warren will be resumed this fall and winter, in the church of the Holy Trinity. These recitals are assuming a permanent character and may be looked forward to as a certainty this season at least. We have learned also that new organ compositions which have not yet been presented in this country, will be offered by Mr. Warren. While re-reading the other day a chapter of Draper's "Intellectual Development in Europe," we were reminded of the claim that is often made by public performers of playing such and such works for the *first time*. Draper speaks of the injustice done to philosophers by according to Lord Bacon the credit of being the founder of the philosophy generally attributable to him, for the reason that it had existed long before Bacon's day. Of course there will be many to dispute this with Dr. Draper, for it admits of sides. But playing works for the first time in public can readily be settled. For instance if Mr. Eddy of Chicago prints on his programme, say: March 1875, that Thiele's Variations in C major (manuscript), and Thiele's Concert Piece in C minor (manuscript) are now played for the first time in public, we can object to the fact by saying that Mr. Eugene Thayer has played the Variations, and Mr. S. P. Warren the Concert Piece, some time before that date. The only way by which a performer can avoid making such ludicrous mistakes is by keeping himself well informed of what is going on elsewhere in his branch of art. We believe that Reubke's Sonata in C minor is one of three or four colossal works for the organ, which can yet be claimed as played for the *first* time in public. It has been presented in public four times by Mr S. P. Warren. We are not unaware that Mr. Carter, assistant organist at Trinity Church, has published it as one of *his* pieces, played on Sundays. But playing people in and out of church on bits of the Reubke Sonata, not to speak of the desecration, is a mighty different thing from presenting it as a whole. It is a work which will not admit of being given by piecemeal. Any part of it is so intimately connected with what precedes or follows, that it would be impossible to get any conception of the work, without an entire rendering. It stands or falls as a whole. If we may judge by Mr. Carter's interpretation of works of much less difficulty, we cannot believe that he possesses the requisite force for presenting such a work as this sonata. He might acquire the technicality and play it all through correctly, but he would never lose sight or consciousness of the mere technicality. He is simply playing it—it rests there. He lacks the fire which would make him something more than what he is now—a good, steady, careful player. It is otherwise with Mr. Warren. He has the real artistic nature, and the technicality so completely under his control, that he lives in the work, carries it before him and expresses what he chooses. Say for instance in the part of the Sonata (the subject is taken from the 94th Psalm), where it may express: "O Lord God, to whom vengeance belongeth, show thyself," the tempo is increased, and a tremendous crescendo worked up, which would be impossible to express, unless the technicality became of comparatively second importance.

The concerts will be resumed we understand next week. At intervals, as new works of interest may appear, we will send you, if agreeable, a short notice of them—perchance they may prove acceptable to those interested in organ music and these recitals.

J. A.

New York, Oct. 25th, 1875.

THE WORCESTER FESTIVAL [Concluded from page 118.]

FRIDAY, OCT. 15. [*Worcester Palladium, Oct. 23.*]

The following is the programme of the symphony concert in the afternoon.

1. Overture—"Anacreon,".....Cherubini
   Germania Orchestra.
2. Aria—"In questa tomba," .....Beethoven
   Miss Aura Drasdil.
3. Symphony, op. 34—("Jupiter").....Mozart
   [*a*] Allegro vivace. [*b*] Andante cantabile,
   [*c*] Menuetto, Allegretto. [*d*] Finale.
   Allegro Molto.
   Germania Orchestra.
4. Song—"Bid me discourse,".....Bishop
   Miss Henrietta Beebe.
5. Concerto in G minor for pianoforte,—with orchestral accompaniment .....Mendelssohn
   Mr. C. H. Dana.
6. Air from the "Prodigal Son,".....Sullivan
   Mr. J. F. Winch.
7. Paraphrase—"Lorely,".....Nesvadba
   Germania Orchestra.
8. Recitative and Cavatina, from "Sonnambula," Bellini
   Miss Mary Stone.
9. Potpourri—"Faust,".....Gounod

Taking first the orchestral performances, it may be said that the *pièce de resistance*—the "Jupiter" symphony of Mozart—was splendidly played, especially the *adagio* and the *finale*. Nothing could be finer than the way in which the different themes in these were worked out. The brass dragged a little at the beginning of the first movement of the symphony, but this blemish disappeared after a page had been played.

The *personnel* of the orchestra was beyond reproach, comprising, as it did, most of the best players in the Harvard Orchestra. Indeed, it may fairly be said that it was the latter body that executed the music, although the organization is known here as the Germania Orchestra. They had often played under the same conductor—Carl Zerrahn—some of them for very many years; and it would be surprising therefore, if they could not do good work.

It were certainly difficult to point out all the beauties of the "Lorely" paraphrase, which was one of the gems of the concert. If the orchestra played well in the symphony, they excelled themselves here, and several rounds of applause greeted the ending of the selection.

The friends of Mr. Henshaw Dana were not disappointed in him, and he passed the ordeal of a first appearance at a "grand concert" very successfully. It is of course impossible to estimate any player's abilities as a pianist by listening to a single concerto, and that, too, accompanied by an orchestra; but this much may be said now, that Mr. Dana proved himself a capable executant and an efficient interpreter of his composer. His octave playing is capital, while his touch is delicate and carefully modified to suit the requirements of the music. In many of the *dolce* passages, the orchestra proved rather heavy, but it was noticed that Mr. Dana did not struggle to be heard prominently at such times; and the melody gradually but surely asserted its rightful position in the concerto. The technical difficulties of the composition—and they are many—were successfully overcome by Mr. Dana, his fingering being remarkably facile, and his execution nearly all that could be desired. If he lacked anything, it was more fire in some of the dramatic passages; but the circumstances of his appearance perhaps partially accounted for this.

Each of the vocalists who sang at this concert was honored with a recall. Miss Drasdil and Miss Beebe both not only maintained, but increased the reputations they have gained in this city. There are few songs better suited to the former lady's voice than "In questa tomba," and she proved her versatility by her pathetic rendering of the favorite ballad "I cannot sing the old songs."

The greatest enthusiasm of the afternoon was reserved for Mr. J. F. Winch, whose interpretation of the famous air from "The Prodigal Son," with the full orchestral accompaniment, was wonderfully impressive. In response to tumultuous plaudits, Mr. Winch repeated the last movement.

The place of honor on the programme,—the penultimate number—was occupied by Miss Mary Stone, who sang Bellini's cavatina magnificently. It was noticed, however, that this lady's higher register has been extended and cultivated at the expense of the lower, during her residence abroad. This is the more to be regretted as it materially limits her effective *repertoire*. But as a recompense for the loss of tone and want of power in the direction we have indicated, this lady showed splendid executive powers. She can execute and trill like the most finished artist, the *staccato* and *legato* runs being almost equally well delivered. The cavatina called forth a warm encore, to which she responded by singing a ballad. Her interpretation of this latter we are obliged to say, was not of the most satisfactory kind, and was somewhat disappointing. Evidently, Miss Stone's *forte* is florid Italian music, and in this range of the profession she will have few native superiors. We are not surprised to hear that she has already received propositions for engagements. On leaving the stage, several exquisite floral tributes were handed to Miss Stone.

The audience was a crowded one, every seat and a number of extra chairs, being occupied.

THE ORATORIO OF "ELIJAH"

was performed in the evening to the largest house of the festival. The orchestra and chorus numbered nearly 500. The soprano *role* in the oratorio was taken by Miss Mary Stone. When this lady left home, three years ago, oratorio, if we mistake not, was the branch of the art to which she first gave her attention, and it was generally supposed that in this line she would make her mark. Subsequently, however, her voice developed into a "light soprano," and the conviction could hardly be resisted that this indicated clearly the direction of her future career. But this was known but to few, and consequently, more was expected of her this evening than she could perform. She had the disadvantage, moreover, if disadvantage it may be called, of appearing side by side with Miss Drasdil, who, it is not too much to say, is at present, one of the finest contraltos the field of oratorio possesses. Still, notwithstanding these drawbacks, Miss Stone's performance was a very praiseworthy one, and considering that it was the first time she had ever essayed the part with an orchestral accompaniment, it was deserving of high commendation. Never once did she fail to take up her cue, and in more than one air, she showed an appreciation of the composer's intentions which did her infinite credit. But she unfortunately lacks the kind and quality of voice necessary to complete success in this style of music, and therefore, labors at a disadvantage in not being able to throw into her renderings the charm and magnetism of *soul*. In much of the concerted music, her lack of power was very apparent, and hence much impressiveness was lacking.

Mrs. W. R. Evans sang many of the solos usually taken by the contralto voice, and rendered them very satisfactorily. She delivered the recitative beginning "Now Cherith's brook is dried up," with fine expression, while she showed that she could declaim effectively in the command to *Elijah* "Get thee hence!"

Miss Drasdil had but little to do, but that little she did superlatively well. In the recitative of *Obadiah*, "Man of God," she was remarkably successful; while the well known exquisite air, "O rest in the Lord," was given with a sublimity of pathos we have never heard excelled. She was obliged to repeat the number, and sang it even more finely than before.

Mr. Wm. J. Winch, the tenor, while he sang vigorously, often did so at the expense of naturalness, and his upper G's were by no means satisfactory. Most of them were forced, and all were prolonged, in violation of the text, and to the detriment of the tone. He has many faults yet to conquer before he can be entirely satisfactory in oratorio. Nevertheless, his performance showed many good points, for which he should certainly have credit. Among them might be named almost perfect enunciation and intonation.

Mr. John F. Winch's assumption of the title *role* was exceedingly fine, and he is doubtless at present the best exponent of the part now in this country. The grand air "It is enough;" the recitatives "Call him louder!" and the air "Is not His word like a fire?" were among the best of his renderings.

The orchestra and chorus were quite up to the mark of former years, and, in some respects, superior. The "Baal" choruses, "Thanks be to God," and the final chorus, "And then shall your light," were the most effectively rendered, the last named being almost overpowering in its impressiveness. We were glad to notice in the chorus nearly all the principal singers of the church choirs in the city. No one can, we think, doubt the wisdom and propriety of the association reserving seats for them, which they did this year for the first time.

Mr. Howard Parkhurst's accompaniments at the organ were all that could be desired, and aided not a little to the success of the performances.

Mrs. S. Richards, Mr. C. B. Kendall and Mr. C. V. Mason rendered effective aid in the double quartet.

We need scarcely say that much of the success of the chorus singing was directly attributable to the indefatigable energy of Carl Zerrahn, who has proved, once more, his ability to drill a large body of singers, three-fourths of whom have had no previous opportunity of rehearsing together, in such a manner as to produce a complete and satisfactory performance. We do not believe there is another man in the United States who could do this in the limited time given to rehearsals during the festival. Mr. Zerrahn is, *par excellence*, the Prince of Conductors, and with him at the head of a chorus, failure is impossible.

With the performance of the oratorio closed the most successful festival the Worcester County Association has ever held. In point of revenue, the total sum received has only been exceeded in one year—1873—but the subsequent decrease in this particular is to be attributable to the increased issue of season tickets, which mode of sale the Association wisely prefers as being an insurance against loss providing the weather is unfavorable. The receipts of the late festival will be between $4,200 and $4,300 while the expenses will not reach within several hundreds of that sum. Thus the association will have a handsome addition to its permanent fund, and consequently, its capabilities for procuring the best available talent and attractions for future years will be greatly increased. To the Board of Management, who, year after year, give their services for the love of the art, the satisfactory result of the festival is in a great measure due, and we trust their executive ability will long be at the service of a cause which exerts such refining influences throughout this county, and which places Worcester in the front rank of musical centres in the United States.

It would be doing an injustice to one who is a thorough musician, no less than a courteous gentleman, if we omitted to mention the valuable services of Mr. B. D. Allen as accompanist throughout the festival. The work of an accompanist is often of an unthankful and ungracious character, but it is nevertheless an important factor in the general result. Mr. Parkhurst, it should be said, was at the piano during most of the rehearsals of choral works.

We know not what truth there may be in this, which we clip from an exchange:

Mme. Arabella Goddard, the English pianist, has had her adventures, it seems. She has nearly completed a voyage round the world, which has occupied three years of her life, and an account of which she is soon to publish in the form of "an unfinished" tale of travel. She has encountered serious danger, having been wrecked on the passage from Bermuda to Australia, and exposed to the hardship of twelve hours at sea in an open boat. Of all the countries she has visited she announces her intention of proving her preference for both the people and climate of California by taking up her permanent residence there after one year more passed in England.

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Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Let me dream of Happy Days. 3. G to c. *Aide.* 30

"As sunlight gilds some distant summits high
And leaves the valleys dark that intervene."

Has the peculiarity of appearing to be in 6-8 time while it is really in 3-4 time. Remembering this, it is an easy and elegant piece.

The Last Hour. (L'ultim ora). 5. C minor to *g*. *Hackensollner.* 50

"Ma ben tosto ti perdei"
"Ah, but soon, alas, I lost thee."

Carlo Nini wrote the Italian, which Marie Bishop sings, and then translates from "the unknown tongue" for the benefit of the hearers. A very effective concert piece.

In the Dark, in the Dew. 3. A*b* to f. *Boott.* 30

"In the dark, in the dew,
I am smiling back to you."

Miss Prescott writes it, and so well, that one wonders if she ever can write better. The melody, mostly a sweet minor one, ends brightly in major.

Whisper in the Twilight, Song and Cho. 2. A to e. *Nish.* 30

"Tell me, little fairy,
Art thou mine or no?"

A nice little ballad in popular style.

He's pretty as he can be. 3. F to f. *Chamberlain.* 30

"Oh! his voice was music,
Sounding silver sweet."

Words by George Cooper, and the melody is in Schottisch form, and ends in an *ad libitum* chorus or refrain.

The Song of the Sexton. 4. A major and minor to f. *Emanuel.* 50

"The rich man passed with towering head,
But I sang on his grave when he was dead."

A rival or successor to the original venerable grave digger, who "has gathered them in" these many years. Sung by Santley, and is quite as good as the older song. For Baritone or low Tenor. A little high for Bass.

I will love thee. (Io t'amero]. 5. E to *g*. *Vannini.* 30

"Perchi ti serba meno severa"
"Oh, why preserve that mien severe."

A neat and tripping Italian song.

Instrumental.

Le Pres St. Gervais. Waltzes. *Aronson.* 50

The title is that of a comic opera, and the waltzes are piquant and "Frenchy."

La Guitara. Air de Ballet. 3. C. *Anthiome.* 40

Played by Thomas' orchestra. For piano, of course but so strongly resembles guitar music, that the performer will occasionally forget that he has not that instrument in his hands.

Three Studies. No. 1. C. *Perabo.* 35

The difficulty increases with the rapidity of performance. Mr. Perabo is one of the most thoroughly drilled of pianists, and knows just what material to provide for practice.

Alpen Rose. Polka Mazurka. 3. C. *E. Strauss.* 30

The Strauss family have no end of variety in subjects. This is new, fresh, and quite charming.

March Violets Polka. 3. D. *E. Strauss.* 35

Worthy of the pretty name, of purchase, and of study.

Marche Heroique. 5. B*b*. *Von Bulow.* 50

Now for the great VON BULOW! As he is to be one of the prominent sensations of the winter, it would be well to make acquaintance with his compositions. The Marche Heroique is a powerful thing, which requires a strong, energetic attack, and a wide grasp.

Galop Brilliant. Sponholtz. Simplified. 3. G. *Maylath.* 40

A simple arrangement of a popular piece.

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"Your keys, jewels, cash and plate!
Silence, or you meet your fate."

For Bass or Baritone voice. A sensational piece describing the midnight visit of robbers.

My Good Father. (Il mio Babbo). 4. C to *a*. *Ricci.* 30

"In a trice, my little daughter."
"Presto, presto Giovanni."

A pretty little comic Italian ballad. One of about 30 songs, ably selected and translated by Mr. T. T. Barker. The set is called "Wayside Flowers."

Softly, sweetly Whisper. S'g and Cho. 3. B*b* to e. *Danks.* 35

"Softly whisper that you love me,
Put your dimpled hand in mine."

One of Mr. D's beautiful melodies, joined to a pretty poem in popular style.

Won't you kiss me, little darling? S'g and Cho. 3. E*b* to f. *Persley.* 30

"Press your ruby lips to mine."

Nice music.

What's the use of fretting? S'g and Cho. 2. G to e. *Beg.* 30

"They only wait a decent chance
To make their troubles known."

A bright little bit of sunshiny poetry, in praise of good humor, and against worrying.

Pretty Bird, come tell me why. 2. E*b* to f. *Fox.* 30

"The day has gone, and still I hear,
Thy silvery notes so pure and clear."

A very sweet and simple ballad.

Fade, fade each Earthly Joy. Quartet. 4. *Crandall.* 40

"Jesus alone can bless."

Includes good solos, duet, etc., and is a very smooth and beautiful hymn anthem.

Grand Magnificat. For 4 voices. 4. C to *a*. *Du Mouchel.* 75

"Magnificat anima mea."
"Praise the Lord, O my soul!"

A rich quartet or chorus. Latin words only.

Dream that I love thee still. 3. F to f. *Price.* 30

"Dream that my spirit floats
Ever to thee."

Song in the drama "The Grand Admiral." Dona Serafina sings it. Short, but very sweet.

Sweethearts. 3. A*b* to f. *Sullivan.* 40

"Oh, love,—for a week,—a year:—
But alas for the love that loves alway."

Among the best of its class.

I will go to the Altar. Trio for Sopr., Tenor and Bass. 4. G to *g*. *Southard.* 35

Such a sacred trio as one would expect Mr. Southard to write:—graceful, musical and highly finished. Try it.

Year after Year. 3. D to *a*. *T. D. L.* 30

"Year after year the cowslips fill the meadow."

A beautiful fragment of poetry by Miss Mulock, with music nicely adapted to the thoughts.

To Horse! Cavalry Song. 4. C to *g*. *Elson.* 30

"To horse! The trumpet calls,
On ready ears the signal falls."

A very spirited war song, dedicated to the "Lancers."

County Guy. 3. E minor and major to e. *Sullivan.* 40

"Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea."

It requires a skilled hand to put new music to an old and favorite ballad, and to do the work well. But Mr. Sullivan has succeeded in doing it.

Let me Dream Again. 4. C to e. *Sullivan.* 40

"Is this a dream?—
Then waking would be pain."

A most charming reminiscence.

One little sweet Kiss. Song and Cho. 3. E*b* to *g*. *Maylath.* 30

"She was fair as the blush of the morning,
And her smile was a treasure to me."

Very pleasing ballad in popular style.

Return. 3. B*b* to f. *Glover.* 30

"A spirit whispers, ah! return
To the land where all thy loved ones dwell."

A rich melody to words that sing of "home."

Aubade. Serenade. 4. F to *g*. *Cowen.* 40

"The stars are sleeping, and dim with weeping,
The moon is keeping her watch on high."

Sung by Sims Reeves, and is a capital concert song.

Poor Old Nance. S'g and Cho. 2. A*b* to f. *Minnie Patterson.* 30

"And on the time stained page they read
"My dear boy Jamie's hair."

Quite touching narrative song.

My Darling under the Vine's cool shade. (Herzliebchen mein unter Rebendach). 3. A*b* to d. *Conradi.* 30

"O come thou down to me."
"O komm herab zu mir."

A charming German peasant ballad, in the form of a serenade.

Pleasures of Love. (Plaisir d'Amour). 3. F to f. *Martini.* 30

"Je t'aimeral, me repetait Silvie."
"I love thee, I love, said Silvie."

Uncommonly sweet melody. Throughout neat and beautiful.

If I only knew her Name. 2. D to f. *Brockway.* 40

"My heart was like a lark,
The sky was bright and gay."

By the author of "Twilight in the Park," and quite as good as that. Begin early to sing or whistle it. Fine picture title.

Little Tin Soldier. 3. B*b* to d. *Molloy.* 30

"She was a little fairy dancer,
Bright as bright could be."

Hans Andersen's little story set to music. Those who sing it will be sure of great applause from the little ones, as it is very pretty.

Broken Rhythm. 3. E*b* to e. *Boott.* 30

"My oars keep time to half a rhyme,
That slips and slides away from me."

Words by Eliz. Stuart Phelps, and are quite worthy of Mr. B's pure, classical, musical setting.

Bird of Love. 5. A to *a*. *Lemmens.* 30

"It warbles softly at the dawn,
And sings the whole day long."

A bird song of the sweetest character. Requires a moderately good execution in the "warblings" but otherwise not difficult, except, perhaps, in the rhythm.

Instrumental.

La Sylphide. Morceau de Salon. Op. 55. 4. C. *Lange.* 40

An exquisite "morsel," truly, and graceful as Lange's must be.

From a distant Shore. (Von fernem Strand). Polka Mazurka. 3. D. *Faust.* 30

Carl Faust lives in such "a distant" land that only his best pieces are likely to be known here, and this may be considered as one.

En Route. Marche Brillante. 4. E*b*. *S. Smith.* 75

"Brilliant," in Sidney Smith's hands, becomes a double brilliant, and this powerful affair is almost ablaze with brightness.

Marche des Amazones. 3. D. *Maylath.* 40

Full of staccato octaves and accents, and while it is good music, it is also a good practice piece.

The Flower of Andalusia. Fandango. (La Fleur d'Andalusia). 4. E*b*. *Maylath.* 40

A spirited Spanish Air.

Pride of our Home. Nocturne. 3. E*b*. *Wilson.* 60

Very sweet piece, but hardly as sweet as the child's face that looks out from the title.

Irish Diamonds. By *Willie Pape, ea.* 75
No. 3. Has sorrow thy young days; and Young May Morn.

Similar to others of the set in beauty, difficulty, and adaptability to public taste.

Bouquet de Bal. (Mazurka elegante). 4. F. *Ketterer.* 50

Very bright, anyway, but may be made still brighter by the addition (at will) of the arpeggios in small notes.

You and I. (With liberal Variations). 4. A*b* *Grobe.* 60

Nobody has been more liberal in really good variations than Mr. Grobe, and the newest are as good as the best.

Premiere Saltarella. For 4 hands. 4. C. *Leybach.* 75

One of the set called "Les Inseparables," and is brilliant duet.

Cagliostro in Vienna. Operetta by J. Strauss.
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" 2. Galop. 3. A. 35

It is a new thing for Strauss to write anything but dance music. But this operetta seems to be made principally of that kind, and all is therefore Strauss-y and super-brilliant.

The Holy Virgin. Meditation. Op. 225. 4. C. *Lange.* 50

Heather Rose. Op. 78. 3. F. " 35

There is an extraordinary evenness in the beauty of Mr. Lange's pieces. There does not seem to be a "feeble" or discordant measure in them. The above are no exceptions to the rule.

March of the 600,000. 3. E*b* *G. F. Root.* 30

A powerful march enclosing a melodious left hand passage of considerable length. Excellent practice.

Battalion March. 3. A. *Milliken.* 30

In 6-8 time, and will do either as a march or quickstep. Quite brilliant.

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A large number of airs which become popular on the Piano, are also arranged for the Flute. The above piece belongs to a set called "Choice Arrangements," embracing about 75 pieces.

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The pieces are all fingered, and are very clever arrangements for little learners, combining pleasure with study.

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WHOLE No. 902. BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 13, 1875. VOL. XXXV. No. 16.

DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC,
Published every other Saturday
OLIVER DITSON & CO.
277 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

JOHN S. DWIGHT, EDITOR.

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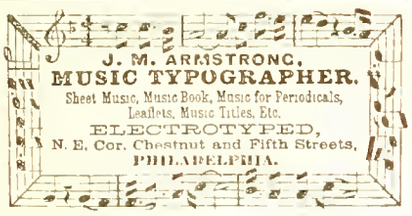

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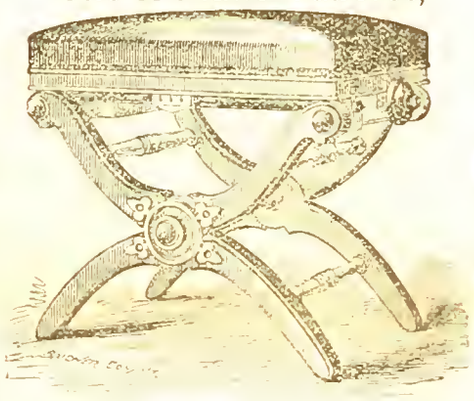

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WHOLE No. 902. BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 13, 1875. VOL. XXXV. No. 16.

Our Dead.

[Read at the Annual Reunion of the Harvard Class of '32, Oct. 27, 1875.]

One by one they leave us, classmates,
We shall meet them h r no more;
Less than half our number lingers,
More than half has gone before.

Some have gone in life's bright Spring-time,
Some ere Summer's days were told,
Some but yesterday have vanished
In the Autumn gray and cold.

Happy they who went so early
In the flush and joy of youth,
Ere the stain of earth had touched them,
Full of purity and truth.

Happy those who left us later,
In the strength of manhood's prime,
Mid the tumult of life's battle,
Ere they felt the hand of time.

Happy they who last have rested,
All their highest duty done;
Calm they sleep, the battle ended,
And the victory nobly won.

Happy all of us who cherish
Hope and courage to the end;
Come our summons late or early,
Death itself is still our friend.

Carl Maria Von Weber.

BY F. WEBER.

[*From the London Musical Times.*]

When glancing over the many portraits of tone-poets with which modern photographic art has graced our drawing-room tables, and whose life and artistic creations have become equally familiar to us, we dwell with peculiar fascination upon the features, delicate and thoughtful, yet highly intellectual, of Carl Maria von Weber. We begin to ponder over the career of the great composer with feelings on the whole of sadness, presenting as it does the picture of a vigorous and enthusiastic, but extremely sensitive, artistic nature gradually being chilled, at least to outward appearances, by the wear and tear of professional struggles and disappointments. We think of him, the youth (presenting all the forced appearance of a hot-house plant) who at the age of thirteen could already boast the authorship, and not unsuccessful performance in public, of a "grand romantic Opera." We follow the young musician in his noble and successful efforts to shake off, by virtue of the innate vigor of his individuality, the mischievous effects of a mistaken education inflicted upon him on the part of a fond, but also vain and unscrupulous father. Unfolding anon the brilliant demonstrative qualities of his versatile genius, we find the wandering *virtuoso* embracing life with all the glowing energy and large sympathies of the true artist, tasting fitfully alike the sweet and the bitter cup, and gathering the while the leaves to that sketchbook from which he should draw his masterpieces. But ere long the seriousness of life gains the upper hand, and as the hitherto undefined forms of his artistic ideal begin to shape themselves clearer and clearer before his eyes, his soul is filled with that more intense, if calmer fire, from whence the inspired work of art is derived. Then follow the years of yoke in an official capacity—the years of incessant strife with petty intrigues directed against his noble efforts to create a home for the musical drama at Dresden worthy of his country and of his own daily growing fame. And already the approaching fatal illness casts its gloomy shadows upon his path in gradually shortening intervals. Then, as the end draws near, we see the master, the laurels of *Freischutz* and *Euryanthe* yet fresh upon his pale forehead, but himself sick even unto death, tearing himself away from all that is dearest to him upon earth. Animated only by the one great desire to increase amply, as he hoped, the means of subsistence of those whom he knew he should soon have to leave to struggle on for themselves, he arrives in England. One more disappointment, the bitterest of all, and the scene closes amidst unspeakable sadness. Far away from the home to which he was so passionately attached, his hopes of material success crushed, his heart broken, the master lays down his weary head and dies. Sad indeed! Melancholy the thought that the latter days of the great man—when his genius had attained its full development, when his inspired song had filled his native country from one end to the other until it burst its boundaries, carrying his fame far and wide—should also have been days of harassing toil, of increasing anxiety to provide for his family, of protracted bodily suffering ending in premature death. Surely it is but natural if, with these impressions on our mind, a glance at the portrait of Carl Maria von Weber, as we single it out from among those of other great composers, should raise in us, for a moment, the thought that he was born to be a martyr to his art.

Yet nothing could be farther from the truth. And even now, while thus contemplating the melancholy aspects of his career, we seem to hear, as if in protest against the narrow view we are taking of the artist's life, the joyous, nay, exultant strains representing the leading idea—the idea of purest love and devotion pervading his three great operas; strains which he has placed in the very centre of his overtures, and which are so emphatically associated in our minds with Weber. Nor is it only in his operatic music that this gladsome spirit manifests itself. Be it in his chamber music, his pianoforte pieces, or his simple songs, wherever we point to a particular passage as being peculiarly characteristic of Weber, we may be sure the passage is one expressive of joy—of that elevating joy which lifts us at once from the prosaic cares of daily life into a purer sphere of existence. And this joyous enthusiasm never forsakes him to the last. Witness his latest work, *Oberon*. Remember the thrilling notes of the overture; a work familiar to everyone, even though the Opera to which it forms the prologue has all but disappeared from the *répertoire* of our operatic establishments. Above the tumultuous waves of contending tone-masses rises higher and higher, with increasing confidence, the theme suggestive of the heroic love of a noble woman, bursting forth at last with triumphant exultation:

"My Huon, my husband, we're saved, we're saved!"

Who can detect the trembling hand of the suffering master in these strains? Yet they had been wrung from his genius while death was impatiently knocking at the door. And here, if anywhere in the career of a great composer, the truth is proclaimed—that true art and true religion are twin-sisters, dependent for their inspirations upon the same divine source from which they sprang. This spirited orchestral work, indeed, worthily represents our composer's "last thoughts;" and it is a matter of wonder to us that the pretty, but eminently drawing-room-scented piece of Reissiger's, bearing that title, sometimes more charitably converted into "Weber's Last Waltz," should up to this day, in spite of periodical contradiction, pass with the general public for the final inspiration of the pen which had just written *Oberon*, a work which, if somewhat fragmentary, is nevertheless full of poetic life, of youthful fire and enthusiasm. Besides this joyous spirit which we have traced in Weber's compositions, two apparently antagonistic elements are happily blended in our composer's artistic nature—the aristocratic and the democratic. The former makes itself known in the air of refinement and cultivation of an elegant grace—"chevaleresqueness" as a German critic aptly calls it—which pervades his music throughout, not unfrequently lending to even a trivial thought a charm and an importance it does not otherwise possess. The latter consists in his persistent and generous appeal to the hearts of the people, in whose genius he believed, and whom he strove to raise to a higher appreciation of that art to whose service his life was devoted. It was, however, only in the latter period of his career, when he was ripening into mastership, that he clearly perceived the democratic mission he had. The restless fire within him, which shaped his course in his earlier days, led him to seek new forms and modes of musical expression among all manner of nationalities in quaint rhythms and modulations. Thus we have his *Polaccas* and *Ecossaises*, his *Sicilianas* and *Rondos Ongaresces*, and even an *Overtura Chineza*. These, however, were but studies of costume, admirably adapted indeed in the masterly music he wrote to the melodrama *Preciosa*—not by any means an "Opera," as we have repeatedly seen it styled—and to some extent in *Oberon*. Ere long his attention was attracted nearer home, and became at last concentrated upon that mine of wealth for poet as well as for musician—the German *Volkslied*. It was from thence he should derive his finest inspirations, and it is by no means a mere coincidence that the period of some four years, over which the composition of *Der Freischutz* extends, should also be marked by a number of Weber's most charmings songs, all leaning more or less to the simplicity of the *Volkslied*. *Freischütz* came, a work conceived in the very spirit of the "song of the people" itself, and created an enthusiasm, an almost frantic excitement in all ranks of German society, of which it is impossible in this more critical and eminently business-like age to form an adequate idea. But although the excitement with regard to this, Weber's first great opera, has long since made room for calmer emotions, the popular voice still claims this evergreen work as peculiarly its own, while *Euryanthe*, undoubtedly his masterpiece, in which his powers appear exhibited to their fullest extent, in which all his artistic aims are concentrated, has failed to this day to win for itself that high place in popular estimation it so richly deserves.

These three elements, then, viz., the refined gracefulness, the spirit of popularity and withal the joyous enthusiasm, as they are among the chief characteristics of Weber's music, so they are equally illustrative of the whole character of the man. And if—as has been maintained—among the many new phases of modern musical development to which his genius has given the first impulse, he is also the originator of what is called "Programme Music;" so we may, in a wider sense, consider his whole life, a life of the highest and noblest aspiration, to

form the great "Programme" or commentary to his artistic creations; the study of the former being indispensable to the perfect appreciation of the latter. If this would seem to be applicable more or less to the works of any other great artist, it is the case, at all events, to an exceptional degree with those of Weber. Indeed, in this all but inseparable connection between the artist and the individual may be partially traced the reason why he, who in almost every department of his art produced works full of creative power, yet attained in but few of them that finish, that harmony of the parts which make them rank as classical. Whereas the great masters of the classical period, at the end of which Weber was placed, the period marked by Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, stood, at least when at the height of their imaginative powers *above* their creations, Weber always stands in the midst of his own, throwing into them the full weight of his individual experiences in joy and sorrow. Thus upon all his truly original compositions he impressed the stamp and seal only of his fresh and vigorous individuality, with which they must either stand or fall, and at the end of each manuscript he inscribed the words, "Wie Gott will;" obedient rather to the voice within him, than to the dictates of the "school." His genius lacked the steady, symmetrical development, which characterizes the career of the classical masters above referred to. But that which, from one point of view, must be considered his weakness, was in truth Weber's great strength. Surrounded as he was by a swarm of mere imitators of the style of Mozart on the one hand, and of infatuated followers of the *dolce far niente* creed of Rossini on the other, this distinct and most marked individuality makes him stand out in bold relief from his contemporaries, and could not fail to exercize the most enlivening and refreshing influence upon the art of his time. Although some twenty-five years in the grave, it was only in the second decade of the present century that the stupendous genius of Mozart came to be universally acknowledged, and produced a type of more or less talented musicians, to whom there was but one true art and Mozart was its sole exponent. The result was a legion of compositions, operatic and otherwise, all bearing such a strong family likeness, that it would puzzle the most learned musical antiquarian of our days to detect any distinct individuality in the majority of them. Rossini, on his part, had leapt into European fame at a bound, and the sweet, effervescent melodies of the "Swan of Pesaro" had made sad havoc among the "nation of thinkers," which—turning a deaf ear to the grave warnings from the partakers in the Mozartian infallibility—abandoned itself for a time, like the rest of the world, to their intoxicating influence. Midway between these two extreme parties stands Weber, whose reverence for Mozart amounted almost to religious veneration, and whose dislike for anything connected, however remotely, with Rossini—the Rossini as he knew him, not in the latter phase, manifested in *Tell*, which Weber never witnessed—might appear exaggerated, but for his profound belief in the sacredness of his art, and an inner consciousness of being, in part, responsible to the German people for the inheritance of a great past. But he was not a blind worshipper of Mozart, neither did his keen eye entirely overlook the merits of the volatile Italian maëstro's numerous operas. He thoroughly understood his time. With a mind enlarged by self-culture, with a critical faculty developed to a degree hitherto unknown among practical musicians, he felt himself *en rapport* with all the artistic strivings of the period, and clearer than any composer had ever done before him, he recognized the intimate relationship and inter-communication which ought to exist between poetry and music. He made a stand against Rossiniism and the Italian party in general, which was then still all powerful at the more important German courts where opera was cultivated, and the first performances both of his *Freischütz* and his *Euryanthe* presented, in the tumultuous demonstration of party spirit, more the appearance of pitched battles, than of representations of productions belonging to a peaceful art, intended for recreation and edification. Everyone understood, that with these works Weber indirectly aimed at the due recognition and firm establishment in his country of the national German opera, *i.e.*, of an Art-Work—to use a Teutonic term of modern adoption—conceived, poetically and musically, in the German spirit. Hence, at the very outset, he found arrayed against him in powerful league a number of Italian composers of undoubted talent, occupying the most influential positions at Imperial and Royal operatic establishments in Germany, who, in the instinct of self-preservation, had for years systematically kept down the native production. Those who are acquainted with the life of Mozart, know the malicious envy, emanating from that quarter, which was so busily at work in order to suppress the growing fame of his genius. Still Italian opera, no matter what its merits, remained the plaything of fashion, and thus the guidanceship of the taste of the people was entrusted to men who—like Salieri in Vienna, Morlacchi in Dresden, Spontini in Berlin—during a long residence in their adopted country, had not even thought it necessary to acquire so much as the elementary part of its language.

(To be Continued.)

The Oldest Living Musician.

[From CHARLES K. SALAMAN'S "Recollections," in the London Concordia.

Charles Neate is probably the oldest living musician in Europe. As such he has a special claim to notice, irrespective of his former eminent professional status, and the many interesting musical associations attached to his name and epoch. He was born in 1784, the year of the great commemoration of Handel in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Neate is therefore now in his 92nd year. He may be regarded as the link which unites the musical past with the musical present. The mind is overwhelmed when reflecting upon the momentous occurrences which have rendered memorable the long period of Mr. Neate's existence. This esteemed musical professor, about sixteen years ago, sought at Brighton a peaceful retirement, and the enjoyment of the *otium cum dignitate* which he had honorably earned. He has thus preserved his life, his health and good spirits, together with a tolerable amount of strength. I carry my thoughts back to the year of Mr. Neate's birth. What a throng of persons of transcendent genius in art, literature, science, government, diplomacy and war pass, in imagination, before me! How events crowd around my memory! As by an earthquake, how has the world been shaken since that time! Ideas, habits of thought, manners, customs: how have they changed! What revolutions in states, in governments! What volumes of history have been enacted and written! And music—"Heavenly maid,"—her modern history only dates from about the same period.

In 1784 Gluck still lived, at the age of 72, and Piccini, his rival, at 56. Haydn was composing six orchestral symphonies for the Loge-Olympique, at Paris, at 52; while Mozart, at 28, was, by his compositions, still adding to his immortal fame. Cimarosa, one of Italy's "glories," was in his zenith, at 32, and Philip Emanuel Bach, the originator of the modern forms of musical thought, yet lived, at 69. Boccherini was 48, and Zingarelli 32. Clementi, at the same age, was in the full blaze of fame. Dussek was 24, and Viotti and Steibelt both 29. Albrechtsberger was a youth of 18, and the future mighty Beetnoven was a wild, impetuous lad of 14. Woelff was a student only 12 years old, and Weber was not yet in existence. Paganini, Spohr, and Sir George Smart were both born in the same year as Neate; but they have long since been "gathered to their fathers." The year that marks Dr. Samuel Johnson's death ushered Neate into life. In his time flourished Sir Joshua Reynolds, Benjamin West, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir David Wilkie, Northcote, Sir Francis Chantry, Canova, Thorwaldsen, Walter Scott, Byron, Shelley, Thomas Moore, Goethe, Schiller, Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Washington, Warren Hastings, Wellington, Napoleon, Mrs. Siddons, John Kemble, Edmund Kean, Spohr and Mendelssohn. What glorious contemporaries!

"Mr. Neate is the finest pianoforte player and the most scientific and systematic instructor in the kingdom, or perhaps in Europe." Thus writes, in 1818, one of the foremost musical critics of the day. In 1821 I find also written: "We know not where to look for a professor of sounder ability, in various departments of this art (music), than Mr. Neate." A record of the first performance by Mr. Neate of Beethoven's E flat Concerto, "The Emperor," is interesting. "At the fifth Philharmonic Concert, 1820, a concerto by Beethoven was performed for the first time in this country by Mr. Neate. Beethoven wrote it expressly for himself: but his slovenly habits of execution were unequal to the task. The *Tutti* introduction is fine, and the executive parts for the pianoforte are very various, very difficult, and, at times, very effective, though frequently incongruous. Mr. Neate played with remarkable brilliancy, and was greeted with never-ending applause." In 1823 is noticed the same gentleman's first performance of a MS. Concerto by Steibelt. "His ability," says the critic, "as a player of the first class needs no blazon by us; his eminent merits are known, admitted and established." Charles Neate, in conjunction with Salomon (Haydn's friend), Clementi, the two Cramers, Attwood, Bishop, Dance, Horsley, Griffin, Shield, Viotti, Sir George Smart, and other resident musicians of the highest rank, founded and established, in 1813, the Philharmonic Society. Mr. Neate was one of its most prominent members,—one of its earliest directors, and one of the pianists most frequently heard at its concerts.

Neate was indebted to his friend James Windsor for his introduction to music. He gave him his first lessons on the pianoforte. Mr. James Windsor afterwards settled at Bath, then the most musical, as it was the most beautiful city in England, and became an eminent and esteemed professor of music; he was also reputed to be one of the best read men in the kingdom. Neate remained in London, and practised the pianoforte assiduously; he subsequently received valuable tuition on that instrument from John Field—Clementi's gifted pupil, one of the most accomplished pianists in Europe—at the same time that he studied the violoncello under Michael Sharpe. He acquired remarkable proficiency on both instruments, and as pianist and violoncellist soon had the opportunity to exhibit his talents publicly. In the former capacity, young Neate performed a Concerto at the Lent Oratorios, then under the management of Mr. Ashley—surnamed "General Ashley," one of four brothers of excellent musical repute. He also played a Duet for two violoncellos, with "Old Bob Lindley—the finest player in the world,"—to adopt Mr. Neate's designation of him. He once performed in the orchestra at a concert held at the Argyll Rooms, in Regent Street, at the same time with the famous Dr. Crotch, who, among his numerous accomplishments, was also a violoncellist. Dr. Crotch was left-handed. Neate was seated on the right side of the orchestra, according to the old prevailing custom, using his bow with his right hand, in the usual manner, while Crotch was placed on the left side of the orchestra, playing with his left hand. Magrath, a popular Irish tenor, and wit of the time, observing this, remarked, much to the amusement of those present:—"And sure but it must be for uniformity's sake that they are playing in this extraordinary fashion!" Both these gentlemen were "my very noble and approv'd good masters!"

In 1816 Charles Neate left England for Vien-

na, the home of Beethoven, and the then most famous musical city in Germany. He went to study counterpoint under Albrechtsberger, and with the hope to make the personal acquaintance of the illustrious Beethoven, to whom he carried an introduction from his friend Mr. Herring, a well-known English amateur violinist. Mr. Neate resided in Vienna for eight months, during which time he was in constant intercourse with the great master, whose friendship and confidence he had the singular good fortune to gain. He also lived in close intimacy with all the musical celebrities who, at that time, inhabited the Austrian capital. Thus he greatly increased his musical knowledge and experience, and added considerably to his professional reputation. Beethoven, who was in frequent correspondence with the Philharmonic Society of England on the subject of his orchestral works, as they were successively produced, found in Neate, an influential member of that body, a valuable friend and a zealous agent. Many letters from Beethoven to Neate, relating to the performance and publication of his works in England may be read in the biographies of the great composer, by Moscheles and other writers. On his return to his native country, Mr. Neate's professional position was, no doubt, greatly enhanced by his long residence at Vienna, and by the reputation of his personal relations with Beethoven. He at once took high rank as a pianist and teacher, and soon was in very extensive practice as an instructor to the nobility and gentry. For this he was probably greatly indebted to his high personal character as a gentleman and a man of honor.

I became Mr. Neate's pupil in 1826, and received my first lesson on the 17th of August of that year; and my last on the 12th of April, 1830. As a teacher, Mr. Neate was ever patient, careful and zealous. His system of fingering was admirable. I may characterize it briefly by supposing him to have adopted, with some alteration, Lord Nelson's immortal signal, "Charles Neate expects that every *finger* shall do its duty." Neate's style of performance was of the "Cramer school;" it was remarkable for clearness and delicacy of touch, for elegance and refinement, rather than for impassioned expression. Neate, with his pupils, did not *rush* into Beethoven, but carefully prepared them to appreciate the great master's works by a previous training. He taught them Dussek, Steibelt, Woelfl, Mozart, Clementi, Cramer, and thus legitimately *led* them to Beethoven. Hummel, Moscheles, and the more fashionable writers of the day, Henri Herz and Czerny, were not forgotten. Mr. Neate played to his pupils, and thus afforded them the inestimable advantage of hearing, when studying Beethoven's sonatas, how the great composer executed such and such a passage, and the time in which he played his works.

As an impartial narrator, I cannot state that I ever considered Mr. Neate's compositions his best claim to recognition as a musician of high merit. He published many; but while giving indication of knowledge and experience in the art of "making music," they are noticeable for a deficiency of fancy, and the want of that almost indefinable quality which we term "genius," without which all compositions, artistic and literary, must prove dry, uninteresting, and consequently, unenduring.

CHARLES K. SALAMAN.

Franz Liszt in Leipzig.

[Correspondence of the *Musical Record*, London].

A short account of a most interesting private concert here may, perhaps, be acceptable to your readers. On Sunday week last, in small characters in a remote corner of the *Musikalisches Wochenblatt*, might have been seen a notice that Franz Liszt was about to visit Leipzig, and on Sunday, the 12th inst., at a private matinée, given in his honor by Herr Bluthner (of pianoforte manufacturing celebrity), would bring to a first hearing an elegy for piano, violoncello, harp, and harmonium. Hardly daring to hope that the representative at the piano might be no less than the great Abbé himself, we made for the nearest "Zukunfts" music-shop, and found that the report was true! The matinée would consist of Liszt's compositions—the maestro would accompany his elegy—and, best of all, would be sure to play a solo at the end of the programme, to satisfy the cravings of his worshippers. Upon our inquiring at Herr Bluthner's office, we were most courteously presented by him with a ticket, and armed with all the possible appliances for investigating the great man's face and technique at a distance, we set out for the concert-room. A glance at the programme sufficed to show that all our powers of enduring cacophony (in the shape of choruses from *Prometheus*) would be tested to the uttermost before we heard a solo from the giant's fingers.

The salle was filled with an assembly of about five hundred of the most eminent musicians of Leipzig; all shades of opinion were represented, from the famous theoretical Cantor of the Thomasschool, Richter, to the youthful and long tressed fanatic of the Conservatorium. Precisely at eleven o'clock a silver head of hair and a well known countenance above a cassock girt figure moved majestically down the room, and received with Cæsar like condescension the applause of the surrounding crowd. After having stood long enough to allow all the opera glasses a sufficient survey of his fine head, Liszt seated himself in the front row, and commenced encouraging with many a nod and smile the anxious chorus and soloists. The programme was a long one, including the choruses from *Prometheus*, the 13th Psalm, the *Kyrie* from the *Missa Solemnis*, and a chorus of angels from Goethe's *Faust*, (Part II.), all of which were most efficiently rendered by the Chorgesang Verein, of about forty voices, under the direction of Dr F. Stade. The only pieces, however, which *we* found musically interesting were the Psalm and the Chorus of Reapers, which Mr. Bache produced at his concert in London last spring. The remainder appeared to our uninitiated ears a mass of fine, hideous, extravagant, poetical, masculine, overdrawn, Italian and ultra Wagneresque phrases, strung together in the most perplexing confusion. The songs, which as a whole were more sympathetic, were six in number, the most artistic rendering being that of the "Konig in Thule," and "Die Vatergruft," by Herr Eugen Gura, one of the greatest of German baritones. Of a fantasia and fugue (on the name of Bach!) for two pianofortes, originally written, we believe, for the organ of the future, we forbear to speak. We invoked the shade of the immortal Sebastian, when his name was libelled by the inevitable breaking of two strings each by the young and thrashing performers.

But at last sunlight broke through the fog to which our intellect was reduced, as in striking contradistinction to his two would-be imitators, Franz Liszt took his seat as a rock at the piano. In the elegy he was assisted by Herr Grutzmacher of Dresden as violoncellist, and with true artistic feeling, which many modern pianists would do well to imitate, set himself to give all prominence to his coadjutors. As the elegy ceased, a general cheering throughout the room showed that the Abbé was not to be let off so lightly, and compelled him to take his seat again at the piano this time alone, and begin an extemporé fantasia. After a few bars of prelude he took the theme from Wagner's "Kaiser marsch," and by degrees worked himself up into a storm of rain like runs, hail-like shakes, lightning arpeggios, and thunder chords, until at last the hair fell over the forehead, and as he tossed it back the figure at the piano recalled the well known inspired look of the pictures of our youth! But to leave high flown language and return to commonplace; it was worthy of remark that all Liszt's effects were produced without resorting to a single "thump," or causing us the least feeling of overstrained strength.

At last to our great regret the last run and chord comes, the master rises from the piano as cool as he sat down, proceeds in the same regal fashion from the room to his carriage, graciously acknowledges the raised hats of the crowd, as he drives away; while we return to pen these few lines, and wonder if the next fifty years will produce such another marvel as the Abbé Franz Liszt. S.

Leipzig, Septembre 12th, 1875.

Madame Marie Roze-Perkins.

[From the *Saturday Programme*, London.]

A French singer, and a popular artist on the operatic stage of Paris, it is very easy to guess the early career of Madame Roze-Perkins. She was, like most of the favorite opera-singers of France, educated at the Paris Conservatoire, where, a pupil of M. Auber, she carried off the *premier prix* for opera comique, the latter gaining for her, almost as a matter of course, an immediate engagement at the Salle Boieldieu. And it was in comic opera that, before her English career commenced, Madame Roze Perkins gained her chief laurels in her native land. She appeared, it is true, in 1869 as *Marguerite*, at the Grand Opéra, and although she immediately followed Mesdames Nilsson, Hisson, and Miolan Carvalho, who all sang the same part during the same year at the same theatre, the youthful Mlle. Marie Roze succeeded in gaining the favor of one of the most cultured audiences in France. But although *Marguerite* was always a favorite character of Mdlle. Roze, and although in every shop window of every photographer might have been found a portrait of the beautiful *Gretchen*, distaff in hand, sitting at the spinning wheel, it was only in comic opera, and at the Théâtre de l'Opéra Comique, that, up to 1868, when she left the Salle Boieldieu to study the repertory of Grand Opera under the celebrated Professor Wartel, that she appeared before musical audiences. Ten years ago, when Auber's "L'Ambassadride" was revived, opera goers remarked the artistic manner in which Mdlle. Roze rendered the thoroughly ungrateful *rôle* of *La Comtesse*. A year afterward, when Méhul's "Joseph" was revived, the pathetic duet of Mdlle. Roze with *Jacob* created a *furore*. Her first creation was the part of *Thérèse*, in "Les Fils du Brigadier," but the character was calculated to do little more than display the artist's charms of face and figure and the attractions of her magnificent costume. However, on the 15th February, 1868, when M. Auber's opera, "Le premier jour de Bonheur," was produced at the Opéra Comique, Mdlle Marie Roze was expressly chosen by the great composer to create the principal female *rôle*. The artist then had her opportunity, and the now famous air of "Les Djinns" took the whole capital fairly by storm. It was sung in aristocratic *salons*, and was played by military bands to the nursemaids in the public gardens. "Les Djinns" became the rage, and its fair interpreter one of the most popular personages of the French stage of comic opera. Then, fired by ambition to make a name in grand opera, came her year and a half's study under M. Wartel, her appearance on the stage of the Grand Opera, and, subsequently, just before the declaration of war, the production at the Opéra Comique of M. Flotow's "L'Ombre," in which Mlle. Marie Roze created the part of *Jeanne*. The war broke out, and Mlle. Roze was, as one of the most popular vocalists of Paris, chosen to sing the "Marseillaise" at the patriotic concerts at the Opéra Comique. During the siege of Paris Mdlle. Marie Roze refused to take advantage of the liberty accorded by the enemy to all women to leave the beleagured city, and remained courageously at her post. During the blockade she gave several concerts for the benefit of the sufferers by the war, she attended the sick and wounded, and generally performed the part of a true and lucky Frenchwoman. The Commune came, and Paris was filled with wretches among whom were the vilest of the vile. Still Madame Roze did not flinch. When men—courageous, indeed, but less courageous than a woman—fled the city in fear, the popular vocalist remained, and when, after the assault, the troops of M. Thiers and Marshal MacMahon once more entered Paris, there they found Mdlle. Marie Roze. For these and kindred acts of courage and of charity the lady was presented with several medals, and by the Government of France with a special diploma of thanks for distinguished bravery. But more gratifying than any outward mark of honor was the deep feeling of gratitude and of respect in the minds of the Parisians for their noble and patriotic lady, a feeling which not even a lengthened residence in a foreign land can eradicate.

It was by the mere chance that Mdlle. Marie Roze did not come to England to take part in the ill fated Italian operatic venture of Mr. George Wood, at Drury Lane Theatre, in 1870. Mr. Wood went over to Paris to hear her, and offered her an engagement. But a delay arose, and in the interim M. Perrin pressed her to create the part of *Jeanne*, in M. Flotow's "L'Ombre," at the Paris Opéra Comique. The offer was accepted, the war broke out, and, after the cessation of hostilities, Mdlle. Roze sang in Belgium in Italian opera. Mr. Mapleson heard of her as an artist of high merit, engaged her, and in the early part of the season of 1872 Mdlle Marie Roze came to London and adopted the career of an Italian operatic vocalist. She sang in "Faust," and in the course of the season on the

memorable 20th of June, 1872), she created the part of *Marcellina* in the only performance of "Les Deux Journées" ever given in England. Cherubini's opera was called an "opéra comique," but if any work is entitled to the name of grand opera it is "Les Deux Journées." Madame Roze has subsequently created the part of *Queen Berengaria* in Balfe's "Il Talismano,' and in the capital and in the provinces has sustained a variety of *rôles* with every credit.

Madame Marie Roze-Perkins is so thoroughly well known in England that it seems somewhat superfluous to speak of her artistic merits. Her voice, a high mezzo-soprano, is of good quality, while her vocalism, essentially of the French style, is of its sort admirable. She is an actress of more than ordinary intelligence and power, and although her *forte* is undoubtedly French comic opera, it is a curious fact, and one which redounds highly to her credit as an artist, that in the provinces she is invariably chosen to replace Madlle. Tietjens on those rare occasions when that gifted lady is unable, from indisposition or other causes, to appear before the public. We have known the time when, at the wish of Mr. Mapleson, Madame Roze has sat up all night to study, at three days' notice, the part of *Leonora*, in "Il Trovatore," a *rôle* with which she was previously entirely unacquainted. Madlle. Roze was appealed to to do her best to permit Mr. Mapleson to fulfil his engagements. She did so, and came off with flying colors, and Mr. Mapleson has not forgotten this and many other kind acts. Mdlle. Tietjens has been engaged for America this winter, and Madame Roze-Perkins is the artist chosen to fill her place as *Ortrud*, in "Lohengrin," and as *Agata* in "Der Freischütz," during the provincial tour.

In approaching that which was at once the brightest and the darkest spot in her life, it is necessary to speak in gentle terms. Madlle. Marie Roze had the good fortune to be married to a man whom she devotedly loved, a man of the most gentle nature, and one who had, young as he was, made for himself a name which has not been forgotten. A life of unalloyed happiness seemed to be open to the young couple. They passionately loved one another, their tastes were similar, his friends were her friends, their careers seemed indissolubly bound up together. Mr. Julius Perkins and Mdlle. Marie Roze were wedded soon after the conclusion of the season of 1874. Proud of his young wife, he took her across the water to introduce her to his family in America. There they sang together in oratorio, and after a few weeks returned to England, to take part in the provincial tour of the company of Her Majesty's Opera last winter. Mr. Julius Perkins was rising in his profession, not only steadily but rapidly. His delineation of some of the parts which he undertook during the last provincial tour was marked with intelligence of a very rare sort. Husband and wife daily acted together and sang together, and bade fair to climb the ladder which leads to fortune and fame in each other's company. A few months afterwards, and the cup of pleasant hope was dashed rudely to the ground. A slight cold, or something of the sort, brought on a mortal illness, and prematurely cut off a life which was indeed precious to the cause of opera in England. The bright hopes which the young couple had formed for the future were, for a time, dispelled, but with the resumption of her health and strength Madame Roze-Perkins returned to her duty. Keeping steadily onward in the path that Julius Perkins had marked out for her, Madame Marie Roze-Perkins has yet her allotted work to perform, for the Anglo-Italian operatic stage could ill afford to lose so thoroughly useful an artist.

The Commerce of Music.

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

The *Concordia* gives an account of a spirited contest carried on between two eminent pianoforte-makers for the honor and profit of furnishing Dr. von Bülow with instruments during his tour through the United States. Mr. Steinway, who is understood to have contributed half of the very large sum paid by way of salary to Mr. Rubinstein when the eminent Russian pianist was performing in the States on condition of his operating exclusively on Steinway pianos, would, it was thought, make similar terms in regard to Dr. von Bülow's engagement. Mr. Ulmann, however, the well-known concert speculator and musical agent, who has taken Dr. von Bülow for a certain period on lease, resolved that the question of the instrument to be played upon should be decided by public competition. No stipulation seems to have been required beforehand as to any particular kind or degree of excellence to be possessed by the pianos whose makers were to compete; though it may fairly be assumed that a manufacturer would not agree to pay down several thousand pounds for the advantage of having his instruments placed before the public under the best possible conditions, unless he were quite convinced that they were distinguished by at least some points of superiority. It seems, however, to have been free to any pianoforte maker to purchase the services of the great Munich virtuoso. It soon became evident that the real struggle would be between the firm of Steinway and that of Chickering. Steinway, upon whose pianos the illustrious Rubinstein had hammered with such marked success, was determined that the equally famous Von Bülow should strike no keyboard and snap no strings but those supplied by his firm. Chickering, on the other hand, was resolved not to be eclipsed by a rival hitherto fortunate, but who, as he had conquered on a previous occasion by the force of money, might now by the same potent agency be defeated. Steinway stood on the defensive, and, in spite of a gallant resistance, was soon made to feel that he would have to draw heavily on his financial reserves to meet the vigorous offensive movement directed by the gallant Chickering. At last, in face of 20,000 dollars brought against him by his determined opponent, Steinway succumbed. But though beaten at auction, he has since taken his revenge in the concert-room. The only hall in New York suitable for such performances as those which Dr. von Bülow proposes to give belongs to Steinway, who naturally will not allow a Chickering piano to be brought within its walls. Dr. von Buelow cannot play in the hall of Steinway on the piano of Chickering, and it seems that a Chickering concert-hall is now to be built for the sake of the Chickering piano, on which the great artist, who will henceforth be known as Chickering's pianist, is to play.

Twenty thousand dollars is a great deal of money, and we do not think that any pianist lives who for such a sum would not gladly forsake either Broadwood for Erard or Erard for Broadwood. The twenty thousand pieces of silver for which Steinway seems to have been betrayed did not pass directly into the possession of Dr. von Buelow. The contractor had agreed to pay him for his services a much larger sum; but the pecuniary value of a formal obligation to perform on the pianos of one particular maker had of course been taken into account. It had been estimated that Buelow's playing would bring him so much, and that his "promise to play" on instruments of a certain make to the exclusion of all others could be sold beforehand for so much more. Thus, instead of choosing his piano for himself, which would perhaps have been the more dignified course, Dr. von Buelow consented, as Mr. Rubinstein had done before him, to accept whatever piano might be assigned to him as the result of the highest bidding for the advantage of his patronage. We are bound to believe that while the struggle for his services was going on Dr. von Buelow maintained a strict attitude of neutrality. Like the woman who watched her husband fighting with the bear and placidly declared that she "did not care which whipped," he probably reflected that Steinway was about as good as Chickering and Chickering not a bit worse than Steinway.

It will be interesting to see how long a time will elapse before the American custom of employing eminent pianists as live active advertisements of particular pianos will be introduced into Europe. But bad habits are quickly acquired; and, though at first sight there is something repulsive in the idea of a great artist agreeing for a consideration to exhibit at the same time his own talent and the merits, great or small, of an instrument for which notoriety is at any price to be secured, there is really no great harm in the system. It is simply a question of delicacy; and, when an artist is bent on gaining money, considerations of delicacy disappear in presence of twenty thousand dollars. An artist who hires applause behaves meanly; an artist who pays to have a rival hissed behaves infamously. There is nothing dishonorable, however, in a pianist saying that of several instruments that suit him about equally well he intends to play on the one whose manufacturer will offer him the highest terms for doing so. As an artist he lowers himself by making such a bargain, but the business transaction to which he stoops, regarded in a business point of view, is by no means unfair. We may be quite sure that neither the eminent pianist nor the intelligent impresario who speculates in his talent and popularity would think, whatever terms might be offered, of accepting a second-rate in lieu of a first-rate piano. The only question can be as to which shall be adopted of several pianos, all as nearly perfect as they can now be made.

It is already the custom with some of our most prominent English vocalists to sing in virtue of a regular agreement certain songs, not at so much a night, but in consideration of receiving so much on every copy sold. This is partly, though not entirely, the explanation of the persistency with which particular ballads, usually of simple and more or less striking kind, are presented at concerts again and again by particular singers, and by them alone. Every one may not be able to understand the process of reasoning by which American amateurs, in spite of the Steinway-Rubinstein and Chickering-Buelow bargains, arrive at the conclusion that the best pianos must necessarily be those which are played upon by the best pianists; and it is surprising that none of Chickering's unsuccessful rivals have yet pointed out that Dr. Von Bülow could not be induced to play on a Chickering piano for less than $20,000. The system, however, of allowing royalties to singers who engage to bring forward certain songs is still but little known outside the musical profession; nor can any one except the parties likely to keep silence on the subject say positively which songs in a given programme are sung for the sake of a royalty and which for their own supposed merit. Here, however (much as in the case of the pianos), a singer in his own interest may be trusted to avoid songs which are not to his own and to the public taste. There is, of course, much more chance of his singing songs of inferior merit than there is of a pianist who has sold himself to a manufacturer playing upon a second-rate piano; the merit of a piano being a matter almost of demonstration, whereas that of a song, above a certain level not difficult to attain, is chiefly a matter of opinion. The singer, however, who, for the sake of his royalty, would endeavor to captivate the public by means of a trivial song would do the same thing for the sake of applause. To those who believe that all traffic is disgraceful in connection with art the royalty system must indeed appear shameful. But the fact is generally being recognized that every thing which possesses artistic value possesses commercial value. Or rather the far broader principle is being acted upon, that everything worth asking for is worth paying for. A liberal music-publisher, to be able to offer a sufficiently large sum to a popular composer for his new song, must be able to get it sung in public by a popular singer; and popular singers, not more dull in business matters than other traders, have discovered that, if they increase the pecuniary worth of a composition by exhibiting its beauties on every possible occasion to an impressionable public, some portion of what a political economist would call the "augmented value" should come to them.

Of course, a composer may be held in such esteem that the best singers are glad to have an opportunity of singing his songs without any question of royalty being entertained; and if from the concert-room we descend to the music-hall, we find singers who, instead of charging for the task, agreeable or otherwise, of singing a new song, pay for the privilege of doing so. This, again, is quite in accordance with the principles of political economy. When two laborers apply for work to the same employer, wages go down. When two employers apply to the same laborer for work to be done, wages go up. Now, in the higher world of music, composers of merit would seem to be greatly in excess of singers sufficiently popular to be able to ensure a favorable reception for any moderately good song; whereas in the lower musical spheres popular singers abound, while songs suited to their sometimes not very lofty abilities are evidently rare. The concert vocalist is indirectly paid (at least in many cases) by the composer, on the sale of whose music he or she levies a tax. The music-hall singer, however, directly or indirectly pays the composer. The *Era* publishes advertisements from song-writers who seem for the most part, like Wagner, to combine the poet's with the composer's art, and who offer to supply music-hall singers with "words and music" on reasonable terms. A case, too, has just been reported in which a popular music-hall singer in the "serio-comic" line sought to recover damages from the proprietor of a music-hall who had allowed to be sung on his premises a song in which the plaintiff claimed exclusive rights. We are not concerned with the result of the action; but the evidence was interesting as showing that, far from being paid for the songs they sing, music-hall singers sometimes pay for the right of singing them. Opera-goers and frequenters of the Monday Popular and Crystal Palace Concerts have probably no sort of acquaint-

us, and scare the cra - vens; Howl with us, and scare the

us, and scare the cra - vens; Howl with us, and scare the

Sempre ff

cra - vens; Howl, and scare the cra - vens, howl! .....

cra - - vens; Howl! .....

cra - - vens, Howl and scare the cra - vens, Howl .....

cres - - - - - cen - - -

ff

..... Come, come,

ff

..... Come, come,

ff

- - - - - *do.* *ff*

ff

come, come, come, come.

come, come, come, come.

8va.

f

sf sf

f

Come..... with torch - es bright - ly flash - ing,

f

p sf sf sf

f

Rush a - long with bil - lets clash - ing,

f

f

Feign - ing

f

8va.

fp

f

Through the night - gloom

de - mons, whom..... they fa - ble,

lead..... and fol - - - low.

Through.... the night - gloom lead..... and

Come with torch - es bright - ly flash - ing,

fol - low.

Rush a - long with bil - lets clash - ing, Through the

night - gloom lead.. and.. fol - low, In and out each

rock - y.... hol - low, Owls and ra - vens,

Owls and

Owls and ra - vens,

ance with the music-halls of which London alone possesses something like twenty. In the large provincial towns these "popular concerts," which are not restricted to Mondays alone during certain months in the year, but take place every night all the year round, are at least as plentiful in proportion to the population as they are in London; and naturally the very large body of vocalists belonging to the music-hall interest require a large number of new songs. The demand being greater than the supply, they pay for new compositions, as theatrical managers for new pieces; and there is nothing in this to regret—except, perhaps, that they do not get better value for their money.

Dr. Von Buelow and his Pianoforte.

TO THE EDITOR OF "CONCORDIA."

SIR,—Allow me to contradict, categorically, the statement which appeared in your impression of the 16th inst., viz.: that in order to secure the exclusive privilege of having their instruments used by Hans von Buelow at the concerts to be given in America, the New York pianoforte-makers, Messrs. Weber, have offered $10,000; Steinway, $12,000; and Chickering and Sons, $20,000 to the manager of these concerts, and that the highest bidder has obtained the preference.

No such offer has been made by either of these firms.

The Brunswick member of the Steinway firm, in a special letter to Doctor Buelow, made him an indefinite pecuniary proposal of the kind, but it was indignantly refused by him.

I have had business connections with the Chickerings for more than thirty years, they having gratuitously furnished—as is customary in every country—the pianofortes for the American concerts of Thalberg, Henri Herz, and Alfred Jaell, of which I was the manager; but beyond that, neither they nor I have ever received any subsidy in the shape of money or presents; whereas the Steinways have paid some $15,000 to Leopold de Meyer, and $20,000 to the manager of the Rubinstein concerts. Being, besides, the owners of the only concert room in New York, they rigidly exclude the use of any other pianoforte, European or American, but their own. The Steinways have, therefore, been the first to introduce a system in America which the French would condemn as a *concurrence déloyale*.

I certainly cannot be blamed that, with every inclination I had to give the preference to the Chickerings, as old friends of mine, I hinted at some such subsidy being given to me on account of the Buelow concerts. This they refused, but proposed to me instead to build a splendid new Concert Hall, to be inaugurated by Doctor von Buelow, and guaranteeing me a certain amount of profits.

By this arrangement—which I accepted, with the proviso that their pianofortes should be approved by the Doctor, in accordance with the right he stipulated in his contract with me—they will, from present appearances, instead of having to pay a large sum as did the Steinways, be, on the other hand, gainers to a considerable amount.

In consequence of this arrangement, the Messrs. Chickering sent a piano to Ventnor, where Doctor Buelow was spending the summer, who, after having played upon it for two months, authorized me to select those instruments for his concerts in America, writing me: "*I shall not be able to make so much noise on a Chickering as on a Steinway, but the tone is far more noble and distinguished, like those of Erard's.*"

This is the true statement of facts as they have occurred. New York owes, therefore, to Doctor von Buelow's arrival a new and splendid Concert Room; and as it is not the intention of the Chickerings to exclude any other pianofortes from their hall, a monopoly, entirely unprecedented in the civilized world, has been done away

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
B. ULLMAN.

Paris, Oct. 18th, 1875.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Kastner's Pyrophone, or Flame-Organ.

BY FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

The probable addition of a new instrument to the modern orchestra, is an event of considerable importance to the musical world; especially as this possible future accession promises, when perfected, to prove of so highly novel, and even poetic a character.

The exposition of the Flame-organ, or Pyrophone, by its inventor, M. Frederic Kastner, has of course caused much public and private debate on the subject in the scientific and musical circles of Paris and London during the past year; some of the best articles about it have been those of M. Henri de Parville in "*Les Causeries Scientifiques*," M. Figuier in "*L'Année Scientifique*," etc. Baron Larrez read M. Kastner's report before, and the Pyrophone was examined by the French Institute, in Paris, last December.

It is now nearly a hundred years since the sound of a hydrogen flame was first observed by Higgins. Chladni next obtained two harmonies from a sounding flame; and everyone knows how, recently, Tyndall, and Count Schaffgotsch, among eminent scientific men, have experimented with sounding flames; but these have only very lately entered the domain of art by means of M. Frederic Kastner's discovery, which admits of tuning them, of producing all the tones of the scale, of regulating, subduing, or stopping the sound as desired. Tyndall perceived, that in order to render a merely *sounding* flame also *musical*, its volume should be such as to explode in unison with the undulations of the fundamental tone of the tube, or one of its harmonics. He also called attention to the fact that a flame must occupy a certain position in the tube, in order to attain its maximum of intensity. Kastner's merit as a discoverer consists in his having proven *that* proportions must exist between the flame and the tube, to attain this maximum of sound; and in his having shown that, when two or several flames are introduced into a tube, they vibrate in unison, and cease to sound when brought into contact with each other. This discovery he has, in his double quality of musician and mechanician, applied to the construction of a new instrument; and after a long series of experiments with hydrogen and ordinary illuminating gas, he has succeeded in constructing a novel description of organ, the mechanism of which enables each key to communicate with the supply pipes of flames, introduced into glass tubes. On pressing the keys, the flames separate, and the tone is produced; as soon as the fingers are removed from the keys, the flames unite, and the sound ceases. This instrument may be constructed with a compass varying from one to many octaves.

When the Pyrophone was officially examined by a body of distinguished musicians, and a committee of members of the *Académie des Sciences* in Paris, it was pronounced destined to produce remarkable and unexpectedly resonant effects in lyric theatres and orchestral concerts; while it may perhaps add a little more festal attraction to the ball room, as it can be played on in an adjoining room, by means of electricity brought to bear on an immense singing lustre, which the inventor has already prepared.

M. Kastner should celebrate this second invention with some elegant reunion of the aristocrats of the mind,—poets, musicians, painters, scientists;—that is to say, an assemblage of persons at once the most fastidious yet unpretending, the most exclusive yet genial, to be found, and also the most genuinely appreciative of any new development of nature and beauty. The flame-and-tone lustre would vibrate above the artist-groups like a breathing, burning, eloquent embodiment of their own ideal aspirations as they floated through the garland of the dance.

The quality of tone produced by the Pyrophone is said to be of extraordinary novelty, at once delicate and powerful, sometimes brilliant, but touched throughout with a character of impassioned melancholy, to be perceived in all natural harmonies possessing any stamp of grandeur, though rarely found even in human voices, unless accompanied by such a mental organism as exists, perhaps, in one among ten thousand. Composers are chiefly of opinion that the pyrophone will prove most advantageous in cathedrals, while they at the same time hope to draw some striking elements of tone-color from its use in orchestral music; but the difficulties attendant on the control of ignited gas and its tone vibrations warn them against a too immediately sanguine hopefulness. Professor Tyndall, in a lecture delivered by him in London last January, showed experiments based on Kastner's new principle, with an apparatus of nine flames in tubes of different sizes.

M. Frederic Kastner is a son of Georges Kastner, the late eminent musician, well known in France as a composer, and also as author of a work on "Cosmic Music," a history of the "Legends of Sirens," one of "Parisian proverbs and street cries," etc., etc. His name is perhaps chiefly familiar to American ears as that of a member of the art-jury selected for the Paris exposition of 1867. M. Georges Kastner, who died a few years ago, was by no means the least among those distinguished Alsatians whose genius, science, and indefatigable industry have illustrated French art and arms, science, literature, and politics. Among these, well-stored memories will at once recall such names as those of Gustave Doré, Weckerlin, Adam, Reber, Edmund About, Pfeffel, Kleber, Schoelcher, Erckmann-Chatrian, Parmentier, etc.

The young inventor—he is at present not much more than twenty years old—showed a taste for scientific pursuits from his earliest childhood, and, owing to the large fortune and fine position of his parents, (Mdme. Kastner, a highly gifted woman, the daughter of a French nobleman of historical name, is well known and admired in Parisian social and artistic circles), enjoyed facilities too often unhappily denied to genius. At three years of age he displayed an intelligent curiosity regarding mechanical construction, and adored locomotives, as other children have a passion for horses. As he grew older, he overwhelmed every one likely to satisfy him with enthusiastic questions regarding mechanical force, occupied every stolen moment with the study of the nature of steam and gas, and haunted every dépôt of any kind of machinery. All this time he closely studied music, under the firm and skilful tuition of his father, and at the age of fourteen gave close attention to electricity and singing flames. A year or two later, he invented, and his father patented, a novel application of electricity as a motive force. M. Frederic Kastner's first memoir on singing flames was read by his friend the Baron Larrez to the members of the French Institute in 1873.

M. Kastner by no means considers his Pyrophone as perfect at present, and as his ample means fortunately support his zeal, and as he has, we may hope, many years yet before him, in which to prosecute his discoveries, much is reasonably to be expected from him in the future, though the instrument, as it now exists, may collapse into a merely interesting scientific toy. Even should this prove the case, may a first, partial failure only inspire the talented young inventor to other improvements and discoveries, to result in an acquisition of unexpected material to the ever increasing treasures of our continually, infinitely progressive modern art, —Music!

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 13, 1875.

Concerts.

Boston for three weeks has been flooded with music, much of it of rare interest.

We resume our record where we left off, in the middle of the remarkable concerts of the masterly pianist, Dr. HANS VON BUELOW. The four already reviewed were followed by three more in the last

week of October. That of Monday evening, Oct. 25, had this programme:

Overture—Jessonda.....Spohr
[Orchestra.]
Grand Concerto—[Opus 23] in B Flat....Tschaikowski
Andante maestoso [introduction] ed allegro con spirito—Andantino semplice—Allegro con fuoco.
HANS VON BUELOW.

Sonata—Quasi Fantasia [Moonlight Sonata]. Opus 27, No. 2 in C sharp Minor.....Beethoven
Overture—Prometheus.....Beethoven
[Orchestra.]
Grand Fantaisie—[Opus 15] in C Major.....Schubert
Arranged for Piano and Orchestra by F. Liszt.
Allegro con fuoco—Adagio con variazioni (The Wanderer)—Presto ed allegro finale.
HANS VON BUELOW.
Wedding March.....Mendelssohn

The Overtures went smoothly under the baton of Mr. B. J. Lang, who had been called to succeed Mr. Bergmann, and who, being himself a pianist and an enthusiastic admirer of Von Buelow, was in better sympathy and understanding with him for the rendering of the extremely difficult, strange, wild, ultra-modern Russian Concerto. It is the composition of a young professor at the Conservatory of Moscow, a pupil of Rubinstein (indeed the work contained not a few suggestions of the master), and is dedicated to Buelow, who complimented Boston with its very first performance. A compliment well meant, and warmly responded to by the applauding audience,—twice—for this programme was repeated for the seventh concert. It opens richly and the first Allegro is full of striking passages and brilliant, but sometimes bizarre, effects of instrumentation. One peculiarity is the frequent indulgence of the pianoforte in rhapsodical cadenza-like flights of startling execution while the orchestra waits as it were outside. This lends quite a bravura character to a movement which seemed also melodramatic rather than in the classical Concerto spirit. The second movement, opening with a gentle, pastoral commingling of reeds and flutes, seemed also of the theatre; you thought of strains by Gounod, by the author of *Mignon*, and of Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*. Yet there was a certain delicacy and flavor of originality and quaintness about it. In the finale we had the wild Cossack fire and impetus without stint;—extremely brilliant and exciting, but could we ever learn to love such music? How wonderfully Von Buelow rendered it, there is no need of telling; all that a hearty sympathy, a masterly conception and an infallible technique could do for it, it had in the fullest degree; and the young author well knew that his work could not suffer in such hands.

The "Moonlight" Sonata seemed beforehand out of place in that great hall, and the poor trick of turning the gas down did not help to take away publicity. But we have before spoken of the marvellous power this artist has of getting out tone with a fullness and distinctness that makes every note heard in all parts of the great space. And we may say that we never heard a more exquisite or more truthful interpretation of the whole Sonata. Now and then a single low tone, so rich and full and soulful, would stand out like a poem by itself. He glided without pause into the Allegretto, which he took at a moderate tempo, as is right and natural, but which is so often taken quite too fast. After this quiet spirit has contained itself so long, the outburst of the impassioned *Presto* was all the more fiery and transporting. It was indeed a perfect revelation of the meaning of the Fantasia-Sonata. The finale of the *Sonata Appassionata* was just the fit thing to follow for an encore piece. In the Saturday matinée, he made a kindred passage of a few measures from the Adagio of the Ninth Symphony serve as prelude to the "Moonlight," and very happily.

The Schubert Fantaisie in C is one of those works which really gain by such expansion as Liszt gives them. We have had it well played here before in the Harvard Concerts; but this time we felt its fine alternations of grandeur and of delicacy more than ever before. How the instrument sang when the "Wanderer" melody was introduced!—Here is the last programme (6th concert):

Overture—Ruler of the Spirits.....Weber
Grand Concerto—Opus 185, in C Minor.....J. Raff
Dedicated to Hans Von Buelow.
Allegro—Andante quasi Larghetto—Finale.
Capriccio Brillant—Opus 22 in B minor..Mendelssohn
Piano and Orchestra.
Overture—Son and Stranger.....Mendelssohn
a. Ricordanza—Etude de Concert.....Liszt
b. Venezia E Napoli—Gondolhera E Tarantella.
HANS VON BUELOW.
Rondo—In C major, for two pianos.....Chopin
B. J. LANG and HANS VON BUELOW.

The little orchestra still manifested improvement,—the magnetic current from the concert-giver being now transmitted through a willing and a cheerful medium. The Raff Concerto, we confess,—so far as we could seize its intrinsic character (and that could not fail to manifest itself through such an interpreter)—did not really edify us much more than when Mme. Schiller played it twice last winter. The first movement, with all its ingenuities, high coloring, and intensified effects, leaves but a vague impression (we speak for ourselves); the Andante has indeed some lovely passages; the Finale is one of those over-elaborate prolonged repetitions of a March rhythm, making too much of little, which Raff appears to be so fond of. To us, and we believe to many, the unpretending and familiar Mendelssohn Capriccio was a refreshment after it; here again we found ourselves in the clear, calm light of sincere Art. The little solo pieces by Liszt—not so little either—have many times been played here, and they never interested us much; but this time we were almost converted to them as products of true poetic beauty, by the masterly interpretation of Von Buelow; it seemed to open secret unsuspected chambers of his power; perhaps the most wonderfully perfect execution that we ever heard of anything. The Chopin Rondo was very finely rendered by both artists, who kept perfectly together; and this compliment of Von Buelow to his new conductor, like the one before, when he led him out to share the honors of a recall, found sympathetic audience.

—And so this great artist,—so conscientious in every smallest point of all he does,—so prone to merge himself in the music and the author he interprets,—so completely able to express whatever he conceives (and his conception always seems to be the right one), has left us! It is well to have rest awhile. But we need be in no hurry to sum up and state the "gist" of the entire impression, for we shall soon welcome him again. Mr. Peck, to whose enterprise we are indebted for these seven feasts, has made arrangements to have him return in January and give some concerts of Chamber music with the Philharmonic Club (Messrs. Listemann, etc.)—Could we only have some of them in a smaller room!

Tietjens and Arabella Goddard. Next came the great singer,—we doubt not the greatest now upon the concert, oratorio or lyric stage. Yet her great fame drew by no means a great audience on Monday evening of last week. It was partly because we needed rest after so much; partly because of the indifferent and so-called "popular" programme. Mlle. Tietjens's selections were three. The first a noble one, the great scena from *Oberon*. Her first appearance, with her large, commanding figure, her genial, generous, kindly face, full of intelligence, and her queenly, easy, unpretending manner, was most warmly greeted. And when the first tone was heard: "O-ean, thou mighty monster," there was assurance of a voice of remarkable volume, power and sweetness, which proceeded to show itself admirably adequate, throughout its whole compass, to the expression of the whole varied range of emotion in that great Aria—the awe, the wonder, the anxiety, the sudden gleam of hope, the ardent longing, the triumphant joy in the ecstatic swift finale! Never had we heard it so gloriously sung, although Parepa too had done it grandly. But here was not only a larger voice, with equal purity and freshness (for fresh it is, though not a young girl's voice,—we were at a loss to understand the New York criticisms upon that score), but a greater depth of nature and of soul behind the voice. Every tone was rich and large and musical; the highest tones as clear and pure as a bell. Method, execution, phrasing, were all perfect. It was the great style, so rare in our day,—simple, broad and noble. The school of Parepa and of Rudersdorff, with more of the dramatic fervor and imaginative insight of the latter. The effect was electrifying. On being recalled, she sang "Sweet Home," with the utmost simplicity, all in that large, expressive voice, showing the art of concealing art in the perfection of her pure cantabile. The same may be said of her rendering of Gounod's *Ave Maria* (with violin obligato by M. E. Sauret), though we cared not much for the selection. Still less for the Arditi *Valse*, which was most brilliantly executed, and proved her at home enough in that kind of vocalization, but in which powers like her's (and opportunities like ours with her here for once) seem thrown away; yet it made a *furore*, which of course pleased Manager Strakosch, who probably set this trap for it; an impresario must think of something besides Art!

Mme. Goddard's selections were of too small a kind for the great hall; a Concerto with orchestra would have better served to place her in a fair light. The Steinway on which she played, too, could not have been up to the average of their fine work; in strong passages the strings jangled and the sound became confused. But she gave an admirably nice, clean, even rendering of the Thirty-two short Variations by Beethoven on an original air in C minor; in her running passages there is the precision and neatness of a musical box; still more apparent in the Thalberg Fantasia on *Masaniello*,—rather an indifferent selection and behind the times. Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith" variations (for an encore) were the perfection of pure, clear, fluent execution; we know not that we ever heard them so well done. Mme. Goddard made an excellent impression, though of course she came out only in a half light so soon after Buelow and by the side of the great prima donna.

Mr. Tom Karl, with his sweet tenor, sang the Romanza from *Mignon* expressively; and, in the beginning of the Concert, with Sig. Orlandini, baritone, a very empty, commonplace "Grand Duo:" *I Marinari*, by Masini; of which an encore was forced upon the patient lamblike audience through the persistent clapping of a dozen or two pairs of hands judiciously distributed about the hall.—An orchestra, smaller than Buelow had, under the lively leadership of Herr Carlberg., opened the concert with the *Zampa* Overture, and the second part with a humorous and pretty burlesque by Gounod ("Funeral March of a Marionetta,") which had a descriptive programme, and seemed intended as a satire on the modern "programme symphonies." It is quite original, in a French vein, and makes the instruments almost talk to one another. M. Sauret showed his violin virtuosity in a Fantasia on "Faust" and a Reverie by Vieuxtemps.—On the whole, not a worthy programme for two artists of the first rank!

That of the second (and last) concert, on Friday evening, was better, and so too the audience was very much larger. Mlle. Tietjens knew by this time (if not before) what would please the Boston

taste. And so, after a magnificent delivery of the Scena with Prayer from *Der Freyschutz* (the best we can recall since Jenny Lind), and a most large and noble specimen of pure *cantabile* in the well-worn Handel Aria: *Lascia ch'io pianga*,—by no means one of the best from his Italian operas—she had substitated for the Arditi piece, at first announced, a couple of songs by Schumann. Of these the first, the "*Nussbaum*," seemed almost too slight and delicate for her great voice and for that place; it needs a small room, where the song may come closer to the pianoforte accompaniment; yet it was sung with exquisite sweetness and refinement. The second: "Du meine Seele," with all its rapturous fervor, its uncontainable aspiration, and the deep, tranquil feeling of its middle subject ("*Du bist die Ruh*," etc.) was indeed gloriously rendered; and "*O Sonnenschein*," with which she answered the encore, was full of sunshine and rich coloring warmth. She had already sung, as an encore to the Handel air, Schubert's "Margaret at the Spinning Wheel" (*Meine Ruh ist hin*), and with more beauty and true pathos than we ever heard in it from any other singer.

In the course of the evening Mlle. Tietjens's voice did show slight signs of a cold (contracted in Providence), but nothing to justify the statement that it has lost its freshness.—Mme. GODDARD won new favor by her finished rendering of Mozart's Sonata ending with the Turkish March, and a Fantasia on several Scotch airs.

TIETJENS IN ORATORIO. The great crowd of satiated and economizing concert goers (in these hard times) saved itself for the grand performance of *Elijah* on Monday evening, by the Handel and Haydn Society, 600 strong, with the aid of a fine group of soloists besides the glorious Soprano. The Music Hall was absolutely packed and everything went well. Indeed it was about as magnificent a performance as we have ever had of this great popular dramatic Oratorio. Every chorus was effective, orchestra and organ helping to good purpose. The quartets, double quartet and Angel Trio, were exceptionally fine with such singers to support the great Soprano as Miss ANNA DRASDIL, Contralto, Miss SARAH C. FISHER, Soprano, Miss ITY WELSH, Contralto, Mr. W. J. WINCH, Tenor, and Mr. J. F. WINCH, Basso, who joined in this work, besides grandly giving the great rôle of the Prophet. To be sure, Mlle. Tietjens's great voice seemed almost out of proportion to the others, but it did much to steady them; and Miss Drasdil's voice sounded somewhat dry and ineffective in the concerted pieces, her quality of tone not blending very happily with the rest; and in this way only was she heard during the first part; but when she came to the solos in the second paat, she gave the vindictive recitative of the Queen with great dramatic force and fire, and her singing of "O rest in the Lord" was so touching and so full of feeling, and the tones so rich in their strange individuality, that the whole audience were delighted beyond measure, and that number proved the great hit of the evening. Miss Welsh, who sang most of the Angel solos, particularly the Air "Woe, woe unto him," charmed everybody by her pure style, true, simple feeling, and distinct enunciation, winning a round of applause which seemed to take her by surprise. Her rather light organ is very sweet in quality. Once the voice broke, but she kept on bravely; and once or twice the nervousness betrayed itself by a slight drooping from the pitch; her contribution on the whole, however, was a beautiful success. We hardly thought the voice of our Elijah to be quite at its best, but it was a grand interpretation, and Mr. W. J. Winch won warm recognition in the tenor solos.

Now as for Mlle. Tietjens, she was in admirable voice, so that her every tone, especially the highest, rang out as clear and pure as a bell and with a very sweet, expressive quality. The part of the Widow was given with great dramatic intensity, in the answers of the boy sent out to look for signs of rain, the crystal clearness of the tones was thrilling; and in "Holy, holy" there was an august and sacred majesty such as we have only heard in Exeter Hall from Mme. Goldschmidt, whose voice, however, at that time was by no means so well preserved as that of Tietjens is to-day, and who used it not without much more effort. "Hear ye, Israel" was superbly rendered, and, but for the fact that it, like all the Soprano solos in this oratorio, ends in a chorus, it would have received the great ovation of the evening. If some hearing her that evening for the first time, were a little disappointed in finding the voice not quite so sympathetic as some others, they must bear in mind that in *Elijah* the most sympathetic portions of the solo music do not fall to the Soprano; nothing like "O rest in the Lord," for example. On the whole it was a magnificent performance of *Elijah*, and made that almost too familiar oratorio seem new again.

We trust that Mlle. Tietjens, and Mme. Goddard also, will return to us, and that there is still a chance of hearing the former in Opera, say in *Fidelio* and the *Medea* of Cherubini.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. The eleventh season of Symphony Concerts opened in a quiet and very enjoyable way on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 4. The audience was hardly up to the average in numbers, but one more refined, more genial, sympathetic and encouraging is seldom seen. It was a pleasant sphere in which to sit and listen to good music. And they did listen with every sign of satisfaction, as well as with a certain loyal feeling of respect, as one does to anything that has proved itself good, and is not mere display or speculation. The music also was worth listening to, and sure to reward even were it for the hundredth time attention so secured. For, though the programme contained nothing new, its four numbers were all of sterling quality, things not heard too often. Cherubini's Overture to "The Water Carrier," and Bennett's fourth Piano Concerto, in F minor (never heard but once before in Boston) formed the first part. The second consisted of Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony, ever fresh and interesting, and not much heard for several years, followed by Weber's Overture to "*Der Beherrscher der Geister*" (Ruler of the Spirits).

In point of fact, however it will be seen, that a full third part of the programme virtually was "new,"—we mean the Bennett Concerto. We only wish that we could feel it to be equal in power and inspiration to its companion pieces upon this occasion. It is a graceful composition, inasmuch as it is Sterndale Bennetts', and has passages of delicate and rare beauty. But it too often sinks into "prettiness," as when it lingers over those tempting, delicate little figures in the *Barcarolle*, which is the most taking movement. The strong episodical subject which occurs in the middle is indeed a relief, but hardly reconciles one to the return again and again of so slight an idea. Mr. ERNST PERABO played it with a remarkably finished accuracy and tasteful, delicate expression. But we fear that some of his finer passages were lost to many ears, not by his own fault, but by reason of a peculiarity in the technical structure of the work itself; it is a way of Bennett's to crowd his harmonies together in the middle of the instrument, instead of availing himself of the larger sonority obtained from open harmonies dispersed more widely over the keyboard. The orchestra accompanied finely; and indeed we hear only one opinion as to all the orchestral work of that day, to wit: that it was highly satisfactory and full of encouragement for the season. It shall be better yet, we are assured, if there be any virtue in careful study and rehearsal.

The Second Concert, (next Thursday) offers: Overture to "Fierabras," *Schubert*: Piano Concerto in B minor, first time, *Hummel* (Mme. MADELINE SCHILLER); the charming little Incantation and Entr' acte from Schumann's "Manfred," the Heroic Symphony, *Beethoven*: Overture and (for the first time) Ballet music from Weber's "Preciosa."

There is still quite a list of Concerts left, to which we shall have to return in our next.

NEW YORK, Nov. 8, 1875. The past four weeks have furnished musical entertainment sufficiently varied to suit every taste. The Tietjens Goddard troupe is one of the strongest companies which have ever visited us, and if their concerts have not been largely patronized, it is certainly owing to no lack of merit in the performance. A singular incident which occurred in connection with one of these concerts has been the subject of considerable comment in musical circles. At the second concert Mme. Goddard according to the programme, should have played Mendelssohn's Capriccio, Opus 22, but, for some unknown reason, the lady actually *did* play two movements from the G minor concerto by the same composer instead of the piece announced. The result was that three of our leading journals the next morning published elaborate articles criticizing the performance of the *Concerto*, and one, at least, of the critics made comparisons between Mme. Goddard's rendering of the piece (which she did not play) and the manner in which it is played by other pianists. This is a singular error, to say the least, inasmuch as the G minor Concerto is a composition familiar to every one who is in the habit of attending concerts, and it is played here at least once every season. The most singular feature of the whole matter is that *three* critics should have fallen into the same trap. As far as I can learn, none of these unfortunate scribes has offered any excuse. Misery loves company, and they can doubtless console each other while awaiting the inevitable day which shall give them an opportunity to retaliate upon the other journals which have twitched them so unsparingly.

Mme. Goddard has given a pianoforte recital at which she played Schubert's piano Fantasia, op. 78, —Variations, op. 35, by Beethoven and other pieces, and Tietjens has sung in Oratorio.

Wachtel is still at the Academy—with one of the worst companies which has ever been brought together within those walls, and that is saying not a little. The audience there is composed chiefly of Germans.

The brief season of English opera at Booth's was a fortunate one if full houses could make it so.

The *Arcadian* paint a clever cartoon entitled "Rival Prima Donnas and their Flags," which represents one Star Cantatrice quite over-shadowed by our national colors,—arrayed, in fact, in the stars and stripes and labelled "I am the great American Prima Donna!" Facing her stands another singer bearing a banner with the simple inscription "Talent." The first is a portrait of Tietjens, but who is represented by the first? Wild horses could not force me to make the revelation.

The attendance at the Philharmonic Matinée on Nov. 5th was not large. The following selections were given:

Symphony: "Eroica,"..... Beethoven
Cavatina: "Zara"..... Meyerbeer
Mrs. Emily Bittman.
Suite de Bal..... Lachner
Cavatina: "Bel Raggio"..... Rossini
Overture: "Julius Cæsar,"..... Von Bachow

Herr Theo. Wachtel, Tenor, and Mrs. Nannette Falk-Auerbach, pianist, will appear at the general rehearsal and concert Nov. 12, and 13.

The first of the Thomas Symphony Concerts will occur, at Steinway Hall, on Saturday evening next, and the concert will be preceded by a matinee rehearsal on Thursday.

The new Chickering Hall, which is now nearly finished, is a marvel of taste, and its acoustic properties are said to be perfect. Herr von Bülow will begin his concerts there on Monday next.

The New York Oratorio society will perform Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* at Steinway Hall tomorrow evening, with the aid of Theo. Thomas's orchestra.

A. A. C.

CHICAGO. Apropos to organists and organ music I send herewith the programmes of the twenty organ recitals just completed here by Mr. H. C. Eddy. As you will see, they cover a wide range, and are of exceptionally fine quality throughout. Up to this point I believe there are no repetitions. In regard to the style of performance I can only repeat what I have said before. Mr. Eddy has a masterly technique, a clear and even style of performance, rather warm than otherwise, very neat phrasing, and a good ear for combinations. I have never heard his superior (if his equal) in all that belongs to good organ-playing, so far as I understand it. For the benefit of eastern readers who may never have heard him, I may add that the most difficult of these pieces did not seem a severe tax on his technique, but that everything was done with artistic repose. The programmes amount to a catalogue of the best organ music, for which reason they are well worth printing. Yours truly,

DER FREYSCHUETZ.

I.

1. Sonata No. 2, in G minor.....Merkel 1827—
(Maestoso—Adagio—Allegre Assai—Fuga.)
2. "Ave Maria,".....Arcadelt 16th Century.
(Transcribed by Liszt.)
3. "Marche Celèbre," from Suite No. 1. Franz Lachner 1804—
(Transcribed by Lux.)
4. Recitative and Aria, from the Creation.....Haydn 1732—1809
a. "And God said: Let the earth bring forth living creatures."
b. "Now heaven in fullest glory shone."
Prof. Bergstein.
5. Canonic Variations (manuscript).....Haupt 1810—
(On "Der lieben Sonnen-Licht und Pracht.")
6. Toccata and Fugue, in D minor.....Bach 1685—1750
(Peters' Ed., Book IV. No. 4.)
7. Aria, "Come unto me,".....Coenen 1820—
Prof. Bergstein.
8. Theme and Variations, in A flat.....Thiele 1816—1848

II.

1. Prelude and Fugue, in B minor.....Bach 1685—1750
(Peters' Ed., Book II, No. 10.)
H. Clarence Eddy.
2. "Weihnachtspastorale" (Christmas Pastoral), Merkel 1827—
H. Clarence Eddy.
3. Theme and Variations, in A.....Hesse 1809—1863
Miss Carrie T. Kingman.
4. "Salve Maria,".....Mercadante 1798—1870
Mrs. Clara D. Stacey.
5. Sonata in A, No. 3.....Mendelssohn 1809—1847
H. Clarence Eddy.
6. Overture to "Samson,".....Handel 1685—1759
(Transcribed by Best.)
H. Clarence Eddy.
7. Three Songs.....F. G. Gleason
a. "Now sleep my heart contented."
b. "He who this longing feels."
c. "O, thou art like a flow'ret."
Mrs. Clara D. Stacy.
8. Concert-Satz, in C minor.....Thiele 1816—1848
H. Clarence Eddy.

III.

1. Sonata in D minor.....Ritter 1811—
2. Pastorale.....Kullak 1818—
[Transcribed by Best.]
3. Variations on "Annie Laurie,".....Buck
4. "The Wanderer,".....Fesca 1820—1849
Mr. Edward Schultze.
5. Prelude and Fugue, in E minor.....Bach 1685—1750
[Peters' Ed., Book II, No. 9.]
6. "Adagio," Op. 35.....Merkel 1827—
7. "Cujus Animam,".....Rossini 1792—1868
From the "Stabat Mater."
Mr. Edward Schultze.
8. Concert-Satz, in E flat minor.....Thiele 1816—1848

IV.

1. Grand Fantasia and Fugue, in G minor.....Bach 1685—1750
[Peters' Ed., Book II. No. 4.]
2. "O Sanctissima,".....Lux 1820—
3. Sonata in B flat, No. 4.....Mendelssohn 1809—1847
[Allegro con brio—Andante religioso—Allegretto—Allegro maestoso e vivace.]
4. Recitative and Aria, from the St. Matthew Passion Music.....Bach 1685—1750
a. "Thou dear Redeemer."
b. "Grief and Pain."
Miss Ella A. White.
5. *a.* Canon in A.....M. G. Fischer 1773—1829
b. Etude in C sharp minor.....Chopin 1809—1849
Transcribed by Haupt.
6. "At Evening,".....Buck
7. *a.* "Geheimes" [The Secret].....Schubert
b. "Trockene Blumen" [Withered Flowers.] " 1797—1828
Miss Ella A. White.
8. Schiller March.....Meyerbeer 1791—1864
[Transcribed by Best.]

V.

1. Sonata in E minor.....Ritter 1811—
2. *a.* "Romance" in G, Op. 40.....Beethoven 1770—1827
b. "Abendlied" [transcription].....Schumann 1810—1856
Mr. Wm. Lewis.
3. Choral Prelude [on "Allein Gott in der Höh' sei Ehr."].....Bach 1685—1750
[Peters' Ed., Book VI. No. 9.]
4. Tonstück, Op. 22, No. 1.....Gade 1817—
5. Duet, "I feel thy presence,".....Graben-Hoffmann 1820—
Miss Lyon and Prof. Bergstein.
6. Canonic Studies in B major and B minor, [From Op. 56.].....Schumann 1810—1856
7. Concert-Fugue in C [manuscript].....Haupt 1810—
8. Fugue, for violin alone.....Bach 1685—1750
Mr. Wm. Lewis.
9. Passacaglia.....Bach

VI.

1. Prelude and Fugue in C minor.....Bach 1685—1750
[Peters' Ed., Book II, No. 6.]
2. "Bridal Song" (from the "Wedding Music," Op. 45.].....Jensen 1831—
[Transcribed by H. C. Eddy.]
3. Ballade in G minor, Op. 23.....Chopin 1809—1849
Mrs. Eugenie de Roode Rice.
4. Fantasia and Fugue in C.....Mozart 1756—1791
[Transcribed by Haupt.]
5. Recitative and Aria [from "Judas Maccabæus,"] Handel 1685—1759
a. "My Arms."
b. "Sound an Alarm."
Mr. W. H. Stanley.
6. "Hear my Prayer,".....Mendelssohn 1809—1847
[Transcribed by Best.]
7. *a.* "Ende vom Lied,".....Schumann 1810—1856
b. Schumann's "Liebeslied,".....Liszt 1811—
Mrs. Eugenie de Roode Rice.
8. Sonata in C minor, No. 3.....Merkel 1827—
9. Song, "The Message,".....Blumenthal 1829—
Mr. W. H. Stanley.
10. Concert-Satz in C minor [manuscript].....Thiele 1816—1848
Arranged by August Haupt, Organist of the Parochial Kirche, Berlin, and teacher of Mr. Eddy.
The original of this immensely difficult concert piece was composed by Louis Thiele for two players on the organ, and is one of the posthumous works of this remarkable genius. It is believed that this is the first public performance of this transcription in America.

VII.

1. Grand Sonata in E flat, Op. 22.....Buck
[Allegro con brio—Andante espressivo—Scherzo. Vivace non troppo—Finale. Allegro maestoso, with Fuga on "Hail Columbia."]
2. Theme and Variations in A flat.....Hesse 1809—1863
2. Recitative and Aria [from "Der Freischütz"] Weber 1786—1826
Madame Jenny Vally.
4. Concert Variations, on the "Star Spangled Banner," Buck
5. Prelude and Fugue in A minor.....Bach
[Peters' Ed., Book II, No. 8.]
1685—1750
6. Variations, on "America,".....Rink 1770—1846
7. *a.* Recitative and Aria, from "Rinaldo,".....Handel 1685—1759
b. Prayer, from "Aida,".....Verdi 1814—
Madame Jenny Vally.
8. "Allegro Marziale," Op. 38, No. 2.....Best 1825—

VIII.

1. Fantasia in C minor.....Bach 1685—1750
[Peters' Ed., Book IV, No. 12.]
2. "Out of the Deep" (130th Psalm].....Spohr
[Transcribed by Best.] 1784—1859
3. Offertoire in A flat.....Read
4. *a.* "Serenade,".....Kreutzer 1782—1849
b. "Sailor's Song,".....Hatton
The "Garden City Quartette." [1814—
5. Sonata in D, No. 5.....Mendelssohn 1809—1847
[Andante—Andante con moto—Allegro maestoso.]
6. "Andante" [from the Quartet in D minor,...Mozart 1756—1791
[Transcribed by Best.]
7. "Fanfare,".....Lemmens
8. *a.* "Good Night,".....Abt 1819—
b. "Tar's Song,".....Hatton 1814—
The "Garden City Quartette."
9. Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue.....Thiele

(To be Continued.)

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Must we then meet as Strangers? Elegant Illustr. Title. 3. A*b* to f. *Thomas.* 50
"O must the love we plighted,
One heedless word destroy?"
A song that, considering its elegant appearance, beauty of melody and general elevation of character, must stand very near "the head of the list," for the season. A very large sale may be predicted.

The Days that are no More. 4. E*b* to e. *Blumenthal.* 40
"Tears, idle tears,
I know not what they mean."
Tennyson made it. Blumenthal made it. Which statement is right? It is not necessary to decide, as words and music are alike musical.

Sunset Hour. Alto or Baritone Song. 3. B*b* to d. *Howe.* 30
"Above, below, thy spell and power
Banish clouds of sky and sorrow."
Mr. Howe has been fortunate in his title, his poetry and melody, having evidently written during a true inspiration. A first-rate song.

When the Tide comes in. 2. D to d. *Barnby.* 40
"Mother" he cried, "go watch the tide
As it cometh up to Lynn."
Very pathetic, impressive and beautiful.

Gracious Heaven! (Ciel pietoso). 5. G to f. *Bellini.* —
"Al mio labbro perdono un lamento,"
"Ah! forgive me my complaining."
A beautiful "prayer" from Il Straniera, not especially difficult, except in a cadenza, (which may be omitted.)

Kissing in the Moonlight. 3. D to *g.* *Lavarnie.* 40
"She's as handsome as a lily in the summer."
Pretty picture title, and sprightly music.

Instrumental.

Star of Home. (Heimathstern). Fantasie Brillante. 5. F. *Zahn.* 40
Commences like a nocturne, but soon loses that character in consequence of the introduction of many light arpeggios, and other musical fireworks. A brilliant and effective piece.

Burletta. 3. C minor. *Hamblin.* 2 hands, 35
4 " 60
Conjures up, in a short space, an unique kind of musical hurly-burly, which is not bad to hear. Quite original effect.

Tired. 3. E*b*. *B. Richards.* 25
An easy and graceful transcription of a beautiful sacred song.

Andante. (For Organ). 5. F. *Calkin.* 50
For manual and pedal, the part for the latter requiring some little skill with the feet.

Knights of Pythias Quickstep. 3. A*b* *Otto.* 30
A spirited Quickstep composed for "Cœur de Lion" Lodge, Dallas, Texas, but good for all marching occasions.

Passing Thoughts. Waltzes. 3. D*b*. *Poston.* 30
A short set of 3 waltzes, which may, however, be played as one piano piece. Elegant thoughts.

Rhapsodie Hongroise. 7. F. *Liszt.* 1 25
One of the first-class pieces brought to present notice by the masterly playing of Von Bülow. Hungarian music is peculiarly suited to Liszt's genius.

Gazelle Galop. 2. G. *Piefke.* 30
The "Gazelle" is well suited for little "deers" to play on the piano. It is neat and very bright.

Fisher's Song. (Fischerlied). 4. G. *Lange.* 40
One of the sweetest and most graceful of "transcriptions," if it is a transcription.

Just in Time Galop. (Zur rechten Zeit). 2. C. *Aronsen.* 40
Neat and easy to play, "just in time."

Addie's Waltz. 3, F. *Riley.* 30
Admirable music, fresh and new.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked 1 to 7. The *keys* marked with a capital letter; as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

CHOICE NEW SONGS AND PIECES.

Marked with the Key, the Pitch, and the degree of difficulty, and concisely described for teachers and players.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Wolf. Bass Song. 3. *E♭* to f. *Shield.* 40

"Your keys, jewels, cash and plate!
Silence, or you meet your fate."

For Bass or Baritone voice. A sensational piece describing the midnight visit of robbers.

My Good Father. (Il mio Babbo). 4. C to *a.* *Ricci.* 30

"In a trice, my little daughter."
"Presto, presto Giovanni."

A pretty little comic Italian ballad. One of about 30 songs, ably selected and translated by Mr. T. T. Barker. The set is called "Wayside Flowers."

Softly, sweetly Whisper. S'g and Cho. 3. *B♭* to e. *Danks.* 35

"Softly whisper that you love me,
Put your dimpled hand in mine."

One of Mr. D's beautiful melodies, joined to a pretty poem in popular style.

Won't you kiss me, little darling? S'g and Cho. 3. *E♭* to f. *Persley.* 30

"Press your ruby lips to mine."

Nice music.

What's the use of fretting? S'g and Cho. 2. G to e. *Beg.* 30

"They only wait a decent chance
To make their troubles known."

A bright little bit of sunshiny poetry, in praise of good humor, and against worrying.

Pretty Bird, come tell me why. 2. *E♭* to f. *Fox.* 30

"The day has gone, and still I hear,
Thy silvery notes so pure and clear."

A very sweet and simple ballad.

Fade, fade each Earthly Joy. Quartet. 4. *Crandall.* 40

"Jesus alone can bless."

Includes good solos, duet, etc., and is a very smooth and beautiful hymn anthem.

Grand Magnificat. For 4 voices. 4. C to *a.* *Du Mouchel.* 75

"Magnificat anima mea."
"Praise the Lord, O my soul!"

A rich quartet or chorus. Latin words only.

Dream that I love thee still. 3. F to f. *Price.* 30

"Dream that my spirit floats
Ever to thee."

Song in the drama "The Grand Admiral." Dona Serafina sings it. Short, but very sweet.

Sweethearts. 3. *A♭* to f. *Sullivan.* 40

"Oh, love,—for a week,—a year:—
But alas for the love that loves alway."

Among the best of its class.

I will go to the Altar. Trio for Sopr., Tenor and Bass. 4. G to *g.* *Southard.* 35

Such a sacred trio as one would expect Mr. Southard to write:—graceful, musical and highly finished. Try it.

Year after Year. 3. D to *a.* *T. D. L.* 30

"Year after year the cowslips fill the meadow."

A beautiful fragment of poetry by Miss Mulock, with music nicely adapted to the thoughts.

To Horse! Cavalry Song. 4. C to *g.* *Elson.* 30

"To horse! The trumpet calls,
On ready ears the signal falls."

A very spirited war song, dedicated to the "Lancers."

County Guy. 3. E minor and major to e. *Sullivan.* 40

"Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea."

It requires a skilled hand to put new music to an old and favorite ballad, and to do the work well. But Mr. Sullivan has succeeded in doing it.

Let me Dream Again. 4. C to e. *Sullivan.* 40

"Is this a dream?—
Then waking would be pain."

A most charming reminiscence.

One little sweet Kiss. Song and Cho. 3. *E♭* to *g.* *Maylath.* 30

"She was fair as the blush of the morning,
And her smile was a treasure to me."

Very pleasing ballad in popular style.

Return. 3. *B♭* to f. *Glover.* 30

"A spirit whispers, ah! return
To the land where all thy loved ones dwell."

A rich melody to words that sing of "home."

Aubade. Serenade. 4. F to *g.* *Cowen.* 40

"The stars are sleeping, and, dim with weeping,
The moon is keeping her watch on high."

Sung by Sims Reeves, and is a capital concert song.

Poor Old Nance. S'g and Cho. 2. *A♭* to f. *Minnie Patterson.* 30

"And on the time stained page they read
"My dear boy Jamie's hair."

Quite touching narrative song.

My Darling under the Vine's cool shade. (Herzliebchen mein unter Rebendach). 3. *A♭* to d. *Conradi.* 30

"O come thou down to me."
"O komm herab zu mir"

A charming German peasant ballad, in the form of a serenade.

Pleasures of Love. (Plaisir d'Amour). 3. F to f. *Martini.* 30

"Je t'aimerai, me repetait Silvie."
"I love thee, I love, said Silvie."

Uncommonly sweet melody. Throughout neat and beautiful.

If I only knew her Name. 2. D to f. *Brockway.* 40

"My heart was like a lark,
The sky was bright and gay."

By the author of "Twilight in the Park," and quite as good as that. Begin early to sing or whistle it. Fine picture title.

Little Tin Soldier. 3. *B♭* to d. *Molloy.* 30

"She was a little fairy dancer,
Bright as bright could be."

Hans Andersen's little story set to music. Those who sing it will be sure of great applause from the little ones, as it is very pretty.

Broken Rhythm. 3. *E♭* to e. *Boott.* 30

"My oars keep time to half a thyme,
That slips and slides away from me."

Words by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and are quite worthy of Mr. B's pure, classical, musical setting.

Bird of Love. 5. A to *a.* *Lemmens.* 30

"It warbles softly at the dawn,
And sings the whole day long."

A bird song of the sweetest character. Requires a moderately good execution in the "warblings" but otherwise not difficult, except, perhaps, in the rhythm.

Instrumental.

La Sylphide. Morceau de Salon. Op. 55. 4. C. *Lange.* 40

An exquisite "morsel," truly, and graceful as Lange's must be.

From a distant Shore. (Von fernem Strand). Polka Mazurka. 3. D. *Faust.* 30

Carl Faust lives in such "a distant" land that only his best pieces are likely to be known here, and this may be considered as one.

En Route. Marche Brillante. 4. E♭. *S. Smith.* 75

"Brilliant," in Sidney Smith's hands, becomes double brilliant, and this powerful affair is almost ablaze with brightness.

Marche des Amazones. 3. D. *Maylath.* 40

Full of staccato octaves and accents, and while it is good music, it is also a good practice piece.

The Flower of Andalusia. Fandango. (La Fleur d'Andalusia). 4. E♭. *Maylath.* 40

A spirited Spanish Air.

Pride of our Home. Nocturne. 3. E♭. *Wilson.* 60

Very sweet piece, but hardly as sweet as the child's face that looks out from the title.

Irish Diamonds. By *Willie Pape, ea.* 75
No. 3. Has sorrow thy young days; and Young May Morn.

Similar to others of the set in beauty, difficulty, and adaptability to public taste.

Bouquet de Bal. (Mazurka elegante). 4. F. *Ketterer.* 50

Very bright, anyway, but may be made still brighter by the addition (at will) of the arpeggios in small notes.

You and I. (With liberal Variations). 4. *A♭* *Grobe.* 60

Nobody has been more liberal in really good variations than Mr. Grobe, and the newest are as good as the best.

Premiere Saltarella. For 4 hands. 4. C. *Leybach.* 75

One of the set called "Les Inseparables," and is brilliant duet.

Cagliostro in Vienna. Operetta by J. Strauss.
No. 1. Waltz. 3. 75
" 2. Galop. 3. A. 35

It is a new thing for Strauss to write anything but dance music. But this operetta seems to be made principally of that kind, and all is therefore Strauss-y and super-brilliant.

The Holy Virgin. Meditation. Op. 225. 4. C. *Lange.* 50

Heather Rose. Op. 78. 3. F. " 35

There is an extraordinary evenness in the beauty of Mr. Lange's pieces. There does not seem to be a "feeble" or discordant measure in them. The above are no exceptions to the rule.

March of the 600,000. 3. E♭ *G. F. Root.* 30

A powerful march enclosing a melodious left hand passage of considerable length. Excellent practice.

Battalion March. 3. A. *Milliken.* 30

In 6-8 time, and will do either as a march or quickstep. Quite brilliant.

Aria and Polacca. From Ernani. For Piano and Flute. 4. *B♭* *Layard.* 75

A large number of airs which become popular on the Piano, are also arranged for the Flute. The above piece belongs to a set called "Choice Arrangements," embracing about 75 pieces.

Crystal Mazurka. 2. G. *Mason.* 30

Quite an easy and pretty piece in Mazurka form.

The Children's Musical. Pieces for little Hands. *Crandall, ea.* 30
No. 1. Little Frolic. 2. *A♭*
" 2. Little Sunshine. (Waltz). 2. D.
" 3. Little Sober-Sides. 3. A minor.
" 4. Little Fly-away. 3. C.

The pieces are all fingered, and are very clever arrangements for little learners, combining pleasure with study.

Streabbog's March. 6 hands. 2. C. 35

Easy pianoforte trio.

Bandit's Pranks. Overture. 4. C. *Suppé.* 75

This unpretending title names an overture which should be as well known to players as those of standard operas. It is very pleasing, and is new and bright.

Scrap Book. Valse de Salon. 3. F. *Briggs.* 40

Very pleasing and easy waltz.

Pleyel's Hymn. Variations. 4. *Briggs.* 40

The sweet old tune takes kindly to variations, which will almost do for Sunday interludes.

Honor the Ladies. Waltzes. 3. *Bela.* 75

Keler Béla should sell heaps of these, since he has selected so fine a title. Very attractive waltzes.

Books.

HIGH SCHOOL CHOIR. For High Schools, Academies and Seminaries. By L. O. EMERSON and W. S. TILDEN.

Two part, three part and four part songs, prepared with the same manifest skill which caused the success of the popular "HOUR of SINGING."

Price $1.00, or $9.00 per dozen.

THE SHINING RIVER. A Sabbath School Song Book. By H. S. and W. O. PERKINS.

Among the best of the kind, and is filled with wide awake and new songs for young singers.

Price 35 cts. or $30.00 per hundred.

New Method for Viola. With 25 Studies by *B. Bruni.* $2.00

Comprises a few pages of exercises, with suggestions for the management of the instrument, and 25 studies in various keys.

Analysis and Practice of the Scales. By *Isaac L. Rice.* $1.50

Contains well written descriptions of the various peculiarities of the Major and Minor Scales, with exercises for practice. Well worth the examination of teachers.

15 Selections from the Works of Mr. G. Fischer for the Organ. Arr. for the use of Students, by *N. H. Allen.* $2.50

This is a fine collection for organists of some ability in pedal playing. Fischer was trained by one of Bach's pupils, and his compositions are classical and solid.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter: as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

PUBLISHED BY

CHARLES H. DITSON & CO., NEW YORK.

Oliver Ditson & Co., BOSTON.

LYON & HEALY, CHICAGO.

THOMAS'S
SACRED QUARTETS and ANTHEMS,

COMPOSED, SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

J. R. THOMAS.

Price, in Boards, $2.50; Cloth, $3.00.

In introducing this Very Superior Collection, the Publishers would call attention to the following points:

1. The Quartets are admirable ones for Quartet Choirs. Without being, on the whole, very difficult, they are in perfect taste, and contain abundance of the "finished" style of Solos, Duets, &c., required by first class performers.
2. For larger choirs, and musical societies, the book has a special adaptation, as here are large numbers of attractive opening pieces, hymns, anthems, and the like, and in them many passages like: "Thine, O Lord, is the Greatness, and the Power and the Glory and the Majesty," requiring the full strength of the Chorus. There are also pieces with music both sweet and full, as in "In Heavenly Love Abiding," and there are some old hymns like "Gently Lord, O Gently," so wonderfully freshened and changed by the new setting as to appear like new creations.
3. The grace and beauty of these compositions commend them to the notice of musical families, and the majority are not too difficult for singers of average talent.

For further insight into the variety and richness of the selections, please read the

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To Thee, Great Lord.....*Rossini*
To Thee be Praise Forever.....*Sir M. Costa*
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WHOLE No. 903. BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 27, 1875. VOL. XXXV. No. 17.

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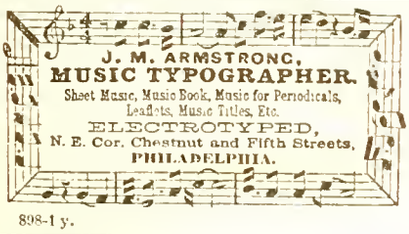

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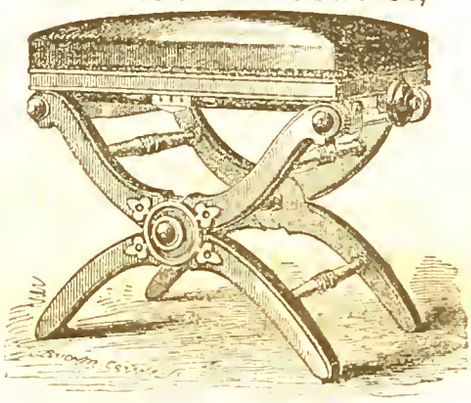

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WHOLE No. 903. BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 27, 1875. VOL. XXXV. No. 17.

The Pines and the Sea.

Beyond the low marsh meadows and the beach,
Seen through the hoary trunks of windy pines,
The long blue level of the ocean shines.
The distant surf with hoarse complaining speech
Out from its sandy barrier seems to reach;
And while the sun behind the woods declines,
The moaning sea with sighing boughs entwines,
And waves and pines make answer, each to each.
O melancholy soul,—whom, far and near,
In life, faith, hope, the same sad undertone
Pursues from thought to thought,—thou needs must hear
An old refrain, too much, too long thine own.
'Tis thy mortality infects thine ear.
The mournful strain was in thyself alone!

CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH, *in December Atlantic.*

Carl Maria Von Weber.

BY F. WEBER.

(Concluded from Page 122.)

The attitude of supreme indifference on the part of the Italian maestros resident in Germany with regard to the language and character of her people, necessarily resulted in their total inability to understand the bearings of the national movement inaugurated by Weber's *Freischütz*. In order to point out more clearly the views entertained by that party concerning the latter work and German opera in general, we cannot do better than quote a few passages from a letter written to a friend in 1821 (the year of the first production of *Freischutz*), by an eminent Italian (Carpani) residing in Vienna, and published in December of the same year in the *Biblioteca Italiana*. The writer says: "We have here (Vienna) an exceedingly romantic opera (*opera romanticissima*) with a more than romantic music by a certain Wöber (*sic*), which has a full house every time it is produced. I have not yet been able to hear it myself, but I know that it contains some pearls smothered in the scientific sand of counterpoint, and, besides, some few pretty choruses; for science is never wanting in the Germans—on the contrary, they have an abundance of it—but order, taste and melody . . . The facility with which the public here, highly musical as it is, will almost from day to day change its taste, is a fact both remarkable and difficult of explanation. To-day they applaud an opera by Rossini, to-morrow they go into raptures over a work by Paesiello; the one full of fire and rich in accompaniment—all melody and simplicity the other. The next day they are again quite content with a *Cortez*, composed in French by Spontini, or with a *Freischütz* by Weber, both most sparingly endowed with melody, especially the latter. To be more explicit, I will tell you that I gather from the score that, with the exception of some choruses and some marches, one looks in vain for the melodious *portamento* song throughout the entire opera. Instead thereof, you find a scrupulous interpretation of the meaning of every single word . . . but at the same time you are struck with a profound knowledge regarding chords and modulations, and with a number of devilish bounds from one idea to another . . . We shall shortly have a German opera by Spohr. As this learned composer has lived some years in Italy, he will, no doubt, have acquired the proper taste for melody, and should he be able to unite this prerogative of Italian music with German science, we may fairly expect, notwithstanding the musically intractable German words, to be treated to a fine opera. Through the unwieldiness (*indocilità*) and uncouthness of the native language, as well as through the overbearing attitude which the instrumental music had assumed over the vocal, the melodious singing was at one time in danger of being driven from the country altogether. Rossini and Mercadante, however, with other Italian swans, are gradually leading back the Germans to the only true path of the art. They will revive the great days of Hasse, Täuber, Mara, etc., and it will not be long before we shall again acknowledge but one Beautiful, one School, one Music: viz., that of Durante, Piccini, Cimarosa, of Gassmann, Graun, Mozart, and so many others. . . . Without the appearance of Rossini, this divine art was in danger of being drowned in the ocean of the most commonplace and ever-to-be repeated songlets, or to be lost sight of in the barren desert of abstruse harmonic complications. There can be no doubt that, by introducing once more the good style of music (*il buon genere*), and enriching it with new treasures, Rossini and Mercadante will save the art in Europe from decay. And if the former in his admirable works will only endeavor to check the impetuosity of his creative genius by the recognized laws of truth, and the latter continue to give us such smoothly and lucidly written operas as those are with which at this moment all Milan is enraptured; the superiority of Italian music will once more be universally acknowledged, no matter in which country it is produced." . . . The opinions as here pronounced, with the only variation, perhaps, of the respective choice in the person of the supposed "savior of the art," may fairly be taken as representative of the views held by the Italian party all over Germany. They show plainly how little the independent character of the works of even such German masters whom our referee allows to participate in the merit of having cultivated *il buon genere*, *i. e.*, the style of music as revealed periodically from the other side of the Alps, was understood in these quarters. For even Mozart, though his operas are undoubtedly cast in an Italian mould, as his genius had been trained in an Italian school, differs nevertheless widely from his preceptors in the manifold and sustained dramatic life pervading his stage-works, and in the essentially German character of his music. The stern and wholesome reforms of Gluck, with regard to the whole structure of the musical drama, are altogether ignored by the writer of the above exposition, though the theories of the composer of *Iphigenia* had a devoted follower in Vienna in the person of the writer's own countryman Salieri. It is not surprising then that—notwithstanding the hostility with which the Italian party met Weber's success—the real significance of his *Freischutz*, which showed neither the Italian leanings of a Mozart, nor the deliberate and one-sidedly reformatory tendenciet of a Gluck, but had its roots entirely in the national life of the people, should have altogether escaped their notice. Keeping in mind, however, the fact that these men represented a powerful aristocracy in matters musical all over the country, the importance of the appearance of Weber, with his democratic mission, becomes at once apparent. In his double capacity of director of an operatic establishment and creative artist, Weber had long keenly felt the subordinate position in which the German music-drama had for years been suffered to remain; a fact which had stunted its natural growth, and had contributed largely to the increasing preponderance of purely instrumental music. The mighty Beethoven himself, after having once demonstrated the wondrous effects which music of the most ideal order could produce on the stage, withdrew for ever from an unhealthy atmosphere of intrigue and unworthy competition, into the isolated regions of independent thought. Weber, on his part, was differently constituted. All his artistic aims, his whole being, centred in the stage. It was here, and here only, where he could hope to realize the dreams of his youth. Already in the merry days of his stay at Darmstadt, while yet the oracular utterances of "Papa Vogler" exercised their spell over the admiring pupil, Weber, with some friends, had formed a society, whose chief objects were to be to preserve the native art in its purity, and to labor for its due recognition in the country. Like many other creations of youthful enthusiasm, the Society soon dissolved itself into its elements. But to the principle Weber remained true throughout life; while another member, Meyerbeer, preferred to use his splendid talent in mastering and combining in his music the styles of *all* nations, and to become the founder of the musical sensation-drama, a monstrosity which, in spite of the consummate skill with which its incongruous elements are wedded together, will certainly prove to have been adapted "for an age" only, and not "for all time." We would not in this be misunderstood. The character of art, speaking in the abstract, is no doubt cosmopolitan, and in this sense music too is of no country. Still, as we recognize a distinct individuality in the works of every great artist, so there are certain special characteristics peculiar to the nation to which he belongs, which indeed establish its position in the great republic of Arts; and in art, as well as in politics, occasions may arise when this national character must assert itself against encroachments from outside tending to obstruct its natural development. And such a period was that of which we are now treating. When Weber threw down the gauntlet as champion for specifically German music, his patriotism went hand in hand with the higher interests of that art, which is indeed of no country.

The spirit of the time, it should be remembered, considerably strengthened and to some extent suggested, the position which our composer had taken up. The wars of liberation had only recently been fought, and the expulsion of the foreign invader from German soil, if it had left the country politically as divided as before, had at any rate kindled in the nation a feeling of spiritual unity, which was kept alive by the poetry and popular literature of the day. Weber too, though not by any means of a warlike disposition, had at least once been carried beyond his ordinary sphere by the high-going waves of a great epoch in history. His songs of "Lyre and Sword," written under the stirring influence of the events which lie between the years of 1813 and 1815, may be said to have first directed the attention of the whole country upon the small, delicate-looking man, whose simple notes could arouse so much manly enthusiasm. Here already it was the element of a noble popularity which had produced such deep effects. A few years later the country should hail in the composer of "Lyre and Sword" a new rallying point for the national consciousness, whereto it could turn from a politically unsatisfactory present. Not only had the music of *Der Freischutz* touched familiar chords in every German home, both in the cool and criticizing North and the more enthusiastic, if more homely, people of the South; it had also raised the common language from the timid position it had hitherto occupied by the

side of Italian, which had so long been considered the only linguistic basis tolerable in music. Though operas and songs had, of course, been composed in German before that time, we believe we are not going too far in asserting, that to Weber and to Schubert we must trace the now universal recognition of the value of that language for musical purposes. In his masterly treatment of it, Weber solves the difficult problem of maintaining the happy medium between rigid declamatory correctness and purely musical phrasing. The great singers of his time, moreover, bore eloquent witness to the delightful manner in which his music is adapted to the capacities of the human voice. In this he has never been surpassed. On the contrary, it would seem that in the modern opera-drama, where the human throat is fast becoming a mere instrument, the singer will have to make up his mind to the "higher development," i.e., a constant strain upon his highest notes—and will have to forego the not unreasonable luxury of having his voice treated with some consideration. How far Weber, whose influence upon modern art in various directions consisted as much in pointing out new paths as in his actually walking in them, has had a share in the reformatory ideas of Richard Wagner, it is not at present our object to determine. Certain it is, that the chief features of Wagner's earlier operatic works are to be found in *Euryanthe*, however much in his later phase he may have freed himself from this influence. But it appears to us that, in the elaborate modern "art-work," the grand simplicity of the Volkslied-element (which, after all, is the most immediate manifestation on record of the genius of the people, whom Wagner himself holds in such reverence) has been lost sight of. Instead of following up and enlarging upon the example so successfully set by Weber, the modern reformer, in his now so well-known theories, sets himself a task which, to be effectively carried on, would require a reconstruction and reorganization of the whole fabric of modern society. Nevertheless we are far from denying that the ideas underlying this new movement are grand, and as such worthy of the enthusiastic support of the, as yet small, circle of its devotees. There can be no doubt that, at any rate, these men represent the party of progress in musical art, in opposition to the rest-and-be-thankful spirit prevalent among the great majority of composers of the present day; and in this capacity they may claim kinship with the genius of Carl Maria von Weber, who, as his excellent biographer remarks, always had youth and progress on his side.

Weber was a conscious tone-poet, worshipping in himself the divine faculty which he recognized. He was an artist of great cultivation, who had the power to view his own relative position in the art by the objective light of its history, who distinctly felt the links which connected him with the great masters that had gone before him. It was this, which filled his soul with the earnest desire to hold sacred the purity of his art, as it had been handed down to him. Unlike the men of the "school," he aimed at the generalization and popularization, in the noblest sense of these terms, of that national inheritance; and listening intently to the voice of the people as it manifested itself, now with rich humor, now with touching pathos, in the *Volkslied*, he succeeded in holding up to them their ideal self—a precious pearl in elaborate, yet chaste, setting. This is Weber's great artistic deed, which has firmly established him in the hearts of the German people, and which places him foremost in the ranks of truly national Tone-poets.

We are conscious of having done but imperfect justice to the picture of an artist, whose importance to the art which his genius graced, cannot be pointed out with too much force. But if these remarks have given some inducements here and there, to a closer study of the *life* as well as of the works of the modest composer of *Freischütz*, *Euryanthe*, and *Oberon*, we feel sure the subject will render the student more than ever impressed with the truth, that music is not merely a means by which to convey vague feelings—but a living power, capable of penetrating a man's whole existence with its divine influence, and enlisting in its service the noblest aspirations both of his heart and intellect.—*Lond. Mus. Times.*

The Oldest Living Musician.

[From CHARLES K. SALAMAN'S "Recollections," in the London Concordia.

[Concluded from Page 123.]

I was affectionately attached to my instructor and friend, and, when a boy, impatiently, and with pleasure, looked forward to my lessons. I was ambitious to have a bald head and wear spectacles like my dear master. On reaching the age of 24 my ambition was gratified.

I occasionally played at Neate's numerous quartet parties at his residence in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square. Among many notes from him, I find the following, written in the summer of 1830:—

"Dear Charles,—I have a quartet this evening at eight, and shall be glad to see you. I shall want pianoforte players, as I shall only have Hummel, Moscheles, Ries and your humble servant, C. Neate." We sometimes in the evening played together duets for pianoforte and violoncello. One evening in 1832—if my memory be faithful—we were thus employed. We had played Beethoven's Sonatas in G minor and F, when Neate proposed that we should "go through" some compositions of a lighter character. In the middle of a very elegant concertante duo by Bochsa and Duport, we heard a loud double knock. "A visitor," said Neate, "who can it be?" The servant announced "Mr. Mendelssohn!" "He must not find us playing such music," said my companion, and he flung the music to the other end of the drawing-room. Mendelssohn was ushered into the room, with his fascinating smile and charming manner, and, of course, received a hearty, friendly welcome. We had no music, but most agreeable *talk* on the leading topics of the day, into which, in his delightful and animated manner, Mendelssohn entered with *gusto*, and with which, with true gentlemanly feeling, he exhibited a familiar acquaintance. I was sorry when he left us, after about an hour's friendly chat. We then resumed our practice, but not with the same spirit or inclination. On a summer afternoon, also in 1832, Mr. Neate had a quartet party. The room was full. Some of the most distinguished foreign musicians, who were then visiting London for the season, were of the party. Moscheles and John Field I remember as being present. I cannot recall the name of the leader of the quartet. Mendelssohn played the viola, and Neate the violoncello. After the quartet Mendelssohn was entreated to play a part of his G minor Concerto, which had just created an immense sensation at a recent Philharmonic Concert. In the most amiable manner he consented to play, and immediately seated himself at the instrument. I stood close behind him. Stimulated, no doubt, by the presence of so many eminent musicians, he played like one inspired, and produced a marvellous effect on all present. I was almost breathless. It may be supposed that the gifted composer and executant received no slight applause, and that he was almost overpowered by verbal commendations. It was a memorable day. Those were glorious times! I can hardly explain the cause; but certainly there was in by-gone days more sociality, more friendliness, less formality, and less estrangement amongst contemporary artists of distinction than at the present time. There was formerly more constant personal intercourse between musicians. Artist-life was then less artificial, and therefore more agreeable.

On the 26th of April, 1830, Mr. Neate gave an Evening Concert at the "Great Concert Room, King's Theatre," the second part of which was devoted to the performance of Beethoven's *Ninth, or Choral Symphony*. The orchestra—comprising sixty of the most eminent members of the Philharmonic band, and a well selected professional chorus—was led by Spagnoletti and Mori, and conducted by Sir George Smart. The Symphony was thus announced:—"The Second Part of the Concert, by permission of the Philharmonic Society, will consist of BEETHOVEN'S GRAND CHARACTERISTIC SINFONIA, with Vocal Solos by Mdme. Stockhausen, Miss H. Cawse, Mr. Begrez and Mr. E. Taylor, and Full Chorus. *Composed expressly for the Philharmonic Society.* The following prose translation of Schiller's ODE TO JOY, which constitutes the vocal part of this Symphony, may convey some idea of the character of this great production, and of the various sensations which influenced the mind of the composer." Then follows the translation. This performance of Beethoven's Symphony was the second which had taken place in England. It had been heard for the first time at a concert of the Philharmonic Society, on the 21st of March, 1825, and had failed to produce the effect desired and expected. Sir George Smart—the conductor—doubting his ability to comprehend the intentions of the composer, made a journey to Vienna to receive instructions from Beethoven himself. "No further attempt," says Hogarth, "was made to reproduce this arduous work for no less a period than twelve years, till 1837, when it was performed a second time under better auspices. I have shown that this statement is unaccountably incorrect. When the Philharmonic Society—for whom the Symphony had been expressly composed—had failed in its execution, and was satisfied to let the work slumber for twelve years, I think it will be conceded that Mr. Neate's performance of it in 1830, reflected honor upon him as a musician, and as Beethoven's personal friend. I was not present at Mr. Neate's concert. I was at that time at Stratford-upon-Avon, *assisting*, with Charles Kean, at Shakespeare's Jubilee. I received, however, a very detailed report of the concert, and of Beethoven's Symphony, and I have preserved the concert bill which I much prize.

While lately staying at Brighton, I took the opportunity to see my old friend. I was delighted to find that considering his great age, he was so little changed. He had read some numbers of *Concordia*, which I had lent him, and expressed himself gratified and flattered at having been mentioned therein. We talked over old times, and I led him to give me some particulars of his early life, which I have endeavored to embody in this paper. I noticed, hanging on the wall above Mr. Neate's easy chair, an engraved portrait of Beethoven—published by Artaria, of Vienna, in 1814. "Was that like Beethoven?"—I asked. Neate at once rose up from his chair, and advanced with feeble steps towards the portrait. "That is the very *image* of him," was the answer—"the *only true* likeness." "But was his complexion so dark, or is the engraving darkly printed?" "Beethoven was like a Moor: that is the image of him," repeated Neate. "Can you read the German inscription?" he continued. "Of course, I can," said I, and read, "To his dear friend Charles Neate. L. v. Beethoven. Vienna, 1816." "Do you see that blot on the left of it?" asked the aged musician. "Yes," I answered, "how came it there?" Neate, still standing before the portrait, said, "I was with Beethoven when several copies of the portrait were sent to him by the publisher. Beethoven gave me a copy, and while writing the inscription which you see, filled his pen too full of ink, and made that blot. He was about to tear it up, and give me another copy in lieu of it; but I preferred the copy with Beethoven's blot, and insisted upon keeping it." "You were right," said I. My aged friend, who had now become animated by the subject of our discourse, and the associations which it recalled, resumed his chair. "I will tell you an anecdote about Beethoven, which he himself related to me. 'I was writing an opera,' said Beetho-

ven. 'You mean *Fidelio*,' said I. 'No I don't,' continued Beethoven, 'another opera. I had written a song for Herr——' " (Here Neate endeavored in vain to remember the name of the singer. He, however, intimated that he was a very celebrated vocalist.) "'Herr —— did not like the song, and begged that I would write another one for him. I was angry, but I promised to do so. I composed the song. Herr—— came for it, tried it over, and went away apparently quite pleased with it. The next day, as I was at work as usual, I heard a knock at my door. I recognized it at once. It was Herr—— returned to say that the song did not suit him. I was in a furious rage, and threw myself on the ground, and began to kick about as if I was very ill. I would not listen to his complaint, and was determined not to compose another song for him. After a time Herr—— left me, and I gave my servant orders never more to admit him.' This," said Neate, "Beethoven told me himself." I perceived that my dear old friend's cheeks were flushed, and as it was now one o'clock, I arose to depart, with a promise to repeat my visit.

A photographic portrait of Mr. Neate—an admirable likeness of him at the age of 76—is published by Lenthall of Regent Street.

CHARLES K. SALAMAN.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Chickering's New Concert Hall.

The new edifice, erected by the great firm of Chickering and Sons, on the north-west corner of Fifth Avenue and Eighteenth street in New York, contains the ware-rooms for the sale of the Chickering pianos and a Concert hall where these beautiful instruments may be heard to the best possible advantage. The external appearance of the building must gratify the taste of the most fastidious, for it is at once substantial and elegant, and the architect, Mr. George B. Post, has every reason to be proud of his work. The dimensions of the building are as follows. Width on Fifth Avenue 79 feet, depth 135 feet and height, from the pavement to the top of the flagstaff, 175 feet.

The foundation is of concrete, laid two feet deep by ten feet broad, affording a substantial groundwork for the massive walls of brick and brownstone.

The second and third stories of the Fifth Avenue front form an arcade of three arches carried by four round columns in couples, and two square Doric columns. The tympanum of the arches is filled with stained glass. Above this is an attic story, and the building is covered by a wedge-like roof crowned by an ornamented ridge. Below the arches and on a level with the music-hall are three stone balconies carrying at the ends massive lamps of bronze, brilliant by night and ornamental by day. The façade, on the Eighteenth street side, is the same in design as the one on Fifth Avenue, save that the arches here are seven in number and without windows.

The interior arrangement and finish of the building are as near perfection as the resources of modern invention can make them.

The basement extends under the entire structure. The walls are four feet two inches thick, and the pillars supporting the girders are of solid white oak 14 inches square. It is estimated that each will sustain a weight four times as great as iron pillars would bear. This basement is devoted to the renting of pianos, the sale of second hand instruments and repairing.

The first floor contains the most elegant and spacious Piano ware rooms in the world. There are saloons for each kind of piano. Grand, Square, Upright, Semi-grand, Parlor-grand, all on one floor. Here also are the business offices of the firm.

Passing in at the grand entrance on Fifth Avenue, we find the business offices on the right hand and the piano ware-rooms on the left, while between the two is a stairway fourteen feet broad and of very easy ascent leading to the Concert hall on the second floor. The dimensions of the hall are one hundred and three feet deep by seventy-three feet wide and forty-nine feet high. The stage is twenty-eight by fifty-six feet. The seating capacity of the hal is fifteen hundred. The floor slopes downwards from the entrance to the stage, but it is an inclined plane without those short steps which we find so annoying at some of our theatres. From this arrangement and the fact that the seats are placed upon a finely drawn circle it follows that every one in the audience has an unobstructed view of the stage.

There is no proscenium and no provision for scenery or other accessories which pertain to the theatre rather than to the concert room. The auditorium is divided into parquette, parquette-circle and balcony-circle. The seats are especially comfortable, each being 19½ inches wide, while between each row there is ample space for passing to and fro without disturbing the sitters.

The lighting of the hall is done by twenty-five sunlights placed around the cornice near the ceiling. They are of novel and beautiful design and can be illuminated in an instant by an electrical contrivance. When lighted they are intensely brilliant, but the light is so distributed as not be in the least unpleasant to the eye. These sunlights are made to play an important part in the ventilation of the hall. Due weight has been attached to this very important feature, and we are authorized to state that the ventilating and heating apparatus are the very best which modern science can supply. They were fairly tested on the night of Von Bulow's first concert, when the hall was filled to its utmost capacity. The temperature during the evening was uniform and agreeable, while the fresh pure air was positively delightful when contrasted with the foul, heavy mixture of gases which is usually inhaled at our theatres and concert rooms. The hall will not be decorated until the walls shall have had ample time to settle; and even then there will be little more than a touch of gilding here and there to brighten a cornice or a panel. The general effect aimed at is that of elegant simplicity and perfect taste.

An organ, built by Roosevelt, will occupy each side of the stage. This instrument will cost $15,000. Two of the stops, the "Vox Humana" and "Vox Celestis" will be located in the roof whence, the "Art Journal" tells us, "The tones will fall down with a gently weird and dreamy loveliness." This will be much better than falling in solid chunks.

The artists' dressing rooms and reception-rooms are fitted up with everything which comfort and convenience require. On the Fifth Avenue side of the building there is a magnificent ladies' parlor and a room devoted to the members of the press. Both of these rooms are luxuriously furnished and the press room will contain a complete musical library.

The third floor contains rooms for teaching.

The fourth floor contains a Rehearsal-Hall fifty-eight by twenty-four feet, and twenty feet high. The walls, floor and ceiling of this hall—which is for the use of societies—are entirely sound proof, so that it can be used when a concert is going on in the great hall below.

New York has now two of the finest concert-halls in the world. Steinway's, the larger of these, has done noble service in past years and will do so in the future. For orchestral concerts it answers every requirement, but for the purpose of piano-playing alone—or for anything like Chamber-music, the need has long existed of a smaller concert room. For this we could have wished to be indebted to no one so much as the celebrated firm, which has now graced our city with a structure worthy of the name of Chickering.

A.A.C.

Organ Concerts.

CHICAGO. We give the remainder of Mr. H. C. EDDY'S Organ programmes; the first eight will be found in our last number.

IX.

1. Sonata in F, No. 1 ..... Mendelssohn 1809–1847
2. "Larghetto" [from Quintet, Op. 108] ..... Mozart 1756–1791
3. "St. Ann's" Fugue ..... Bach 1685–1750
[Peters' Ed., Book III, No. 1.]
4. *a.*] "Serenade," ..... Reif 1822–
b.] "Ave Maria," ..... Gounod 1817–
Mrs. Clara C. Stacy.
5. Sonata in D minor, Op. 30 ..... Merkel 1827–
[For four hands and double pedal.]
[Allegro moderato—Adagio—Allegro con fuoco—Fuga.]
Miss Kingman and Mr. Eddy.
This Sonata was assigned the prize by the "Deutschen Tonkalle," of Mannheim, in February, 1858.
6. Variations, on "Greenville," ..... H. C. Eddy
7. "Suleika," ..... Schubert 1797–1828
Mrs. Clara D. Stacey.
8. Hallelujah Chorus [from the "Mount of Olives,"] Beethoven 1770–1827

X.

1. Fugue in E minor ..... Handel 1685–1759
2. "Canzonet," [from the First Quartet, Op. 12], Mendelssohn
Transcribed by Best.] 1809–1847
3. Variations, on "God Save the King," ..... Hesse 1809–1863
4. Aria, "It is enough" [from "Elijah," Mendelssohn 1809–1847
James Gill.
5. Fantasia and Fugue in C minor ..... Bach 1685–1750
[Peters' Ed., Book III, No. 6.]
6. "Adagio," Op. 255, No. 1 ..... Volckmar 1812–
7. Concert Variations ..... Archer
8. *a.*] "Der Neugierige," (The Inquirer) ..... Schubert
b.] "Wohin?" (Whither) ..... "
[From "Die Schöne Müllerin."] 1797–1828
James Gill.
9. "War March of the Priests" [from "Athalie"] Mendelssohn 1809–1847
[Transcribed by Best.]

XI.

1. Prelude and Fugue in A minor ..... H. C. Eddy
2. "Andantino" [from "Rosamunde,"] ..... Schubert 1797–1828
Transcribed by Best.
3. Serenade, "Non e ver" ..... Mattei
W. H. Stanley
4. Sonata in D minor, No. 6 ..... Mendelssohn 1809–1847
[Choral, Andante sostenuto, Allegro molto—Fuga—Finale, Andante.]
5. Cavatina, "O mio Fernando" [from "La Favorita,"] Donizetti 1797–1848
Madame Jenny Vally.
6. *a.*] "Introduction" to Symphony No. 3 ..... Spohr 1784–1859
b.] "Andante Cantabile," ..... Hummel 1778–1837
Transcribed by Gottschalg.
7. Aria, "Cujus Animam" [from the "Stabat Mater"] Rossini 1792–1868
W. H. Stanley.
8. Theme and Variations in C [manuscript] ..... Thiele 1816–1848
9. "Ballade" [from "Der fliegende Hollander,"] Wagner 1813–
Madame Jenny Vally.
10. Toccata and Fugue in F ..... Bach 1685–1750
[Peters' Ed., Book III, No. 2.]

XII.

1. Prelude and Fugue in C minor ..... Mendelssohn Op. 37, No. 1. [1809–1847
2. "Prière," in F ..... Guilmant
3. "Give thanks to God" [from the "Fall of Babylon,"] Spohr
Transcribed by Best. [1784–1859
4. Song, "Tief d'runten" ["Down in the Deep,"] Adolf Müller 1802–
Prof. Carl Bergstein.
5. Sonata in E flat, No. 1 ..... Bach 1685–1750
[Allegro moderato—Adagio—Allegro.]
6. Arie of Leporello [from "Don Juan,"] ..... Mozart 1756–1791
Prof. Carl Bergstein.
7. "Romanze" [from the Symphony in D minor.] Schumann
[Transcribed by Peafield.] 1810–1856
8. Overture to "Stradella," ..... Flotow 1812–
Transcribed by Buck.

XIII.

1. Sonata in C minor, No. 2 ..... Mendelssohn 1809–1847
[Grave—Adagio—Allegro maestoso e vivace—Fuga, Allegro moderato.]
2. "Notturno" [from the "Wedding Music," Op. 45. Jensen
Transcribed by H. C. Eddy. [1837–
3. Wedding March ..... Buck
4. Concert-Aria, Op. 94 ..... Mendelssohn 1809–1847
Mrs. Clara D. Stacy.

5. Sonata in C minor, No. 2.....Bach
1685–1750
[Vivace—Largo—Allegro.]
6. Concert-Fugue in G.....Krebs
1713–1780
It is stated by good authority that J. L. Krebs studied with Sebastian Bach nine years, and was his best pupil. Bach has frequently said of him, jokingly, "Im meinem Bach habe ich nur einen Krebs gefangen" ("In my brook I have caught only one crab.")
7. *a.* "Serenade,".....Raff
1822—
b. "Wishes" (New).....Cooper
Mrs. Clara D. Stacy.
8. "Pastorale,".....Kullak
1818—
Transcribed by Best.
9. Tonstück, Op. 22, No. 3.....Gade
1817—

XIV.

1. Concerto in G, No. 1.....Handel
1685–1759
Larghetto—Allegro—Adagio—Andante.
2. *a.* Tonstück, Op. 22, No. 2.....Gade
1817—
b. March in B minor, Op. 27, No. 1.....Schubert
1797–1828
Transcribed by Best.
3. Prelude and Fugue in G, Op. 37, No. 2, Mendelssohn
1809–1847
4. "Spirit Song,".....Haydn
1732–1811
Mme. S. B. Hershey.
5. Sonata in D minor, No. 3.....Bach
1685–1750
Andante—Adagio—Vivace.
6. *a.* "Ungeduld" [Impatience].....Schubert
1797–1828
b. "On the Rocks,".....Sainton Dolby
Mme. S. B. Hershey.
7. Priére in F.....Guilmant
By request.
8. Toccata in A flat, Op. 85.....Hesse
1809–1863

XV.

1. Prelude and Fugue in D minor, Op. 37, No. 3.
Mendelssohn
1809–1847
2. "Impromptu Pastorale,".....Buck
3. Concerto in B flat, No. 2.....Handel
1685–1759
Andante maestoso, Allegro—Adagio, Allegro.
4. Recitative and Aria, from the "Messiah,"...Handel
a.] "Then shall the eyes of the blind."
b.] "Come unto Him."
Miss Emma M. Shaw.
5. Sonata in D minor, No. 4.....Bach
1685–1750
Adagio, Vivace—Andante—Un poco Allegro.
6. Recitative and Aria, from "Don Munio,".....Buck
"Within my chamber."
Miss Emma M. Shaw.
7. Communion in E minor, Op. 4, No 2.....Batiste
8. Offertoire in G, No. 6.....Wely

XVI.

1. Sonata in D minor, Op. 15.....Van Eyken
1823–1868
Allegro con brio e con fuoco—Adagio—Allegro con brio.
2. Variations in F, Op. 45.....Merkel
1827—
The Theme is taken from Beethoven's Sonata in E, Op 109.
3. "Slumber Song,".....Franz
1815—
Miss Jessie L. Hardy.
4. Concerto in G minor, No. 3.....Handel
1685–1759
Adagio, Allegro—Adagio, Allegro.
5. Song: "There is a green hill far away,"....Gounod
1817—
Miss Ella A. White.
6. Sonata in C, No. 5.....Bach
1685–1750
Allegro—Largo—Allegro.
7. Duet, 'The Maybells and the Flowers,"Mendelssohn
1809–1847
Miss Hardy and Miss White.
8. "Morceau de Concert," Op. 24.....Guilmant
Prelude—Theme, Variations et Final.

XVII.

1. Concerto in F, No. 4.....Handel
1685–1759
Allegro moderato—Andante maestoso—Adagio, Allegro.
2. "Rondo Caprice," Op. 35.....Buck
3. "Marche Triomphale,".....Lemmens
4. Aria, "Hear ye Israel" (from "Elijah,")Mendelssohn
1809–1847
Mrs. D. M. Dunn.
5. Sonata in G, No. 6.....Bach
1685–1750
Vivace—Lento—Allegro.
6. Fantasie and Fugue in D minor, Op. 3,
Johann Schneider
1798–1864
7. *a.*] "The Charmer,".....Mendelssohn
1809–1847
b.] "Alone,".....Storch
Mrs. L. M. Dunn.
8. Andante, (from Sonata in D, Op. 28).....Beethoven
1770–1827
Transcribed by Buck.
9. "Grand Choeur," Op. 18.....Guilmant

XVIII.

1. Concerto in F, No. 5.....Handel
1685–1759
Larghetto, Allegro—Alla Siciliana—Presto.
2. *a.*] Canon in F sharp, Op. 39, No. 3.....Merkel
1827—
b.] "Invocation" in B flat.....Guilmant
3. Prelude and Fugue in G.....Bach
1685–1750
Peters' Ed., Book II, No. 2.
4. "Prayer" (from 'Rienzi,").....Wagner
1813—
Edward Schultze
5. Fantasie-Sonata, Op. 65.....Rheinberger
1839—
Grave, Allegro—Adagio espressivo—Finale.
6. Song, "In night's still calm,".....Gustav Luther
Edward Schultze.
7. "Pictures from the Orient," Op. 66.....Schumann
1810–1856
Two transcriptions by Dudley Buck.
8. Theme and Variations in A flat.....Thiele
1816–1848

XIX.

1. Fantasie and Fugue, Op. 19.....Richter
1808—
2. *a*) "Antienne,".....Guilmant
b) "Adagio," Op. 256, No. 2.....Volckmar
1812—
3. Concerto in B flat, No. 6.....Handel
1685–1759
Allegro—Larghetto—Allegro moderato.
4. "Guide Thou me on," Op 69.....Buck
The "Blaney Quartette."
5. *a*) Chromatic Fantasie.....Bach
1685–1750
One of the most peculiar and important piano compositions which has ever been written. The organ arrangement is by Haupt, the veteran organist of Berlin.
b) "Canzone,".....Bach
Peters' Ed., Book IV, No. 10.
6. "Under all the Tree Tops,".....Lenz
The "Blaney Quartette."
7. "Pastorale,".....Merkel
1827—
8. "Coronation March" [from the "Prophet."]
Meyerbeer
1791–1864
Transcribed by Best.

XX.

1. Sonata in E minor, Op. 19.....Ritter
1811—
2. "Adagio," Op. 35.....Merkel
1827—
3. Toccata and Fugue in D minor.....Bach
1685–1750
Peters' Ed., Book III, No. 3.
4. Aria, "Show me Thy ways,".....Torrente
Mrs. Clara D. Stacy.
5. Sonata in C sharp minor, Op. 2.....F. G. Gleason
Allegro—Andante—Allegro maestoso,
This Sonata is dedicated to Mr. Eddy, and is played from the manuscript for the first time in public.
6. *a*] "The dew is sparkling,".....Rubenstein
1829—
b] "Medje,".....Gounod
1817—
Mrs. Clara D. Stacy.
7. "Fantasie de Concert," Op. 29.....F. Lux
1820—
8. Concert-Satz in C minor.....Thiele
1816–1848

Musical Criticism.

[From a Report of the first meeting of the Musical Association, in London, Oct. 31, 1875].

Mr. Charles K. Salaman, Hon. Mem. Acad. St. Cecilia, Rome, the honorary secretary to the association, then read the following paper:—

Musical criticism is a subject which I am of opinion may be investigated and discussed with advantage by the members of the Musical Association. It is a field which may be thought delicate ground to tread upon. The atmosphere by which it is surrounded may be impregnated with explosive matter; but I am not, in consequence, dismayed from pursuing the enquiry I have proposed to myself. With the safety lamp of good faith and good temper I believe that the ground may be traversed without any apprehension of danger.

Regarding music from an elevated point of view, I place before me a high standard of musical criticism. If it cannot be reached, the attempt to arrive at it may possibly lead to the improvement of some of its salient features.

Musical and literary criticism are subject to the same rules, and should be governed by like principles. The boundary of the former is less limited, as it comprises the consideration of both musical composition and performance. The critic of music and the critic of literature owe similar duties to the public. The functions of the musical critic are multifarious. To discharge them with effect he should possess many and various qualifications which are rarely met with in combination. The vocation of art and literary critic is one of importance and responsibility. When exercised with ability, justice, and earnestness it is an honorable profession.

Musical criticism engaged the attention of many eminent writers of antiquity known to the students of ancient musical history. In Plutarch's "*Περὶ μουσικῆς*,"* written about 1800 years ago, I find the following specimen of ancient musical criticism:—"By the ancients this art (music) with every other was employed to the noblest purposes; but the moderns, ceasing to value those qualities in which its great excellence consists, have, in the room of what is manly, solemn, and divine, introduced into their theatres a feeble and frittered style. It is this which Plato, in the third book of his 'Commonwealth,' condemns." . . . . "In the present day," continues the ancient critic, "so great is our degeneracy that we have absolutely lost both the knowledge and the notion of that system in which youth were formerly trained up to honor and virtue. The only music now studied and listened to is that of the theatre." Aristoxenus, in his book entitled "Promiscuous Banquets," quoted by Athenæus, in "*Οἱ Δειπνοσοφισταί*,"† more than 1600 years ago, says: "And so we also since music has been entirely ruined and vulgar, we, being but a few, will recall to our minds, sitting by ourselves, what music *once* was." It will be noticed that the musical critics of antiquity were grumblers. They might almost have been Englishmen; for they certainly anticipated our countrymen in the possession of one of the special attributes of a true Briton.

Matthew Arnold considers that criticism is essentially exercise of the quality of curiosity. He is of opinion that "its business is simply to know the best that is known and thought in the world, and by, in its turn, making this known, to create a current of true and fresh ideas." . . . . "Its business," he says, "is to do this work with inflexible honesty, with due ability; but its business is to do no more, and to leave alone all questions which will never fail to have due prominence given to them. Else criticism, besides being really false to its own nature, merely continues in the old rut which it has hitherto followed in this country, and will certainly miss the chance now given to it. For what is at present the bane of criticism in this country? It is that practical considerations cling to it, and stifle it; it subserves interests not its own; our organs of criticism are organs of men and parties having practical ends to serve, and with them those practical ends are the first thing, and the play of mind the second; so much play of mind as is compatible with the prosecution of those practical ends is all that is wanted."

The foregoing comments on literary criticism apply equally to musical criticism, of which I accept the late Dr. Crotch's definition. "It is," he says, "the art of separating excellence from defect; of admiring as well as finding fault; of discriminating and comparing the several styles of music of appreciating their relative value on principles which are generally true as applied to all the fine arts."

Criticism is an art. Like other arts it must be acquired by long and patient study. The simple act of judging of what we see and hear is a natural operation of the mind; but an exact judgment must be formed upon recognized principles of criticism. "Refined taste," observes Sir Joshua Reynolds, "is the consequence of education and habit."

The qualifications which the musical critic should possess are manifold. They include, *inter alia*, a comprehensive knowledge of every branch of musical art and its history; an extensive acquaintance with the music of all periods. He should be gifted with the æsthetic quality, and with the mental faculty of analysis, investigation, comparison, and discrimination.

Addison requires in a good critic a clear and logical head. He instances Aristotle, who, he says, was "not only the best critic, but one of the best logicians that ever appeared in the world." Music and Logic may not appear, at first sight, to have any affinity with each other. But as judgment will naturally follow critical examination, it must be evident that correct judgment can be arrived at only by those who have the capacity to think and reason justly. "A true critic ought to dwell rather upon excellencies than imperfections" says Addison, "and endeavor to discover the concealed beauties of a writer, and communicate to the world such things as are worth their observation."

The musical critic should quickly perceive and appreciate novelty of thought. He should not condemn originality of idea because it may happen to be at variance with his preconceived notions and favorite theories. The Greek comic poet, Eupolis, who flourished about 435 years before the Christian Era, says:—

> Music is a deep and subtle science,
> And always finding out some novelty,
> For those who are capable of comprehending it.

The critic should not forget that composers of genius are the pioneers of the art; their mission

* "On music," translated by J. H. Bromby [1822], p. 13.

† "The Deipnosophists, or Banquet of the Learned," translated by C. D. Yonge [Book 14th, Chap. 31].

cres.

scare the cra - vens,

cres.

ra - vens, scare the cra - vens,

cres

scare the cra - vens,

cres.

cres.

Owls and ra - vens, Howl with

cres.

f

Owls and ra - vens, come,

cres.

f

Owls and ra - vens, Howl with

cres. f cres.

cres.

ff

us, and scare the cra - vens, Come..... with torch - es

cres.

ff

cres.

ff

Howl, and scare the cra - vens, Come..... with torch - es

cres.

ff

us, and scare the cra - vens, Come.... with torch - es

ff sf

bright - ly flash - ing,

bright - ly flash - ing,

bright - ly flash - ing, Rush a - long with bil - lets

sf

f

Come..... with torch - es bright - - ly flash - ing,

f

f

Come..... with torch - es bright - - ly flash - ing,

tr

clash - - - - - - - - - ing,

sfz *ff* *sf* *sf*

f

Rush a -

f

Rush a - long with bil - lets

tr

Rush a - long with bil - lets clash - - - - -

sfz *più f*

f

Rush a - long with bil - lets clash - - -

- long with bil - lets clash - ing, Rush a - long with

clash - - - - - - - - - ing, Rush a - -

- - - - - - - - - - - ing. Come! . . . . . .

- - - - - - - - - ing, Come!

bil - lets clash - - - - ing, Come!

- long with bil - lets clash - - ing, Come!

. . . . . Come! come! come!

tr *st* *sf*

come! come! come! Owls. . . . and ra - vens, With us

come! come! come! Owls. . . . and ra - vens, With us

8va.

sf *sf* *ff*

howl,..... and scare the cra - vens! Owls..... and

howl..... and scare the cra - vens! Owls..... and

8va.

ff

ra - vens, With us howl..... and scare the cra - vens!

ra - vens, With us howl..... and scare the cra - vens!

ff

Come, come, come! Come, come!

Come, come, come! Come, come!

being to teach the world. It should be remembered besides that nearly every work of enduring fame was at the first welcomed with caution, suspicion, and distrust; that all innovators on established principles of art, from Timotheus to Wagner, have received an amount of censure which has risen almost to the dignity of abuse. The critic should bear in mind the unhappy fate of many illustrious inventors and discoverers. He should, like Lady Macbeth, "feel the future in the instant." The critic should lead public opinion. If, in the exercise of his vocation, he display critical knowledge, and honesty of purpose, public opinion will follow him; his criticisms will be respected and valued, and he will consummate one of his most essential obligations.

When he deems it to be his duty to point out error, and expose demerit, let him do it fearlessly, and without hesitation. Let him use the critic's knife with effect; but while operating let him cause as little pain as possible. Let him not dip his pen in gall; let him avoid asperity of language, and abstain from personalities. The musical critic should freely and generously acknowledge merit; but he should be unsparing in his dispraise of undue pretension; and he should unmask charlatanism, and every species of humbug. I would have my ideal critic, Bayard-like, *sans peur et sans reproche.*

"An indifferent poet may exert the art of criticism in a very high degree; and if he cannot himself produce an original work, he may yet be of great service in regulating the happier genius of another." If I substitute for the word poet, musical composer, I may here adopt the opinion of the elder D'Israeli, who truly says, that "The talent of judging may exist separately from the power of execution." The critic must be free from both predilection and prejudice, and must entirely eschew partisan-ship. He must be at liberty to express his critical opinions with freedom and independence. Now this condition of honest, healthy musical criticism is precisely what even the most competent among musical critics from force of circumstances, are not always able to fulfil. They are surrounded by influences so manifold, that their power of action becomes crippled; their opinions become stifled, and their utterance impeded. Their comments are perceptibly not spontaneous, and the party to which they are attached is easily discernible. For be it known to all men that music, no less than politics, has its parties, and very strong ones too. We have the musical Tory of the "good old times;" we have the musical Conservative, pure and simple; we have the musical Liberal; the Conservative Liberal, and the Liberal Conservative, and, lastly, we have the musical advanced Liberal, who is the most *illiberal* of all the musical politicians. To support his advanced opinions, he shows no liberality, no generosity, no mercy, neither to his predecessors nor to his contemporaries who presume to dissent from his musical creed.

The modern musical critic has to contend with persuasive external influences. There is the irresistible power of music publishers, proprietors and editors of journals, managers of operas and concerts. There is, besides, the insinuating sway of friendship. Indeed the influences by which the modern musical critic is surrounded are so various, and so numerous, that it would appear to be almost beyond the range of possibility that he should exercise his office without trenching upon some interest, which it is not his interest to trench upon. I allude to able musical critics, who, but for these influences, could, by the efficient practice of their profession, possibly fulfil all the conditions of musical criticism.

There are two classes of musical critics, totally distinct, viz.: the competent and the incompetent. The uncultivated, incompetent critic exhibits his critical acumen by seeking for faults. He would appear to consider fault-finding as the beginning and end of criticism. The following table in illustration:—

An ancient critic having collected all the faults of a famous Greek poet presented them to Apollo. The god received them graciously, and wishing to make him a suitable return for his labors, set before him a sack of wheat just thrashed out of the sheaf. He commanded the critic to pick out from the corn all the chaff, and lay it aside. He entered upon his task with alacrity, and having separated all the chaff from the wheat, was presented by Apollo with the chaff!

The learned author of "The Curiosities of Literature," writes of two pleaders:—Of one who knew more than he said, of another who, on the contrary, said more than he knew. Here we have types of the competent and incompetent critic! The former comprehending his art, and all its requirements and obligations, but, under influences, knowing more than he says: the latter playing at musical criticism, so to speak, saying more than he knows, and thus attempting to veil his ignorance under a cloud of critical empiricism. Nothing is more easily learned than the knowledge and use of conventional critical terms. Their wrong application deceives only the inexperienced. "What," says Dr Crotch, "can we expect from the man whose sole qualification for being a critic is having an ear for music?" . . . "This self-constituted critic may find his imagination tired by powerful effects, by pathetic expression; but the delicate refinements of taste escape him, and all that is scientific and learned is unregarded and despised." Sir John Hawkins, writing a hundred years ago, says "The prevalence of a corrupt taste in music seems to be but the necessary result of that state of civil policy which enables, and that disposition which urges, men to assume the character of judges, of what they do not understand."

It is a recognized fact that there are those who assume the critic's office without possessing any other qualification for it than a facility for writing, and some musical information, generally superficial and limited, gained by observation, and by hearing music; and, possibly, by gathering the opinions of genuine musicians. These would-be critics possess no sound musical knowledge, and are led to judge of music and musicians only by their individual tastes, which may by chance be good or bad. Their verdicts are not founded upon evidence; but they deliver them nevertheless with confidence. How often has a professional reputation been imperilled by an abuse of the critic's office? How often has a musical performance been commented upon by a critic who was not present at it? How often have proposed musical performances, that were never held, been minutely criticized? How often have elaborate criticisms been written upon the authority of a programme! If musical criticism is to be held in esteem, and the critic respected, these glaring irregularities must wholly cease.

I cannot resist the temptation to quote a musical review, which I have recently read in a public journal, as a noticeable specimen of bombastic, pretentious, incompetent musical criticism. "This solemn and pathetic psalm has inspired more than one composer with *melodies in full harmony* with the sublime contents of the sacred poems. Mr. ——, who is by no means a stranger to our musical readers, has yielded to the attractions exercised by it on *feeling hearts*, and has *bodied forth* the sentiments awakened in him, in notes which will not fail to strike a responsive chord in the souls of those who have an ear to take in, and understanding to appreciate, the *sweet and grave melody*, by which he *has expressed his emotions.*" This is the writing of one who says more than he knows. This style of music reviewing, of which we occasionally meet with like examples, is the *reductio ad absurdum* of musical criticism.

There are happily in this country and on the continent most able musical critics, men of education and taste, accomplished musicians, elegant writers, with every qualification to enable them to discharge the responsible duties of their office with mutual benefit to music, to musicians, and to the public. It would be invidious to name them; but I have them "in my mind's eye."

[Conclusion next time.]

Hans von Buelow.

[From *The Music Trade Review*, New York].

The new Chickering Hall—an excessively tasteful building, a little too gorgeously illuminated on the outside, a little too sober and chaste on the inside, on the whole of distinguished proportions and of good though, as it seems to us, as yet not perfect acoustical quality—was inaugurated on the 15th of this month by the first concert of Dr. von Buelow, the disciple of Liszt; the "friend, not the rival," as he says himself, of Rubinstein; a musician of undoubted and acknowledged high attainments; a critical writer of no ordinary pluck and ability; a conductor second to none in power of will and depth of conception; a man, moreover, endowed with a memory the like of which is perhaps not known, at any rate not known to us.

When a man with such a formidable array of qualities, and one honored as he has been honored, comes before the public to be judged as a performer only, then it behooves those who have to undertake the excessively difficult and responsible task of giving an opinion on so unusual an exhibition to do so with calm reflection, with inflexible impartiality and truth, to the best of their knowledge, and to show their respect for a great man and their respect for themselves by refraining as well from throwing themselves on the ground and crying: "Allah insh Allah!" as from judging off hand that which is deserving of a respectful and well-considered opinion. We before all, young as our paper is, feel called upon to be absolutely true to Mr. von Buelow; because when, in our first number, we attacked one of his pieces as not worthy of a musician of his standing, he had the good taste to write to us to say that, far from protesting against our opinion, he wished to confirm it, and to explain that this "sin of his youth" saw light in America entirely without his knowledge or consent. By doing this immediately and of his own accord, he showed that respect for others which is the greatest proof of self-respect, and a degree of modesty and fairness which it is not often our privilege to encounter. If "le style c'est l'homme," Mr. von Buelow has through his letter obtained one more claim to our consideration. Let us speak out at once. We are not enthusiastic admirers of Mr. von Buelow as we heard him on his first appearance here, and what we are going to say, therefore, applies only to what he showed himself to be on the evening of the 15th.

Mr. von Buelow presents a soldier like appearance, and we believe that in every sense he deserves to be looked upon in this light. He knows how to command as a leader, and, what is more difficult, how to obey as an interpreter; he appears, hat in hand, straight, erect, the brochette of decorations in his button-hole (these honors, by the bye, were showered upon Liszt, Rubinstein, and, among others, Alexandre Dumas and Rossini, and they never wore them), bows low before the public—a detestable habit, derived from old customs when the despised and nearly excommunicated actors were considered the unworthy servants of the public—and at last sits down at the piano.

The expectation and eager curiosity of the audience are at the tip-top. Every detail appears interesting. He takes his seat rather far from the piano, puts his foot on the pedal, which he uses with wonderful rapidity and discretion, and places his hands upon the key-board gracefully and perfectly bent, the knuckles being far over the key-board. From the moment he touches the keys Buelow disappears, and nothing but the work, of which, as the interpreter he becomes a part, remains. Judging a pianist means to convey to others the impression which he has made on you. To do this we have first of all to see what this impression is. Is it astonishment? Is it emotion? Are we quietly, calmly impressed with a perfectly correct interpretation of a master-work? Are we carried away by the enthusiasm awakened in us through the inspiration of the performer? We have, in judging a performer of Mr. von Buelow's importance, furthermore, two points to consider: What is he individually? What is he compared to others?

One point is settled: we have not been carried away as we were by Liszt, and we are fairly certain the public was not carried away as they were by Rubinstein at his first appearance. It must of course be admitted that for certain reasons Rubinstein's Concerto in *D* gives a larger scope and an easier opportunity to arouse popular enthusiasm than the Beethoven *G* Concerto does. But since the performer is responsible for his choice as well as for his execution, the consequences rest with him. The great points to consider—viz., the purpose, and the means to reach that purpose—are usually called the conception of a work, and the mechanism, which is only the means—too often made the chief point—of expressing that conception. Dr. von Buelow's mechanism is faultless with few exceptions: his touch excessively even in all the fingers, and strong but not full; powerful from nervous exertion, not from actual strength; capable of a most charming pianissimo, which, though in some moments it reminded us of the lady who said, "Mr. Liszt joue quelquefois si piano qu'on n'entend RIEN DU TOUT," it has not the carrying energy of Liszt nor the great variety and tone-coloring of Rubinstein. The scales and shakes are of an unparalleled evenness; the shake is particularly pearly, and of an equality of both fingers rarely to be met with, though it has not the exceptional strength of Liszt's shake with the last two fingers, nor the impetus of that of Rubinstein. The same evenness, even to an astounding degree, prevails in his scales and passages in thirds. The octaves are not excessively rapid, and there are moments when their force is too much, we might even say too violently, pushed. The elasticity of the wrist is very remarkable, and enables Mr. von Buelow to play staccatos, particularly with the left hand, the like of which we have never heard on the piano; and in this instance, as well as in others, we admire as

much the evenness in performance of both hands, when they have to execute the same passage together, as the thorough, we might say the counterpointal, independence of one hand from the other. The Germans call the mechanism "Fingerfertigkeit," and there we come to the real point. Mechanism is simply bodily exertion patiently and perseveringly carried on. If the performer produces but the result of so many hours passed at the piano studying, he is only a *pianist*; where the soul comes in, there begins the *artist*. Now, we find that Mr. von Buelow enters into Beethoven's compositions like a man of extraordinary intellect. His interpretation is of a correctness, of a clearness, that leaves nothing to be desired; but why does he not carry us with him, why does he not inspire and warm us up? Because, like a brave soldier, he storms the difficulty; all that courage, presence of mind, strength and energy can do he does, and carries his point. He gives himself up entirely to his task, and his individuality, far from striving for effect, devotes itself solely to the master whose work he interprets. But where does he come up with the spirit of Beethoven? Where does he lift the audience off their seats to fly with him to the divine home of Beethoven's inspiration? Nowhere. He plays the Sonata Appassionata without being appassionato. We stood, many years ago, behind Liszt's chair in Vienna when, at a party given by his friend and publisher, Haslinger, he played this very same Sonata Appassionata. The effect was so electrifying that, although we looked into the book from which he played, and saw and heard that he did not change one note, we could not but fancy that we heard something more that was not in the book—something that was not and could not be written down; something that got hold of us and the whole audience, and made us shiver and cry and held us spellbound. . . . That something was not his notes, but the spirit of Beethoven inspiring Liszt's soul and all his hearers; that something which we did not hear in Chickering Hall, and which, with all Mr. von Buelow's irreproachable correctness is missing—that is *the* something that makes the distinction between the great pianist and the great artist, be he Correggio or Shakspere, Beethoven or Paganini. Mr. von Bülow thoroughly understands Beethoven by means of his extraordinary mental capacity, but he fails to convey to us or light in us the flame which warms us up to the point where we instantaneously feel those grand inspirations which we owe to a really great actor, a painter, a performer—to any thoroughly great artist, whatever be his calling.

We have heard Von Bülow play Beethoven, and we say in the interpretation of this master he does not come up to the highest mark. We will see what he does with the works of other masters.

Since we heard Liszt play in Vienna, many years ago, on a Graff piano—on which, strange to say, he broke a hammer without breaking the string which that hammer touched—we have heard all the pianists who form the phalanx that reaches from Hummel to Buelow. Hummel was the first great performer, and probably the most learned improvisator, on the instrument. After him came Moscheles whose concertos and studies, coming after the more simple ones of Cramer, did a great deal towards forming those two great pianists who so long divided the attention of the public—Thalberg and Liszt. Thalberg certainly was the most pleasing, the most elegant, while Leop. de Meyer, without any real and serious importance, was the most entertaining pianist. But though contemporaries, and, as they believed, rivals, of Liszt, it sufficed for the latter to appear but once, and even at the rehearsal, when he played what was for him a mere trifle, Weber's "Concertstück," all that came before him lay buried, and, as we have expressed it elsewhere, all that came after him! In the self-same city of Vienna we heard the cleverest of his pupils, Taussig, and in 1853 Hans von Buelow. Then, as now, excessively sensitive, and appreciating all that was written about him, he paid more attention than numbers of much smaller artists to critics, and there and then we saw a letter of his where he accused himself of having come before the public too soon, and of having exposed himself rather thoughtlessly to the critics of that city, one of whom, we remember, hurt him particularly, because he said that "Buelow's appearing, hat in hand, and throwing his gloves on a piano," etc., was "List, nicht Liszt." There and then he resolved—and like a man he carried out his resolve—to study hard, and not to appear again before the public unless fully prepared for the struggle. He acted in this regard like Henselt, who, at his first appearance in Vienna (we believe in 1840) was simply laughed at, after which he locked himself in his room, and was not seen for three full years. But then he came out a great pianist, with his wonderfully-harmonized variations on "L'Elisir d'Amore," with his studies, some of which ("Si Oiseau j'étais") Clara Wieck afterwards made so popular, and, above all, with that concerto which Dr. von Buelow is going to play here.

We cannot conclude this fragmentary article without mentioning that which we believe it would be most unfair to pass over in silence—the wonderful instrument which served Mr. von Buelow so faithfully, so obediently, and so lovingly. The fulness and the sweetness of the sound, particularly admirable when heard from the gallery, the astounding facility of repetition, put to such an extraordinary test by the pitiless performer, cannot but be hailed as a great achievement and progress, even in an instrument of Chickering's manufacture. In one word, to sum up about Buelow, we think that he does and that he knows all that can be learned with intelligence, perseverance, and a high degree of intuition, but that he is lacking in what cannot be learned, in that which "nascitur, non fit."

The orchestra not only not absolutely deserving of the compliment which von Buelow paid the leader, was sadly out of tune, particularly before the wind instruments got warm.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 27, 1875.

Concerts.

SECOND HARVARD CONCERT. The programme for Thursday afternoon, Nov. 18, was as follows:

Overture to "Fierabras,"..... ...Schubert
** Piano-forte Concerto, in B minor, Op. 89...Hummel
Allegro Moderato—Larghetto—Vivace.
Madame Madeline Schiller.
Selections from music to Byron's "Manfred," Schumann
a. Incantation of the Witch of the Alps.
b. Entr'acte.

Heroic Symphony, No. 3, in E flat, Op. 55..Beethoven
Allegro con brio—Marcia funebre—Scherzo—Finale.
Overture and * * Ballet Music from "Preciosa," Weber.

The only fault of this programme was its length:—a fatality involved in the production of so very long and great a Symphony as the *Eroica*. If such works as this, and the great Schubert Symphony, are to be given at all (and what were a course of Symphony concerts that should ignore them?), the canvas must be large enough to hold the picture, together with such reliefs and contrasts of lighter matter as its character requires. After a Symphony which lasts fifty minutes, and all of the deepest, grandest and most earnest character, absorbing the attention and the feelings to the utmost, the average listener desires something light and graceful, and at the same time full of genius, such as the Weber *Preciosa* music surely is. To those who fairly listen to the end, the concert only seems the shorter for such additions. Many, of course, prefer to carry away the grander impression as the last, and we have certainly much sympathy with these; but there are many moods and tastes to be consulted, and the charming *Preciosa* was for those who cared to stay and hear it. To make an end of what we have to say of this, we must confess to finding the Overture by far more interesting than the Ballet pieces (three little Spanish dances, with a Presto for finale); but the latter had a certain quaintness and homely cheerfulness, and were at least new here.

Again, while we are on the subject of length, the motive for inserting the little *Manfred* pieces, was to effect some recreation between two long and (though in different senses) "heavy" numbers. For the Hummel Concerto, although perhaps the most brilliant and most genial of his writings in that form, and most admirably suited to the peculiar excellencies of Mme. SCHILLER's playing, has the fault of prolixity, particularly in the swift and monotonously florid finale. Of course the concert could not open with the *Eroica*, without dwarfing all the rest; nor with a Concerto; hence a good strong Overture, such as Schubert's to *Fierabras*, which never becomes hacknied, was a necessity.

Now, although quite a number of persons had to leave the hall even before they had taken in the entire Symphony, and more after it (some ludicrously fancying they had had the ballet *in* the Overture!), yet the great majority of the audience sat and listened to the end, and evidently felt rewarded. It used to be supposed that that stupendous Symphony could not be given without boring somebody; this time that somebody may have been hard to find. The grandeur and exhaustless inspiration of the work were felt, so that the interest never flagged. There may have been a "smoother," a more technically polished rendering before in Boston; but we venture to assert, never one so impressive. It had been very earnestly and thoroughly rehearsed, and the improvement in the orchestra was very generally recognized. The first two and greatest movements left very little to be desired. The Scherzo with its quick, half-hushed, *Staccato*, was done more neatly than we have been wont to hear, and the three horns were happy in the Trio; while the Finale, with its variations, its theme from the "Prometheus" ballet, its Oriental march-like episode, and its fugue passage, was brought out clearly and consistently. If at the end of the delivery of a most noble poem, the poet in making his bow to the audience should chance to stub his toe, there would be some present—and critics too—to whom that would be the one noticeable thing of the entire performance. So, when the great Symphony was finished, and in all our hearts and minds in its full-rounded completeness, the slip of a trumpet in the final chord (mere period or exclamation point at the end) took nothing from it,—but when shall we hear the end of it?

All the orchestral work of that day, with few exceptions, showed the spirit of improvement. The airy little *Manfred* piece—the first—has to be sure been better done before; perhaps with fewer violins the outline would have been purer. And a portion of the accompaniment in the quick movements of the Concerto was a little confused; but the quartet o horns, with which the Larghetto opens, was exquisitely played, in tones sweet and mellow and in perfect tune; in certain little running phrases you could fancy that there were bassoons. In this beautiful movement Mme. Schiller played with even more feeling and refined expression than usual; and in the exceedingly florid and exhaustless bravura of the first Allegro, and the Finale—"*moto perpetuo*" has been well applied to the latter—the perfection of her technique and her thorough realization of all the beauties of the work were truly remarkable.

The programmes, in whole or in part, of some of the coming concerts are as follows:

Third Concert, Thursday, Dec. 2.

PART I. Overture, "Prometheus," *Beethoven*; ** Cantata, "Spring Greeting," for Chorus (THE CECILIA. Conductor, B. J. LANG), with Orchestra; Symphony No. 2, in D, *Haydn* (first time for seven years); *Twenty-third Psalm, *Schubert*, for female voices [CECILIA].—PART II. Three Short Marches, *Mozart and Beethoven* [second time]; *Mendelssohn's* "Loreley" [CECILIA, with Soprano Solo, Miss ABBY WHINERY] and Overture, "The Hebrides."

Fourth Concert, Monday, Dec. 27.

Overture: "In the Highlands,".....Gade
Piano Concerto, E flat, No. 5.....Beethoven
HUGO LEONHARD.

**Symphony, instrumented for Orchestra from Op. 140 by JOACHIM.....Schubert
*Overture to "La Dame Blanche,".....Boieldieu
[Born Dec 1775.]

Fifth Concert, Thursday, Jan. 6, 1876.

Overture to "Ruy Blas,".....Mendelssohn
** Concert Aria [Rec. con Rondo]: "*Mia speranza adorata*,".....Mozart
Miss EMMA THUSBY, of New York.
Piano Concerto, C minor, No. 3.....Beethoven
J. C. D. PARKER.

Symphony, G minor.....Mozart
Songs, with Piano.
** Grand Heroic March, Op. 66.....Schubert
Arr. for orchestra by O. BACH.

Sixth Concert, Jan. 10.

Overture.
*** Comala: "Cantata [After Ossian] for Soli and Chorus, with orch. Op. 12 ..... Gade
The CECILIA.

Overture.
** Short Choral Pieces.
Fifth Symphony, C minor ..... Beethoven

Seventh Concert, Feb. 3.

Overture to "Medea," ..... Bargiel
** Double Symphony: "Irdisches und Göttliches," op. 121 ..... Spohr

** Piano Concerto, No. 2, G minor ..... Saint-Säens
B. J. LANG.
Overture .. .. Beethoven

Eighth Concert. Feb. 17.

Overture, or Suite by ..... Bach
**Concert Allegro, with Introd., for Piano with Orchestra, op. 134 ..... Schumann
H. G. TUCKER.
Undecided.

Symphony, No. 9, in C ..... Schubert

Ninth Concert, March 2.

Beethoven's Symphony No. 1, in C; *** Phaëton: "Poème Symphonique, op. 39, by *Camille Saint-Saëns*; First Movement of "Ocean" Symphony, *Rubinstein*; Solos, etc.

Tenth Concert, March 16.

Overture; **Cantata per ogni tempo: "Deep within my heart" *Ich hatte viel Bekümmerniss*, for chorus, soli and orchestra, *J. S. Bach*, CECILIA etc.; Orchestral piece; Finale from "Euryanthe" second time, *Weber*; Symphony, No. 1, in B flat, *Schumann*.

THEODORE THOMAS. The first of the Six Symphony Concerts (Second Season), on Wednesday evening, Nov. 17, had a faultless programme, nearly all of which was faultless also in the execution. The audience was very large and deeply interested.

Symphony in C ..... Mozart
Breitkopf and Hartel edition, No. 10
1. Allegro Vivace. 2. Andante di Molto.
3. Allegro Vivace.
[First Time.]
Pastorale, Cradle Song, } Christmas Oratorio ..... Bach
Mme. Antoinette Sterling.
Concerto, A minor, op. 54 ..... Schumann
Mr. S. B. Mills and Orchestra.
Der Doppelgänger ..... Schubert
Mme. Antoinette Sterling.
Symphony, No. 8, in F, op. 93 ..... Beethoven

It was a happy thought to give that little Symphony by *Mozart*,—one of the smallest and most unpretending of the works that bear the name,—so much so as to fully justify the placing of another Symphony at the end of the same programme; that also being a short one, but with far more in it, and showing a much more advanced stage of development. The first and last movements are scored for a pair of oboes, bassoons, horns, trumpets and tympani only, besides the strings. In both the themes are pleasing and thoroughly carried out; the Finale, especially, in swift 3-4 measure, is fascinating, the little oboe figures in thirds and sixths causing a smile of delight whenever they occurred. The Andante is merely for the strings, the bass being strengthened by the bassoons in unison. It has a lovely serious theme, and the movement of the parts is very graceful and melodious, although the piece seemed rather long. But altogether the Symphony was in the most original and genial vein of Mozart, and was most delicately and charmingly interpreted. The buoyant, sunshiny eighth Symphony of Beethoven was also played to a charm, although the tempo of the last movement was taken excessively fast, and there were one or two slips of carelessness to which even the best orchestras, which play all the time, are liable. The *Pastorale* from Bach's Christmas Oratorio seemed the musical expression of perfect peace without and within; and Mme. STERLING sang the Cradle Song in her rich tones with simple feeling; yet somehow the sad old ballad tone seems to lurk always in her voice. That quality was suited to Schubert's wierd music to Heine's "Doppelganger," which Mr. Thomas had made still more wierd and shadowy by his scoring of the accompaniment for orchestra. Mr. MILLS evinced his usual mastery in the performance of Schumann's Concerto: technically it was very sure and finished, and it was played with fire and fine discrimination, bating a tendency to the appearance of too much sentiment occasionally. He was warmly recalled and played a delicate thing of Chopin's.

The Concert was followed by a Matinée on Saturday, at which we had a splendid rendering of the first Schumann Symphony (in B flat), spirited, brilliant, finely shaded, and always clear in spite of the excessive speed of the Allegros. Two of the best Overtures (Cherubini's to *Les Abencerrages*, and Beethoven's to *Coriolan*) opened the two parts; and the noisy *Tannhäuser* brought all to an end in a way that might have brought the great Organ down burying Beethoven in its ruins.

A novelty of this Concert was a short Symphonic Poem by Camille Saint-Säens,—the first specimen we have yet heard here of the French composer who has recently attracted so much notice both as organist at the Madeleine, as pianist, and as composer in many forms. It is called "Le Rouet d'Omphale," and purports to be a musical picture or suggestion of Hercules in bondage to the Lydian queen, and spinning at her side. Of course a spinning wheel accompaniment runs through it. It is a neat and pretty trifle, with considerable French *finesse*, and, being delicately played, it was as good as blowing soap bubbles, for a moment. We should like to hear it once more, but truly do not think it worth the ado made about it on the programme. Mme. Sterling sang a short Recitative and Aria: "Quando miro," by Mozart; and two Lieder: "Sei still" by Raff, and "Lachen und Weinen" (Laughing and Weeping) by Schubert, all with much expression.

MR. ERNST PERABO's two Matinées or Piano Recitals, on the afternoons of Friday, the 5th and 19th inst, brought musical sunshine into a dark room—would we could say refreshing airs into a hot and close one. His programmes were of his own unique make-up.

I.

Gypsy Sonata, op. 107. A minor ..... Carl Loewe.
1. Forest Scene. Allegro vivace.
2. Indian Tale: War-whoop. Andantino innocentemente. C major.
3. Dance. Reveille. Corps de Ballet. Dance of the men with fire-brands. Women dancing around the wreath of boughs. Renewing. Children's Egg-dance. Presto. E flat major.
4. Evening Worship. They await the rise of the moon which they worship as the reflection of the Indian sun-temple. Adagio molto. E major.
5. Departure in the morning. Allegro vivace. A minor.
First time in this country.
Six Preludes pour le Piano, op. 24 ..... Rubinstein.
No. 1. Moderato con moto. A flat major.
No. 2. Allegro molto. F minor.
No. 3. Allegro con moto. E major.
First time in this country.
"Der Barmherzige Bruder." A musical sketch. G major, op. 2?. C. Loewe.
First time in this country.
Sonata in E major, op. 109 ..... Beethoven.

We must confess to finding the selections from Loewe (who made some fine ballads among a great many tame ones) commonplace, tedious and uninteresting,—at once *Allvaterisch* and childish,—nor did the descriptive programme help the matter. The Rubinstein Preludes had far more matter and more life in them. And the Beethoven Sonata was worth all the rest many times multiplied together, but we think it would have had a better chance to be appreciated if it had come earlier in the programme. The performance, of all the pieces, left almost nothing to be desired. Indeed we remarked in certain passages a deeper tenderness than usual in Mr. Perabo's interpretations.

II

This was still more evident in the second concert, in the Rubinstein Romance, and the Adagio of Bargiel, in which the singing quality of Mr. WULF FRIES's 'Cello also appealed to the finer sensibilities. These, and the Liszt transcription of Schubert's *Barcarolle*,—so beautiful until Liszt puts in himself for a Coda,—were all that we were able to hear of this programme:

Partita I ..... Bach
a. Prelude. *b.* Allemande. *c.* Courante.
d. Sarabande. *e.* Menuet 1 et 2.
f. Gigue.
Trois Morceaux pour le Piano et Violoncelle, op. 11, No. 2 ..... Rubinstein
No. 1. Andante quasi Adagio. D minor.
No. 2. Allegro con moto. G major.
No. 3. Allegro risoluto. A major.
{*a.* "Für Elise." A minor. {
{*b.* Morceau posthume. F major. } ..... Beethoven
{*c.* Menuet, op. 12?, No. 1. B flat major ..... J. Raff
a. Romance from Soirees a St. Petersbourg, op. 44. No. 1. E flat major ..... Rubinstein
b. Barcarolle, A flat major; arranged by Liszt. Schubert
a. Adagio pour le Piano et Violoncello, op. 38. G major ..... Bargiel
b. Introduction et Polonaise brillant pour le Piano et Violoncelle, op. 3. C major ..... Chopin

School of Vocal Art in Philadelphia.

Few of our readers need to be informed who Madame EMMA SEILER is, nor what rare intelligence,—we may say genius for investigation,—what devotion and what large experience she brings to the work of training voices to the art of singing. Her very original and scientific treatise on "The Voice in Singing" has been widely read and has given many teachers a new insight into the physical laws of the organ they have undertaken to develop; while at the same time it is full of sound and inspiring hints as to taste and the true Art spirit. This work has recently been supplemented by another, called "The Voice in Speaking." Both are founded on the laws discovered by the great scientific experimenter, Helmholz, with whom Mme. Seiler studied, and to some of whose most interesting investigations she contributed.

Mme. Seiler has been teaching in Philadelphia for several years with remarkable success. During the past year, under her inspiration, a number of influential persons interested in musical culture, in Philadelphia, organized a "School of Vocal Art," to which we have before alluded. It was opened in September, and we intended at that time to call attention to its prospectus, which was accidentally mislaid, and in the crowd of other topics only thought of too late for the opening. But, as the school goes on, and, we are assured, with excellent success so far, we may still do some service by making known this opportunity to many who are seeking to become singers. We copy therefore from the printed Circular, dated Philadelphia, August 1875.

IT is well known that a large proportion of those who study singing in the different Conservatories of Europe are Americans. In Milan alone, there are now more than two hundred Americans studying singing, many of whom have entered the Conservatory for the required course of seven years.

The design is to provide the means for a thorough vocal training, based on that of the *old* Italian method; so that all who wish to fit themselves for the profession of either Teacher or Artist can do so in this country and with moderate expense.

As in this school the classes will consist of only two scholars, it is evident that its expenses must be much greater than those of other Conservatories, where four and even six are classed together; yet the expense to pupils will be less. The work, therefore, is largely beneficial, and as such claims the consideration of all who are interested in thoroughly educating those who would honorably support themselves.

No College or University is exclusively supported by the fees received from the students. Contributions to the permanent fund of this School of Vocal Art are therefore earnestly solicited, and may be sent to the Treasurer.

During the last few years, through the aid of a small fund placed in the hands of MRS. E. SEILER, author of "*The Voice in Singing*" and "*The Voice in Speaking*," thirty persons have received instruction in singing, at a reduced rate. Of these thirty persons, twenty now hold remunerative positions. The present undertaking is, therefore, not entirely experimental, but is an effort to establish on a broader and firmer basis a work already proved to be a good one.

In this School, instruction will be given in the Cultivation of the Voice; Style and Expression; Dramatic Declamation; Choral Singing; Piano for accompaniment; Harmony and Composition; History and Æsthetics of Music; Acoustics and the Physiology of the Vocal Organs; and the Italian Language.

These branches will be taught by MRS. E. SEILER, Miss ANNA JACKSON, Mr. M. H. CROSS, Mr. H. A. CLARKE, CARL SEILER, M.D., and a Teacher of the Italian Language.

The School year will be divided into two terms of eighteen weeks each,—the first beginning the fourth Monday in September; the second beginning the second Monday in February.

Terms: Payable half-yearly in advance. For Scholars preparing to teach, $100.00 per year. For Scholars preparing to be Artists, $200.00 per year.

The full course of instruction will extend over Four years.

As the prominent object of this School will be to train and educate scholars to be teachers, they will be expected to take the position of assistant teachers as soon as capable, giving not less than two nor more than six lessons per week, and thus will have their first experience of their professional duties under the immediate supervision and advice of the principal teacher; and having honorably passed through their four years' course, always under instruction, they will be furnished with diplomas to that effect.

The classes in the Cultivation of the Voice will consist of two scholars each, and there will be three lessons per week, of one hour each, to each class. One of these lessons will be given by Mrs. E. SEILER, Principal of the School; the other two will be given by an assistant teacher.

As soon as sufficiently advanced scholars preparing to teach will receive an additional lesson per week in style and expression.

Scholars preparing to be Artists will not be required to teach and they will receive two lessons per week from Mrs. SEILER and one from an assistant teacher, and according to their advancement, from one to three lessons per week in dramatic declamation, style and expression. These scholars will also be two in a class.

Scholars for the Piano, if beginners, will be placed with an assistant teacher, under the direction of the teacher of the Piano, until prepared for higher instruction.

A class will be formed to fit scholars to sing in Church Choirs, by training them in chanting and the singing of Hymns. This class will have two lessons per week.

At stated intervals through the year, concerts will be given by the pupils, that they may gain confidence in performance, and that those interested may judge of their progress.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. The *Eagle*, of Nov. 15, reports the sudden death of Mr. WILLIAM F. GOODWIN, formerly of Boston, where he took an active part in musical matters.

The sudden death of Mr. William F. Goodwin, which occurred on Friday evening last, has created a profound sensation in the musical circles of Brooklyn. Up to within fifteen minutes of his demise Mr. Goodwin gave no evidence of physical prostration, and his friends confidently looked forward to his fulfilling a long career of usefulness. For the past three years he had been prominently identified with musical affairs in this city and New York. For two years he was President of the Handel and Haydn Society, and to his activity and personal exertions, more perhaps than those of any other individual, is that organization indebted for its permanent success. At the beginning of the present season Mr. Goodwin resigned from the Handel and Haydn Society to accept the Presidency of the Oratorio Society of New York. He had been indefatigable in his labors in behalf of the latter, as was his wont in whatever he undertook, and the excitement attendant upon the carrying out of the details of the performance of "St. Paul," on Tuesday of last week, and providing against unexpected emergencies, is believed to have hastened the approach of the malady—heart disease—which caused his death. Mr. Goodwin was 62 years of age and came to Brooklyn from Boston. In the latter city he was for many years President of the Musical Education Society. He had always been actively identified with musical interests, and his enthusiasm for and efforts in the cause of art were unbounded. He leaves a wife and three children, and will be sincerely mourned by many whom it was ever his pleasure to assist in the acquirement of a musical education.

BALTIMORE. The programme for the whole season of Peabody Institute Concerts is announced. The new composers seem to have the lion's share in it,—naturally enough, since the conductor, Prof. Asger Hamerik, is one of them.

The *Bulletin* gives the following sketch:

We are to hear at the first concert compositions by Weber, Wagner, Litolff, Von Buelow, Liszt and Hamerik. Mr. Franz Remmertz is to sing the *scena* and *aria* from the third act of *Tannhäuser*, and the Mignon song by Liszt; and Madame Falk-Auerbach plays Litolf's symphony concerto in E flat, op. 45. The second will be the French-Italian night, in which will be given Berlioz's fantasie symphony (episode of an artist's life) complete in its five movements. Prof. Paolo Baraldi and his accomplished daughter, Signora Alisa Baraldi, will give a duet from *Il Barbiere*, and the lady will sing a *cavatina* from the same opera and a scene and air from *Faust*. Miss Henrietta Corradi, from Paris, will sing the Mignon and other songs by Gounod. The Scandinavian concert is third on the list and includes Gade's very beautiful C minor symphony, a Scherzo by Svendsen; Swedish folk songs, sung by Miss Thursby; Mr. Hamerik's much admired prelude to the opera *Tovdille*, and J. P. E. Hartmann's "*Valkyria*." In the fourth concert will be given Beethoven's pastoral symphony. Mr. Leo P. Wheat, of Richmond, Va., will play Mendelssohn's G minor concerto, No. 1, op. 25. Prof. Allen will play Beethoven's romance in G major, op. 40. Miss Adelaide Randall will sing an air from Handel's opera *Rodelinda*. The fifth concert will be the American-English night, in which a new symphony in D major by Mr. O. B. Boise, a concert overture by Sterndale Bennett, and songs by Bishop, Pease and C. E. Horn. At the sixth concert Miss Jenny Busk will sing; there will be a new Russian scherzo by Glinka; and the other compositions divided between Gluck, Raff and Gade. The seventh is the German concert. Haydn's military symphony, will be given; overtures by Gluck and Mozart, songs by Handel and Schubert, sung by Mr. Remmertz; and Madame Auerbach will play Beethoven's G major concerto No. 4, op. 58. At the eighth, and last of the series, Mr. Hamerik's second Nordish *Suite*, op. 23, will be played. Miss Thursby will sing selections from Handel and Mozart, and Mr. Gustave Satter will play his symphony concerto, E flat, No. 2. Altogether, the programme offers many choice selections both old and new; the old always coming as favorites, and the new being given on account of excellence rather than novelty. Among the latter we are sure the Peabody concert-goers will be delighted to see the announcement of the new symphony by the excellent American composer, Mr. O. B. Boise, and the second Norse Suite by Prof. Hamerik. The first concert will be given on Saturday evening, December 4th, at 8 o'clock, and the first general rehearsal on the preceding Friday, December 3d, from twelve to two o'clock. The season tickets admit to both concerts and rehearsals, thus giving sixteen excellent orchestral entertainments for four dollars. *

* *

The Baltimore Liederkranz has sent us its announcement for the coming winter. The programme consists of eight concerts and one masked ball and anniversary celebration. Among the greater compositions to be given are *The Resurrection*, by Neukomm, "The Pilgrimage of the Rose" and the first "Walpurgis Night," by Mendelssohn; all to be with orchestral accompaniment, under the leadership of Prof. J. H. Rosewald, director. The fact may not be generally known that this Liederkranz is the oldest German singing society in this country; and that it ranks at this time as one of the best. It has five hundred passive, and one hundred and twenty active, members. It has given, during its many seasons of concerts, the best works of Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Max Bruch, Hiller, Abt and others. It gave the first German opera and oratorio ever heard in this country! Its officers are at present Mr. John Schomann, the well known tenor, president; and Messrs. Wm. Krause and Wm. Schmidt, secretaries. The rehearsals of the society take place every Wednesday evening at Raine's Hall.

THE same journal announces a short season of Italian opera by Miss Adelaide Phillips's new organization, which is promised at the Academy, beginning on Wednesday evening of next week. The company comprises the following talent: Miss Adelaide Phillips, Miss Matilde Phillips, (first appearance here,) Miss Violetta Colville, Signorina Lamberti, soprano; Mr. Tom Karl, Signor Buganini, tenori, first appearance here; Signor Tagliapietra, baritone; Signor Carpi, basso cantante; Signor Ba Celli, basso; Signor Barberis, second tenor, Signor Locatelli, second bass; Signor A. Tomasi; musical director. Full chorus and orchestra. The operas to be given will be, on Wednesday, *Il Barbiere*; on Tuesday, *La Cenerentola*; on Friday, *Trovatore*; Saturday, *Romeo e Giuglietta*, and at the matinée, *La Favorita*.

ONE MORE CENTENNIAL! After having celebrated Petrarch, Boccacio, Boieldieu, Michael Angelo, Goethe and Arminius, they are to have CRISTOFORI, the inventor of the piano. Italians are the only people who could make a general rejoicing out of the birth of the man who invented the piano. Before Signor Cristofori had paved the way for the Erard, the Pleyel, the Knabe, the Steinway and the Chickering, the only drawing-room music box was the *clavecin*, whose silvery sounds emulated those of the Æolian harp. In the palace of the Trianon may still be seen the beautifully ornamented *clavecin* on which Marie Antoinette learned music, under the direction of the divine Mozart; and nearer to us, at Messrs. Knabe's, Charles Carroll of Carrolton's instrument of the same kind has been carefully preserved. The revolution introduced by Cristofori consisted in the addition of the hammer, which, simple a device as it is, constitutes the essential principle of the instrument. Nevertheless, Cristofori will have his centennial on the 29th of this month, at Mantua, where from five to six hundred pianists from Italy, France, England and Germany, are expected to execute on the instrument of their hero's invention, a *morceau d'ensemble*, composed expressly for the occasion by the illustrious Liszt.

Special Notices.

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"Ich weiss wohl etwas liches
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A charming German "sweet Home" song.

Do not leave me if you love me. Song and Chorus. 3. Ab to e. *Voorthuysen.* 30

"If the hours seem long and weary."

Brownl Cesner writes the words, and everything is richly musical.

Pass every Earthly Joy. 3. Ab to f. *Lloyd.* 35

"Distant the resting place,
Jesus alone can bless."

A simple melody, full of deep feeling. Words return frequently to the phrase "Jesus is mine," which becomes the prominent thought of the song.

A Heart which is bereft. (Un cor privo dei palpeti). Duet. 4. D to *a*. *Hackensollner.* 40

"Like a homeless bird."
"Come un angellino."

A sweet Italian (and English) duet of moderate difficulty.

Yes and No. 3. D to e. *Gray.* 35

"For Donald was a sailor,
And a l for my poor sake."

Another warning to ladies, not to say the "No" which means "Yes" quite so decidedly for fear he will not understand. Very arch and pretty song

Pauline and Paul. 3. Bb to e. *Danks.* 30

"Ah you only love me then
When the sun is shining bright."

Charming song of wholesome sentiment.

Instrumental.

Guirnalda. The Wreath. Piezas de Baile. *Mazzoranna.* 50

Very peculiar music, and will be welcome to those who like novelties. The piezas or pieces are "Dos Amantes," "Esperanza," "Elena" and "Eva."

Heiter Galop. 4 hands. 3. D. *Wels.* 60

Carl's wide-awake galop arranged for two performers.

Grand Centennial March. 3. C. *Zeuner.* 30

The title sufficiently indicates its grandeur and adeptadness to the season now approaching.

Tannhauser. "Beyer's Repertoire." 3. 35

The favorite airs of the great opera.

Bella Waltz. 3. *Lamothe.* 50

Were there not so many fine waltzes extant, one would say that this is of unusual beauty. It is of the usual beauty of the best composers.

The Life of Youth. 12 easy pieces by *Lichner*, each 30

No. 3 March. 2. C.
" 7. Minuet. 2. F.
" 11. Ariosa. 2. D.

Easy pieces of a classical quality.

Polacca Brillante in E. 6. *Von Weber.* 75

The greater works of Von Weber may be compared to vast mosaics, in which although there are thousands of fragments, each one is fitted carefully and tastefully in its proper place. Von Bülow has thought the work worthy of his study and performance.

Dreaming Flowers. (Traumende Blumen). 3. F. *Lange.* 40

May Breezes. (Mailufterl). 4. Ab " 50

Two more of Gustav Lange's beautiful compositions.

Rondo in G by Beethoven, with notes by Von Bulow. 5. G. 75

Von Bulow has the traits of a first-class pianoforte teacher, as evidenced by the very careful and useful notes appended to the rondo. It is not especially difficult.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter: as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

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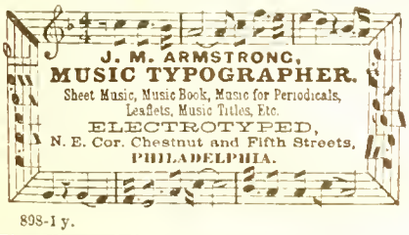

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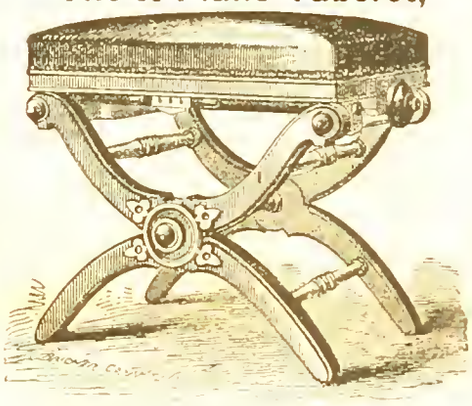

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The Piano-Forte.

A BRIEF INQUIRY INTO THE ORIGIN OF THE INSTRUMENT.

Copious as is human speech in locutions of an expostulatory kind, it is sometimes very difficult to fix upon a form of remonstrance which shall be at once mild and firm, courteous yet impressive. The French *Comment donc?* is less an expression of reprehension than of interrogative surprise; while, although there is an immensity of significance in the Spanish *Hombre!* that interjective noun is of individual and not of general applicability; and, moreover, you cannot say *Hombre!* to a lady. The classic *Proh! pudor!* has been worn intolerably threadbare; the Transatlantic Hold on! is slang; and the Scottish Eh, mon! is archaic. But perhaps we shall find the expression we seek in our own modern English, and in the blandly remonstrant and vaguely dissuasive phrase, Now, really! It may mean a great deal, or it may mean scarcely anything at all; but it has found general acceptance in polite English society of recent date as a substitute for the powerful but unseemly expletives in which even our kings and princes were accustomed to signify their dissent from a given proposition. Anxious not to transgress the etiquette of international courtesy, we thus conceive that there could scarcely be a more appropriate remark, with which to confront the curiously inopportune scheme which has just been set on foot in the city of Florence, than Now, really! It is gravely announced that preparations are being made to celebrate next year in the Tuscan capital the centenary of Cristofori, who, on "evidence inadequate to prove a debt, impotent to convict of the lowest offence," has been proclaimed to be the inventor of the piano-forte. We propose to strip this virtually mythical inventor of the laurels unjustly placed upon his brow; but it is not our purpose arbitrarily to set up in his stead any fresh claimant to the honor of having devised an instrument of music which for the last hundred years has been a source of enjoyment to some and of acute mental and physical agony to others. The piano-forte, in fact, was never invented, in the proper sense of the term, at all; since, at its best, it is only an adaptation, yet susceptible of perfectibility, of a long series of stringed instruments—one of the earliest of which may have been played upon by St. Cecilia, whose ancestresses may have been taught by Timotheus, who may have learnt the original art from Apollo.

A hundred years may be regarded as the fairly approximative period during which the civilized world has been either blessed or afflicted with an improved harmonic machine in which the sounds are produced by imparting vibration to elastic strings lightly stretched over a case or box, and covered with thin boards, the resonance of which, imparted to the volume of air which they enclose, enhances the development of the sound. The old composers, in writing their concerted or orchestral pieces, could only avail themselves, as mechanical means of expression, of such instruments as virginals, spinets, clavichords, and harpsichords; but so soon as some ingenious craftsman had improved the antique instrument into the modern piano, the *maestri*, recognizing the peculiar capabilities of the amended machine, repaid their obligations to the mechanician by writing for the piano unprecedentedly fine pieces of music, and by practising the execution of those productions to such an extent as to give as once the highest celebrity to the novel apparatus. It is remarkable that while poetry, architecture, sculpture, and, in its noblest forms, painting attained their highest perfection in ages of remote antiquity, it has been reserved for the moderns to achieve unsurpassed excellence in music, which is itself probably the most ancient of arts, since there are few savages who cannot sing. This apparent anomaly, however, disappears when we remember that, in all cases save that of the fiddle, the progress of instrumental music depends mainly on the mechanical perfection of the instrument which gives it voice and meaning. Thus it follows that music, as a fine art, should be at present in a more advanced state than at any other period, for the reason that never before have our mechanical resources been so great or so fully developed. There may have been plenty of Mendelssohns and Schuberts as composers in olden days; but there could have been but few such executants as Thalberg or Liszt, because there were no sufficiently perfected instruments adapted to the full display of their capacity. Even as regards the composers it is not impossible that much of that which we call the sublime-simplicity and the artless-pathos of a Lulli or a Harry Lawes, a Purcell or a Locke, was due to the fact that, apart from the organ, they were destitute of technical resources for carrying out their ideas; nor, we trust, is it irreverent to assume that the illustrious Mozart himself, who only lived to see the earliest experiments in the modern piano forte, would have written still more magnificently than he did if he had had the use of a Broadwood or an Erard's Grand in lieu of a clavichord or a spinet. The leading idea of the modern piano is that of making the jack, or hammer, strike the string instead of pulling it; but the conception of this notion has been claimed by the French, the Italians, and the Germans, and the real originator is hopelessly lost in an innumerable cloud of claimants. Some kind of hammer-harpsichord is mentioned in the *Giornale d'Italia* so early as the year 1711. It appears to have been an enclosed adaptation of the mediæval original, and one was brought to England in the reign of George II.; but so slow and imperfect was its mechanism that nothing much livelier than the Dead March in *Saul* could be played upon it. The great defect of the primitive hammer was that it did not instantaneously quit the string after it had struck the blow, so that the sound was deadened; but this deficiency is said to have been remedied in 1768 by one Christoph Gottlieb Schroeter, of Hohenstein in Bohemia. Is this the Cristofori whom the Florentines propose to honor? Schroeter published an explanatory pamphlet in which he certainly said that a performer on this instrument could play *piano* or *forte* at pleasure; but it is on record that more than twenty years previously, when John Sebastian Bach visited Frederick the Great at Berlin, the King was so pleased with certain forte-pianos manufactured by one Silbermann, of Freiburg, that he purchased no fewer than fifteen of these instruments, and caused them to be placed in different apartments of his palace for the delectation of himself and the great musician. But kings are an inconstant race, and eighteen years afterwards Frederick, grown weary of his forte-pianos, ordered from England the very finest harpsichord that could be produced by the first maker of the day, Tschudi, of London, the predecessor of the actual firm of Broadwood.

Into the further bibliography of the popular instrument it is scarcely necessary to enter; since enough has been said, perhaps, to show that we were justified in putting before the Florentine committee plain reasons why the celebration of the centenary of an inventor who has not yet been discovered would be almost ludicrous in its inappropriateness. As it is, there happen actually to be two Christophers in the field: one the Christoph Gottlieb Schroeter, as aforesaid; and the other, Bartolomeo Cristofoli or Cristofori, who was almost contemporary with the Bohemian, and who produced an instrument which he called "grave cembalo col piano e forte;" but in neither case would Florence have any peculiar right to hold a piano centenary. If Schroeter was the originator, the festival should be held at Hohenstein; if Cristofoli was the man, it is in Padua, of which learned city he was a native, that his memory should be honored. Again, the Czech and the Italian might find their claims disputed by the Frenchman Marius, who, in 1716, manufactured an instrument in which the jacks were little hammers tipped with leather, instead of the wooden tongues which had formerly impelled the crow-quills of the old spinets. Marius called his piano a *clavecin à maillets*; but he is shrewdly suspected of having plagiarized his idea from a magnificently elaborate made *clavecin* by Johann Ruchers, of Antwerp, so early as 1630. For the rest, conceding the point that the thoroughly modern piano is about a hundred years old, there could be no harm in the *fanatici per la musica* holding a piano-forte centenary in any city in the civilized world where pianos jangle; but why the festival should take place in Florence, or indeed in Italy at all—a country which has produced very few renowned executants on the piano forte, and is incapable moreover of manufacturing first-rate pianos—passes comprehension. We are told, nevertheless, that Cristofori's dubious invention is to be commemorated by a series of international concerts, at which the Abbe Liszt has consented to play; but if there be any of the old Adam left in that reverend pianist he would be justified, we should say, in flinging his music stool at the heads of the Florentine committee as a practical plea in favor of the claims of his quasi-compatriot Schroeter. For the rest, a congress of pianos and piano-forte players in any great European capital would be a much more sensible undertaking than a centenary in memory of a doubtless respectable mechanic about whom nothing that is tangible can be remembered. There would be no harm in passing in review the old instruments of the early Broadwoods, the Buckers, the Zumpfs, the Kirkmans, the Pohlmans, the Becks, the Stodarts, the Tompkinsons, and the Clementis, should any of those antiquated pianos yet survive, and contrasting them with the grands, semi-grands, the horizontals, the uprights, the cabinets, the cottages of the best modern makers, not forgetting the famous iron pianos of the American Chickerings. But, if such an assemblage is to be held in Italy, Milan would be a much better place to hold it in than Florence, since, outside the capital of Lombardy, there is a very vast plain called the Piazza d'Armi, in which the piano-maniacs could celebrate their mysteries, thus enabling that portion of the community who do not appreciate the piano-forte to give the instrumentalists a wide berth. Concurrently a smaller congress, composed either of cynics or of sages, might hold a quiet sederunt in the interior of the city for the purpose of resolving, if resolution be possible, several curious questions: First, how it comes about that piano-forte-playing is the only art the almost incessant study and practice of which fails to confer on the student, save in rare instances, anything beyond a mediocre degree of proficiency; secondly, why, although female executants on this

instrument are, as against men, as ten to one, really distinguished lady pianistes are against professors of the Thalberg-Kalkbrenner calibre — for fear of being invidious we speak only of the dead—as one to a hundred; thirdly, why ladies who in their maiden years have been brilliant performers usually abandon the pursuit of instrumental music so soon as they get married; and, finally, why it is that, whilst the number of men of the brightest genius who have been professional or amateur fiddlers or violinists is amazing, the vast majority of the great piano-forte-players of the past, excluding the great composers, to whom all musical instruments should be familiar, have not been able to do anything more than play on the piano-forte?

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

Cherubini's "Water-Carrier" at the Princess's Theatre, London.

[From the Telegraph, Oct. 29.]

Mr. Carl Rosa is the Abdiel of his order—"among the faithless faithful only he." In his eyes a manager's prospectus is not an elaborate joke, but a document containing pledges which have to be redeemed. He looks upon it *au serieux*, and is ready to make sacrifices in vindication of its honor, as on Wednesday night, when he produced Cherubini's "Les Deux Journées." Every opera announced in the prospectus of the too brief season, this excepted, had been brought out, and only four more performances could be given, all of which it was easy to devote to well-known and assuredly profitable works. But Mr. Rosa had promised "Les Deux Journées," and that was enough. He kept his word.

The choice of "Les Deux Journées," or "The Water Carrier," as in the English version it is called, was a bold one, and the performance of the opera could only be regarded as experimental. In all countries this work is talked of as a masterpiece, but in none has it ever become thoroughly popular. At the Opéra Comique of Paris — successor to the Théâtre Feydeau, where "Les Deux Journées" was first heard—it is known only in the library; while even Germany, though more acquainted with it as "Der Wasser-Träger," refuses "letters of naturalization" in its favor. The history of "The Water Carrier" amongst ourselves is even more disheartening. A few years ago, Mr. Mapleson, in an access of classical revivalism, brought out Cherubini's opera, but was so disheartened by the aspect of a house filled only with connoisseurs who never pay that he withdrew it after one performance. Till Wednesday night this made up the entire career of the work in England, and it must be admitted that, viewing the whole situation, some boldness was necessary for another attempt. Conviction of this fact is not lessened by the knowledge that there are obvious and intelligible reasons why "The Water Carrier" has not charmed the multitude. The story, albeit pure in sentiment, and appealing to lofty and generous instincts, is too much involved for an opera, while fatally disregardful of the rule that insists upon one prominent character, through which a "star" may shine. The music, moreover, sternly avoids *ad captandum* effects, and subordinates itself to the course of the drama with a completeness that should relax the grim visage of the savagest warrior under the banner of Wagner. An opera so constructed, and dealing in simple, heroic fashion with the devotedness of a common laborer, has little to recommend it when judged by ordinary standards. The question for Mr. Carl Rosa was, therefore, whether a public could be found who would regard the work in a different and higher light—a public able to appreciate pure and noble motives, even when conveyed through an imperfect medium, and qualified, also, to discern the excellence of music which, with unfaltering wing, keeps in the highest region of art. Mr. Rosa answered this question affirmatively, and, judging by the aspect of his theatre and the behavior of his audience on Wednesday night, he was not far wrong. The opera won a cumulative success. Well received throughout the first act, the second evoked warmth, while the third excited enthusiasm. Something of this must no doubt be attributed to a performance of real merit, but Cherubini spoke to willing and sympathetic ears. Applause was hushed during his ritornellos, that not even a bar of the music might be lost. This is an encouraging state of things, and may well make those who desire the progress of dramatic music more anxious than ever to see Mr. Carl Rosa at the head of a permanent and flourishing enterprise.

"The Water Carrier" was so fully discussed in connection with its performance at Drury-lane that we should not now be justified in treating it as an unknown work. But stress may again be laid upon the purity and pathos of Bouilly's libretto—in this respect a true sister of that which came from the same pen and fell into the hands of Beethoven. It is not, after all, necessary to search for the subject of an opera among garbage, in the gutters, or between the covers of the "Newgate Calendar." We are sometimes led to argue the contrary from the prevalence of filth and crime on the lyric stage; wherefore, if "The Water Carrier" did nothing else but demonstrate that a purer atmosphere is possible, it would serve an excellent purpose. But Cherubini's opera does more. It shows how music, as severe in its dignity and chaste in its tone as some Greek temple, is compatible with the humble t surroundings. What can be more homely than the dwelling of the poor water carrier, or more unheroic than the family joys and anxieties which there pass before us? Yet into this rude abode and this lowly life music enters, not to abash and humiliate by contrast, but to elevate and ennoble. According to some theorists having a reverence for what they regard as the fitness of things, the refined and exalted music given by Cherubini to his humble characters is out of place. Not so. Though a novelist dare not make a peasant talk like a scholar, a composer can make him sing in lofty strains, for the simple reason that the best music is the fittest exponent of human emotion. But the influence of works like the "Water Carrier" is good altogether. In ethics and in art they are on the side of true progress.

We must speak of the performance on Wednesday night in the highest terms. Mr. Carl Rosa, conscious that nothing was too good for such an opera, distributed the characters among the best of his company, and bestowed upon rehearsals all needful care. The result was a standard of excellence seldom obtained even where greater pretensions are made, band and chorus being alike admirable, while not a single part failed of adequate representation. To choose, for example, among the Constance of Mdlle. Torriani, the Marcellina of Miss Hersee, and the Angelina of Miss Gaylord, would be a task as embarrassing as Paris found that of bestowing the apple. Each lady was equal to her work, and it seemed as though none other could have done it better. Mr. Lyall presented a capital Antonio, his acting especially commanding praise for its naturalness and intelligence. Mr. Aynsley Cook (Daniel), Mr. Celli (Captain), Mr. Ludwig (Lieutenant), and Mr. Arthur Howell (Semos) exerted themselves with great success in perfecting the *ensemble*; and if, on the other hand, Mr. Nordblom was not an ideal Armand, ample amends were made by the perfection of Mr. Santley's Mikeli. After the success of this fine artist in the "Porter of Havre," nothing else could have been anticipated for his embodiment of the poor Savoyard. Expectation was more than met. Mr. Santley's acting throughout was natural, and therefore powerful in the highest degree. Never betraying a trace of exaggeration, it was always equal to the demands of the character assumed, which stood forth clear of outline and consistent in all its details—a work, in fact, of genuine art. Of Mr. Santley as a vocalist we need hardly speak. Enough that, from first to last, he touched nothing in the opera he did not adorn. The recalls after each act, especially the last, were enthusiastic, and the greatest credit is due to Mr. Rosa for a revival which will make his short campaign one to be remembered.

The series of performances closes to-morrow night with "Le Nozze di Figaro," and on Monday, Mr. Rosa begins a provincial tour, throughout which he may reckon on the best wishes of all music-lovers.

Alexandra Palace.—Handel's Esther.

(*From the London "Daily Telegraph."*)

With the successful example of the Crystal Palace before them, the managers of the Muswell Hill enterprise could hardly do other than establish concerts akin to those which, under Mr. Manns' direction, have attained almost world-wide fame. The Alexandra Palace, therefore, has its musical Saturdays, and hopes to gather together, in the far north of London, an audience as numerous and, in time, as cultured as that which assembles weekly in the far south. * * * * * *

At the Alexandra Palace, on Saturday last, the deed performed was the revival of Handel's *Esther*. It was officially announced that this work would be produced on the occasion for the first time since 1757, the date of its last hearing, during the life of the illustrious composer. This may not be strictly correct, because we have always had amongst us societies whose laudable curiosity induced them to explore fields of art across which the beaten path did not run. These institutions, we can hardly doubt, have not forgotten a work which, though neglected, stands out conspicuous in the record of Handel's life. The overture has ever occupied the place of a favorite, and the great provincial festivals used years ago to dip now and then into the body of the oratorio. But there is reason to believe that no public performance on an adequate scale intervened between the day when *Esther* was given, in 1757, and Saturday last. The interval is a wide one, measured by the life of man; but art is long, and can see with complacency the flux of time. It can afford to wait; and to all in that happy position everything comes, even justice, which, proverbially, has leaden feet. The story of *Esther* scarcely needs telling here, because it is familiar to everybody with a smattering of knowledge about England's best-loved musician. Enough if we call to the amateur's memory how the oratorio was written for the Duke of Chandos, in 1720, when Handel filled the post of chapelmaster in the household of that gorgeous peer; how, after being twice performed at Cannons, it was laid aside for twelve years, and only revived at a private performance, got up by Mr. Bernard Gates, master of the Chapel Royal boys; how the interest it then excited led to a public hearing; and how Handel was thus induced to give his attention to oratorio as a means of wealth and fame. The story, in outline, is soon told; but it would not be easy to exhaust the significance of *Esther*, as the first English oratorio, or of those seemingly trivial events which, working through it, launched the composer on a career that secured for his memory a

"Broad approach of fame,
And ever-ringing avenues of song."

So regarded, the oratorio appeals to us as does the tiny source of some vast river, or the thought in a single human brain which, according to Emerson, is the parent of every revolution. The manuscript of *Esther*, as it lay dust-covered on the shelf at Cannons, contained not only all the actualities of oratorio as we are now conscious of them, but all the possibilities which, in the future, may become real. To what the neglected score has led we know; it was like the last off-shoot of a decayed stock—for oratorio in Italy was then fast dying out—taken to root and flourish in another and more vigorous soil. Upon its existence, as far as can now be seen, depended the future of a grand form of art. What would have been the result had a servant at Cannons lit the Duke's library fire with the precious paper before Mr. Bernard Gates obtained a duplicate? May we fancy that that which is now known as oratorio would have no existence? Hardly, perhaps, dare we go so far, but it is certain that nobody could then have shown Handel the possibilities of oratorio in England, and it is probable that he would have written his dearly-loved operas to the end of the chapter. Imagine English sacred music without *The Messiah*, *Israel*, and *Judas*,—nay, imagine England itself without *The Messiah* alone! To do so is to see in the mind's eye a somewhat different country, or there is nothing in the exercise of an abiding, all-pervading, and powerful influence.

The music of *Esther* is a theme so ample and tempting that we scarcely dare venture upon its discussion within the compass of a notice like this. To exhaust the topic, we should have not only to consider the work *per se*, but from a comparative stand-point, marking how and in what measure it shows the influence of Italian art upon the solid basis of German thought, and how and in what degrees it contrasts or harmonizes with the master's matured style. Upon these points much might be said which now can only be indicated. A first thought connected with the work has reference to its non-dramatic character. The form of the Italian sacred play is preserved by a division into acts and scenes, but the libretto is so constructed as to prove clearly enough that the idea of a dramatic performance was not in the writer's mind. Moreover, the original *Esther* was even less adapted for stage business than the second and enlarged form of the work produced, without theatrical accessories, in 1732. In this there is no reason to imagine that Handel was actuated by deference to English notions. Italy herself at that time had abandoned the sacred drama, and her oratorios were performed, when produced at all, with nothing save music and poetry to recommend them.

But the influence of Italian art upon *Esther* takes a wider range than the form of telling the story. We see it especially in the character of the solos, which are unusually numerous, after the fashion of the model Handel adopted. The grace and suavity, tunefulness, and balance of phrase, that characterize, *inter alia*, "Dread not, righteous Queen," "Tears assist me," and "O beauteous Queen, unclose those eyes," mark their origin with a distinctness doubly apparent when a contrast is made with the more rugged eloquence of contemporary German art as illustrated by Bach. But, while this is the case, it is also true that we see Handel alone in the dramatic fitness which welds each air firmly into the perfect whole of the work. There is not a song in *Esther*, so regarded, that fails to present a study of characterization and truthful expression. The choruses are fewer and less developed, with two exceptions, than those of later works, but all of them bear the stamp of the master's genius. What a mingling of grandeur and pathos have we in "Ye sons of Israel, mourn!" and how interesting it is to recognize this early demonstration of the fact that the Saxon master, while able to lead a nation's praises, could also embody, in accents fit to "storm the seat of mercy," a nation's cry of lamentation. What a wealth of power, moreover, is there in the triumphant song of the Israelites, "He comes to end our woes," and how the hammer of this musical Thor descends on the words "Earth, tremble," till it seems as though the behest were literally obeyed. But in the final chorus, "The Lord our enemy hath slain"—an extended *scena* introducing *soli* again and again—Handel may almost be held to surpass himself. It is a magnificent effort at fullest stretch of power, Pelion rising upon Ossa till the heavens are touched, and there seems no possibility of ascending higher. If only for this chorus, the revival of *Esther* deserves a welcome. But the oratorio is full of beauty, and now, with its sounds still vibrating, we look back over the gulf of a hundred and eighteen years with pity for the generations that neglected it.

Passing the questions involved in the conflicting editions of the work, and merely saying that the version used on Saturday was that of the English "Handel Society," edited by the late Charles Lucas, we come to the performance, which drew to Muswell Hill an audience, not only large, but representative of all classes in the musical world. Here let us promptly recognize the merit generally displayed, from Mr. Weist Hill, who worked with heart and soul as well as skill, down to the humblest chorister. Great pains must have been taken, and many rehearsals held, before music so unfamiliar could have been so thoroughly grasped. But the end was worth the means, thanks to which *Esther* made a fitting *début*. The soloists were Madame Nouver, Miss Enriquez, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Howells, and Mr. Wadmore—all English artists (as was fitting), although the first-named lady chooses to assume the disguise of a foreigner. Madame Nouver, who is new to London concert-rooms, has a fine and powerful soprano voice, as well as considerable aptitude for her profession. She needs further teaching, however, especially in recitative, the proper signification and manner of which do not seem to have been explained to her. Miss Enriquez sang capitally "O Jordan, sacred tide," and a very dramatic invocation which opens the third act; while Mr. Howells, a student, we believe, at the Royal Academy of Music, pleased by his agreeable voice and unobtrusive rendering of the second tenor music. Mr. Vernon Rigby, strictly accurate as usual, sang the airs of Ahasuerus and Mordecai excellently, making with them the greater effect because they are well suited to his voice and style. Praise must also be given to this gentleman for his recitatives, which were uniformly declaimed with intelligence and dramatic purpose. Mr. Wadmore rendered the music of Haman in a manner which showed the possession of more than a good voice, and the encore given to his recitative, "Turn not, O Queen," was as deserved as it was unexpected. The band and chorus, as already intimated, were thoroughly equal to their work, and Mr. Weist Hill won hearty commendation by the judicious manner of his conducting. That *Esther* had a warm reception may be readily supposed. Four numbers were repeated, and at the end long and loud applause testified general satisfaction. We have only to say further, that the additions to Handel's meagre score were made by Mr. Halberstadt in the true spirit of an artist, and with touches here and there of striking beauty. Not a note of the original was altered, while the additions made—a liberal allowance of trombone excepted—were marked by most excellent judgment.

Musical Criticism.

[From a Report of the first meeting of the Musical Association, in London, Oct. 31, 1875].

(Concluded from Page 133.)

If, in the more important matters of religion and politics, we find such a diversity of irreconcilable opinions, we cannot be surprised that in matters of taste the most opposite views of the musical art should prevail among critics. It may be asked, and not for the first time, "who shall decide when doctors disagree?" Let a doctor reply. "The opinions of acknowledged critics," writes Dr. Crotch, "accumulate in time, and are compacted into a mass, that irresistibly bears down before it all the opposition of false taste and ignorance." Until that golden age of criticism shall arrive, we must fold our hands, and look on with patience and resignation.

It will be conceded, I think, by none more than the critics themselves, that, as actually practised, musical criticism is more a counterfeit than a reality. I have heard it stated by an accomplished musical critic, that "there is no such thing as musical criticism." In a certain sense there is doubtless some ground for the statement. Musical criticism is, however, not a myth; it is an acknowledged fact. This leads me to inquire, what is its practical use? Its chief aim should be to educate public taste in musical matters; "to create a current of true and fresh ideas." Another practical use is to draw public attention to the productions and performances of musicians. Without this attracting agency many a meritorious musical work might be

. . . . . born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Regarding thus its practical use, I hold criticism to be the light and life of art and literature. Milton's sublime epic was comparatively unknown, and all but dead to the general public, until Addison's brilliant criticisms brought it once more into notice, and, as it were, quickened it into life. Many of the inimitable beauties of Shakspeare, but for his innumerable critics, might have remained longer unrecognized. Few persons have the experience, the confidence, the courage, the ability to form unaided, independent opinions, and to express them. The general public, as a rule, had they even the power to judge, would not give themselves the trouble to think on matters relating to art. They are led by "the press;" they pin their faith upon what "the papers say." A very distinguished public man once said to me, in jest, "The fact is I have no opinions until I have read my *Times*." Great is the responsibility of those who mislead public opinion!

It may be alleged that no great musical works are now produced worthy to engage the pen of an accomplished critic. Works of a high class now and then appear in this country and abroad, which, if they do not bear the hall-mark of genius, and the stamp of entire originality, are, nevertheless, compositions of considerable merit.

These works receive, I presume, the attentive and conscientious consideration of musical critics. No pecuniary encouragement awaits the composer of music of a very superior character. We are living in a utilitarian, not an artistic or poetic, age. This is the golden age of royalties and advertisements! A musical composition to be recognized by a music publisher as a work of high merit must possess the inestimable quality of *immediate* sale. This, from a publisher's point of view, is, no doubt, financially correct; his mission is to sell music, not to advance art. But what about the present and future of music? What about the music producer? Be it remembered that music was not bestowed upon us for mere amusement; not for petty objects; least of all for the sole benefit of music publishers and theatrical managers! It was a divine gift, for high moral purposes; for the delight, the solace, the civilization of mankind. Every encouragement should be given to the development of these high objects. To point out this to the unreflecting, to dwell upon the fact, to keep it in view, to urge its unanimous recognition, might well be included among the manifold duties and obligations of the musical critic. From the dignity of a profession music appears to be fast descending to a trade. Is it not a duty incumbent upon the musical critic to arrest, as he undoubtedly might, this downward course? Notwithstanding the increased cultivation of music, the study of which, generally speaking, is more superficial than solid, the multiplicity of musical academies and colleges, training schools for music, choral classes, and the endless opportunities to hear fine musical performances on easy terms, and every kind of music, from the sentimental ballad of the Christy Minstrel to the almost perfect orchestra of the Crystal Palace, there is no appreciable improvement in the public taste for "high art" in music. I am aware that the designation "public" is one of wide significance; that it embraces, if I may be allowed the expression, many publics. I speak of the public as a whole. Undeniable testimony in confirmation of my assertion might be furnished by the ledgers of music publishers.

The earnest, accomplished musical critic should not confine his literary labors to the criticism of the music of the present time only, not even to that of a comparatively recent date. In these days of literary and musical research, enquiry, and investigation, it would be desirable, as both interesting and instructive, to stimulate curiosity to have a nearer acquaintance with the fine compositions of the great Italian Masters of the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries. How few musicians know more than the names of Palestrina, Carissimi, Cesto, Leonardo Leo, Alessandro Scarlatti, Jomelli, Clari, Galuppi, and other learned composers of Italy, too numerous for mention. Rich mines of ancient Italian music remain almost unexplored. Musical critics of ability should enter the musical catacombs of Italy, and disentomb their buried treasures and comment upon them, and show modern composers of all countries how they may refresh their musical faculties by an occasional draught from those pure sources. Then of our own great musicians and their works—the illustrious church composers of the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries—how little is known! Here, also, is a vast field for exploration—a glorious opening for musical research and criticism. I shall be reminded that many of their immortal productions have already been criticized by musicians of a bygone period. I shall not stop to question the estimate which Burney and the critics of his day put upon the music and musicians with which and with whom they were acquainted. They judged by the light of their experience, which, compared with that which has been since acquired, was very limited. The compositions of the ancient Masters of Italy and England will again bear critical examination by the light of modern musical science. Let the critic of music emulate the critic of literature. See how he turns and returns to the writers of antiquity for themes for his critical pen! Will Homer and Horace ever cease to furnish employment to literary critics? Will Shakspeare? Will Dante? Will Schiller and Goethe? In like manner might musical critics be engaged. Then would the area of musical literature be enlarged; then would musical knowledge be diffused; then would the musical critic's vocation be honored.

A few comments upon the criticism of musical performance will suffice. In this department of musical criticism we might well expect to find a more than ordinary diversity of opinion. Technical knowledge and long experience are necessary to those who would attempt to guide public opinion in its estimate of executive merit. I have often marvelled at hearing what I have considered very inferior musical performances enthusiastically applauded and warmly commended by musical critics. Indiscriminate applause and undeserved commendation tend to bring the critic's office into disrepute, and to render all applause and all commendation worthless. If musical criticism is to be of any practical utility, the critic must perform his task—albeit an unpleasant one—fearlessly. A delicate duty should be delicately performed; the critic owes it to the public. I shall, perhaps, be told that we are not living in Utopia, and that as the world is constituted a state of ideal perfection in musical criticism is not to be attained more than in the ordinary affairs of life.

In the "Monthly Musical Magazine," commenced in 1818, and ended in 1828, are to be found some very excellent specimens of musical criticism. The "Harmonicon," a once popular musical journal, whose existence terminated about forty years ago, contains, also, many critical articles of great interest and worth. The late George Hogarth and Henry Chorley were amongst the best modern musical critics. The former—an accomplished musical historian, as well as an acute critic—added to the stock of criticism by his well expressed opinions, based upon sound musical knowledge and experience. The latter writer, eccentric in his views, and in his mode of expressing them, was more generally correct than incorrect in his estimate of musical talent. Berlioz in France, and the elder Fétis in Belgium, have left rich legacies in criticism, although the accuracy of some of their musical judgments may be open to question. Schumann, and other German writers on music have done service to art. As musical critics I believe it will be discovered hereafter that Lisz

and Wagner have worked with a contrary effect. The admirable criticisms of the gifted Schumann demonstrate an appreciation of the late Sterndale Bennett's compositions no less creditable to the German critic than to the English musician he so generously and so ably judged.

This leads me to refer to the unpardonable ignorance displayed by the Germans on the subject of English music and musicians. They ignore the immortal compositions of our great church composers; of our madrigal and glee writers; and they seek no acquaintance with the music which British composers have produced during the past half century. This is certainly discreditable to the German musician, who assumes to have a comprehensive knowledge of music and its history. The musicians of Germany are now occupied only with themselves. By their writings and their performances they are striving to force into undue prominence the compositions of the modern German, or the so-called "higher development" school of music. German musicians of advanced opinions already regard as effete the glorious works of their most renowned masters. There are some musical advanced Liberals who would even presume, forsooth, to lay their sacrilegious hands upon Beethoven's scores, with a view to their improvement.

Doubtless, the well-known epitaph upon Shakspeare's tomb, in the church at Stratford-upon-Avon, is yet in the memory of my auditors. It is this:—

Blest be the man who spares these stones,
And curs'd be he who moves my bones!

Might not the spirit of Shakespeare's epitaph, if not its words, be aptly applied, in these meddlesome times, to Beethoven's scores? Forty-five years ago Mendelssohn wrote:—"Certainly, Germany is a strange land; producing great people, but not appreciating them." "When a German like Beethoven writes an opera, then comes a German like Stuntz or Poissi and strikes out a ritornelle; another German adds a trombone part to his symphonies; a third declares that Beethoven is overloaded; and thus is a great man sacrificed." We may, I think, congratulate ourselves that there is yet in existence a strong musical conservative opposition.

The taste for musical ugliness appears to be gaining ground rapidly amongst a certain section of modern German musicians. I judge so by the enthusiastic admiration I hear expressed for music whose discordant effects—*defects* would be a more apt expression—are simply hideous. No amount of novelty, no new harmonic combinations, no ingenious instrumental contrivances, no increase of orchestral noise, can compensate for the absence of musical ideas, pure melody, musical elegance and grace, and masterly symmetrical construction. Nothing is impossible. Musicians in general may, in the course of time, learn to discover beauty as well as sublimity in ugliness. Whether in music or in personal appearance, ugliness is, no doubt, an acquired taste, like the taste for tobacco, and similar nauseous appetites.

We have able musical critics who advocate and uphold many of the wild musical doctrines and theories of modern German musicians of advanced opinions. We have others of at least equal ability who persistently oppose and utterly condemn them.

The controversies of art critics should not be discouraged, for benefit to art and to artists may accrue therefrom; in the end, right principles usually prevail.

In bringing the subject of musical criticism to your notice my aim has been to draw forth opinions. "By discussion truth is elicited." I trust that this ancient oriental aphorism may be exemplified by actual experience.

A discussion followed, which eventually became animated. In the course of it Mr. ARTHUR DUKE COLERIDGE said that, having just returned from Leipsic, he was desirous of contesting the idea that the Germans took no interest in English music. They watched the career of our musicians with interest; and he mentioned that there had recently been reprinted in Germany a collection of old English glees and madrigals.—*Mus. Standard.*

Musical Correspondence.

CHICAGO, Nov. 20. What I have to say this time relates chiefly to the work of the eminent lady pianist, Miss JULIA RIVE of Cincinnati. A private reception was given her at Mrs. Regina Watson's in this city, Nov. 4, on which occasion she played the following programme:

E-flat Concerto.....Beethoven
(Piano part only.)
Waltz—"Man lebt nur einmal,".....Taussig
Allegro from "Faschingsschwank,".....Schumann
Rondo in E flat, op 16.....Chopin
Faust Waltz (Gounod).....Liszt
Second Rhapsody Hongroise.....Liszt

This programme could hardly be called a fortunate one, since the Beethoven Concerto without orchestral accompaniment, or even the support of a second piano, is almost unintelligible. Besides this, the piano was a full concert grand exceptionally powerful in tone, in consequence of which the refinement of the playing did not so fully appear in the parlor. It was evident (as indeed you have been already informed by your New York correspondent and others) that in Miss Rivé we had to do with a pianist of very high rank. Such a perfect technique certainly is not possessed by any American pianist save Mills. In addition to this Miss Rivé produces the best tone from the piano of any one I have ever heard save Mason (who, as you know, has always been admired for the exquisite delicacy of his touch.) But there were a number of musicians present the evening in question, who like myself doubted whether in this extremely gifted artist we had really a musical soul capable of comprehending and intelligently interpreting the great works of the classic school. Nor was this doubt removed on the evening in question. For as I have said, the concerto, detached from its surroundings and played in a small room, resolved itself very nearly into a bravoura piece. The Schumann piece sounded better; though this, too, was not a satisfactory test, for the "*Faschings-schwank aus Wien*" is not a piece in which Schumann's imagination appears at the best advantage. Of all the Schumann works the "Etudes Symphoniques" seems to me the most exacting test of an artist, since it is of great difficulty and contains in itself almost every possible style. Miss Rivé gave the Schumann piece with delightful effect, though not so well as I afterwards heard it done,—of which later. The brilliant pieces were perfection itself. The playing was perfectly delicate, brilliant, powerful, and never strained. I have never heard better.

Last Wednesday evening the Apollo Club gave their first reception of the season, and of the vocal part I will speak farther on. Here Miss Rivé played:

Cadenza from Beethoven's 3d Concerto.....Reinecke
Rondo, op. 16.....Chopin

For encore she played the Second Hungarian Rhapsody of Liszt.

Her second number embraced,

a). Allegretto from 8th Symphony.....Liszt
b). Romeo and Juliet Waltz (Gounod).....Raff

As you will see, the first three pieces were what lawyers call the "operative" part of these selections.

Whether the cadenza, Chopin rondo or the Rhapsody was played best I am sure I cannot say. The first I am unfamiliar with. The Chopin rondo was the very perfection of piano-playing. It was refined and graceful and tender (in the proper places) to the last degree. Equally perfect in its way was the Rhapsody, in which this pianist makes an immence effect. The Chopin rondo and the cadenza of the concerto settled the question in my mind as to Miss Rivé's artistic quality. And so they did in Mr. Upton's, the critic of the *Tribune.* He remarked the next day: "We make bold to claim not simply that Miss Rivé occupies a high rank as an artist, but that in all that goes to constitute an artist she stands the very first of American pianists."

Last Friday evening she played a recital in the Ferry Hall Seminary at Lake Forest with this programme:

1. Sonata Appassionata, op. 57.....Beethoven
2. "Faschings-schwank aus Wien," op. 26, Schumann
Allegro and Scherzerino.
3. { Ballade in A flat,
Rondo in E flat, op. 16.....Chopin
Polonaise in A flat.
4. Sonata, op. 42.....Schubert
[Allegro.]
5. Waltz—"Man lebt nur einmal,".....Taussig
6. Rondo Cap iccioso.....Mendelssohn
7. { Faust Waltz—Gounod.....Liszt
Impromptu in C sharp.....Chopin
Second Rhapsody Hongroise.....Liszt

It would be impertinent in me to presume to remind your readers that this programme makes demands upon a pianist (both mental and physical) such as few artists would like to respond to at one effort. On the present occasion the technical demands were met in a way which left nothing to be desired. This, I am aware, is a very strong way of praising pianoforte-playing, but I can come to no other opinion; for in delicacy, refinement of phrasing, expressiveness of touch, endurance, sweep and power of execution, and breadth of contrast, I have never heard better playing than that of Julia Rivé on this occasion.

But then what of the interpretation? The interpretation of the sonata, I reply, was exceedingly good. The readings were intelligent and artistic, and while it is to the last degree unfair to compare the intellectual efforts of a girl of twenty with the matured processes of men of forty-five or fifty like Rubinstein and Von Bulow (—men who besides their extra twenty years' study of the piano works of Beethoven, have conducted also all his orchestral works and know thoroughly every line of his Chamber music)—the fact remains that her playing is of such excellence as inevitably to invite such comparisons, which in itself is the highest compliment. Suffice it to say therefore that whoever hears Miss Rivé play Beethoven Sonatas will hear them played with the most scrupulous accuracy, with perfect technique, and with intelligence of a high order. Her readings are musical and refined; and for a combination of perfect technique and real musical fire and apparent spontaneity of expression I do not know where to look for her superior. Rubinstein had sometimes more fire. But then Rubinstein frequently departed from his author.—Von Buelow I have not yet had.—Of the rest of the programme what I have already said must suffice; and I conclude this branch of my subject with expressing my great gratification that an American artist has arisen who, owing to a fortunate combination of circumstances and a singularly well-balanced artistic organization, will be likely to extend a knowledge of the best things in piano literature to parts of the country not before reached by them, and in so doing will elevate at once public taste for music, and the ideal of piano-playing.

And now for the Apollo concert. Their programme was this:

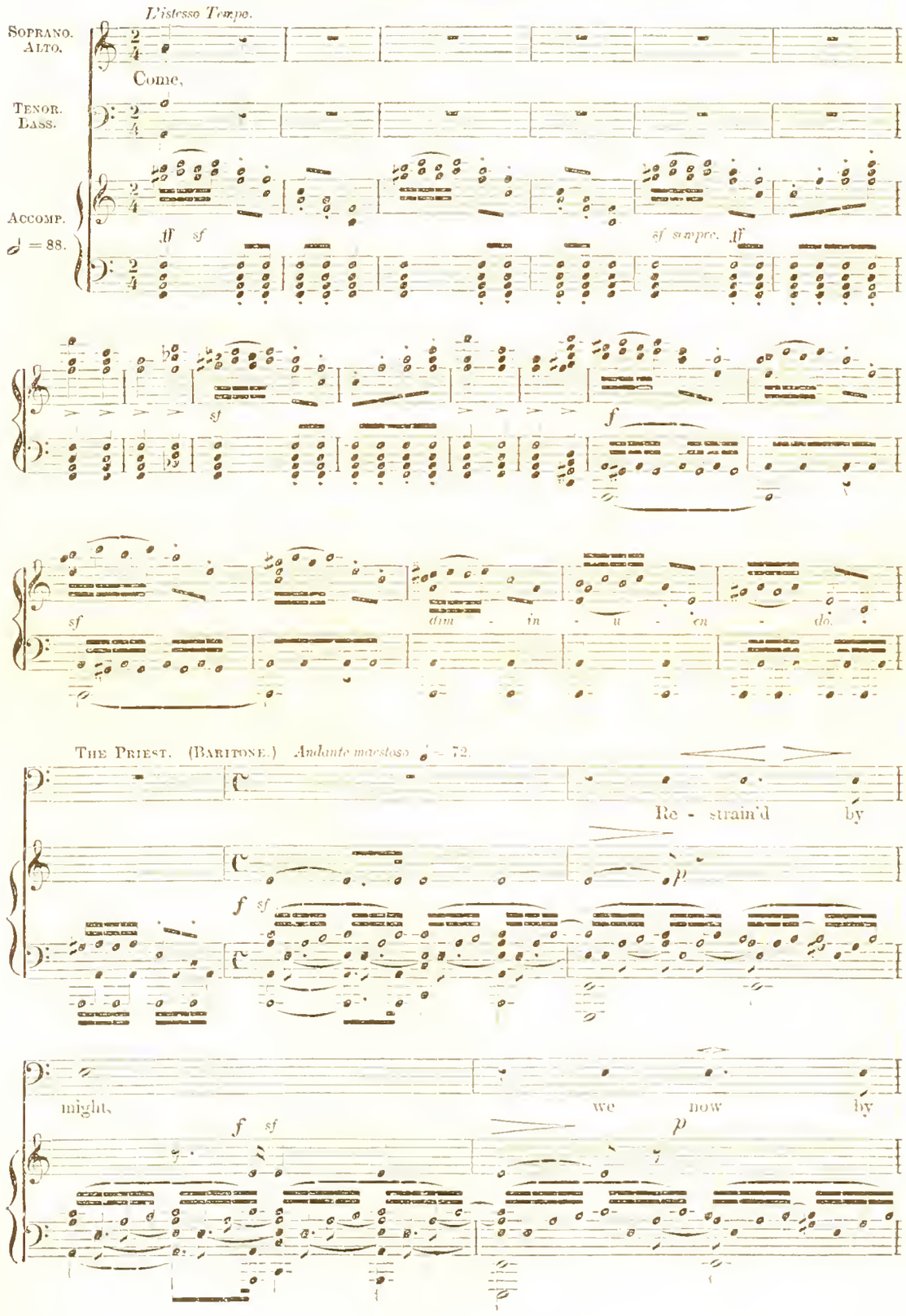
Part Song—"The Beleaguered"
Serenade—"Rest, dearest, rest,".....Kücken
Alto Solo—"In questa Tomba,".....Beethoven
Mrs. Decevée.
Madrigal—"The river spirit's Song".....Pearsall
Piano solo—(as before given).
Part Song—"The Happiest Land,".....Hatton

PART SECOND.

Part Song—"The Long Day Closes,".....Sullivan
Alto Solo—"Will he come?".....Sullivan
Mrs. Decevée.
Part Song—"The Woodland Rose,".....Fischer
Piano solo—(already given.)
Glee—"Strike the Lyre,".....Cooke

The great interest of this occasion rested in this first exhibition of the work of the new conductor, Mr. Wm. Tomlins. Under his leadership the society has regained its old prestige, acquired under the baton of Mr. Dohn, and has advanced to a decidedly higher standard of vocal work. In point of finish, fine shading, fire, and above all singing in tune the Apollo society has made a great advance, and exhibited the other night the best male singing ever heard in this city. In artistic value the selections did not exceed those of former occasions, but the quality of the work was far in advance. Mr. Tomlins is a good teacher and has underlined, I am informed, other works of greater æsthetic value for

No. 7. Solo and Chorus.—RESTRAIN'D BY MIGHT.



night, In se - cret, here a - -

p

sempre legatissimo.

- dore Thee! Still it is day When-

dolce

pp

p

- e'er we pray, And hum - bly bow be - fore Thee!

Chorus of Druids and Heathen People.

Soprano.

f *sf* *dim.*

Still it is day, When - e'er we pray, And hum - bly bow be -

Alto.

f *sf* *dim.*

Tenor. (8ve lower.)

f *sf* *dim.*

Still it is day, When - e'er we pray, And hum - bly bow be -

Bass.

f *sf* *dim.*

f *dim.*

sf

Ped. *

Solo.

When - e'er we pray, And hum - bly bow be-

- fore Thee!

- fore Thee!

p

- fore..... Thee! Thou canst as -

p

And humbly, humbly bow be - fore..... Thee!

p

p

- suage..... Our foe - men's rage, And

Thou canst as - suage Our foe - men's rage,

Thou canst as - suage Our foe - men's rage,

pp Ped. *

cres. sf

shield us from their ter - rors, The flame as - pires !..... The smoke re -

And shield us from their ter - rors.

And shield us from their ter - rors.

Ped p *

presentation in future receptions of the club, when they shall have become more confirmed in the good methods of tone-production which he seeks to inculcate. It may be understood therefore that the Apollo club is once more in the musical field under auspices which augur the finest success, since in their new director they have a musician of exceptionally exacting ear, and of the necessary patience and skill to obtain the effects his ear requires.

The Beethoven Society have a concert Dec 9th, the particulars of which I do not yet foresee.

Your Serv't,

DER FREYSCHÜTZ.

NEW YORK, Nov. 22. I have before me a large collection of concert programmes, the accumulation of the past fortnight. Many of them seem to require detailed and extended notice; but if I should attempt to review each one according to its merit I should occupy more space in your columns than falls to my share. My impressions of so many concerts are naturally somewhat confused, and, in order not to omit mention of any, I must make my notes of each one as brief as possible.

First in order of dates, there was a performance of Mendelssohn's *St Paul*, by the Oratorio Society of New York, at Steinway Hall on Tuesday Evening, Nov. 9, with the assistance of Theo. Thomas's orchestra. The soloists were Mrs. Imogene Brown, Miss Anna Drasdil, Mr. Geo. Simpson and Mr. A. E. Stoddard. Mr. Leopold Damrosch conducted the performance.

This Oratorio will bear much more frequent repetition than it gets in New York. With the first bars of the overture we feel the spell of the enchanters' wand; and the influence of the peculiar genius of Mendelssohn is constantly felt throughout the work. What could be finer than the great opening chorus: "Lord thou alone art God," and the subsequent transition from the key of triumph and exaltation to the subdued choral! What more pathetic than the air, for soprano voice, "Jerusalem! Thou that killest the Prophets!" How wonderful the chorus of the Hebrews: "Stone him to death!" But why particularize? I am reminded of a catalogue of paintings in the Antwerp gallery, which I discovered the other day among my books, in which I had endeavored to designate by a pencil-mark such of a certain painter's creations as impressed and pleased me most. When I had finished, all of his paintings were thus indicated.

Now a word as to the performance.

The orchestral part was of course perfectly well done, except upon one occasion when the wind instruments showed some uncertainty, which I think would not have happened if Thomas had held the bâton.

Mrs. Brown has a sweet, refined voice and a composure of manner which are very pleasing, but are not all that is required to make a good oratorio singer. She has a way of prolonging a note at the end of a phrase, and makes frequent use of the tremolo in sustaining a tone, a method which, though much in vogue, is not even its own excuse for being.

Miss Drasdil's singing was excellent, and the peculiar quality of her voice was well suited to the selections allotted her. Mr. Simpson was an acceptable substitute for Mr. A. Bischoff, who was announced to sing, but was prevented by illness. Mr. Stoddard, as St. Paul, made a marked impression by the fine sympathetic quality of his voice and his excellent intonation. In the first solo his singing was a little constrained and his voice muffled—probably from nervousness,—and I noticed certain defects in his enunciation, which are about the only faults to be found. In his second solo: "Oh God! have mercy upon me," his voice rang out clearly and he sang the beautiful Aria with the expression of intense feeling which it requires. His intonation in this and all of his pieces was absolutely correct, nor did he disfigure the text by the addition of superfluous notes or the insertion of turns and trills for the sake of making a display of his voice; a practice by no means uncommon.

The Chorus was good and is steadily improving. The most noticeable defect in their singing, is lack of precision in attacking chords. They seem also to have paid but little attention to pianissimo effects. —Perfection in these things is a plant of slow growth, and we must not expect too much at first.

On Friday afternoon, Nov. 12, Mr. Frederic Boscovitz, one of the best of our resident pianists, gave a matinée Piano-forte Recital, at Steinway Hall, which was well attended. I enclose the programme.

Italian Concerto.....J. S. Bach
a. Nocturne, Op. 32, No 2.
b. Mazurka, Op 33, No. 4
c. Berceuse, Op. 57.
d Valse, Op 18.
Ballade, Op. 52.....Chopin
a. Bourree, from Partita, B minor.
b. Gigue, Suite française, No. 4.....J. S. Bach
Humoresken, Op 18
a. Tempo di Valse
b. Tempo di Minuetto ed energico.....Grieg
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 12.....Liszt

Mr. Boscovitz will give another recital on the evening of Dec. 1.

On Saturday evening, Nov. 13, Theodore Thomas gave the first of his series of six Symphony concerts, at Steinway Hall. He has now entered upon the ninth season of these concerts, and they are constantly increasing in popularity. Most of the reserved seats are now taken for the season, and the audience is limited only by the capacity of the hall. The programme of the first concert was as follows:

Overture—Iphigenia in Aulis.....Gluck
Pastorale, Cradle Song, } Christmas Oratorio.....Bach
Mdme. Antoinette Sterling.
Symphony No. 8, in F, Op 98.....Beethoven
Der Doppelgaenger.....Schubert
Mdme. Antoinette Sterling.
A Symphony, to Dante's "Divina Comedia," ... Liszt
For Orchestra and Chorus.

The entire programme was superbly played. The attempted musical rendering, by Liszt, of Dante's *Divina Comedia* is a work the performance of which has been anticipated with considerable curiosity. The division of the Symphony is the same as that of the poem, making three parts; but, in the symphony, the last two movements are connected without pause. The first treats of Hell; the second of Purgatory; the third of Paradise. The work begins abruptly with a tremendous blast of trombones, seeming to repeat the famous inscription found in the first verse of the third Canto of the Inferno:

"Per me si va nell' eterno dolore,
Per me si va tra la perduta gente,"

followed by the curse of doom:

"Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate,"

which is the principal motive of the movement, given out by the trumpets and horns and returning frequently in varied combinations.

Following this introduction, the strings dash into an *Allegro Frenetico*, which is supposed to represent the hopeless rage of the lost driven around by a hurricane in eternal night. The storm-wind gradually subsiding, an Andante follows which serves to introduce the episode of Paolo and Francesca, and the English horn gives out the doleful phrase:

—"Nessun maggior dolore che ricordansi del tiempo felice nella niseria!"—

This is followed by an *Andante Amoroso*, in 7–4 measure with muted strings, which is suddenly broken by the recurrence of the phrase "Lasciate ogni speranza," this time given to a solo horn. This sudden interruption of a moonlight episode by a lurid flash straight from the gates of Hell, is one of the most effective parts of the work. The movement terminates with a resumption of the *Allegro Frenetico*, the last ten bars enunciating with the full force of the orchestra the dreadful sentence: "Leave hope behind, all ye who enter here."

The introduction to Purgatory is an Andante followed by the principal theme in the form of a choral. This gives place to a second theme in fugal form, magnificently worked up. At the climax of this fugue the choral motive is again introduced. Suddenly an unseen chorus is heard to intone the *Magnificat*, which is taken up by a solo voice to which the chorus responds:

"Magnificat anima mea Dominum." Beginning pianissimo, this theme is worked up to a grand climax and the symphony ends with the triumphant hosannas of redeemed souls.

The impression the symphony gave me was that it is the work of a man whose talent is great beyond comparison, but in whom that indescribable something called genius is lacking.

On the same Saturday evening, the first Philharmonic concert took place at the Academy of Music with the following programme:

Overture to "Julius Caesar,".....Hans von Bülow
Heroic Symphony.....Beethoven
Piano Concerto, Op 15, in D minor.....Brahms
Transcription, Mendelssohn's Summer-Night's Dream, Liszt
Both compositions executed by Mrs. Falk-Auerbach.

Herr Wachtel was to sing two selections but owing to his indisposition announced by the Vice-President of the Society, a substitute was found in Mrs. Henry Butman, who sang "Bel Raggio" from "Semiramide."

Inasmuch as I attended the Symphony concert I can give no account of the performance at the Philharmonic. I hear that the house was not well filled, —a result to be expected from the suicidal policy which the society is pursuing.

Herr von Buelow gave his first concert, at the new Chickering Hall, on Monday evening, Nov. 15, before one of the finest audiences that I have ever seen assembled. Not only all our musicians of note, but distinguished members of every profession were to be seen there. The programme was devoted entirely to Beethoven, Dr. Von Buelow making his debut with the Fourth Concerto. He also played the *Sonata Appassionata*, and fifteen Variations, op. 35, in E flat, on a theme which occurs in the *Prometheus* ballet and in the third Symphony. Never before have I heard Beethoven played with such masterly technique and such absolute fidelity to the text and spirit of the composition, as was shown in Hans von Buelow's rendering of the Concerto. Perhaps however it was in the Sonata that he took strongest hold of the audience. There was no lack of enthusiasm on the part of his hearers, and he was recalled again and again to the stage. The orchestra was the the best which could be procured here, but more or less faulty, as may be expected when a band of players is so hastily gathered. The new Hall, of which I sent you a full account last week, was admired by all present. Herr von Buelow has given three concerts and one matinée, of which I will write fully in my next letter and also concerning the concert of the New York Quartette last Saturday evening.

A.A.C.

Reformed Keyboard for the Piano-Forte.

"F. B." communicates the following description of a new arrangement of the white and black keys on our parlor instrument. Is it a "reform?" We should like to hear how Liszt or Von Buelow would regard it.

To the Editors of the Boston Daily Advertiser.—

A letter lately received from Germany contains matter of sufficiently general interest to warrant my sending you an extract or two. The many friends, too, of the writer, Dr. G—i, as well as those who have read with interest his

essays on a variety of subjects in the North American Review, may be pleased to meet him in a new field.

We are fast becoming so musical that a proposed radical reform (or, at least, change) in our house-hold god, the piano, will appeal to a wide circle of readers; and it must be new to them, for the good reason that one of our first makers has told me that it was new to him. Doubtless the keyboard of the piano was originally made with keys representing the notes only of the diatonic scale, and the necessity of completing the whole chromatic scale caused the addition of the black keys. Now, as between the third and fourth of the diatonic scale, and between the seventh and eighth, there is but the interval of a semitone, the keys answering to those notes could not be separated by a black key. Hence arose the division of the black keys into groups of three and two. But for thus continuing in the original model, there can be no reason to doubt that the keyboard would have been made at first as now proposed,—viz., with alternate white and black keys throughout. But to the extract:—

"Some German piano-makers have lately made instruments with a reformed key-board, which has the advantage of having the distance of the octave shorter by half an inch, and of avoiding the difference of fingering in the different scales or keys. There are but two scales possible on this board, viz: those beginning with a white key and those beginning with a black key. Hence the difficulties of playing would be greatly diminished, and that of transposing a piece would almost disappear, since any piece written in C could at first sight be played in D, E, F sharp, A flat, or B flat. In fact, practically only two keys would exist.

"Yesterday I read an article on this subject in a German paper, which recommends, during the transition period, the construction of pianos into which both keyboards, or either of them, can be fitted. The old keyboard, the writer thinks, has no *raison dêtre*. It grew out of the C scale. But there is no reason why that scale should enjoy forever a privilege which makes playing in many keys so difficult. The reform is only one of the keyboard. The intervals remain unaltered and each key will preserve its characteristic sound, which the Sol-fa reformers wish to abolish."

The change will also have an effect on writing for the piano, for, as it has been seen that a piece written in C can be played in five other keys equally well, so a piece written in F can be played from the same notes in all the remaining keys, namely: G, A, B, D flat and E flat. It does not appear how we are to find one place where the keyboard presents such a uniform appearance. But that could be easily effected. A new color might, for instance, be given to a key at certain intervals, say of an octave, or the octave might be distinguished by a mark upon the upright board behind the keys.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 11, 1875.

Concerts.

THIRD HARVARD SYMPHONY CONCERT, Thursday, Dec. 2.—Programme:

1. Overture to "The Men of Prometheus," Beethoven
2. **Cantata: "Spring's Greeting," for Chorus with Orchestra.....Gade
   The Cecilia.
3. Symphony in D (No. 2, Breitkopf and Haertel). Haydn
   Adagio and Allegro—Andante—Minuet—Finale.
4. *Twenty-Third Psalm: "The Lord is my Shepherd," for female voices. Op. 132...Schubert
   The Cecilia.

1. Short Marches (second time):
   a. From "Le Nozze di Figaro,".....Mozart
   b. " "Die Zauberflöte,".....Mozart
   c. " "Fidelio,".....Beethoven
2. "Loreley." Fragments of unfinished Opera (second time).....Mendelssohn
   a. Ave Maria (female voices).
   b. Finale for Soprano Solo and Chorus.
   Miss Abby Whinnery and The Cecilia.
3. Overture: "The Hebrides,"..... ...Mendelssohn

This, in contrast to the second, with the great *Eroica* for Symphony, may be called a light programme—light in a good sense; yet altogether classical, choice, pleasing alike to cultivated tastes and simple listeners. Certainly there could not be a greater distance between two Symphonies, both classical in form, than that between this quiet, cheerful, graceful, genial work of Haydn's and that gigantic first full revelation of the deeper soul and genius of Beethoven. It is one of the largest, and noblest of the Haydn Symphonies. If it sounded quite familiar—most of it—it is because Haydn is always Haydn, and the marked melodic motives of all his best instrumental works haunt the air in every musical community; they are heard in arrangements for piano, organ, flutes, church choirs. So, though to the best of our knowledge it is literally true that this Symphony, as such, for orchestra, has not been heard in Boston for full seven years, yet many a half connoisseur imagined he had been hearing it repeatedly; he had heard things taken from it. The performance by the orchestra gave new evidence of care and improvement; it was truthfully and clearly, and on the whole smoothly rendered,—though those who watch for "roughnesses" doubtless can always find them—while they lose the *music*; that is a minor matter!

The Overtures went well too, particularly the "Hebrides," which fitly followed after "Loreley," and was indeed beautifully interpreted. The group of little marches, whose happy sequence pleased so much last season, again proved fresh and charming; there is certainly a nice contrast between the naive and simple boys' and girls' wedding march from *Figaro*, the solemn march of Priests from "The Magic Flute," and the Spanish Soldier's quickstep from *Fidelio*; and the succession of keys (C, F, B flat) happens to come just right.

But the attraction of the Concert was the singing, with and without orchestra, by THE CECILIA, conducted by Mr. LANG, who has again had them in weekly training from the beginning of the season. The voices, now raised to about 120 in number, are fresh and musical, making a fine ensemble. The tones blended richly, beautifully; and all the four parts were effective, though the balance is still capable of improvement. Were they all equal in strength and brilliancy, as well as in sweetness, to the noble body of sopranos, nothing better could be wished. There are some very rich and telling voices among the Contraltos, and the small squad of tenors is musical and sure; but both lacked weight in comparison to the soprano.

The Cantata by Gade is not a work of marked originality, nor of great consequence; but it is fresh, melodious, flowing, Spring-like and buoyant, with a serious middle passage, and has a very charming and ornate accompaniment; the instrumental phrasing and coloring often reminding one of Spohr's *Weihe der Töne*, while other passages are in the vein of Mendelssohn. It is easily appeciable, captivating music for the many; it had been faithfully rehearsed and was beautifully sung. But the most exquisite feature of the concert was the Psalm by Schubert, in which the sweet, pure female voices blended in perfect four-part harmony, while the delicate pianoforte accompaniment, so interesting in itself, was nicely played by Mr. SUMNER. The composition is a "gem of purest ray serene;" the effect simply heavenly; and the spell was only too soon broken; doubtless many would have been glad to hear it over again. The very dramatic and romantic "Loreley" music made the same fine impression that it did last year. The choruses of the Finale were sung with spirit and good light and shade, though the orchestral work was not entirely fortunate. Miss WHINNERY began her exacting part a little nervously and tremulously in the low and middle tones; but like a person of true musical feeling, she warmed to the task as she went on, and in the intense dramatic part toward the close, her voice came out clear, true and triumphant in the sustained high notes, so that the climax was indeed effective.—We think it is the general impression that the Cecilia has improved upon itself.

The next [fourth] Concert—owing to fairs at the Music Hall, and Christmas Eve, etc.—will come on an unusual day, namely *Monday*, Dec. 27. The two chief points of interest in the programme will be the E-flat Concerto of Beethoven, played by Mr. LEONHARD; and, for a novelty, the Symphony made by Joachim out of the Grand Duo for piano by Franz Schubert,—a work thoroughly Symphonic in its ideas and its whole laying out in respect of form. Indeed it contains some of the most original and delicate of Schubert's inspirations, developed with a master hand. Joachim [like many others] felt the Symphony in it, when he heard the four-hand piano work played many years ago by one of our own most respected German musicians with a gifted lad of fifteen bearing the name Hans von Bülow; and he has arranged it for the orchestra with such skill that one can hardly help thinking that Schubert must have so intended it, and only wrote the Duo [Op. 140] as a sketch provisionally. At all events this Joachim-Schubert "Symphony" has kept its place for years in German concert rooms. Two Overtures complete the programme: "In the Highlands," by Gade, for an opening; and for the close, partly as a good specimen of the "light" overtures so often called for, and partly in allusion to the Centennial of Boieldieu, which has been much celebrated [in anticipation] recently in France, his graceful Overture to that Opera which has had more performances than any other opera in Europe, it is said, "*La Dame Blanche*." Boieldieu was born in Rouen, Dec. 16, 1775.

SPEAKING of SCHUBERT, the 452nd Recital of the of the N. E. Conservatory, on Tuesday last, took the form of a very interesting Lecture on that gifted composer, by Mr. B. D. ALLEN, of Worcester, one of the teachers in the Conservatory, interspersed with performances of several of his works. Mr. Allen briefly sketched the short and uneventful life of Schubert; enumerated his principal works in all forms of composition, great and small, showing an extraordinary productivity for one who lived but thirty-one years; and gave a well-considered, just appreciation of his genius and his distinctive qualities as a composer. Naturally he dwelt with most emphasis upon his rare creative gift as the composer, *par excellence*, of German songs. Out of the exhaustless number of these two specimens were artistically and feelingly sung by Mr. C. R. HAYDEN, one of the best tenors of our concert rooms: these were: "*Sei mir gegrüsst*," and Mignon's song: "*Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt*." Of the piano works were given; the *Divertissement à la Hongroise*, for four hands (Mr. G. W. SUMNER and Mr. ALLEN), consisting of an Andante with a witching melancholy theme, varied at length, a March, and a quaint, piquant Allegretto. We rather wonder that the lecturer, in dwelling with so much just admiration as he did on Schubert's four-hand compositions, did not think to mention the fact that so many of them are Marches by name, and nearly all of them, his Trios, Quartets, etc., too, full of the march rhythm.—a kind of continuous, exulting movement into which his genius seemed peculiarly drawn. (It would have been quite timely too—if only time were not so envious—to have given us a foretaste, in the original four-hand form, of that Joachim-Schubert Symphony to which we have above alluded as the chief feature of the next Symphony concert.) The recital closed with the performance by Mr. Allen of that remarkable Fantaisie-Sonata in G, op. 78, omitting the comparatively uninteresting Finale (Allegretto), but giving the wonderfully broad, full, deeply thoughtful Fantaisie proper, in 12–8 measure (*molto moderato e cantabile*;) the enchanting Andante, and the rousing Minuet with its bold, rich harmonies, contrasted with the most delicate of Trios.

THE tenth Concert by Pupils of the COLLEGE OF MUSIC of BOSTON UNIVERSITY, at Bumstead Hall, Nov. 19, was decidedly interesting and full of promise. Three young ladies and three young gentlemen, under the direction of their faithful teacher, Mr. J. C. D. PARKER, performed the following purely classical and exacting programme of pianoforte music. And when we say that each interpretation was of a sound and satisfactory character; that each, as they went on, seemed better than the last; and that, to crown the whole, the Schumann Concerto was actually well and effectively performed, and by a pupil.—we think we have said a good deal, but not too much.

1. Italian Concerto.....Bach
   Allegro moderato—Andante—Presto.
   Miss Plimer.
2. Scherzo in B flat Minor..... .....Chopin
   Miss Soule.
3. *a.* Prelude in C-sharp Minor..... ...Bach
   b. Etude in C-sharp Minor.....Chopin
   c. Novellette in E-major..... .....Schumann
   Mr. Preston.
4. Prelude and Fugue in E-minor.. ....Mendelssohn
   Mr. Lewis.
5. *a.* Valse, op. 42.....Chopin
   b. Etude in A-flat..... ..... "
   c. Polonaise in A-major.. ..... "
   Miss Pearson.
6. Concerto in A-minor.....Schumann
   Allegro affettuoso—Intermezzo—Allegro vivace.
   Orchestral accompaniment with second Piano.
   Mr. Swan.

BOSTON PHILHARMONIC CLUB.—That was one of the most beautiful and enjoyable concerts of the season, which was given by Mr. BERNHARD LISTEMANN and his associates at Bumstead Hall, on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 1. But for an entertainment of such decided merit the audience, select indeed, was disconragingly small. The programme was by no means all of equal interest to us, but it contained a large share that was excellent. It was as follows:

Quartet in A major, Op. 90 ..... Raff.
a. Rasch. *b.* Rasch [Scherzo]. *c.* Langsam. *d.* Rasch.
Second time in Boston.
Messrs. B. & F. Listemann, E. Gramm & A. Hartdegen.
Piano Solo. Characteristic Pieces, Op. F, Nos. 3 & 4. Mendelssohn.
Madame Madeline Schiller.
Violoncello Solo. Morceau de Concert, E minor. Servais.
Mr. Adolph Hartdegen.
Piano Solo. Scherzo, Op. 31 ..... Chopin.
Madame Madeline Schiller.
Carneval. [Scenes Mignones] ..... Schumann.
Preambule—Pierrot—Arlequin—Valse Noble—Eusebius—Coquette—Replique—Lettres dansantes—Chiarina—Reconnaissance—Paganini—Valse Allemande—Aveu-Promenade-Pause—Marche des "David's bündler" contre les Philistines.
[Arranged by B. Listemann.]
Boston Philharmonic Club.
Sextet for two oblig. Horns and String Quartet, In E flat, Op. 81 ..... Beethoven.
First time in America.
a. Allegro con brio—*b.* Adagio. *c.* Rondo allegro.
Messrs. A. Belz, C. Schurmann, B. & F. Listemann, E. Gramm and A. Hartdegen.

Never have we heard finer quartet playing in this city than these artists gave us in the quartet by Raff, although the composition was not in some portions wholly to our taste; the pathos of the slow movement, for instance, did not seem genuine; the Scherzo was quite brilliant. Mme. SCHILLER was heard with peculiar satisfaction in her fine selections. The two Mendelssohn pieces, which we do not remember to have met before, proved highly interesting; the first, a Fugue, of strong, marked character, in which she brought out each voice with perfect clearness, one would have hardly imagined to be by Mendelssohn; the second had his individuality most unmistakeably, a piece full of fire and poetry; a swift and eager flight of fancy, very difficult, and played to a charm. Mme. Schiller's rendering of the well known Chopin Scherzo, too, was eminently successful and placed it in a somewhat new light. Mr. HARTDEGEN brings out rich, expressive tones through the whole compass of his violoncello; and he showed great mastery both of the *cantabile* and of *bravura* execution in a composition of a rather shallow kind. Mr Listemann's arrangement of Schumann's charming little piano pieces (for quintet of strings with flute) was very clever, bringing out the character of several them more pointedly than the piano could do it; while for some others, such as the *Coquette*, the strings seemed too heavy. They were all very nicely played.

The chief feature and novelty of the concert, however, was the Beethoven Sextet, with the two horns. It was marked "first time in America," and we presume rightly; for though an arrangement of it may have been given, with violas in place of horns, still it is just these horns which constitute the distinctive charm of the composition. In itself the music is, for Beethoven, a little tame and commonplace, though altogether musical and graceful; it sounds certainly like one of his early works, say of about the period of the Septet, although it appears in the catalogues as Op. 81 *b*, Op. 81 *a* being the Sonata: "Les Adieux" etc. *With* the horns, so admirably played as they were, all three of the movements were heard through with delight. The horn parts are very difficult, particularly the first horn; but Mr. BELZ is a consummate master of his instrument, and he was very ably seconded by Mr. SCHURMANN of our Boston orchestra.—We trust the next Matinée of this excellent series will draw the audience which it deserves. Certainly on this occasion Bumstead Hall, made beautiful with light and color, proved comfortable as well as excellent for sound.

We have yet to speak of a very interesting third Concert given by Mr. PERABO with his friend VON INTEN; of the admirable Glee and Madrigal singing by the New York vocalists; a Thomas concert, etc.

Music in Paris.

Nov. 9. I enclose two programmes of Pasdeloup's Concerts at which I have had the pleasure of assisting, supposing that they might not be altogether uninteresting.

Oct. 31.

Overture de Don Juan ..... Mozart.
Symphonie pastorale ..... Beethoven.
Reverie ..... Schumann.
Entr'acte ..... Taubert.
Concerto pour violon ..... Max Bruch.
Allegro moderato, adagio finale.
Executé par M. Manhin.
Le Songe d'une Nuit d'ete ..... Mendelssohn.

Nov. 7.

Symphonie en ut majeur ..... Beethoven.
Allegro agitato from "Lobgesang." ..... Mendelssohn.
4e Concerto pour piano [Op. 70] ..... Rubenstein.
Allegro moderato—Andante—Finale.
Executé par M. Diemer.
Fragments du quintette [Op. 108] ..... Mozart.
Larghetto, Menuet, Allegretto con variazioni.
Executes par M. Grizez [Clarionette] et tous les instruments à cordes.
Overture de Oberon ..... Weber.

I have little doubt but that you have been in the *Cirque d'hiver* where these things are given; but if not I may remark that as it is where a circus with its elephants nightly perform, the smell of the usual accompaniments of the ring is nearly as loud as the accompaniments of the solo pieces.—The building is moreover so skilfully adapted to the destruction of the audience in case of fire, that having upon a careful examination, estimated the number of hearers at 2750, I convinced myself that if a panic should occur, from fire or other cause, 2749 of those present would lose their lives, by actual cremation or suffocation.

I will tell you briefly what were the salient points of these performances as they struck me.

1st. The Orchestra was most perfectly balanced. The proportion of strings being very large. 10 contrabassi and 10 celli. Five on each side, just at the rear. The Timbales in the rear centre. Trombones in rear. In front of these, were 4 horns and 4 fagotti. Next came 2 clarinets, 2 oboes, piccolo and 2 flutes. All the rest were strings.

The Pastoral Symphony was played slower than we take it in Boston, and in a more subdued manner. In fact, the orchestra showed constant signs of strict discipline and much practice. I observed the same peculiarity at the Grand Opera, where the orchestra, although very large, was so well balanced and under such perfect control, that it overpowered neither the singers nor the hearers. No pestilential trumpeter prided himself on his lungs! This orchestra also took most of the music of *Favorita* and *Faust* much more slowly than we are accustomed to, and with good effect.

Beethoven's Symphony No. 1, in C, was on the contrary played faster than with us and the brilliancy, accuracy and rapidity of the Finale was beyond description.

The "*Poème d'Amour*" *by Taubert*, played by the strings alone, *pizzicato*, is a very taking piece, not tricky.

I must add a word about the behavior of the audiences. They are unpunctual in arriving, and the concerts always begin with the entrances choked with late comers. During the performances, the hearers listen attentively and appreciatively, but there their virtues cease for at the end they conduct themselves more rudely than do ours, and by the time the final piece is ended nearly half the people have left. At the theatres this same practice prevails. It quite reconciles one to our Boston people, some of whom seem to have suddenly recollected something which calls them out. C.

The Von Bulow Concerts in New York.

Herr VON BULOW has given six concerts and two matinées, in New York, besides three soirees and one matinee of Chamber music. I send the programmes in regular order.

[As the seven programmes of the larger concerts are composed almost entirely of the same materials with those of Von Bulow's concerts in Boston—the only additions (on his own part) being the third Concerto, in G, by Rubinstein; three smaller pieces ditto; and Liszt's Fantasia on "The Ruins of Athens"—we omit them to save room. —ED.]

The programmes of the musical soirées were as follows:

I. Monday Evening, Nov. 29.

1. W. A. Mozart—1756-1791.
Quartet in G minor for Piano, Violin, Viola, Violoncello.
[Allegro—Andante—Rondo.]
Messrs. Dr. Damrosch, Matzka, Bergner and Hans von Bulow.
2. W. A. Mozart.
Aria—"Non paventar."
Miss Thursby.
3. Piano Solo.
[*a*] J. S. Bach,—1685-1750.
Fantaisie chromatique et Fugue.
[*b*] G. Haendel—1784-1759.
Suite in D minor. [Prelude and Fugue—Allemande—Courante—Aria con variazioni—Capriccio.]
4. G. Haendel.
Aria—Si l'amo o Cara (Muzio Scaevola.)
Miss Thursby.
5. L. V. Beethoven—1770-1828.
Grand Trio for Piano, Violin, Violoncello, Opus 70, No. 2, in E flat.
Messrs. Dr. Damrosch, Mr. Bergner, Hans von Bulow.

II. Wednesday Dec. 1.

1. Second trio for piano and strings, Op. 112. ... Raff.
Messrs. von Bulow, Damrosch, and Bergner.
2. Song—"La Separazione" ..... Rossini.
Miss Lizzie Cronyn.
3. Fantasiebilder, "Faschingsschwank in Wien." Schumann.
Dr. von Bulow.
4. Songs. [*a*] "O sanctissima Virgine" .... Gordigiani.
[*b*] "Thou'rt like unto a Flower," .... Rubinstein.
Miss Lizzie Cronyn.
5. Quartet for piano and strings in E flat. Op. 38. Rheinberger.

III.

1. Louis Spohr—1784-1859. Third Trio.
For Piano, Violin and Violoncello. Opus 124, in A minor.
Allegro moderato. Andante con variazioni. Scherzo. Finale.
Messrs. Dr. Damrosch, Bergner and Hans von Bulow.
2. G. F. Haendel—1684-1759.
"Ye Verdant Hills." Air from "Susanna."
Mr. A. E. Stoddard.
3. Johannes Brahms—1833.
XXV Variations and Fugue on an Air of Haendel's. Opus 24.
4. [*a*] F. Liszt—1811. "Thou'rt like unto a flower."
[*b*] R. Schumann. "Dedication." [Widmung]
Mr. A. E. Stoddard.
5. Robert Schumann—1810-1856.
Quintet for Piano and Strings. Opus 44 in E flat.

These concerts were all given at Chickering Hall, and were well patronized, although, during the last week when the concerts gave place to the musical soirées without an orchestra, there was a noticeable falling off in the attendance.

Herr von Bulow's appearance has been attended with the usual amount of newspaper puffing and indiscriminate praise, all of which is doubtless merited were it only confined to those qualities which make his playing admirable. Much however has been said and written in admiration of qualities which are not to be found at all in his performance.

The first impression which his playing makes is that of prodigious power. This is shown, not by any exhibition of brute force, in pounding the piano, for, though his fingers are like hooks of steel, nothing could be more delicate than his treatment of the instrument; but by a certain air of *sang froid* indicating an immense reserve force, and by an accuracy of detail which is absolutely sometimes mercilessly faithful to the composition which he is performing. This impression is made stronger by what we know of his marvellous memory. He has at his finger ends nearly every composition for the piano that is worth knowing. Many of the pieces in his repertory are long and complicated concertos, of which he has stored within his brain, not only the part he is to perform, but every note of the orchestral music in connection with it. In this respect, Herr von Bulow is certainly without a peer.

Every talent and accomplishment that go to make the perfect pianist are his. In this what a summing up of salient points, any one of which would be conspicuous merits in one of the common run of professional pianists! What force of will! What indomitable energy! What patience must have been brought into play to achieve such a result, and how little would even these things have availed without a natural gift of talents such as are seldom vouchsafed to anyone. But admiration does not stop here. Herr von Bulow is more than a perfected *pianist*. He possesses that peculiar refinement of talent which makes the consummate *artist*. I can illustrate this distinction no better than by citing his performance of the Concerto in C minor by Raff, when, apparently not being in first rate condition, he made not fewer than seven or eight distinct slips by either striking the wrong note or two notes where one should be struck (which simply proves that Jove sometimes nods). Here the pianism was at fault, but a more thoroughly *artistic* rendering of the piece could hardly have been given; every part of the composition was justly weighed and balanced, the shading was of the most delicate, the coloring of the most vivid that can be imagined. And the whole performance without a flaw, save that before mentioned, which is not of any great significance. But that which is most of all to be admired in Herr von Bulow's playing is a faculty by which he makes his hearer forget both pianist and artist. With the modesty of a true devotee of art he places the tone picture before you in the most favorable light and himself aside in the shadow. You wonder at the picture; approval of the light in which it is shown is an afterthought. When Beethoven is played you hear Beethoven, not Von Bulow. And so on through the long list of classical and modern music. It is just this objectivity that makes the perfection of art, and it goes further than any other intellectual trait to make the artist.

I have merely touched upon certain salient points of Herr von Bulow's playing, but have doubtless failed to enumerate many of his merits; let them be summed by conceding every talent that can be acquired, and he will not be rated too high.

But there are some things that cannot be acquired. Is his playing emotional? Are we *moved* by it? Do we shed tears? Is it ice and fire? Not in the least.

This then is the little rift within the lute.

The playing of Von Buelow, as compared with that of Rubinstein has been a subject of discussion. It is a contrast rather than a comparison; for players more utterly unlike could scarcely be found. The one is always accurate and always to be depended upon. The other was remarkably uneven in his performance and went to heights and depths which are undreamed of in the philosophy of Von Buelow.

Von Buelow's style I have characterized as objective,—his hand is subdued to what it works in. The style of Rubinstein is intensely subjective; he colors everything with his own individuality.

I have heard Rubinstein play when he struck false notes, omitted whole bars of the music and blurred the phrase, almost distorting it beyond recognition; and yet at the same time there was something in his playing which redeemed it from being bad. That something was his own genius. A performance with the same defects, by a player of talent merely, would have been wholly bad.

And I have heard Rubinstein at other times by force of that same genius play so divinely as to be above the reach of praise. He awakened emotions. Von Buelow simply compels admiration.

This is the vital point of difference between the player of genius and the player of talent.

In closing this fragmentary article let me say with regard to the orchestra that it was the best that could be made up from the materials at hand and included a number of excellent players, yet it was far from perfect and at times it must have hampered the pianist. There was however a perceptible improvement in the performance of the orchestra from night to night under the baton of Dr. Damrosch, who proved himself an able and painstaking conductor.

A.A.C.

Music in Milan.

There are at the present moment resident within the *rayon* of a mile round the Piazza della Scala, as many *prime donne* in *posse* as would suffice to glut the continental and insular temples of the lyric drama with Rosinas, Lucias, Gretchens, Valentines, Leonoras, and Aminas, for the next twenty years, leaving a handsome surplus for the benefit of Egypt and the United States. They are, for the most part, in the chrysalis state; humbly lodged in third and fourth stories of the huge, rambling Milanese houses—the slaves of antiquated *maestri*, whose rival "methods" supply them with an inexhaustible subject of wrangling conversation—spending their mornings in the torments of *solfeggio*, and their afternoons in struggling with the difficulties of the Italian language. It is a dismal and a monotonous life that these ambitious young ladies, more than a hundred of whom are American and British subjects, lead in the Lombard capital. Why, one cannot help asking one's self, do they select Milan for the seat of their studies? Its climate is variable, and by no means favorable to the organs by which the voice is produced. Bitter cold winds often blow there for weeks at a stretch—winds that remind one of the notorious "Viento del Norte," which has conferred so unenviable a reputation upon Madrid. At other times, the city is held for days in a spell of dampness, during the prevalence of which tenor and soprano throats become relaxed, and the prospective *prime donne assolute* sing as flat as though they were so many Mallingers. The traditions of executive excellence that still hang round the Scala, can be but of little practical benefit to live students; and the realities perpetrated in that theatre are of so painful a character, that, at best, they can but serve as warnings—not as examples.

Let us turn from the Scala, and from the example and instruction afforded by that institution, to the musical students, aspirants to the highest honors of the operatic stage, temporarily resident in Milan, to the *maestri* upon whom these latter are virtually dependent for the instruction which is, or, at least, so they believe, to enable them at some future time to reap crops of diamonds and gather in golden harvests. The two principal teachers of dramatic singing who enjoy almost exclusively the monopoly of tuition in this branch of the musical art are, oddly enough, both octogenarians. One of them is an uneducated peasant, afflicted with deafness and a desperately bad temper. He has never taken the trouble to learn the Italian language, and conveys reproof, advice, and exhortation to his pupils in the Milanese dialect, which but few of them understand, and which is as unmusical a jargon as Platt-Deutsch. He vehemently deprecates intelligence and an inquiring spirit in his *élèves*, and refuses to have anything to do with them unless they will render him a blind and unreasoning obedience. "*Non voglio teste sbagliate; bisogna ubbedirmi come un cani!*" is a favorite axiom of this agreeable old gentleman. He has invented a system, too, of producing the voice which is one of the most remarkable discoveries of this or any other age. It is called the "Diaphragmatic Method."

This theory is that the voice has not its source in the lungs—"*nous avons changé tout cela*," this modern Diafoirius would certainly observe, could he only speak French—but in, or under, the largest muscle in the human body. You must, according to him, draw up your voice from somewhere behind your midriff, and utter your note *after* expelling your breath from the lungs, not in the act of so doing, as would occur to the vast majority of human beings unversed in the "Diaphragmatic Method." He also promulgates the surprising doctrine that you should breathe into your bones to prepare yourself for the emission of a musical note. This part of his system is a mystery, the key to which I have hitherto failed to discover, though I have bestowed great pains upon seeking for it. Would-be singers are not, to the best of my belief, specially provided with bones connected with their breathing apparatus, like swallows or pigeons. Were this so, the problem of aerial navigation might be solved with more than lightning swiftness, and Signor Lamberti's pupils, by inflating the osseous framework of their bodies as a preparatory measure to the uttering of dulcet sounds, might find themselves in a position to perform a much more remarkable feat than the production of *la* or *sol* can ever be considered, whether those tones be evoked from the diaphragm or pumped up from the bones. Some excellent musical friends of mine here have the audacity to assert that this system is mere mischievous nonsense, the absurdity of which could be exposed in five minutes by any anatomical lecturer; but the *maestro* sticks to it, and finds it profitable. He nails his diaphragm to the mast, so to speak, and under that muscular banner obtains as many pupils as he can teach, whom he brow-beats into the belief that they are inflating their bones when they really are only oxygenating their blood. Another singular encouraging characteristic of this amiable theorist, in his quality as a teacher of singing, is his practice, whenever a new voice is submitted to his judgment, of declaring that the voice in question must first be utterly destroyed by his diaphragmatic method, and then built up again—I presume, upon a bony foundation. So far as the destructive part of this view of his is concerned, he has indeed been triumphantly successful in the case of two or three particularly fine voices belonging to young English and American ladies, which "the method" has annihilated. I only hope he may be enabled to fulfil the remainder of his undertaking, and reconstruct them. I am informed that the *maestro*, who has probably entered into some exceptional arrangement with the Parcæ with a view to the conversion of Mr. Thom to centenarian principles, intends to transfer his class from Milan to London, where he proposes to make a snug little fortune in a few years, returning subsequently to Italy to spend it with his young wife. He is a strange being, and would, of a verity, be an interesting addition, preserved in spirits, to a Museum of Comparative Physiology.

The other great *maestro*, a "*jeune homme fêlâtre*" of eighty-one, is a gentleman by birth and education, who pooh-poohs the famous Diaphragmatic Method, and stoutly maintains that all the singers he ever taught drew their breath from their lungs, not from their bones. He is a kindly and encouraging, though strict teacher; but he labors under the trifling disadvantage of being a confirmed paralytic, which *does* a little interfere with the business of instruction. He gives his lessons in bed, and is visited by short spasms, at irregular intervals, which at first prove highly disconcerting to his female pupils. Thus, of the two great Milanese *maestri* who prepare young artists for their *début* on the stage of the lyric drama, one is deaf and the other smitten by paralysis; one is short-tempered and too often rude, the other is invariably *de bonne humeur* and polite to a fault. The one has a "method," the benefits of which can only be acquired at the expiration of a two year's course, as it takes the most assiduous pupil twenty-four months to learn how to breathe through her bones and evolve musical sounds from the pit of her stomach; the other is content with imparting the methods of better men than himself, *stat super antiquas vias*, teaches, as it were, *au jour le jour*, and does as much for his pupils as his incurable malady will let him. Such are the two mighty singing-masters of Milan, the great-grandfathers of song, under whose rival banners are ranged some scores of "coming celebrities."—*Home Journal.*

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WHOLE No. 905. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 25, 1875. VOL. XXXV. No. 19.

DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC,
Published every other Saturday
OLIVER DITSON & CO.,
277 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

JOHN S. DWIGHT, EDITOR.

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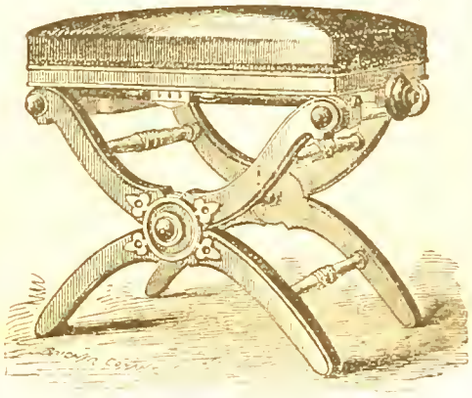

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WHOLE No. 905. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 25, 1875. VOL. XXXV. No. 19.

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Forever more, in the heart of things,
There are rhythmic pulsings and balancings,
And endless responses and echoings;

In rhythmic march days roll along;
"Day unto day" is the psalmist's song;
Wave rhymes with wave in the sea's glad throng;

They dance for joy, they clap their hands,
And in their white and crested bands
In rhyme they roll along the sands.

And as the childlike heart lies near
To Nature's heart with listening ear,
This rhythmic movement it thrills to hear.

Hence, in the earliest human speech
Far back where only tradition can reach
Life's homeliest lore, tis the masses that teach.

From Mother Nature rhyme was caught;
It neither as an art was taught,
Nor as an artifice was sought.

[*Charles T. Brooks, in the Transcript.*

Schumann's "Genoveva" and the Leipzig Stage.

[Correspondence of the Musical Record, London.]

Of the many advantages which the good old city of Leipzig offers to those who come here not solely for pleasure and amusement, but for scientific work and study, there is one which goes far to make up for the total absence of pretty scenery, the want of home comfort, and the general dulness of the town; it is the advantage of an excellent opera. And all the conditions and surroundings of opera-going are here, as they are generally on the Continent, so infinitely more inviting, so much less oppressive than in London. Ladies need not waste the greater part of the day in preparing for the formidable undertaking of the evening. One has not to rush home, dress, and dine, in a frantic hurry, and, *pour comble du bonheur*, pay ten shillings for a cab to and from the opera. Leipzig is not a city of magnificent distances; from the laboratory, from the lecture-room, from the constitutional round the "Promenade" or the "Rosenthal," we drop into our reserved seats at the opera; we feel that fashion, dress, and high prices are not the first and foremost considerations, and there is something in the whole atmosphere which tells us that we are in a temple of art where music is cultivated for its own sake. The Muses have domesticated themselves in this beautiful theatre; and it is this affinity between audience and performers which is peculiar to the Leipzig opera, and constitutes the essence of its charm. To the amateur lover of music it affords a pleasant and inexpensive recreation; while to the student of art it is a practical school in which every performance is as good as a lesson.

The leading characteristic of the Leipzig opera, and that which constitutes its chief excellence, is a good *ensemble*. The artists are, with two or three exceptions, hardly above the average; the chorus is at times lamentably inefficient; but no opera in the world can boast of a more highly cultivated band, and, whatever the merit *per se* of any given opera, the performance as a whole always reflects credit on the managers; for it gives proof of careful study and artistic treatment; both singers and band are imbued with the *feu sacré* of their art, and there is in every performance that oneness which is always traceable to the master's eye, and a rigorous discipline. And why has the Leipzig stage reached so high a standard? Because the leading principle of the managers is to rear and train an efficient average force, to produce in the performance unity by the harmonious action of all components; because they have long since discarded that most mischievous, that most pernicious system, the "star" system—because they know that so long as that system rules supreme there can be no truly national opera. And, noble as is the task of creating a national opera in London, it will never be accomplished so long as the star system sways the sceptre. Alas for the noble efforts enlisted under such conditions! for the national opera will remain a problem, and the star system will be the rock upon which it must split. Nor is the characteristic feature of a good *ensemble* in any way peculiar to the Leipzig stage. We need not go to Paris, Munich, Vienna, or Berlin; in the opera of Dresden, Weimar, Dessau, and of all those miniature capitals which rejoice in a royal or ducal theatre, we notice the same leading idea, and in carrying it out that same consistency which enables those comparatively small stages, with their slender means and material, to give most of Wagner's and other operas which baulk the London impresario and his coadjutors; and if they cannot vie with Berlin or Vienna, depend upon it they always make a wonderfully good attempt. But Leipzig possesses all those features in a more eminent degree. The theatre is not subsidized by a court; it was raised by the town, and is a municipal institution. It is supported not only by the members of a large university, whose merits are purely intellectual, but chiefly by a wealthy commercial community, jealous of the reputation their stage enjoys, fastidious in their demands upon the managers, and determined not to put up with such stale seditions [?] as *Norma* and *Sonnambula*. And so blended is the theatre with all the interests of the cultivated Leipzig citizen, that he looks upon the artists, not as strangers who are to be shunned because they have made art their profession, not as unproductive laborers, whose work, according to Adam Smith's obsolete theory, perishes in the instant of its production; he looks upon them as his own familiar friends, and in his beautiful theatre he is as much at home as "Pindar was in Delphi." It is owing to a taste and an atmosphere so truly artistic that the Leipzig stage has become the nursery-ground on which have been reared many of the most prominent artists who now adorn Berlin, Vienna, Munich, and Dresden; and it is this true home of art which alone can claim the merit of having brought out, and successfully revived, Schumann's *Genoveva*, the great master's only opera—a work which, if it be second to any, can be second only to *Fidelio*.

The well-known legend of St. Genoveva has been treated, both dramatically and musically, by different writers. The students of the University of Prague performed in 1721 a musical drama entitled *Diva Genofeva*. Haydn wrote a *Genovera* for Prince Esterhazy's puppet-theatre; and, quite recently, Scholtz has treated the subject in his opera *Golo*. Both Tieck and Hebbel dramatized the legend, and it is from these two dramas that Schumann has derived his book. Undoubtedly the book suffered by the combination of these two in some respects conflicting sources, and some of the dramatic situations are not as powerful as the subject admits; but, on the other hand, the book, as it is, has the great merit of being Schumann's own; and, as such, it is a striking example of the rule that, whenever the book is good, there is a strong presumption in favor of the musical treatment being good too. With rigid consistency he disdains all scenic effects, such as we find in Meyerbeer and Wagner. The many homely touches he introduces, the poetic and intellectual spirit which pervades the whole, reveal his intensity of feeling, no less than his refined taste and culture; and the more you penetrate into the intrinsic merits of this gre musical drama, the more irresistible grows the impression that such a work could only emanate from a pure and noble mind.

The salient features of the drama may be summed up as follows:—In the first act Siegfried takes leave of Genoveva; her safety he entrusts to Golo's protection; his estate and household he leaves in the charge of Drago, his faithful steward, and, surrounded by his retainers, he sets out on the crusade against the Saracens. But it now becomes apparent that Golo cannot control his secret love for Genoveva; he vows that she shall be his; and in his designs he is stimulated by Margarethe, a sorceress who promises to assist, and rid him of the chief obstacle—Siegfried.

In the second act, Golo comes at a late hour to apprise his mistress of a reported victory, and, finding her alone, is overcome by his passion; but she indignantly repels the insult, and, having thrown into his teeth his origin and position, she leaves him, crushed, and brooding revenge. Frustrated in his designs, he now vows to ruin her. Margarethe spreads among the household reports of Genoveva's intimacy with her chaplain; the servants become and Drago, with Golo's knowledge, con conceal himself in Genoveva's chamber, ly in order to satisfy himself that his mistress is innocent. But, led by Marg the servants enter the hall in a body, spite of Genoveva's remonstrances and her appeals to Golo for protection, they force her chamber, where they find Drago, who is dragged out and murdered on the spot. Margarethe's and Golo's plot has succeeded. Genoveva is dragged to the tower by the infuriated crowd of servants.

The third act shows us Siegfried on his way home to Treves, detained by a wound at Strasburg, under Margarethe's care. She fails in her attempt to poison him by a drink; he recovers, and is on the point of starting, when Golo arrives with a letter from the chaplain, apprising Siegfried of Genoveva's adultery with Drago. In the face of this proof Siegfried, though crushed by the blow, commands Golo to put Genoveva to death; but, before he sets out, he determines to see Margarethe's magic mirror, in which she had promised to show him Genoveva at home. The pictures which the mirror reveals of Genoveva's growing intimacy with Drago only confirm her guilt; unable to contain himself, Siegfried strikes a fatal blow at the mirror, and rushing away, calls on Golo to revenge him. But the blow at the mirror is fatal also to Margarethe's black art; Drago's spirit rises, and commands her immediately to repair to Siegfried and confess the plot.

In the last act Genoveva is dragged into the forest to be put to death. Golo again tries to persuade her to yield, as the only means of escaping death; but she remains firm, and Golo, having ordered his men to execute Siegfried's commands, rushes away in despair, and dies by his own hand. But Genoveva espies a cross among the trees; to it she clings, for by it she will die; the men dare not murder her on the sacred spot, and, before they have time to tear her away, Siegfried, led by Margarethe, appears on the scene with his followers, and the rising

sun sees Genoveva restored to Siegfried's arms. She forgives him, she forgives all; for is not Siegfried again her own?

It will be seen that throughout the action Genoveva is the victim of brutality, wickedness, and of a foul plot into which even Siegfried allows himself to be dragged. All is against her; and her love for Siegfried, her faith in a Divine justice, and her virtue alone steel her against the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Her virtue is rewarded in the end; but Margarethe disappears, and Golo is allowed to escape. What an effect, it has been remarked, Schumann might have produced if Siegfried had surprised Golo in his final appeal to Genoveva! what a trio he might have written for such a scene! This want of great dramatic actions, and the absence of some sympathetic being who supports Genoveva in her sorest trouble, are generally regarded as the great weakness of the work; but assuming this to be a deficiency, the stage-manager has supplied it by a number of highly artistic and refined stage-effects, so that the interest in the action is maintained up to the very end. Nor did Schumann intend Genoveva to fight her battle entirely single-handed, for he introduced a characteristic figure in the shape of Angelo, a deaf-and-dumb page, who is devoted to his mistress and twice intercedes in her behalf in the hour of trial. Strange to relate, this deaf-and-dumb page does not appear, at least not entirely, in the opera as it is now given; and I cannot help thinking that, in justice to Schumann, the co-operation of this character should not be wanting. Like Fenella, he would enlist one's sympathy at once by his devotion and by that inborn vivacity peculiar to persons possessed of his infirmity, and his action would considerably heighten the dramatic effect of the whole. But for this, the managers have fully realized Schumann's poetic and lofty conception of the subject.

And what shall I say of *Genoveva* as a musical composition? As a work of art it stands alone. The arioso style, which is one of its leading characteristics, unites the opera to a continuous whole; not a bar seems wasted; there is not a crude, not a vulgar passage; Schumann does not, like the present champion of the musical drama, work himself at times into a labyrinth of apparently bewildering passages in order to give all the more prominence to a gigantic effect which follows; his effects are all there, they are produced without any effort; and it is this spontaneity which makes the music so genuine. The more we read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest this great work, the more does it grow upon us, the more clearly do we perceive that all this wealth of melody could flow only from a transcendent creative genius. For into his *Genoveva* Schumann has infused all the purity, all the freshness, the lyric beauty and originality of style, which have made him the founder of a great and healthy school. With that modesty by which real greatness always excels, he made it his aim that his work should tell by its intrinsic merits; and he accomplished his aim, for he made his *Genoveva* "a possession for all times." It is the work of a Plato rather than of an Aristotle, rather of a more gentle and polished Melanethon than of a Luther.

How is it, it may well be asked, that a work of such surpassing merit had little more than a *succès d'estime* when it was first produced? How is it that, with the exception of the overture, it has been shelved for twenty-five years, and that even now it has found a true home only on the Leipzig stage?

The want of a greater and more immediate success in 1850 was owing chiefly to surrounding conditions. Meyerbeer at that time had reached the acme of his power; his dazzling and novel effects carried all before them. Schumann's music was hardly known, and much less appreciated. The scenic arrangements appear to have been very inefficient in the old theatre. Schumann conducted in person the first two performances, and it will not be too much to say that conducting is admitted not to have been the great master's *forte*. But the opera was well received. "A large number of the composer's friends and admirers," says an account in the local paper of that time, "had come to witness the first performance of *Genoveva*, and among the audience we recognized many musical celebrities from Berlin and Dresden. Dr. Schumann was received with applause when he entered, and was called before the curtain at the end of the performance, the end of every act having been marked by warm applause." *Genoveva* was successfully revived in the new theatre last winter; it has again, and with even greater success, been produced this season, and is now one of the standard operas of the Leipzig stage. And truly the greatest credit is due to the managers for the artistic care they have bestowed on the production of a work presenting so many scenic and musical difficulties. But as a performance, the great success of the opera is due almost solely to the excellent *ensemble*, to the evenness, to the unity and harmony of rendering. True, a Leipzig audience is very artistic, and though singularly undemonstrative, very appreciative; and Schumann is a household word with the inhabitants; but is not Schumann's name also a household word in London? Is not the love and taste for his music perhaps more deeply rooted and more widely diffused in London than anywhere else?

And at a time like the present, when such noble efforts are made to realize the idea of a national opera, when, as a stepping-stone towards a consummation so devoutly to be wished, there is some hope of German opera being revived next season, why should it not be possible to produce *Genoveva*, and to offer so great, so genuine a treat to those who are "moved by the concord of sweet sounds?" But on the "star" principle it is impossible; for *Genoveva* will only admit of an artistic treatment, and the "star" system is incompatible with true art; it impedes progress; it marks an artificial, stationary, and morbid state of things: cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?

The Opera in Paris.

Mr. Henry James, Jr., in the first of his new series of letters to the *Tribune*, under the head of "Paris Revisited," (Nov. 22), thus describes a visit to the Opera:

The new Opera is open, and to all appearance very prosperous. There were many prophecies, I believe, that so elaborate an establishment could never be a paying enterprise, but the present fortune of the Opera seems to be very positively confuting them. The Winter has not begun, the class of people who keep their opera-box as they keep their coupé has not returned to Paris, and yet the magnificent house is magnificently full. On the other hand, this is a season when strangers and provincials are numerous, and every one has to go at least once to see the house. When the house has been seen it may be less crowded. The new Opera has been for any time these six years the most obvious architectural phenomenon in Paris, and this may seem rather a late day for speaking of it; but now that the whole great edifice stands complete, and that the regime that produced it has crumbled away around it, it has a sort of significance and dignity which were not down in the programme. The Opera is already an historical monument; it resumes in visible, sensible shape what the Empire proposed to itself to be, and it forms a kind of symbol—a very favorable one—of the Empire's legacy to France. There may be differences of opinion about the beauty of the building; to my sense it is in a high degree picturesque and effective, but it is not beautiful; but no one can deny that it is superbly characteristic; that it savors of its time; that it tells the story of the society that produced it. If this, as some people think, is the prime duty of a great building, the Opera is an incomparable success. It seems to me that a noble edifice should say something *to* a community as well as of it, and that unless, in both ways, it can speak agreeably, it had better hold its tongue. The outside of the Opera is, I repeat, however, an old story; it is only the great golden *salle* itself that is a current question. If France is down in the world just now, there is something fine in seeing her make her protest, recover her balance, where and how she can. It does it along a certain line just now at the Opera, where they are giving the "Hamlet" of Ambroise Thomas, with Mme. Carvalho and Faure. It is the French genius alone that pays the cost of the spectacle- French architecture, French painting, French music, French singers, and certainly, in spite of Shakespeare, a French libretto. Ophelia, in her madness, comes forth and delivers her rue and rosemary to the *corps de ballet*. M. Thomas's music is ponderous and monotonous; but nobler singing and acting than Faure's, and more artistic vocalization than Mme. Carvalho's it would be impossible to find. The house is perhaps a trifle disappointing—a trifle less fabulous and tremendous than one was encouraged to suppose it. Reasonably viewed, it is superb and uninteresting. It is nothing but gold—gold upon gold; it has been gilded till it is dark with gold. This is doubtless, from the picturesque point of view, rather a fine effect for a theatre to produce. The really strong points at the Opera are the staircase and the *foyer*. The staircase is light and brilliant, though I think a trifle vulgar; an immense affair of white marble, overlaid with pale agates and alabasters climbing in divergent arms and crowned with a garish fresco of nymphs and muses, in imitation (of all people in the world) of Luca Giordano. If the world were ever reduced to the dominion of a single gorgeous potentate, the *foyer* would do very well for his throne room. It is a most magnificent apartment, and, like the auditorium, gilded all over a foot thick—a long golden corridor, whose only reproach is that it leads nowhere. It could lead to nothing grander than itself. In the far-away ceiling, dimly and imperfectly through the dusky glow of gas and gilding, you make out the great series of frescoes by M. Baudry. They are very noble and beautiful, and the most interesting things in the building. You manage to perceive that much of this is exquisite, and you cannot help feeling a certain admiration for a building which can afford to consign such costly work to the reign of cobwebs.

A Seventh Concerto by Beethoven.

In the programme book of a recent Saturday Crystal Palace Concert Mr. Grove speaks of a new pianoforte concerto by Beethoven. He thus refers to the discovery:—

I have sometimes expressed my belief that Beethoven looked upon the E flat concerto as his *ne plus ultra* in that line; and that after that miracle of greatness and beauty he never attempted another. It turns out now that Beethoven did actually project another pianoforte concerto, and did in fact go so far as to complete a great part of it. This discovery, I need hardly say, is due to Mr. Nottebohm, who has made so many discoveries in the ocean of Beethoven literature as to earn for himself the title of "the Beethoven explorer." His new discovery is announced in the *Musikalisches Wochenblatt*, and is as follows:—"An Unfinished Pianoforte Concerto.—Beethoven intended after finishing his concerto in E flat to write another. Not only are there numerous sketches for it, but he even began to put the first movement into score, and made great progress with it. The sketches fill at least fifty pages, and belong to the time between the middle of 1814 and May, 1815. The score, of which as many as thirty sheets (equal sixty pages) are in existence, was begun not later than June, 1815. It is to be regretted that the work was not completed; but it is a question whether in that case we should ever have possessed the sonata for pianoforte and 'cello, Op. 102, No. 2, which the master wrote after laying aside the concerto."

Mr. Grove reminds us that the 7th and 8th symphonies, and the pianoforte trio in B flat, were all written before the dates given above. Observing that the first movement of the new treasure, as far as may be inferred from the existing score, must be all but complete, he adds:—

Perhaps I may be able to obtain a copy of the whole, and bring it to performance in this room. Every effort of Mr. Manns and myself will be used to this end. But, meantime, my correspondence with Mr. Nottebohm only enables me to say that the "thirty sheets" are widely scattered, and in the possession of many different persons, and that it must be a work of time to collect them.

Buelow in Baltimore.

Many amusing stories have been told of Von Buelow since he came to this country, and many good things have been said about his playing. Among the most amusing and the best reports is this from the *Baltimore Bulletin*, of Dec. 11.

Dr. Hans Von Buelow is a great artist, and justly entitled to artistic eccentricities. He splashed down into our quiet art centre, and in the course of a very few hours had everything in a buzz. His style of play is so eminently disciplined, smooth and refined, and his cast of face so military and self-restrained that one hardly looks for the oddities of temper that have marked his visit here. It was the fortune of the writer hereof to see him at the rehearsal on the morning of the first concert day. He came in in a quick nervous way, stood a moment at the back of the theatre, took off his overcoat with a jerk and slammed it down. He listened for a while to the orchestra which was rehearsing one of the overtures of Gluck and nodded his head at the rhythm with a smile of approval. Suddenly, as if shot out of a gun, he disappeared, and in a moment afterward advanced through the forest of trombones and big fiddles to the conductor's stand, and seized Mr. Hamerik—his old pupil—caught him to his bosom and kissed him. This chaste yet tender dalliance lasted but a moment, and the darker side of his temper flashed out. He walked to the piano, on which hung a sign whereon was inscribed the word "Chickering." "I am not," he said with a look of scorn, "a travelling advertisement," and jerking off the sign laid the large gilt letters face downward on the stage, and cast at it a glance of hatred as though it were a loathsome reptile. Calling out to an acquaintance in the auditorium, he said in good idiomatic English: "Mr. ——, that jackass has sent a sign-board down with the piano." He then lapsed into German, in which the words "Lump" and "Schweinhund" were audible. After he began the rehearsal, in one of the orchestral interludes, he got up and tipped softly around, picked up the hated sign and carried and stuck it under the tail end of the grand piano; and then in another interval walked around there and kicked it. Thus was he appeased with blood.

But in the rehearsal the thorough mastery of the man was apparent, his clear conception of the work as a whole, his perfect knowledge of every detail of each phrase played by every instrument; and though captious and fault-finding, demanding often several repetitions of a passage, yet always patient, cheerful and inspiring. He was appreciative too, and at the end of the first movement got up and bowed to the orchestra, and caught Mr. Hamerik by both hands.

Yet at the concert we could not but think that these frequent long rehearsals in city after city must take something of the poetry and passion of the music from his soul. When so much is of necessity given to mechanism the ethereal something escapes into the void. Von Buelow's technique is simply perfect. His hand is small, but it is trained to absolute obedience to his will; and the smallness of his hand makes needful a greater use of the wrist, whose action is truly wonderful. He never strikes a wrong note; he never loses his disciplined impetus in a rush of passion; he is always clear cut, refined, vigorous, yet exquisitely delicate, magnificent in his grasp of the composition in all its unity and symmetry, splendid in his revelation of it.

The great piece of the evening was that concerto which reigns supreme, the E flat, op. 73 of Beethoven. It was played with faultless grace and skill. He does not selfishly absorb into the piano part the whole interest, but with unerring touch merges his instrument at times into a member of the orchestra, and at times rules over it, but always keeps a refined opposition of its cool pearly tone against the richer color of the orchestra. But the concerto stirred no deep emotion. It had not the breadth and majesty of Madame Auerbach, nor the rich passion of Rubinstein. Madame Auerbach is less finished; Rubinstein strikes many wrong notes; Von Buelow is faultly faultless, icily regular. We believe that he has played this concerto too often. He has ceased to love it, as Booth has ceased to love *Hamlet*.

And this was evident from his playing of Chopin. These were solos, and so, were not so worn to him as the orchestral concertos. And in hearing him we were surprised at the hostile criticisms of some of the New York press at his playing of Chopin. To our fancy he excels all others in this music; it is so exquisitely tender and poetic. Rubinstein played Chopin grandly; but Chopin is ethereal, capricious, morbid, not grand. It was like reciting a delicate heartsick poem of Keats or Shelley in a rich resonant declamation. Poor Chopin often used to put his hand to his ears when others were playing his compositions, and say: "Oh, too much noise; too much noise; that is not my music." Von Buelow plays the wild arabesques that Chopin throws around his themes, with such a soft touch, so legato, yet so crisp, that they seem almost to be felt rather than heard, and through this the melody wails so sadly that it seems to call up the pale sad face of the composer before the listener. His is the very music of Chopin: Von Buelow understands him best. In his playing of Liszt the disadvantage of his small hand is evident. It is like all the rest, finished, intellectual, elegant, but lacks that reckless dash and rapture of the stride which is the soul of Liszt. Not to compare any further Von Buelow with Rubinstein, let anyone fresh from Von Buelow's rendition of Liszt remember if he can how the shaggy headed Cossack played the "Erl King." If he heard it, he has not forgotten it.

Von Buelow's rendition of the Weber concerto was perfect. It seems almost harsh to say that this brilliant, showy piece was better played by him than the deep thoughted, sublime E flat of Beethoven; but it is true. But we cannot think that he should be judged by this. We prefer to think that Von Buelow is a grand interpreter of Beethoven, only we have not been so fortunate as to catch him in one of his inspired moments. The audiences were very enthusiastic, and after each performance he was called out two or three times; he always reappeared hat in hand, and administered to the audience a semi-circular bow.

Mlle. Tietjens and her American Audiences.

[From the Same.]

Mdlle. Tietjens has been in Baltimore during the week, and in spite of the weather has been acquiring some very agreeable impressions of our city and our people. She says, with a pleasant dryness, that she has seen larger audiences, but she always feels partially compensated for quantity by quality, the latter at least having been a recognizable characteristic of our's. Of audiences in the United States Mlle Tietjens has an excellent opinion; and the judgment in such a matter of so eminent an artiste has a great deal of weight. A public singer sees and feels an audience in the theatre or concert room a great deal more than is generally supposed, and much of the success attained depends upon the temper and disposition of that audience. English audiences Mlle. Tietjens has found somewhat frigid and reserved, evincing little real sympathy with an artist's efforts, and repressing as much as possible any external display of emotion. Irish and Italian audiences are on the contrary warm and demonstrative, the former a little too much so according to some recent accounts that Mdlle. Tietjens has had of the behavior of the Gods at the Theatre Royal in Dublin. But American audiences, she says, remind her of the Italian more than any others. They are warm, impulsive, and they thoroughly understand what is offered them. They are cultivated, possess a sound and well-developed critical faculty; and they are quick to express their distaste for that which is inferior. The best audiences that she has had, Mlle. Tietjens says, have been the Boston audiences, in singing to whom she found a peculiar pleasure. They were responsive and enthusiastic, and she felt that they really appreciated her art. But Mlle. Tietjens met one audience that was discouraging and exceptional, in Washington. They had as much susceptibility, she says, as so many chairs, and her singing was met with a cold impassibility that was chilling. One gentleman in front, and strange to say an editor too, presented an oasis of encouragement in this unemotional desert of cultivated respectability, and Mlle. Tietjens took heart of his cheerful and well-bestowed applause and determined to make an effort. She did, and was victorious. One by one the out works of their reserve gave way, and before she had concluded she had them awakened into the wildest enthusiasm, which was all the more notable because of its contrast with the sentiment that had preceded it.

Of the prospects of Italian opera Mlle. Tietjens spoke guardedly. It does not appear that Mr. Strakosch sees his way very clearly to making it remunerative, and, to tell the truth, he is doubtful about securing the proper sort of artists to support Mlle. Tietjens. A paragraph in our last New York letter gave some assurance of a better outlook, but it is questionable if we shall have much of a venture on the part of our usually indomitable impresario. Mlle Tietjens has been much amused at the course of the press of New York in this connection. It has assumed to hold her personally responsible for the failure of New York to have a season of Italian opera, and the *Herald* in particular talks as if it had a personal grievance against her.

Our Academy of Music Mlle. Tietjens is delighted with. She says it is a beautiful house and most comfortable to sing in, the acoustic properties are so excellent. She was present at the Von Buelow concert on Monday evening. She speaks of him in terms of the warmest admiration. "Listen to that touch," she said; "was there anything ever heard to equal it? Such precision, such exquisite delicacy, such unexampled perfection of execution!"

"Rubinstein?"

"Ah, well, Von Buelow has attained to all that it is possible to attain to in the way of technical acquirement; human skill is exhausted by him; but Rubinstein has more soul, more inspiration."

Her First Concert in Baltimore.

Mlle. Teresa Tietjens appeared in the long postponed concert, at the Academy of Music on Wednesday night, to a house not large, but very appreciative of her. A public once disappointed by a concert postponed does not rally to a second call; and the fresh first interest having died away is rarely to be warmed up again. Mlle. Tietjen's voice, however, showed but little trace of her long sickness, and though past its early freshness has still those grand qualities that have so justly given her world wide fame. The first note of "Ocean, thou Mighty Monster," came in a great wave of tone that set all doubts at rest. Her musical declamation is superb. Every word is as distinct as if spoken: and the recitative is delivered with a certain nobleness not easy to define. The aria from *Oberon* requires a very great compass, and tests thoroughly every part of the voice, so that no defect would escape notice; and only in the very highest notes is there any loss in accuracy of intonation or in purity of tone, and nowhere is there any appearance of effort. And everywhere is evide faultless method, that absence of the bad isms that so soon wear away the voices of le tists.

Yet for one thing we cannot forgive Mll jens; it is for the paltry character of most selections on the programme. She makes the mistake that so many make in coming here, of underrating the musical culture of this city. We do not go to concerts to hear a great singer in a waltz of Arditi and his *Il Bacio*, nor can we endure the inevitable "Home, Sweet Home" as an encore. And we feel confident that if she had offered a programme worthy of herself her audience would have been far larger. It seemed almost sad that an artist who could have thrilled an audience with "I Know that my Redeemer liveth" or "On mighty Pens" should have gone warbling through such inanities as *L'Ardita* or *Il Bacio*. We hope before this season is over to hear her here in oratorio, for we do not feel that as yet we have truly heard the "Queen of Song."

Mr. Sauret's violin has lost none of its sweetness. His playing is firm in the traditions of the Conservatoire of Paris, lovely in tone, brilliant, highly finished. He seems incapable of a harsh tone, or of roughness or stiffness of bowing. His music ripples out of his violin with refined expression, but it is a caressing sort of thing, rather like the prattle of a sweet child than the eloquence of deep feeling. This was illustrated by the exquisite way in which he played as an encore a Berceuse, and by the tameness of his rendition of two movements of the Kreutzer sonata of Beethoven.

Madame Teresa Carreno Sauret has, we learn, like Mlle. Tietjens, recently recovered from a severe sickness; and though her beauty showed no trace of it, her playing did. Moreover it is her present misfortune to be heard in the interval between two concerts of Von Buelow, a trial that might well make the greatest quail. Signor Orlandini has a kind of a baritonish voice and did his best.—*Ibid.*

Per Contra. As an amusing foil to the above true praise, as well as showing to what a sublime height the critical faculty may be carried by a Yankee, we are tempted to append the following concise, conclusive notice of Mlle. Tietjens from a musical journal, called the *Clarion*, published in Salem,

Mass. The last sentence is particularly to the point, illustrating as it does the candor of the critic!

Mlle Teresse Tietjens is to-day but an ordinary vocalist. What she may have been we cannot say, but one thing is certain, she is now at discount with the best voice critics, notwithstanding some of our American journals sound loud and long notes of praise in her behalf, or perhaps in behalf of Mr. Strakosch, under whose auspices she came to this country to receive from him the little sum of $1500 per evening. No wonder that $1.00 is charged for the privilege of standing up in a distant corner of Boston Music Hall, and $3.00 for a *first class* seat. What an imposition! Mr. Strakosch deserves to lose money as they say is the case. But this has nothing to do with Mlle. Tietjens, and yet it has, for it is not worth fifty cents to hear her sing. Her voice is old and worn out, and should have been kept as a centennial curiosity. It has lost all its sweetness and simplicity, and is to be regarded now as only a thing of immensity. Its possessor, however, is the very type of a lady and said to be very noble in her character.

Music and the Blind.

In the forty-fourth Annual Report of the Trustees of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind, the Director, Dr. S. G. Howe, speaks as follows of the place which Music holds in the education of the pupils and of its use to them in after life.

Great attention has continued to be paid during the past year to the study of music, both in its practice as an art and its theory as a science.

Instruction has been given to a large number of the pupils by a corps of five talented and able resident teachers, assisted by a few of the advanced scholars, and great facilities for musical culture have been afforded. The services of eminent professors in the city have been promptly employed whenever special instruction on some particular instrument was required; and one of the best vocal teachers in Boston has been, and is still, giving lessons in singing and vocal training to an advanced class.

Some of our blind people have also profited at times by the instruction given in the conservatories of music.

Opportunities for hearing the works of the best masters interpreted by prominent artists, have been eagerly sought and amply enjoyed by our students of music. In fact, nothing has been omitted which can contribute to the improvement of the ear, the culture and refinement of the taste, or the attainment of excellence in the art.

Our collection of the necessary appliances for a thorough musical education is more complete, and in better condition, than ever before. New instruments have been added during the past year, and several of the older ones repaired and put in good order. Our pianofortes are numerous, and in excellent condition, and our facilities for thorough practice are uncommonly good. The large church-organ, as well as the three smaller ones, does excellent service in our system of musical education.

Most of our pupils show a keen appreciation of these invaluable facilities, and many of them try by steady application and unflagging industry to turn them to the greatest advantage. A class of advanced scholars have given considerable attention to the study of the literature of music, and a great amount of matter referring to this subject has been written out by them in the Braille system. In short, the condition of our musical department continues to be as flourishing as can be desired, and new recruits from the more talented among the pupils are continually swelling its numbers.

This department is necessarily regarded as one of the most important instrumentalities in our system of training. A good course of musical instruction, while affording an abundant source of pleasure to the blind, is one of the most effective agencies in imparting to them a thorough general education. It gives to our pupils a certain degree of culture, and develops their æsthetic sense. It refines their taste, and contributes to the elevation of their character; and, above all, it puts them in a position to compete successfully with those who have been better fitted by nature for the battle of life, and secures to them the means of earning a respectable livelihood, and even of laying up a comfortable competency.

TUNING DEPARTMENT.

Special attention has for many years been paid in this Institution to the art of tuning and repairing piano-fortes, and no pains or expense has been spared in providing the best means of instruction in this important calling.

The system of training pursued in our tuning department is both thorough and comprehensive. The lessons are accompanied by a constant examination and study of the mechanism of the piano, which renders the pupils familiar with the principles upon which the instrument is constructed, and enables them to acquire a thorough knowledge of its parts and workings.

Our advanced class of tuners have excellent opportunities for practical observation and improvement in their art. Besides their regular daily practice, they tune all the piano-fortes of the establishment, and those of our customers. Last year they took to pieces and thoroughly reintegrated a number of old piano-fortes, putting in new hammers and strings, and rendering the instruments as good as new. The work was done in a very satisfactory manner, and its execution afforded the pupils an excellent opportunity for studying the internal mechanism of pianofortes. Such practice is as valuable to tuners as the study of anatomy is to physicians or surgeons. It gives them a thorough command of their art, and enables them to undertake and execute the most difficult commissions successfully and satisfactorily.

The graduates of our tuning department generally meet with favor and encouragement from the public, and are, as a whole, successful. Most of them earn a good livelihood by tuning and repairing pianofortes for private families, while a few are employed in factories.

There is a strong pressure for admission into this department, and our young blind men are generally very anxious to learn to tune.

This is natural. The art of tuning is a lucrative one, and its practice is not nearly so difficult as that of some other callings. It does not require of its devotees that special talent, and those high mental qualifications, which are indispensable requisites in a good teacher of music. It is mechanical, rather than scientific. A young blind man, drilled in the elements of music, and endowed with a good ear and a fair amount of mechanical skill, can learn without difficulty to tune and repair piano-fortes; while very few men, whether seeing or blind, can become first-class musicians.

But, difficult as the task is, we are obliged to resist this pressure, and to be very careful in the selection of candidates. A tuner, as well as a teacher, must not only be master of his art or profession in all its details, but a man of stainless character, of good address and natural refinement. He must be clean, tidy, and free from objectionable habits. He must win, by his skill and manners, the confidence and esteem of his customers, otherwise he will not be allowed to enter their parlors for any length of time, and will thus injure, not only his own prospects, but the reputation of others belonging to the same class with himself. People may be willing to confide their old furniture to a common blind workman for repairs, or even to buy the wares of a poor blind artisan in order to help him, but they will not intrust the instruction of their children, the care of an expensive piano-forte, or the use of their parlor to an ignorant, unscrupulous, rude, or untidy man.

No teacher of music, performer, or tuner of pianofortes, is indorsed by this Institution, or recommended to the patronage of the public, unless his instructors here have been able conscientiously to give him certificates of ability and skill in their special branches.

Notes on "The Messiah."

BY JOHN CROWDY.*

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The scope of "The Messiah" is indicated by its title. The words embody the facts of the Redemption, and the music illustrates the words. All the words are from Holy Writ.

It is at once the highest praise of the composer and the best advice to the hearer of the "Messiah" to say, as may be truly said, that the surest clue to the significance of the music is the sense of the words employed. Hardly for a moment, it may be safely affirmed, does Handel lose hold of his purpose of illustrating and enforcing the sacred text which he has in hand. To point out, in language as little as possible technical, how this has been done, will be the chief aim of the ensuing notes. It is hoped that their perusal may enhance both the profit and the pleasure of listeners to the music; a result, however, which must not be expected without the exercise on the part of the listener of careful attention.

No. 1. OVERTURE.

Though no unworthy prelude to a great work, this instrumental introduction cannot be said to have any special importance. It is a piece of dignity and vigor; nowhere sinking to triviality, and nowhere rising to intensity. It does not, as many preludes do, foreshadow coming themes. General fitness, rather than special appropriateness, justifies its position.

No. 2. RECITATIVE—Comfort ye my people, saith your God; speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned.

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

It is with this quiet, but graceful, number that the vocal portion of the greatest of oratorios opens. No music could be less demonstrative, or strained; none more absolutely at one with the words which it carries. The entry of the solo voice, with a simple phrase in the middle of its register, supported for the first note by the orchestra, which then leaves the voice uncovered; and the long holding notes against quiet motion in the orchestra; form an opening remarkable for its perfect tone of hopeful repose. A gradual increase of animation presently follows, but does not lead up to anything rapid or boisterous, the whole forming an instance of the self possession of a master, who needs not to drive every opportunity to extremes, and knows that he can afford to let the listener wait.

No. 3. AIR—Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill made low; the crooked straight, and the rough places plain.

This is one of the very many examples which Handel's work contains of word or phrase-painting; perhaps it would be fairer to say sense-painting; it is moreover an example of the bounds which may properly be put to the process; for while it is impossible not to perceive that the phrases of music assigned to voice and orchestra at "the crooked straight," and other points in this air, have an imitative allusiveness, it is also impossible to say that imitation has run into grotesqueness or puerility. The literal sense of the words is elegantly hinted at, both in the conformation of the voice part and in that of the orchestral accompaniment.

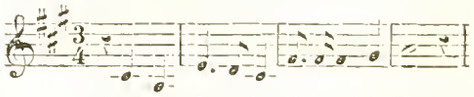
No. 4. CHORUS—And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed.

And all flesh shall see it together.

For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

Here enters, in a bright, graceful theme, gradually acquiring more of dignity, and finally developing into massiveness, that great engine which no one knows how to use so well as Handel, the chorus. It is in appreciation of choruses that ordinary hearers of great works like this mostly fail. A little study should, however, reveal some of the beauties of part music to an intelligent listener, and we have here an example not altogether inapt for the experiment. Marvellous, indeed, was the artistic instinct which prescribed to the composer, unconscious perhaps of design beyond that with which the words inspired him as he passed them through his mind, the gradual development of this number, from cheerful proclamation, to the final tone of majestic asseveration.

The chorus has three sections, corresponding to its three sentences. The first theme is light and jubilant—"And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed." The alto voices announce this theme (in part) uncovered by the other voice parts,—



And the glory, the glory of the Lord

In a moment the basses—for it is to them that the theme is now given—thunder forth the same phrase in the same key, accompanied by the other

* *A Short Commentary on Handel's Oratorio "The Messiah."* By JOHN CROWDY. London: W. Reeves, Fleet Street.

- tires! Thus clear..... our faith from er - rors, Our cus - toms

cres. p cres. cres.

quell'd, Our rights with - held, Thy light.....

Chorus. ff

Our rights with-held,

ff

ff

Our rights with-held,

ff

- cen - - - ds.

p

ff

Ped.

..... shall shine for e - - - - - - - ver!

ff

Thy

ff

ff

Thy

ff

cres - - - cen - - - do - - - - - - - ff

Shall shine for-e-ver! Thy light, Thy light.....

ff

light! Thy light! Shall shine for

ff

ff

light! Thy light! Shall shine for

ff

ff *sf* *sf* *p* *p* *cres.* *ff*

* *Ped.* *

e - ver! Shall shine for e - ver! Thy light shall shine for - e - - -

e - ver! Shall shine for e - ver! Thy light shall shine for - e - - -

dim - in - u - en - do.

No. 8. Solo and Chorus.—HELP, MY COMRADES.

Allegro non troppo.

Treble. - - er!

Alto. - er!

Solo. (A Christian Guard.)

Tenor (8ve lower.) - - er! Help, my com - rades, see, a

Bass.

Allegro non troppo.

Accomp. ♩ = 92. p

le - gion Yon - der comes from Sa - tan's re - gion! See.

p

..... yon group of witch - es gli - ding To and fro in flames ad -

sf

- vanc - ing! Some on wolves and dra - gons rid - ing; See, ah,

sf *p* *p*

cres.

see them hith - er pranc - ing! What a clat-t'ring troop of

Chorus of Christian Guards.

Tenor. (8ve lower.) *pp*

See the hor - rid hag - gards glid - ing,

Bass. *pp*

sf

e - vil! Let us, let us quick - ly fly them! Imp and

cres.

Some on wolves and dra - gons rid - ing! Let us fly, let us fly,

cres.

sf

voices. The tenors next extend the little subject to the words "shall be revealed;"

shall be re - - - - veal - - - - - - - ed.

and the first theme is now before the hearer. For the next 18 bars the texture consists of an interlacing of the two sentences of this theme, as quoted above, the simple "And the glory of the Lord" and the more florid "shall be revealed." Then follow a few bars of silence for the voice parts.

In the second musical sentence, again announced by the altos, "And all flesh shall see it together," there is a new tone—insistence, assertion; the positiveness of inspired prophesy foreseeing the universality of the Redemption: the little reiterated passages have a close, peremptory structure, "And all flesh—shall see it—together."

The tenors echo this; then follows the third sentence, the grand monotonic oath, "For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it," now sustained, in steady notes each occupying a complete bar, in one of the four parts now in another, while the brighter first theme ("And the glory,") or the less massive second phrase ("And all flesh,") appears and reappears, and plays round it; the three pieces of material are woven and interwoven, with a dexterity concealed by apparent simplicity: at length, in the 10th bar from the end, the trebles and altos in unison reassert for the last time the monotonic passage, the men's parts place under it a phrase borrowed from the second theme; and the whole ends in that broadest of harmonic expressions, a plagal cadence. Not, however, the quiet cadence of a peaceful "Amen," such as might follow "be with us all, evermore;" but a cadence—technically so called—at the top of the register of the men's voices.

Here we come to the first climax of the oratorio.

No. 5. Recitative—Thus saith the Lord, the Lord of Hosts; Yet once a little while, and I will shake the heavens and the earth, the sea and the dry land; and I will shake all nations. And the desire of all nations shall come. The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant whom ye delight in. Behold He shall come, saith the Lord of Hosts.

Here the composer, dismissing for a time his chorus, reverts to a one-voice number, a descriptive recitative for bass. The sense-painting still pervades. A grandiose phrase, beginning with the upper D, opens the declaration "Thus saith the Lord, the Lord of Hosts;" in a few bars the word "shake" brings with it an imitative run, of Handel's well-known pattern, which, rendered by a voice of sufficient volume, and with distinct and unhurried articulation, will not fail in dignity, notwithstanding its imitative conformation.

No. 6. Aria—But who may abide the day of His coming? and who shall stand when He appeareth?

For He is like a refiner's fire.

Another fine piece of illustrative composition, adapted with dramatic power to the text. There are, it will be seen, two movements, the larghetto section "But who may abide," reverent in tone, and providing the necessary foil to the second, a fiery prestissimo—"For He is like a refiner's fire." The larghetto reappears; then the prestissimo breaks out again, and a fine coda of combination completes a masterly number.

No. 7. Chorus—And He shall purify the sons of Levi, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness.

The significance of this chorus is best understood if we see it as a continuation, in spirit, of the prestissimo of the preceding air: it is stormy, tumultuous, and almost wild in its character—a result of the combination of impetuous pace with "minor" tonality. The key to its meaning is in the word "purify;" the warrant for its animation in the application of the simile of refining. Here first in the work Handel employs to the full the effect of incessant choral animation; the activity is unflagging; the four choral masses deploy hither and thither, separate, unite, disperse again, and again combine, till the ear almost sees the organized hurry of an army under review. If the busy semiquavers which characterize the chorus are absent for a few bars—as at the words "that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness"—from the voice parts, the orchestra takes them up.

No 8. Recitative—Behold a Virgin shall conceive, and bear a Son, and shall call his name Emanuel; God with us.

Is a short number leading to

No. 9. Air and Chorus—O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, get thee up into the high mountain. O thou that tellest good tidings to Jerusalem, lift up thy voice with strength: lift it up! be not afraid! Say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God! Arise! shine! for thy light is come; and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

This is one of the master's most religious melodies, and a well-known opportunity for the contralto soloist: the graceful theme it propounds is presently taken up by the chorus, and treated in polyphone, fugally; then, at "Arise," the four parts unite and march together till the cadence. The whole of this number is brightened and bound together by a cheerful fugue in the orchestral accompaniment,

which makes its first appearance in the third bar, for the violins, is continually thrown in as opportunity serves, and recurs in the few bars of instrumentation which wind up the chorus.

No. 10 Recitative—For behold darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people But the Lord shall arise upon thee; and the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

This is a number introductory to the coming aria; the germ of which, in spirit, if not in form, it contains in its orchestral suggestiveness of "darkness." At the second sentence, "But the Lord shall arise," the figure of the accompaniment, it will be noticed, changes, in accordance with the sense of the text.

No. 11. Aria The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; and they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

This is the air which suggested by its descriptive character such effective "additional accompaniments" to Mozart; additions so perfectly in keeping with the original that they have grown to be a part of Handel's work. There are few things in music more striking and full of character than this air, whether we study its melodial configuration, or its instrumental accompaniment. The crawling, groping, cold effect observable in performance with full orchestra comes chiefly from the reed instruments, the bassoons and oboes; the chromatic interweavings of which, as added by Mozart, almost overpaint the phrases of the text. The stringed instruments follow the voice, and for their parts Handel is responsible; the wind instruments creep about between string parts.

No. 12. Chorus—For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given. And the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

This is one of the greatest of choruses; remarkable for its grace, doubly remarkable for its dramatic force, trebly for its admirable constructional development. Its importance is foreshadowed by a comparatively long orchestral prelude, in which the principal theme is prefigured. Some attention must be bespoken for its appreciation, and the effort will not be wasted.

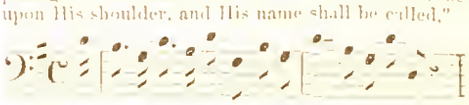
A few light detached sentences in the soprano section of the choir open the vocal discourse; these, presently, the tenors repeat, the soprani proceeding to jubilant florid variation; the alti enter next with the initial phrase, the basses to them, with the floriated sentence already developed by the trebles; but the subject is not here pursued far, and disappears in a few detached dialogue phrases between alti and bassi, leaving the vocal field clear for a new theme.

This new theme the tenors propound, in martial rhythm—"And the government shall be upon his shoulder;" it is echoed in the upper octave by the trebles, then in the lower octave by the basses, the alti accompanying in thirds; suddenly there is a dramatic sense of hurrying; a whirlwind rises among the violins of the orchestra (these must be listened to); the voice parts, up to this point separate, gather in a compact mass, and moving together in an impetuous bar of declamation, proclaim "And his name shall be called—Wonderful!" Half a bar of silence—except for those excited and exciting violins, which sweep through the air—isolates and emphasizes the word; then the musical phrase is repeated to "Counsellor!" and similar passages—all in the simplest chords known to the key, and in the most natural rhythm dictated by the words, conclude the first proclamatory sentence of the text.

Now the first subject, "For unto us a Child is born," which has been standing aside, re-enters, the altos beginning; tenors join, then basses, in more rapid succession than before; the firm material subject "And the government" is again promptly thrown in, and in a few bars more the voices are united in a second proclamatory shout, but in another key, "Wonderful! Counsellor! the Mighty God! the Everlasting Father! the Prince of Peace!" At this last word, mark, whenever it occurs, a modulation homewards, a reposeful cadence suggested by the meaning.

It is the tenors next who lead off a recurrence to the introductory phrase; the involution of parts is repeated, and presently the climax is a third time brought about; and the detached proclamatory phrases "Wonderful! Counsellor!" are given out, with enhanced dignity, in the key of the subdominant.

There is still an unexhausted means of effect left. For a fourth time the initial phrase reappears in a single part—this time, as by turn entitled, the basses lead it; but in a moment the other three parts are thrown altogether into the field, the former material is combined in new ways; and a tremendous passage for the bass voices to the words "shall be upon His shoulder, and His name shall be called,"



leads, with a rush, and a premature outbreak of the storm for the strings, to the fourth and last utterance of the Messianic titles; with which final climax and a cadence on "Prince of Peace," the voices conclude.

There are few more wonderful things in art than the perfect subordination of form to effect which this chorus presents. As a piece of construction, viewed irrespective of its text, it is perfect; it is no less perfect as a descriptive vehicle for its words.

With this number another section of the work closes; prophecy comes to an end, and narrative begins.

No. 13. Pastoral Symphony.

The tension of effect, drawn to its highest in the last number, is here again slackened; and a quiet instrumental number preludes the section of the oratorio which embodies a description of the Nativity Peaceful simplicity is the intention of the Pastoral Symphony, and that effect is gained, first, by the absence of all that is surprising, or unexpected, or uncouth, or strange in the music; and secondly, by the adoption of the idiom of pipe or shepherds' music, prominent features of which are holding notes, or "drones," in the bass part. There is nothing specially remarkable in these few bars of orchestration, considered apart from their context; but in their place they are perfect; and furnish another example of that courage which a great mind often shows in abstinence from display where it would destroy repose.

No. 14 Recitative—There were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.

This short recitative is of the simplest possible character; it serves however to carry on the narration, and by its simplicity to lay the foundation for the fine effects which presently gather fast, and engage the attention of the listener.

In the second section of this number:—And lo! the Angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid—

We find the animation increasing, though but slightly; the arpeggio figure in the orchestra excites expectancy; and the accompaniment is placed in the high register of the instruments, as a means of suggesting aerial effect,—a course further to be developed presently.

No. 15. Recitative—And the Angel said unto them, Fear not; for behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

The repose of the music is now being gradually abandoned; a complete change of key, with modulation by sharps, excites the ear to expectancy.

No. 16 Recitative—And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying,—

Another simple preparatory number, laying the key foundation for the coming dramatic chorus; noticeable also for the high placed accompaniment, again intended to suggest aerial effect.

No 17. CHORUS—Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth; goodwill toward men.

(To be Continued.)

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 25, 1875.

Christmas!—Handel's "Messiah."

The great festival of Christendom comes round once more. In its spirit, truly considered, it is no less than the great festival of Humanity. The morning of Christ's birth was ushered in with angel's songs, proclaiming unity and peace and good will among men. For the rejoicings of this anniversary can we conceive of any language more appropriate and true than Music! Music which gives voice to the spiritual part of us, that so refuses to be moulded into forms of thought and speech! Music, which is the natural language of the religious sentiment, a voice so human and yet so divine! Music which in all its diversity forever hints of Unity and seeks the One! and under whose influence we forget our differences and feel that in our inmost, deepest aspirations we and all earnest souls are kindred!

The air was full of music, angel voices, on the morning of Christ's birth; the heavenly instincts of humanity then, as it were, heard their own mysterious, yet native music from their long lost, forgotten home come floating down upon this mortal sea of strife and selfish, feverish, ignoble cares, reminding them of the true destiny, and inspiring hope of final reconciliation, man everywhere with man, and all mankind with God. The Child that was born was to grow up the type of perfect humanity, of a life all love and consecration to the cause of the Most High, which, properly considered, is the cause of every human being. In him history was to receive forever a bright, eminent solution of the mystery of this human nature, in the mazes of whose strange, contradictory impulses, blindly striving after unity and fulness of immortal life, yet working out continually unworthy differences and meanness, we all wander. Christ lived a model of Humanity at one with God. And the world by barren speculations, by disputes and arguments, in cunning words which define and separate and distinguish in their statement, until the living essence has almost escaped, has sought for so long to interpret and bring home his life and mission. Leave doctrinal discussion and exclusive creeds alone, and let music speak, music, which is the divine language of the great sentiments of humanity in which all can unite. The *common* worship of all Christendom is embodied more in its music than in any other medium. Large, humanitary, all-embracing sentiments were the burden of the angel music at Christ's birth. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to man!" What music these texts have inspired, and how that music lives to unite our humane, upward aspirations in spite of all our intellectual and formal differences! The *Gloria* of the Catholic mass have a sweet, true sound to the most Protestant among us: humanity, in its hour of highest consciousness of a divine relationship, and of a unitary destiny, inspired them.

But we have the whole significance of Christ's advent upon earth embodied more completely and sublimely still,—we have the Christmas emotions and associations all translated into grand and perfect forms of music, to be quickened into life as often as we will, in Handel's oratorio of "The Messiah," which was inspired, if ever any work of human genius is, directly from above. What worthier celebration of this day's happiness and this day's meaning, than to sit together where the vibrations of these grand, humanitary harmonies shall through our senses reach our souls, and make us vibrate inwardly in unison to such high sentiment!

Our old Handel and Haydn Society, for more than half a century the representative of Oratorio among us, offers us this high privilege again this evening. We shall hear the "Messiah" brought out with the full power of the great chorus, orchestra and organ, and with the "large utterance," the glorious voice, style, fervor of a TIETJENS in the great Soprano arias. For the Alto, Miss DRASDIL, who had been announced, is prevented by illness; but her place will be acceptably supplied by Mrs. SAWYER. For the other solos the Society has engaged, Mr. MAAS, the sweet-voiced tenor of the Kellogg Opera troupe, who is said to have experience and power in Oratorio music, and Mr. JOHN F. WINCH for the Bass. It will doubtless be one of the best performances of the dear old Christmas Oratorio ever yet given here.

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2. THE Christmas Oratorio begins a three days' feast of noble music. It will be followed to-morrow (Sunday) evening by *The Creation* of Haydn, given by the same Society, on the same scale of grandeur and completeness, with Mlle. TIETJENS to sing "With verdure clad," "On Mighty pens," &c., Mr. MAAS again for tenor, and Mr. RUDOLPHSEN, bass.

3. On the next day, Monday afternoon, at three o'clock, comes the fourth Symphony Concert of the Harvard Musical Association, with the following programme:

Overture: 'In the Highlands,'.....Gade
Piano-Forte Concerto, No. 5, in E flat, Op. 73, Beethoven
Allegro—Adagio—Rondo finale.
Hugo Leonhard.

**Symphony, in C, instrumented for Orchestra, by Joseph Joachim, from the Grand Duo, Op. 140, Schubert
Allegro Moderato—Andante—Scherzo—Allegro vivace.

*Overture to "La Dame Blanche,".....Boieldieu
[In honor of the Centennial of the composer; born Dec. 16, 1775.]

We have already spoken of the Schubert Joachim Symphony, which undoubtedly, of all Schubert's great instrumental works, stands next in importance to the well known ninth Symphony (of "heavenly length") in C. In the "Grand Duo," for piano, op. 140, Schubert, whether purposely or unconsciously, drew the complete outline of a beautiful and noble Symphony. All pianists who have played it together have felt that it was so; Joachim, prince of violinists, masterly musician, felt it, when he heard it played; remarked where horns, where oboes, flutes, fagotti, trumpets were suggested; felt the whole spirit and intention of the work; and there could hardly be a fitter person to transcribe it, instrument it, for full orchestra. It is an extremely difficult work to bring out for the first time, but our orchestra have become greatly interested in it and have devoted much time to its careful rehearsal.—Nothing need be said of the "emperor" Concerto; it will speak for itself, through one who knows it well, —at heart, if not "by heart;" do not imagine that even Buelow has exhausted it.

Concert Review.

For a wonder there has been, for two or three weeks past, a suspension of musical activity; the concert field has been almost deserted; the competition had been overdone, and the weeks before Christmas have been avoided as not favorable to such enterprise; too many other things preoccupy the mind. Between a group of entertainments, therefore, of which we had to postpone notice in our last, and the Christmas Oratorios at hand, we find but one thing to record. And that one let us seize at once, lest it give us the slip when we shall have no more room. We mean the

Second Matinée of the BOSTON PHILHARMONIC CLUB (Messrs. LISTEMANN, and Co.), which took place in Bumstead Hall on Wednesday, Dec. 15. It was quite as interesting as the first; the audience considerably larger than it was then, though by no means worthy of a concert of such merit. The programme was as follows:

Quintet in C minor, No. 3, Op. 104.....Beethoven
a. Allegro con brio. *b.* Andante con Variazioni. *c.* Scherzo. *d* Presto (Finale).
Messrs. B. & F. Listemann, E. Gramm, A. Belz and A. Hartdegen.
Fantasie for Flute.....Demersseman
Mr. E. Weiner
a. "Prayer," from Soirées a St. Petersbourg, Rubinstein
Op. 44, No. 3 B flat major.
b. Bagatelle, op. 33, No. 1.... ..... Beethoven
E flat major.
c. Barcarolle, arranged by Liszt.....Schubert
A flat major.
Mr. E. Perabo.
Hungarian Fantasie, for Violin.. .....Ernst
Mr. B Listemann.
Trio No. 2 in G major, op. 112..... .....J. Raff
a. Rasch, froh bewegt. *b.* Sehr rasch. *c.* Mässig langsam *d* Rasch, durchaus belebt.
Second time in Boston.
Messrs. E. Perabo, B. Listemann and A. Hartdegen.

The Quintet in C minor is simply the Trio, op. 1, No. 3, which Beethoven reproduced in this form in his later days,—partly out of spite, because an unknown person, whom he called "Herr Gutwillen," had attempted the same thing. It is beautiful enough in either form, and was interpreted on this occasion by the two violins, two violas and 'cello in a most finished and satisfactory manner.—The flute solo was of course finely played; but be it played as finely as it may, we would commonly prefer to take for granted all that a flute solo has to say after the first few bars.

Mr. PERABO's contribution of three well contrasted pieces was in his most artistic and expressive style, and all were enjoyed, particularly the last. Mr. LISTEMANN's virtuosity as a solo violinist is certainly remarkable; he could hardly have chosen a more difficult piece than that Hungarian Fantasie by Ernst, nor can we well conceive hearing it more admirably executed; it was full of fire. The Trio by Raff gave us on the whole more satisfaction than almost any composition, great or small, which we have yet heard from this most prolific writer of our day. The Scherzo (second movement) is full of frolic, uncontainable humor; and the slow movement (*mässig langsam*), beginning gently and sweetly, grows to an impassioned superb climax. It was played *con amore* and with marked success.

—The third Matinée is set down for next Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 29.

—We have received the following note:

MR. EDITOR: In your notice of the Philharmonic Club concert, given at Bumstead Hall, Dec 1st, you speak of the Sextet by Beethoven, Op. 81, as if performed there for the first time in this country. The writer remembered having heard it in Boston many years ago, given *with* the horns, and on referring to old programmes he finds it was performed at a concert by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, Dec. 9, 1852. String quartet by members of the Club,

Horns by Messrs. Hamann and Eichler. A notice of that performance appears in your Journal of Dec. 18th 1852.
M. F.

1852! That is going back a long way,—almost to the beginning of our Journal; so that it is no wonder that we did not remember the two horns. But we are pleased to find our then recorded impression of the Sextet agreeing so essentially with what we wrote upon this last occasion; here it is:

The Sextet by Beethoven, for string quartet and two horns *obligato*, (in E flat, Op. 81), tasked the solo playing capacity of the horns rather too severely in the first and last movements. Beethoven must have written that, more for the gratification of some extraordinary couple of hornists, than from the prompting of his own taste and genius; why make the slow, but honest horns perform the work of flutes? The Adagio was more suited to the genius of the instrument, where it enriched and filled out the harmony with its warm mellow tones. A pleasant surprise it was to recognize in this Adagio that solemn and religious strain which has been sung here with such sublime effect, by a chorus of a hundred voices *pianissimo*, under the title of "Vesper Hymn," *Jubilate, etc.*

Mr. Perabo's third matinée (Dec. 3) was particularly interesting and much enjoyed by a large audience. The programme offered:

Prélude and Fugue in E minor.....Mendelssohn
Album "Notre Temps," No 7.
Etudes en forme de Variations, op. 13. C sharp minor, Schumann
Mr. Ferdinand von Inten.
Six Préludes pour le Piano, op. 24 .....Rubinstein
No. 4. Moderato. B minor.
No. 5. Allegro non troppo. G major.
No. 6. Grave. C minor.
First time in this country.
Grand Sonata for 4 hands, op. 89. D major. Rubinstein
a. Moderato con moto.
b. Allegro molto vivace.
c. Andante. Allegro assai.
First time in this country.

Mr. Von Inten was a fellow student and friend of Perabo at the Conservatorium in Leipzig, and has been for several years settled in New York. His rendering of that very exacting work of Schumann, called sometimes, from its large form, "Etudes Symphoniques,"—which we have heard played here before by Perabo, Miss Mehlig, and finally by Rubinstein—showed him to be a pianist of intelligent conception, vigorous and skilful execution; his touch a little hard; his playing more remarkable for strength and firmness than for the sympathetic quality; and yet we are not prepared to deny him that, at least without further hearing. He seems to have a real reverence for what is high and true in Art.—The Sonata Duo by Rubinstein is in some respects quite a remarkable composition, and gave great scope to the ability of the two interpreters. The first movement we enjoyed; it was fresh in its ideas, symmetrical in form; the later movements seemed to us wild and painfully protracted; but we should like to hear it again. It was capitally rendered.—The Preludes by Rubinstein were quite original and full of expression; particularly the first, which is in the delicate, dreamy, musing, titful vein in which Schumann oftentimes indulges.

The second Symphony Concert of Theodore Thomas (Wednesday evening, Dec. 8) had for programme:

Overture—Iphigenia in Aulis..... Gluck
Aria—Esurientes implevit bonis.....Bach
From the Magnificat in D
Mme. Antoinette Sterling.
Symphony, No. 7, in A ..... Beethoven

Overture—Manfred Op. 115 .....Schumann
Lieder—*a*, Der Kreuzzug .....Schubert
b, Es war ein Konig in Thule.....Liszt
Introduction, Finale—Tristan und Isolde.....Wagner

Gluck's noble Overture was beautifully played, following the Wagner version,—i.e taking the usual quick movement nearly as slow as the introduction, and giving Wagner's conclusion, which rounds it off well, although he repeats the last phrase to weariness. The Symphony of course, from such an orchestra, received a very finished rendering; but there was the old mistake, or misconception, of excessively rapid tempo in the quick movements; that they *can* play it clearly in that way is no reason for doing it, unless the music in itself requires it. Schumann's *Manfred* Overture, just on the verge of morbid music, is yet beautiful and poetic, and was finely rendered. "Tristan and Isolde," after that, with all its yearning, seasick monotony, was cloying, overstrained, and morbid in the extreme; yet there are those who even find it "beautiful,"—among them now and then a person with whose tastes we have been wont to sympathize.

Mme. Sterling sang the Bach Aria with a rich, even voice, but rather lifelessly; its beauty was by no means commonly appreciated. The Lieder seemed to us not happily selected, though they were well sung.

The usual Saturday Matinée followed, with this programme:

Symphony No. 5, Lenore Op. 177 (By request ..Raff
Lieder, *a*, Stirb, Lieb' und Freud ... ..Schumann
b, Wenn ich früh in den Garten geh', "
Mme. Antoinette Sterling.

Overture—King Stephan, Op. 117.....Beethoven
Ballet Music and Wedding Procession (new).
Rubinstein
From the Opera "Feramors."
I. Dance of the Bayaderes. II. Torchlight Dance of the Brides of Cashmere. III. Second Dance of the Bayaderes. IV. Wedding Procession.
Song "When the Tide comes in," .....Barnby
Marche Des Imperiaux, Julius Cæsar ....Bulow

Raff's grave-yard Symphony has its admirers; perhaps, if we live long enough (to forget Beethoven), we may yet be of them.—It was well for once to have a chance to hear what sort of an Overture Beethoven's to "King Stephen" is; but few, we think would care to hear it more than once; Jove himself sometimes nods. Rubinstein's ballet music was an odd mixture of bright, highly colored, graceful movements, with others full of noise and fury signifying nothing. Von Bulow's March had little of the conquering Cæsar in it; it seemed a weak dilution of Wagner; and we doubt whether the composer himself would swear by it if he could have his own say. Mme. Sterling was in her own native vein in the sad ballad singing.

—The third Thomas Symphony Concert will be on Jan. 5.

Theodore Thomas as a Leader. It seems that we are not alone in some exceptions which we have from time to time taken to Mr. Thomas's interpretation of classical symphonies. The editor of the new journal, the *Music Trade Review* (from which we recently borrowed an able criticism on Von Bulow) writes of the "Thomas and the Philharmonic orchestra in New York" with the air of an expert, with insight, and without fear or favor. We copy a few passages.

The Theodore Thomas band in this city is reputed the best in the United States—some critics, who probably speak as sincerely as they understand it, only that they don't understand it, say that it is the best in the world, and that Thomas himself is the best leader. If we come to examine the claim of band and leader to such an exalted position on the musical globe, we come simply to the fact that they have played good music for a long time well together. But without wishing to detract from or underrate their value, we beg to submit the question, whether that is all that may be required from a leader and his band? Our idea is that to call a performance faultless and superior to all others, we have to expect ensemble, precision, correctness first,—spirit, conception, refinement, nuances, which enter into the depth of the composer's genius next—just as from a great pianist we expect mechanism as a means, conception and individuality in expression as the purpose. To give an orchestra ensemble, it must, like the Thomas orchestra, play much together, not one individual three days at the same desk with another one, and then a general change. But when the ensemble is secured—and Thomas has done much to secure it; his orchestra is correct in time, every member looks at his beat, all the violins bow up and bow down with the same stroke—after this, we say, comes the real difficulty for the leader. We have seen all the great leaders, and, as we said, there are not very many, and we cannot say that Theodore Thomas is one of the best. We are personally, and have been personally and intimately acquainted with Berlioz, Meyerbeer, Lindpaintner, Costa, Alfred Mellon, Arditi, and others. Unfortunately, the greatest of all, Habeneck, we did not know. Our ideal, never reached by any one else, is Berlioz. One of the best after him, but of course only for his music, is Johann Strauss. Both of them have the magnetic influence, the overpowering will, the irresistible force to make the band do what they want. It certainly does not occur to us to compare Strauss with Berlioz, except in the consideration—one of the most important in a leader—that the musicians will do under a certain leader what the next day under another leader they can never be made to do. To find a leader who combines in himself the rare qualities of deep musical and orchestral knowledge (two very different things), the sensitive, nervous ear of Berlioz (who during a rehearsal of the overture to "Iphigenia" bounced upon the second clarionet to hear his A, and then the A of the first clarionet, which were perhaps five vibrations apart, and made them change until they were in tune to *his* ear), the great attention paid to and the knowledge of his score, the instinctive feeling as well as the intuition of the right movement, the power over his men, resulting both from the calm which does not allow itself to be carried away, and the fire and energy to inspire his orchestra, the popularity with the musicians which will alone make them do what he wants—to find a man who combines all these qualities is so rare that there have never been three great leaders living at the same time. People seem to think that the leader is everything at the performance. The leader is everything at the rehearsal. This is so true that, as our readers will learn from our Vienna letter, Richard Wagner superintends the rehearsals of the Tannhauser, but he does not lead the opera. The great affair is to rehearse well. The leader must not only see that every instrument counts exactly its 43 or 76 bars, and comes in precisely at the right moment, but he is alone responsible for the right movements. Herein Mr. Theo. Thomas *is not* infallible. He is responsible for the observing of every *sfz*, every *cresc.* and *dim.*; he lifts the bow; the band is his violoncello—he plays it. Is the violoncello an Amati or a Stradivarius, is it cracked or is it pliable? that is the violoncello's part; does he get all the tone out, does he make it sing, does he move his audience with it? that is his part. Now, we have heard Mr. Thomas, in his last symphony concert, lead a symphony of Reinecke, not very difficult to lead, a piece of Wagner's, excessively difficult to play, and so admirably executed that only so given can the otherwise unintelligible composition become clear, and then we have heard him lead the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven. In part of the first and altogether in the last part, the movement was entirely too quick. It has been said that Rubinstein sometimes took movements too fast only in order to show what he could do. Perhaps such an idea misguided Mr. Thomas, but whatever the reason, there stands the fact. And then there are "nuances," which every one, who has heard the Conservatoire orchestra play these symphonies, will miss; and before Mr. Thomas does get his performances perfect in this regard, he can neither lay claim to being the best leader nor to having formed the best band. His leading is calm, considered, active; but it is *neither powerful nor inspiring*. The band plays correctly, finely even in many instances, but not in all. To give a clearer idea of what we mean by "nuances," we will only adduce the allegretto of the Seventh Symphony, in which the tempo was correct, but the great care was lacking. For instance, in about the 50th bar, where the violas and violoncellos have the accompaniment, *A, C, e*, etc., there was no glissando to be heard, which is of so wonderful an effect, though every bar is marked with the bow ⌒. The entry of the horns on the 7th (*A*), smooth, delicate, with wonderful softness, was not followed a few bars afterwards by that perfect crescendo and decrescendo which we have a right to expect from a faultless performance, from one that would entirely justify those exalted epithets so freely bestowed on Theodore Thomas and his band.

Oliver Ditson & Co. have just purchased for nearly $100,000 cash, the entire stock, music, plates and good-will of Lee & Walker, the old-established music publishers of Philadelphia. The latter firm have been for thirty years identified with the musical interests of that city, and their recent failure was much regretted; but in its stead Philadelphia will gain a music house which cannot but be carried on with the same ability as has marked the house of Ditson & Co. in this city and in Boston. For forty years the music firm of Oliver Ditson & Co., has been a household word and this accession of many thousand music and book plates will make it more emphatically the great music publishing house of America, and its catalogue of over 50,000 musical subjects is said to equal that of all the other music publishers combined. The firm has now four branches in the leading cities, namely: Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston; C. H. Ditson & Co., New York; Lyon & Healy, Chicago, and the new firm of J. E. Ditson & Co., Philadelphia.—*New York Mail.*

Gounod and Big Theatres.

(*From the "Graphic."*)

M. Gounod, who, we are pleased to learn, is gradually recovering from the effects of an accident that might have put his life in imminent peril, already shows himself able to enter with warm interest upon discussions affecting the art of which he is one of the chief existing ornaments. He firmly repudiates the idea of a vast opera house, capable of accommodating from 9,000 to 10,000 spectators at cheap prices. Among other passages contained in his vigorous disclaimer, it will be enough to cite the following:—

"*Pas de Colossal.—C'est la MORT de l'art musical, surtout au théâtre, où la trop grande distance entre le chanteur et l'auditeur supprime toute physionomie*

et toute intérêt, et réduit le chanteur à se surmener dans le vide."

We entirely agree with M. Gounod, with the addition that his objection applies just as powerfully to concert-rooms as to theatres, and this notwithstanding the fact of M. Davioud and M. Bourdais (both men of science), the former from an optical, the latter from an acoustical point of view, protesting that the scheme of a "*vaste salle d'Opera populaire*" is quite feasible. The idea originated with M. Adolphe Sax, inventor and manufacturer of the family of wind instruments appropriately styled "Saxophones."

Theodor Mueller.

The Service for the Dead has just been read, at Brunswick, over an old man once belonging to a group of valued artists, whose great reputation extended far beyond the frontier of Germany. Quietly and silently has the last of the old Quartet of the Brothers Müller been laid in the grave. In the days of our fathers and grandfathers, when Chamber Music, which, thanks to younger men, has received a fresh impulse, constituted the real core of musical culture in our native land, the four Brothers were among the most highly-esteemed members of the art world; and it was not till long afterwards that their Quartet, during many a decennium unsurpassed, was equalled, and, certainly, even excelled, by the Florentine and by the Joachim Quartets. Though, in accordance with the spirit of the age forty years since, there was a touch of homeliness about the way in which the Brothers read and rendered a composition, their bows poured forth, in the utmost purity, a clear, golden stream of classical masterpieces; and rarely have four other artists, seated at the quartet desks, worked with such wonderful unity of musical feeling, and, by the quality of their artistic capabilities, produced so thoroughly the impression that a single directing soul hovered over the instruments. The younger Brothers Müller—four sons of the first violinist in the old Quartet—who, some fifteen years ago, made an essay to tread in the footsteps of their relatives, could not come up to the latter in this equality of artistic aptitude; the first violinist, more especially, not being able to hold his own against the violoncellist (now, as we know, a member of the Joachim Quartet). The services of the first four Brothers Müller were secured for the Brunswick Opera in its palmy days, when a Pöck, a Schmezer, and a Mad. Fischer-Achten worked there together; Georg, as conductor; Gustav, as music-director; Carl (first violin), as leader; and Theodor, as solo-violoncello. By the deaths of Carl and Gustav, now nearly a quarter of a century ago, the Quartet lost its middle instrumentalists. The other two, however, attained to a venerable old age. The first violin has been mute some few years; the last survivor, Theodor, at the age of nearly eighty, is now called away from his post—and the members of the Old Quartet are once more united.—*Berlin Echo.*

A Musical Mæcenas.

FIVE MILLION DOLLARS FOR A COLLEGE OF MUSIC IN CENTRAL PARK.

When the announcement appeared in the press a few months ago that a very wealthy gentleman of this city had made arrangements to endow a musical college, but for the present his name was to be kept secret, our interest was aroused in the matter, and we determined to ascertain the name of this worthy person and his reasons for withholding his name from his fellow-citizens. We confess that our curiosity was aroused, for we could see no good reasons why the name of one who proposed to do so good an action should be withheld, but many reasons why it should be known and honored while he was yet among us. Our efforts to ferret this matter out have at last been rewarded with success.

The person who proposes to endow this college is Mr. Samuel Wood, a gentleman about eighty years of age, a native of Long Island, late a resident of Brooklyn, and now of this city. He is the surviving brother of a family of four, who composed the old firm of Wood Brothers, and who carried on the business of importers and wholesale grocers at No. 192 Front Street, in this city, for a period of nearly fifty years. They were all well known to the older merchants of this city, and esteemed as men of intelligence and pure character. None of the brothers were ever married, and it was a brotherly covenant among them that the surviving brother or brothers should inherit the portion of any deceased brother, until the last surviving brother should inherit the whole property, and thus the estate be kept intact, and finally devised, after properly providing for the most distant relatives, to some public charity or use as they expressed, that should benefit their country.

This resolution was persistently and lovingly carried out by the brothers.

The amount of Mr. Wood's estate is variously estimated, ranging from $3,000,000 to $7,000,000.

The man who conceived the idea of this college of music was Dr. William Elmer, of No. 251 Fifth Avenue. He is an enthusiast in music, and his mind has been filled for years with the scheme—a feasible one, he believed—of establishing in this city a college of music, which in all departments of that science, in its absolute advantages, its scope and purpose, should be unsurpassed, and perhaps without a rival in the world. This was Dr. Elmer's dream, and for years he has gone on gathering information touching the management, cost, and history of the great musical conservatories of the Old World. All this was a mere dream until Mr. Samuel Wood, learning of it, brought to bear upon it his practical wisdom and solid wealth, and lifted this idea out of the shadowy domain of dreams and placed it upon the firm foundation of fact and reality. Conspicuous among those who have worked most earnestly in the matter is Colonel Stebbins, President of the Park Commission. It was chiefly through his efforts and influence that a special act of the Legislature was secured last April authorizing the incorporation of the American College of Music, with power to take conveyances, accept donations etc.; and also an act authorizing the Park Commissioners to convey to this college a portion of the grounds in Central Park set apart for art purposes.

As soon as the incorporating act was passed a certificate of incorporation was drawn and filed, and the following gentlemen made trustees, viz: Henry G. Stebbins, William Elmer, E. D. Morgan, Edwards Pierrepont, H. J. Jewett, Marshall O. Roberts, William H. Vanderbilt, C. L. Tiffany, Alfred T. Simonson, Daniel Kingsland, Benjamin Ray, and Morgan L. Harris. The trustees are now ready to organize, we believe, and to take possession of their lands.

The general scope of Mr. Wood's plan is, first, to erect a building on the grounds secured at Central Park that shall be an honor and an ornament to the City of New York; second, to endow the institution so munificently that the directors will be enabled to call to its service the ablest masters and composers of the world, so that Europe shall hereafter pay back to America, for the high musical culture and finishing touches of the masters, some of the tribute we have been so freely paying to her, and that there shall be a place on this continent where the children of poor parents who have talent and the aptitude for musical instruction shall not be debarred because of their poverty from the best instruction and highest musical development this earth can give. It is a noble scheme.—*New York Herald.*

Howard Glover.—The death of this well-known English musician, at New York—on the 28th ult., in his 57th year—is announced in the local papers. Howard Glover was second son of the once celebrated actress, Mrs. Glover. In his earliest youth he showed a predilection for music, and was sent both to Italy and Germany to pursue his studies. He attained marked proficiency as violinist, composer, and singer, adding to this a mastery of languages, and a general culture, that not too many of his fellow artists could boast. In England Mr. Glover was chiefly occupied as a teacher imparting to others the practical experience he himself had gained after years of diligent application. He, at the same time, won no small distinction as a composer. The works by which he is principally known are an opera in three acts, founded upon Victor Hugo's *Ruy Blas*, of which he wrote both libretto and music; and a characteristic cantata, called *Tam O'Shanter* (first produced at the Birmingham Festival), for which the immortal poem of Robert Burns supplied the theme. He was, however, also author of many beautiful songs, set to verses by Shelley and other poets. Seven years ago Mr. Glover left England for America whence he never returned. He has left a large family.—*Graphic.*

In the Royal Chapel of the Savoy, on Tuesday, Miss Edith Wynne was married to Mr. Aviet Agabeg, of the Inner Temple. Among the numerous friends present were Madame Patey, Mr. Cummings, Mr. John Thomas, Mr. Lewis Thomas, Mr. Kingsbury, and other members of the musical profession. The bridesmaids were the Misses Ida and Josephine Wynne (sisters of the bride), Miss Bessie Waugh, Miss Clinton-Fynes, and Miss Patey. The bridegroom's best man was Mr. J. B. D'Anson, and the bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Richard Wynne. The service was read by the Rev. Henry White, M.A., chaplain of the Savoy Chapel Royal and Chaplain-in-ordinary to the Queen, assisted by the Rev. Robert Jones, who, as an old friend of the bride, preached a short sermon, in which he spoke of her virtues and the dutiful affection she had shown to her parents in their declining years. Mr. Henry Frost, the organist, commenced the service with Handel's occasional overture, after which was played Wely's march in E flat. The procession music was from *Lohengrin*, and, on the departure after the ceremony, Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." The hymns, sung by the full choir of the chapel and by the congregation in unison, were "Be present, Holy Spirit," "To Thee, O loving Saviour," and Christina Rosetti's vesper chant, "God the Father, we adore." As the bride and bridegroom passed down the centre aisle, after the ceremony, they were warmly congratulated by their many friends.—*Lond. Mus. World. Nov.* 20.

Being asked the other evening the conventional question of "how he liked America," Von Buelow replied that he thought it a country of wonderful liberties. "Indeed!" said his friend, inquiringly. "Yes," said the Doctor, "and I think they have all of them been taken with me."

—Von Buelow wrote in a friend's album:—

In art hate respectability,
And respect ability.

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"But my love lives, and thine is dead,
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"One touch to her hand; one word to her ear."

Scott's well known poem, always beautiful, to new, fine music.

Praise the Lord. (Benedic anima mea). 4. C to *a*. *Pease.* 60

A spirited anthem service.

Almost. (Sequel to "It was a dream." *Cowen.* 4. A♭ to e. 35

"Almost,—almost,—almost,—
I thought that thou could'st love me."

Full of taking phrases, and "almost" sure to win the best of applause.

Why close thy lattice, fairest Maid? 4. F. to e. *Glover.* 35

"She comes, my peerless queen,
'Mong Stars the brightest of them all."

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"Is she true, or is she heartless?
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Salve Regina. 4. F to g. *Cirillo.* 35

"Mater miserecordia."

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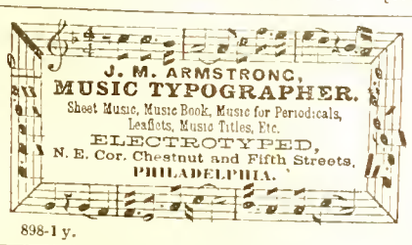

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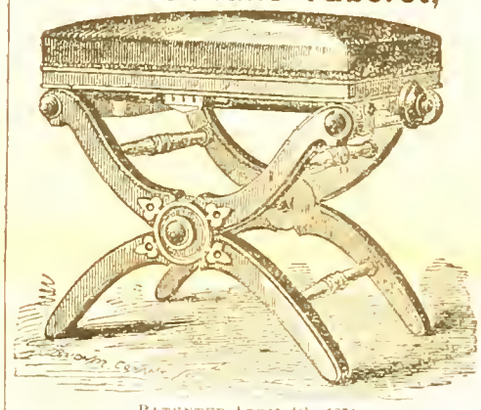

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Here streams the fount of uncorrupted Art!
Here faith's immortal rays forever shine!

Notes on a few of Handel's Operas.*

[From Concordia, Dec. 4, 1875.]

The monumental edition of Handel's works which, under the care of Dr. Chrysander, has been for upwards of sixteen years in course of publication is gradually, though slowly, approaching completion. When it is remembered that, in addition to the oratorios and sacred music by which the composer is best known at the present time, he composed nearly forty operas, of which all excepting three or four are in existence, it will be readily understood that a complete edition of his works must involve in its preparation an enormous amount of labor. Up to the present time the German Handel Society has issued the greater number of the oratorios, the whole of the anthems, Te Deums, and miscellaneous sacred music, most of the secular cantatas, and a considerable proportion of the instrumental works; and it is now turning its attention specially to the operas, of which some ten have at present been given, four of them forming the issue for the present year.

Handel's operas are almost entirely unknown even to the most diligent students. With the exception, indeed, of the few which were published at the close of the last century in Arnold's edition of Handel (which, by the way, was never completed), it may almost be said that they have not been published at all before. The old scores of Walsh and his contemporaries were most incomplete. Not only were all the unaccompanied recitatives wanting, but sometimes, to save space, some of the instrumental accompaniments were omitted. In some instances only the "Favourite Songs" were published, while in four or five cases not a note of the opera had been printed before. The present edition, however, is to include all, excepting, of course, the few early German operas which are lost; and four have already been published—*Almira*, *Rodrigo*, *Silla*, and *Amadigi*—which had not previously been accessible at all.

It is often forgotten that before Handel wrote most of his oratorios he had already obtained a reputation as the first operatic composer of his day; and musicians will naturally examine his dramatic works with great interest, in order to ascertain on what his great reputation in this department was founded.

The first reflection which will probably strike the student of Handel's operatic scores will perhaps be, How marvellous is the development which dramatic music has undergone in the last century and a half! While Handel's oratorios are still to a great extent the models of this species of compositon, his operas are so antiquated in form that a revival of one of them on the stage would be to our taste insufferable. To say nothing of the modern "grand opera" of Meyerbeer or Verdi, the distance separating Handel even from Gluck and Mozart is hardly conceivable, except by those who have studied the subject. Of concerted music in general, and of the amply developed finale which forms so important a feature of the modern opera, we find hardly a trace. The characters come on the stage, carry on dialogues in interminable recitatives, sing a song or two, and go off again. In the large majority of Handel's operas there are no choruses except a short one at the end of the last act; and sometimes there is none at all. Let anyone imagine what it would be to sit through a long oratorio of Handel's with all the choruses left out, and he will have a fair notion of the music of these operas.

And yet, ineffective as they would certainly be in performance, these old scores possess peculiar interest to the student. Without the operas we should not have had the oratorios. Though containing much written in an antiquated taste, they also evince true dramatic feeling, especially in the individualization of character. All those who have much acquaintance with Handel will know that this was one of his peculiar excellencies. Take for instance *Samson*—one of his most dramatic oratorios. How distinct in character is the music of Manoah from that of the giant Harapha, though both parts are written for a bass voice! Or, to take another example, compare the music of the two mothers in the second part of *Solomon*. And the same feeling for dramatic propriety is perceptible to a greater or less extent all through the operas. The characters, it is true, seemed to move about in the old fashioned bob-wigs and knee breeches of the last century; but they are real flesh and blood for all that.

Take again another point, and one which will probably surprise many readers—the instrumentation of these works. One of the most general mistakes that prevails as to Handel's scoring is that it is thin and monotonous. We unhesitatingly affirm that it is neither the one nor the other. It must be admitted that Handel did not work on the modern system, which too often reminds one of the theatrical manager who "paid his musicians to play and not to rest;" he frequently, for the sake of variety and contrast in tone-color, accompanies a song chiefly with the harpsichord; but his scores are full of novel experiments in instrumentation; and there are few modern effects of which the germ may not be found somewhere in his works by those who know where to look for them.

The operas which form the issue of the Society for the present year, and the perusal of which has suggested the above remarks, are *Silla*, *Rodamista*, *Flavio*, and *Giulio Cesare*. Each of these works presents features worthy of notice, and a few points may be indicated which will possibly not be without interest.

Silla, which the editor, Dr. Chrysander, states to be the smallest of Handel's operas, is (as mentioned above) one of those works which has never before been published at all. There is no record that it was ever performed, and we are told that the original manuscript contains only about half the music, and the present edition is prepared from "a very faulty copy, made about 1780 by an incompetent person." Singularly enough, the work has no overture; whether one was ever written for it which has been lost, or whether, unlike Handel's other operas, it had none, there are no means of ascertaining. The probability, at which Dr. Chrysander hints, that the work was never performed, seems strengthened by the fact that Handel made use of a considerable portion of the music in later compositions. Thus the charming song "Dolce nume," in which two flutes double the violins in the octave above, was afterwards introduced into his Chandos Anthem, "O come let us sing," where it may be found with the same orchestration as the tenor song, "O come let us worship and bow down." In the song, "Se ben tuona il ciel irato," we find the theme of "With redoubled rage return" in *Joshua*. Another air, "Hai due vaghe pupillette," was used with different words six years later in *Rodamisto*, while no less than six numbers were made to do duty in *Amadigi*, an opera which was written very shortly after *Silla*, and which was published last year in the present edition for the first time. As nearly all these six pieces are to be found in the third act of *Amadigi*, one is inclined to conjecture that, towards the close of the composition of this work, Handel was pressed for time, and therefore transferred, as the quickest way of completing it, several numbers from the one score to the other.

With the exception of one song and a few bars of recitative for a bass, the whole of the music in *Silla* is written for soprano and alto voice. In nearly all Handel's earlier operas the same predominance of these parts is observable. Tenor and bass voices seem to have been very little in favor at the beginning of the last century. The heroic parts in operas were mostly allotted to the mezzo-soprano, and were intended to be sung by *castrati*, of whom at that time Senesino and Farinelli were among the most celebrated. Even in his oratorios Handel not infrequently wrote an important male part for a mezzo-soprano or contralto voice. Hence the anomaly in our days of hearing at oratorio performances such characters as Solomon, Barak in *Deborah*, or the warlike young Othniel in *Joshua*, personated by a lady. Modern civilization will happily not allow them to be sung as Handel intended them; and we must therefore put up with the dramatic incongruity for the sake of the music.

Rodamisto, which was written in 1720, is on the whole a much finer work than *Silla*. In the overture may be seen an early example of the contrast between the wind and strings to which Handel was so partial. Many of the songs in this work are excellent; of one of them, "Ombra cara," Sir John Hawkins informs us that the composer told him that he considered it one of the two finest he ever made—the other one being the "Cara sposa" in *Rinaldo*. Without going quite so far as this in its praise, it may justly be said that the song in question is one of Handel's best. There is a considerable family likeness between the two songs; and both of them are remarkable for the boldness of their harmonies. Both are in minor keys, and both contain an important chromatic feature in their accompaniments. Did Handel consider them his best songs because in them he had forsaken his ordinary tonic and dominant harmonies, in which, as he said "Now A trumps, and now D," and had done something toward enlarging the resources of his art? It is possible; for these two airs are much more modern in style than the very large majority of his opera and oratorio songs.

The length to which this article has already extended forbids mention of many interesting

* *The Works of Handel.* Printed for the German Handel Society, 15th year.

points of which I had made a note; but there is one piece so striking in its dramatic effect, and so in advance of its age, that a word must be said about it. This is the quartet "O cedere o perir," which was written for a later version of the work, and was not in the original. In this movement Tiridate, King of Armenia, is threatened with death. Three of the persons of the drama press round him, exhorting him to yield or perish. "Yield to honor! Yield to love! Yield to virtue!" they cry; and he replies "Non cedo." The whole movement is full of life and fire, and the orchestration, with independent parts for oboes and bassoons, in addition to the string quartet, is as interesting as the voice parts.

Flavio, the third opera contained in this year's issue, is not as a whole one of Handel's best, nor does it contain much on which it is needful to dwell. There is, however, one very curious point in the instrumentation. At page 75 of the score is a song with oboe obbligato, "Amor, nel mio penar." This song is in the (for Handel) unusual key of B flat minor—thus apparently indicating that the performer had an oboe in D flat, a semitone above the ordinary pitch. It is difficult to imagine otherwise that Handel would have written the part in the key which he has selected, and in all other cases he invariably writes for the oboe in the usual way. No explanation of the change is given in the score; it can therefore only be noticed as a curious fact.

The last opera as yet published, *Giulio Cesare*, is one of the composer's finest. The recitative "Alma del gran Pompeo" is fully equal in intensity of expression to the "Deeper and deeper still" in *Jephtha*, or to the less known, but certainly not less fine recitative in *Belshazzar*, "Vain transitory state of human empire." Many of the songs are also in Handel's best manner: but one of the most striking points about this opera is the richness and variety of its scoring. To mention one point—here, and in no other of Handel's works, unless it be in some of his still unpublished operas, we find four horns, one pair of which (as in our modern scores) are tuned in one key, and the other pair in a different one. In the opening chorus, for instance, which is in the key of A, we find two corni in A and two corni in D, while in the final chorus in G, we find two horns in G; and two in D. In the song, "Va tacito e nascosto," is an elaborate horn obbligato, which even now would bother some of our best players; and in the song, "Se infiorito" we see the two bassoons doubling the violins in the octave below, quite in Mozart's manner. It is more than possible that Handel was the inventor of this orchestral effect. But the most curious piece of orchestration in the work is that of the Sinfonia (page 54 of the score), where, in addition to the ordinary band in the orchestra, consisting of a stringed quartet and two oboes, is found a second band on the stage, which is composed of one oboe, first and second violins, viola, harp, viola da gamba, theorba, (a kind of large lute) bassoons, and violoncellos. As some of these instruments no longer exist, it is impossible for anyone now, however expert in score-reading, to realize with the mind's ear the full effect of this combination. It is easy enough, however, to perceive that it must have been remarkably rich and sonorous. Did space permit, other instances of novel orchestration might easily be quoted from Handel's works; enough has nevertheless been brought forward to disprove the general idea that his scores are wanting either in fulness or variety. On some future occasion I hope to call the attention of our readers more especially to the subject of Handel's instrumentation; for the present I must content myself with what has been already said. Almost every new volume of the old master's works contains some specially noteworthy features; and musicians will find both pleasure and profit in making themselves acquainted with his operas in this new and magnificent edition.

EBENEZER PROUT.

Boccherini.

M. Maurice Cristal has published in the *Ménestrel*, of Paris, a series of biographical and critical notices on Boccherini and his works. From the final chapter we extract a few of the facts, and paraphrase some of the comments offered by M. Cristal.

Boccherini died on the 28th May, 1805, at Madrid, aged 65. It has been said that his funeral was graced by the Court and great personages; but from information procured by M. Picquot, it seems that his burial was humble, and attended only by a few devoted friends and neighbors, for the most part unconscious of his great genius.

The grace, the charm, the tenderness of his music well represent the epoch which immediately preceded a period of restlessness and higher ambition. The ideas of Boccherini are gathered and moulded with implements of delicate form; and they are so completely his own, that his works are in that respect quite exceptional, and give the impression that he knew no other music but what he wrote himself. He belongs in short to that favored class of men who are born intellectually independent, in whose minds there are already inherited germs which fructify in the country, the climate, the epoch whence they spring. They resemble those jewels that by day reflect little light, but which in darkness shine like fixed stars. They have absorbed through time the light they emit and with which they are saturated. Boccherini is a romantic Sebastian Bach of chamber music, a radiant point in the art of southern Europe, in the warm zone of Venice, Sicily, and Spain.

It is to Boccherini we owe the form of the movement in a quartet or symphony known as the *minuet*. His music in regard to mere virtuosoship is not difficult, compared with that of Mayseder and other of his contemporaries and successors in the north. It is enough if in interpreting Boccherini we can seize the rhythm and comprehend the style—an acquirement not by any means common on this side of the Alps. Once attained, the recompense we receive in the effects of Boccherini's well concerted accompaniments far exceeds the poor satisfaction of mastering mechanical difficulties.

The makers of chamber music are apt to speak learnedly of the viola, but it is not often they bring the effects of that instrument into good relief. Rolla, who as a viola player had no rival, was, after Boccherini, one of the few composers who really knew how to employ it. Passing over Zamboni, Benincori, and Fiorillo, we must not forget Bruni*— the libertine Bruni, whose trios for violins and viola are so full of taste and originality. The adagios of Bruni are always highly praised. They are short and without development, kinds of preludes, but always brimming with freshness and grace. In the hands of Alard this delicate music retains all its color, all its accent. In the trios of Bruni the players are never bored. There are no long rigmaroles, repetitions, and mechanical substitutes for inspiration. From the first note to the last the music "sings." All that, however, pales in the presence of Boccherini. The works of the latter are truly offsprings of genius. The conduct, the plan of his music, the system of modulation, as well as the melodic ideas, have the impress of his individuality, and remind us of the system of no other musician. Everything he has written is a compound of healthiness, tact, and sensibility. The interest and variety of his episodes, and the apparent simplicity of his phrases, surprise even those most familiar with the effect of his compositions. His thoughts, always graceful, often melancholy, have in their naïveté a seductive influence quite indescribable.

It has been frequently complained of Boccherini that he is wanting in energy; and an overwise critic has dubbed him "the wife of Haydn." The sense of the joke is a mistake, for many of his quintets are full of passion, vigor, and animation. His harmony, not always according to syntax, abounds in piquant details. He is fond of unisonal effects, which sometimes reduce his quartets to duos. But the device is intended and contributes to that general effect of a complete orchestra which, by his marvellous skill in the use of the different timbres of the strings, he produces in the quartet. His finales are somewhat archaic in color, and are perhaps now out of date; but his adagios and minuets are always exquisite. His pastorales remain incomparable.

With a fecundity equalling his originality, Boccherini has produced 366 instrumental compositions. With his many claims on the attention of connoisseurs, he has still been singularly neglected, and at one time was almost unknown. Germany is only now beginning to acknowledge his merits, which were formerly summed up in German opinion in the criticism of Spohr, who, on hearing the music of Boccherini at Paris, observed that "it did not merit the name of music." Boccherini's fame has, however, since been thoroughly vindicated by a galaxy of French and German artists. At Brussels M. Gevaert is perpetuating the traditional glory of the Italian master, first made known at the Conservatoire by Fétis.

The history of instrumental chamber music dates from the end of the XVIIth century; but the direction it has since taken as a learned branch of the art is due to Corelli. He was followed by Tartini. The pupils of those great artists, from Geminiani, Leclair, Nardini, &c., to Viotti, in the latter half of the XVIIIth century, represented what may be called the virtuoso school of chamber composition. It was Boccherini who had the honor of first launching into deeper waters. He is the creator of the trio, the quartet, and the quintet, which Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven have developed.

Boccherini, during his long residence in Spain, where he finally died, would naturally, with an organization so sensitive, absorb at every pore the national coloring of Spanish music. When we listen to his dreamy adagios and passionate largos, his minuets, garlanded with pizzicato accompaniments recalling the silvery sounds and balmy atmosphere of a starry night in Spain, we turn our thoughts sorrowfully to the humble chamber where Boccherini, destitute and almost starving, bent over his desk, is transcribing for our delight his loves and dreams, his simple piety, and inconsolable mournings.—*Lond. Mus. Standard.*

* Born 1759. Died 1823. The music of Bruni is what in southern Europe they call "pure music." That is melody not hacked out on the pianoforte or suggested by some fancied novelty in a sequence of chords.—*Translator.*

Liszt and Chopin.

A MUSICAL SOUVENIR.

[From "Brainard's Musical World."]

There was a time in which the piano was a species of religion. When the aged Field was on his death-bed, his friends, not knowing what to say, in order to prepare him for the last great change, asked, "Are you a Papist or Calvinist?"

"I am a pianist," responded the dying artist.

Among the adepts of this new religion the most celebrated were without doubt, Chopin and Liszt. A great many censure Liszt for his indescribable presumption, his grand charlatanism, for the conduct of his heroes of romance, for his strange musical theories; in spite of all, the superiority of the artist is in asking the world rapidly to forget the weaknesses of the man. Liszt has been, without doubt, the true lion of the piano. All the great artists whom we have interrogated on the subject, Chopin excepted, have made the same response: "O, Liszt is the master of all." We have seen talents more pure, more perfect, more sympathetic; but no one has had, in the same degree, that electric power, that musical magnetism that impassions and entrances an audience. Liszt was many times but mediocre in playing, when he was troubled, ill-disposed, or prey to over-excitement; when he wished to play, when he concentrated all his powers to make a grand stroke, and held his musical poem in his head, in his heart, in his fingers, in his nerves, he launched like a thunderbolt over the trembling audience, and produced effects

which no other artist has produced, except Paganini.

Schumann has said of him, with a mixture of admiration and irony, "He is as brilliant as light, grand as a thunderbolt, and leaves after him a strong odor of brimstone."

We have been accustomed, for many years, to hear Liszt and Chopin, but never have we enjoyed their playing as during the year 184–. It was during my stay at Castle B., near the right bank of the Noir. The mistress of the castle, an illustrious woman, entranced all, by her genius, and talents; but she was loved more than admired, by those who knew her, for her supreme goodness of heart. She was, at that time, entertaining Chopin, and she had positively snatched him from the vale of death. She turned from her maternal cares to him, and it is to her influence that we are indebted for those last compositions of that genius, so pure and so beautiful. There was, in that year, a reunion of artists at the castle. Liszt came, accompanied by a star from the Parisian world, a noble lady as spiritnelle as she was beautiful, there called Arabella, and who has since, under another name, held a distinguished place in literature.

The sublime cantatrice, Pauline V., with her husband, was there, who preserves, to this day, the ideal expression, mistress of her incomparable talent; Eugene D., the romantic painter, the poet of color; B., the great actor, and several other celebrities. After the children of the lord of the castle, a son and daughter, were a niece and nephew, and several friends from the neighboring city, with their wives, all young and enthusiastic. Such was the character of the guests at the Castle of N. We were hospitably entertained, and our liberty was absolute. There were guns and dogs for those who liked the chase, boats and tackle for those fond of fishing, a magnificent garden for a promenade—every one did what he wished.

Liszt and Chopin composed; Pauline V. studied her role of "the Prophet;" the mistress of the castle wrote a romance or drama; and the others amused themselves as they chose. At six o'clock all assembled for dinner, and did not disperse until two or three o'clock the next morning. We will not relate here the several improvisations which made the time seem so short. We will speak chiefly of the music, and, above all, of the rival pianists. Chopin played rarely; he was not willing to play, unless he was sure of perfection; nothing in the world would tempt him to play in a mediocre style. Liszt, on the contrary, always played, whether he played well or ill. One night the guests were all assembled in the great drawing-room: the large windows were open, the light of the moon flooded the room with a golden light; the songs of the nightingale and the perfume of mignonette were borne on the breeze into the room. Liszt played a nocturne of Chopin's, and, according to his custom, he enlarged the style, and introduced trills, tremolos, and so forth, which were not in the original composition. Several times Chopin showed signs of impatience. At last he approached the piano, and said to Liszt, in grave English:

"Will you do me the honor to play a piece of mine as it is written? No one but Chopin has a right to change Chopin."

"O, well, play yourself, then," said Liszt, arising from the piano.

"Willingly," said Chopin.

At that moment the light was extinguished by a large moth, which had flown into the room. They wished to relight it. "No!" cried Chopin, "the light of the moon is enough for me; extinguish all the tapers!" Then he played an entire hour. It is impossible to describe the effect. There are emotions that we feel and can not describe. The nightingales tried to rival him with their songs; the flowers were refreshed with water divine. Those sounds came from heaven. The audience were in a mute ecstasy—scarcely dared to breathe; and when the enchanter finished, all eyes were filled with tears—above all, those of Liszt. He pressed Chopin in his arms, and cried:

"Ah! my friend, you are right. The works of a genius like thine are sacred; it is a profanation to touch them. Thou art a true poet, and I am only a buffoon."

"Come, then," replied Chopin; "you know that no one can play Weber and Beethoven like yourself. I pray you, play me the Adagio in C sharp minor by Beethoven—play it slowly and seriously, as you can when you wish."

Liszt played the Adagio, with all his soul and all his will. Then he manifested to the audience another kind of emotion. They wept, they groaned. But they were not the tears that Chopin had caused to flow; they were cruel tears, of which Othello speaks. The melody of the second artist did not touch the heart, as the first had done; it was like the sharp thrust of a poniard. It was no longer an elegy—it was a drama. In the meantime, Chopin thought he had eclipsed Liszt that evening, and boasted of it, saying, "How he was vexed!" Liszt understood him, and determined to be avenged, spiritnel artist though he was. And here is what he improvised. Four or five days after, the company were all assembled about the same hour—"a short time before midnight." Liszt entreated Chopin to play. After a great deal of persuading, he consented to play. Liszt then demanded that all the lamps and tapers should be extinguished. They put down the curtains, and the obscurity was complete. It was a caprice of the artist, and they did as he wished. At that moment, Chopin went to take his place at the piano. Liszt whispered some words rapidly in his ear, and took his place. Chopin, far from dreaming what his comrade wished to do, seated himself, without noise, in a neighboring arm-chair. Then Liszt played all the compositions that Chopin had played at the memorable *soirée*, of which we have spoken. But he knew how to play them with such exact imitation of the style and manner of his rival, it was impossible not to be deceived; and, indeed, they were all deceived. The same enchantment! the same emotion! When the ecstasy was at its height, he quickly lighted the tapers at the side of the piano. There was a cry of surprise in the assembly.

"What! was it you? we thought it was Chopin."

"What savest thou?" said he to his rival.

"I say, like all the rest, I should have thought it was Chopin."

"Then seest thou that Liszt can be Chopin, when he wishes? but Chopin—can he be Liszt?"

That was defying him; but Chopin would not, and dared not, accept. Liszt was avenged.

Sometimes they played a comedy or improvised a drama. They had a pretty domestic theatre, and an assortment of costumes; they gave only the subject of the piece and the distribution of the scenes. The actors improvised a dialogue. Liszt and Chopin comprised the orchestra. Two pianos, placed at the right and left of the stage, covered with drapery, were occupied by the virtuosi, who followed the piece and improvised the interludes according to the changes of the drama. Here again we are powerless to express what we heard. Both artists were gifted with a prodigious memory; knowing all the Italian, French, and German operas, seizing with admirable promptitude the movements which suited the situation, they developed them with such fire, with such ardent superiority, that the actors at the side were obliged to cry, Enough! enough! These amusements were always followed by a magnificent and joyous supper. We could easily fill a volume with the memories of that summer; but in order not to weary the reader, we will end with an artistic fantasm, of which few examples are found under similar circumstances. There was, at the end of the garden, an esplanade which overlooked the *malle noir*, which was paved with marble. They had placed there a table, with chairs and rustic sofa, and it was surrounded with an iron railing to prevent the children from falling into the ravine below. That passage was known for its wonderful echo, which would be repeated three or four times. The children often amused themselves by making sounds in order to hear the echoes. One evening, some suggested the idea of carrying the piano there to play some fragments of romantic music, in order to hear it re-echoed in the valley. The idea was acceded to by acclamation; and very soon the friends at the castle took the magnificent Erard grand piano on their shoulders, and carried it to the esplanade.

It was a night in June. There was no moon, but the sky was burning with stars, and the air was calm and sonorous. The piano was opened at the side of the valley, and Liszt struck, with his strong hands, that admirable "Hunter's Chorus" from "Euryanthe," which you all know. Naturally, he stopped at the first and second phrase to the response of the echo; at the first pause we were all seized with trembling; it was a new poem, an immense ideal. The musical phrase was too long to hear the first and second echo clearly; but the third and the fourth, or the echo of the echo, was re-echoed without losing a single note. Liszt, exalted, continued to accelerate the movement. What could we say? Each phrase was a subject of ardent curiosity, and of breathless attention.

The last, above all, where the chorus in unison changed into G flat, rolled under the woods of the valley with a heavy accent; but the last, which changed so fiercely in the key of B flat, announced the victory of the human will over the obstacles of nature. After that flourish of trumpets so appropriate to the circumstances, Chopin took Liszt's place at the piano to cry and sing the echo. He composed then his impromptu Opus 66, if we mistake not, and he played, for the first time, some passages in G flat, which are in the middle of it. That transparent Æolian music placed Chopin above himself. He prolonged his mysterious conversation with the spirits of the valley; that was between them and him a strange dialogue, full of whisperings and murmurings, which resembled a magic incantation. The mistress of the castle was obliged to snatch him from the piano. The fever had come upon him. After him Pauline V. sang a romance, so tender and so native, of "La Molinara." The air was admirably chosen, for each phrase, composed of two notes only, was echoed and re-echoed from rock to rock with a clearness which was ravishing to all. The niece of the lord of the castle next sang, with a voice fresh and vibrating, a popular air, which was a grand success, echoing and re-echoing with a particular pleasure. It was two o'clock in the morning when refreshments were served, and they sang in chorus to send a last adieu of gratitude to the echo. The dawn was already whitening the horizon when we separated, burning with emotion, but happy in keeping the memory of that night an ineffaceable souvenir. O where are you now, days of youth and happiness? Where are you, glorious artists, so good, so artless, so indulgent in your grandeur? . . . . Alas! the greater part are dead; with two exceptions, all are like the shadow of the past!

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES ROLLIANAT.

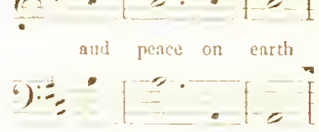
Notes on "The Messiah."

BY JOHN CROWDY.

(Concluded from Page 150.)

No 17. CHORUS—Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth; good will toward men.

One of the most exquisitely planned pieces known to sacred music, this chorus will repay all the observation which can be bestowed upon its performance. Short as it is, and simple as it may appear, the elements of effect employed in it are many. First there is the contrast between the heavenly and the earthly: "Gloria *in excelsis* Deo: et *in terra* pax." This is illustrated by the employment, for the first sentence ("Glory to God *in the highest*") of the higher voices, accompanied only by high instrumentation; for the second sentence ("and *on earth* peace,") the men's voices enter alone, in unison ("and peace") changing to octaves ("on earth,") the orchestration following the change, and emphasizing it by uttering the monotonic passage in the double octave below.



Two bars of treble instrumentation take our attention upwards again, and a second time the heavenly sentence is sung by the higher voice parts, the tenors being taken up to A at the word "highest." The earthly sentence is repeated, to the same monotonic phrase just quoted, though in another key; and then, by the conversational effect of a few bars in close fugue, the four parts express, as if to each other, the assurance of "good will toward men." Then the whole choir joins in the united repetition of the entire passage, to the same musical phrases as before; the fugal assurance of good will is worked to some degree of animation, the voices come to a cadence; the bass instruments are taken out of the accompaniment (leaving the violas to become the actual bass, with the same aerial effect as before); and a gradual diminuendo, combined with a lifting up of the instrumentation to the high register, seems to suggest the departure of the angels.

Such are the means, simple and effective, and because effective admirable, by which Handel has illustrated in music the gospel story of the vision to the shepherds.

No. 18. AIR—Rejoice greatly O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem Behold thy King cometh

unto thee. He is the righteous Saviour, and He shall speak peace unto the heathen.

Narrative now gives place for a while to reflective matter; and the key note of this number is joyous exultation for the glad tidings vouchsafed. Note the ingenious little phrases to the word "shout," and the gladsome repetition in the orchestra. The accompaniment is singularly free and brilliant here. All share in the joy.

No. 19. RECITATIVE—Then shall the eyes of the blind be opened, and the ears of the deaf unstopped; then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing,

Serves to introduce the next number.

No. 20. AIR—He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, and He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom, and gently lead those that are with young.

Come unto Him all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and He shall give you rest. Take His yoke upon you, and learn of Him; for He is meek and lowly of heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

This is a number which, in its tender pastoral grace, speaks its own significance: if it *does* not, no words of description will convey its beauty.

No. 21. CHORUS—His yoke is easy, His burden is light.

Of this chorus, which concludes the first part of the oratorio, it must be admitted that there is little to say, except that it has a certain joyous lightness.

PART II.

In the second part of the "Messiah" the text takes up the indirect narrative of the story of Christ, commencing with reference to His passion, and carrying the suggested action on to His ascension. As the first part has elaborated and illustrated the articles of the Creed: "Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary," so we come now to the development for musical illustration of the articles—"Suffered under Pontius Pilate; Was crucified, dead, and buried. The third day he rose again from the dead. And ascended into Heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty."

No. 22. CHORUS—Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world.

This is a number of which nothing need be said except that it appropriately, and with great forcibleness, conveys the words which it undertakes to present to the mind. It is a good example of the tenderness which results from the employment of the minor mode, with phrases of slow pace; and constitutes the first step into a deep stream of musical pathos which is now to be passed through.

No. 23. AIR—He was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. He gave his back to the smiters, and his cheeks to them that plucked off the hair. He hid not his face from shame and spitting.

The exquisite grief of this number, it may again be said, needs no comment but the text to which it is set. The second section increases in indignant animation, and develops from the cantabile (frequently, but mistakenly, omitted in performance,) what is virtually a recitative, with unquiet accompaniment in the orchestra, leading up to the highly wrought chorus which follows.

No. 24. CHORUS—Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows. He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him.

A chorus of bitter self-reproachful lamentation. Mark the exclamatory detached phrases "Surely, surely!" Mark the poignant dissonances at "He hath *borne* our *griefs*," emphasized to the utmost by taking the basses—to whom are assigned the chromatic notes of the chords—to the top of their register. Mark the entry of the basses with an A flat at "He was wounded" against the G of the altos, struck a beat beforehand; then the entry of the tenors with D against the C of the soprano part; the flinging of E flat by the trebles at "*wounded*" against the tenor D; and note the recurring intensity of the dissonances in the voice parts, enforced by an almost violent orchestral accompaniment. The storm of grief is at length expended, and a change comes over the music at

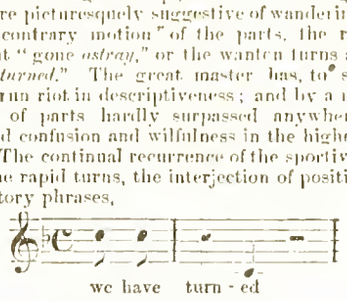
No. 25. CHORUS—And with His stripes we are healed.

A finely written fugue of much technical interest, and worthy the dignity of the work.

No. 26 CHORUS—All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way.

And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.

This is a very remarkable piece of art-work in sound. It is thought by many that, in accepting the suggestiveness of the simile contained in the first sentence of the text, "like sheep," Handel has passed the bounds of legitimate sense-painting, and produced triviality. The incessant motion kept up in the bass accompaniment has been said—let us be permitted to think, by an exaggeration—to represent the trotting of sheep; certainly nothing could be more picturesquely suggestive of wandering than the "contrary motion" of the parts, the reckless runs at "gone *astray*," or the wanton turns at "we have *turned*." The great master has, to say the least, run riot in descriptiveness; and by a manœuvring of parts hardly surpassed anywhere, has painted confusion and wilfulness in the highest colors. The continual recurrence of the sportive runs, and the rapid turns, the interjection of positive exclamatory phrases,



and the incessant movement in the orchestral parts, constitute a picture which, to some minds, passes the limit of permissible suggestiveness. But it is magnificent, if exaggerated; and I would have no one pronounce upon this chorus till the end is reached; for who can say how far the sublimity of its second section is dependent upon the lightness of the first? In all tone-art, I should say, there is no more awful stroke than that which arrests the headlong progress of this chorus, when the organized confusion is at its height; and pours out that terrible adagio "And the Lord hath laid, hath laid, on Him, on Him, the iniquity of us all."

What majestic remorse! What nobility of self-reproach! The busy amble of the orchestra is stilled, the wandering, wanton voice parts are reined up; and in a music-sentence as eloquent as the sacred words which it clothes, the bass voices uplift themselves an octave to the high C, and descending gradually, and gradually diminishing in power (the other three parts weaving themselves slowly in), convey the awful reflection with such a sublime vividness that I have never yet sung in this chorus without—for all its opening triviality—finding tears in my eyes at the end.

No. 27. RECITATIVE—All they that see Him laugh Him to scorn; they shoot out their lips, and shake their heads, saying—.

This little number serves to introduce the next well-marked chorus.

No. 28. CHORUS—He trusted in God that He would deliver Him: let Him deliver Him, if He delight in Him.

A number full of character, in which the choir personate the mocking Jews, and the expression is taunting and irony. The bass sentence with which it opens is a well-known point. To hear it come thundering over the orchestra in solid bolts of spiteful sound at a Handel festival is one of the sensations of these great occasions. The short chopping phrases which form its material are the musical embodiment of brutal insult.

No. 29. RECITATIVE—Thy rebuke hath broken His heart; He is full of heaviness; He looked for some to have pity on Him but there was no man; neither found He any to comfort Him.

This is the first of a well-known group of numbers for the tenor soloist. Anything more completely at one with the spirit of the words cannot be instanced in the range of music: the solemn, yearning harmonies of the accompaniment, the pathetic distances, and short sobbing phrases of the voice part, make up together a picture of the most intense depth of color. The march of the modulation in these few bars is a study in itself; at every pulse it gets deeper and deeper in intensity.

No. 30. AIR—Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto His sorrow.

Scarcely less full of religious pathos than the foregoing is this short air, though entirely differing from it, in that modulation now ceases awhile, and the harmony turns quietly upon a centre, instead of moving by strides to a distant point.

No. 31. RECITATIVE—He was cut off out of the land of the living; for the transgressions of Thy people was He stricken,

Carries the modulation towards the coming air in a few eloquent progressions.

No. 32. AIR—But Thou didst not leave His soul in hell; neither didst Thou suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption.

This is a well-known song of much religious grace and dignity, perfectly conveying the sacred words of which it is the vehicle.

No. 33. CHORUS—Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in.

Who is the King of Glory? The Lord strong and mighty; the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in.

Who is the King of Glory? The Lord of Hosts; He is the King of Glory.

This chorus is parallel in some respects to "Glory to God," an earlier number already described. It exemplifies, at the entry of the voices, the same device of leaving out the more ponderous sections of the choir, the tenors and basses, for the purpose of suggesting celestial effect. Presently, however, the men's voices enter, with the question "Who is the King of Glory?" the reply is assigned to the lighter sections of the choir, first employed. Then the distribution is reversed; the men's voices (altos included) sing the apostrophe "Lift up your heads," and the question "Who is the King of glory?" is asked by the altos in combination with the trebles; the men's voices reply; and then the response, "The Lord of Hosts," is given to all the voices; the division of the trebles into first and second is abandoned, and the full chorus proceeds in a joyous development of the reiterated declaration, "The Lord of Hosts! He is the King of Glory."

No 34. RECITATIVE—Unto which of the Angels said He, at any time Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten Thee?

Serves to introduce the next chorus.

No. 35. CHORUS—Let all the Angels of God worship him.

This is a clearly constructed fugal number, of no unworthy calibre; but is not unfrequently omitted in performing the oratorio, and may fairly be said to be redundant.

No. 36. AIR—Thou art gone up on high; Thou hast led captivity captive and received gifts for men; yea, even for Thine enemies, that the Lord God might dwell among them.

Of this number also, it may be said that it is not unworthy but redundant: it is frequently omitted.

No. 37. CHORUS—The Lord gave the word: great was the company of the preachers.

A picturesque piece of choral writing, characteristic of its composer. The opening proclamatory sentence, assigned to the men's voices only, in unison, constitutes one of those effects which Handel so often seizes: obvious, simple, dramatic. Then comes the contrasted rapid sentence, in quavers and semiquavers, "Great was the company of the preachers," giving a multitudinous effect, and out of these two phrases the whole number is constructed.

No. 38. AIR—How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!

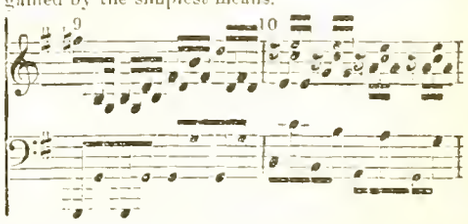
A well known air, of that religious elegance which is, in turn, at the command of Handel, like more massive effects.

No 39. CHORUS—Their sound is gone out into all lands, and their words unto the ends of the world.

A dashing fugal chorus, in which the configuration of the musical sentences follows the suggestiveness of the words, as does almost every piece of the old giant's work whose creations we are reviewing. Very remarkable in this respect is the phrase, "And their words unto the end of the world."

No. 40. AIR—Why do the nations so furiously rage together? and why do the people imagine a vain thing? The kings of the earth rise up, and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord and against His anointed.

This air constitutes one of the great opportunities for the principal bass. It is again a sound-picture. Syncopation, or rapid motion, in the orchestral prelude, fore-shadows the agitation, which increases up to the 15th bar. A restless effect is given by a change of figure at the 10th bar; the 12th brings another change, and increases the restless effect; this last may be studied as an example of power gained by the simplest means.



cres. cres.

de - - vil Lead the re - - vel, See them ca - - per, Wrapt in

cres.

let us fly!

cres.

cres. cen

f sf

clouds, Wrapt in clouds of lu - rid va - pour!

f ff

let us fly, See, ah.

f ff

do ff

f

Let us fly them.

see them hi - ther pranc - - ing, With the fiend in flames ad -

sf sf sf

let us fly them, let us fly,

- vanc - - ing! See them ca - per, wrapt in clouds, Wrapt in

let us fly! See them ca - per, Wrapt in

clouds of lu - rid va - pour!

- - cen - - - do.

clouds of lu - rid va - pour; See, see them ca - per, Wrapt in

Let us fly them! See them ca - per, Wrapt in

clouds of lu - rid va - - - - - pour! Let us fly!

clouds of lu - rid va - - - - - pour! Let us

let us fly,

fly, let us fly,

let us fly, let us

din - in - u - en - do.

dim.

let us fly, let us fly, let us fly.

let us fly, let us fly.

- fly, let us

No. 9. Chorus.—UNCLOUDED NOW, THE FLAME IS BRIGHT.

GENERAL CHORUS OF DRUIDS AND HEATHEN PEOPLE.

Soprano. *Andante maestoso.* ♩ = 80.

ff

let us fly! Un - cloud - ed now, the flame is bright!

Alto.

ff

Tenor. (8ve. lower.)

ff

fly! Un - cloud - ed now, the flame is bright!

ff Bass.

pp *Andante maestoso.* *ff* *sf*

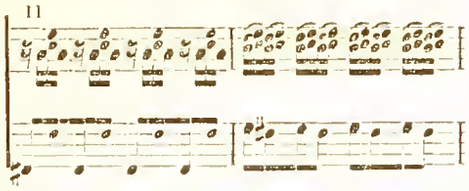
.... Thus faith from er - ror se - - ver!

.... Thus faith from er - ror se - - ver! The Priest. Baritone Solo.

.... Thus faith from er - ror se - ver! Uncloud - ed

dim. *dim.* *p*

now, the flame is bright! Thus faith from er - ror se - -



A perfect storm is raised in the band by the rapid playing of this happily-conceived accompaniment figure.

The voice enters firmly, amidst the agitation in the band; but soon finds itself occupied in rendering a fine chain of triplets to the word "rage;" presently a descending scale passage, for voice and orchestra in unison, constitutes a first climax. Presently renewed triplets in the voice part are accompanied by groups of semiquavers in the band; then a peremptory bar of a four-times reiterated phrase for the voice, is sung to the restless accompaniment figure foreshadowed in the 10th and 11th bars; these again work up to a passage founded on the figure already heard from the band at bar 12 (quoted above), the voice as well as the bass accompaniment being assigned the peremptory oscillating phrase there found in the bass of the accompaniment.

The reader who has followed me thus far in dissecting this fine number will be able to trace for himself its further extension, which is accomplished by use of the same material, slightly and dexterously varied, but kept in hand to the last.

No. 41 CHORUS—Let us break their bonds asunder and cast away their yokes from us.

This is again a chorus of which the turn of the phrases which go to make up its material has been suggested by the sense of the words.

The parts enter, in rapid succession, with a jerked subject of short detached notes, the entry of the basses being especially effective.

With the second sentence of the words "And cast away," comes a second musical sentence, capable, by emphasis, of conveying a feeling of still greater peremptoriness than the first, and so constructed as, in the usual course of fugal imitation, to bring into simultaneous utterance a dashing phrase of runs in one part, short snappish reiterated quavers in another, and angry staccato crotchets in a third.

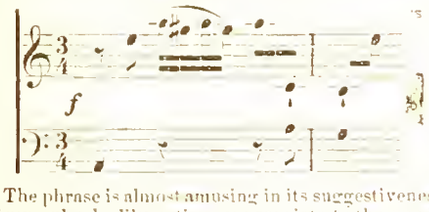
Presently reversion to the first words of the text brings reversion to the first phrase of the music; after a time the imitation becomes more compact, the materials of the musical structure are packed closer, and in the end the parts are brought, in a simultaneous passage, to an end staccato.

No. 42. RECITATIVE—He that dwelleth in heaven shall laugh them to scorn; the Lord shall have them in derision,

Connects the preceding and the following numbers.

No 43. AIR—Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; Thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.

Only one bar, the first, of the accompaniment to this vigorous little number needs to be read for discovery of its key thought; or rather, it should be said, one bar and the first note of the next.



The phrase is almost amusing in its suggestiveness of muscular bodily action, appropriate to the words "Thou shalt break them." The voice part embodies the same vigor, but preserves throughout its own phraseology, against the reiterated figure of the accompaniment which runs through the piece.

THE HALLELUJAH CHORUS.

No. 44. CHORUS—Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord, and of his Christ.

And He shall reign for ever and ever, King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

An outbreak of magnificent and majestic joy. A disciplined shout of tumultuous triumph. An organized clamor of praise. A pageant in which battalions march to and fro, under review of a monarch. A chorus to be sung by the angels, after Armageddon. How shall an idea of this great "Hallelujah" be secured and imprisoned in language? The task is impossible. No commentary can do it justice, or convey to the reader of cold black and white words a breath of the almost heavenly atmosphere with which it surrounds the sympathetic listener to its adequate performance. The commentator may map out its plan, but the soul of the hearer alone can realize its full effect, in which, as in everything sublime, there are elements incomprehensible by parts of speech. Let us coldly take it to pieces: when this has been done, the mind which is large enough, and warmed sufficiently by a spiritual element, can add for itself the glow, the brilliance, the splendor, which cannot be described, but may be felt.

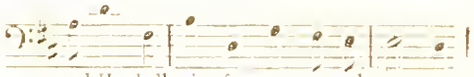
A joyous, animated, orchestral foretaste preludes this almost more than human conception. Only three bars. The impatient shout can be restrained no longer, and the voices enter, all together, in a group of bright, loud, exclamatory, simultaneous phrases; born of the word to which they are joined, "Hallelujah." Of the five Hallelujahs which constitute the first little section of the chorus, four are embodiments of the expression known as the "plagal cadence;" the fifth embodies a "perfect cadence" in the same key. Harmonically the material is of the simplest; chords of tonic, subdominant, and dominant.

The next five Hallelujahs are a transposition of the first group into the key of the dominant; and after this exclamatory announcement of the key phrase, the first sentence subject enters. In unison for all the parts and all the instruments, indelibly engraved at the outset,

Four more exclamations of "Hallelujah" in the key of the dominant, to phrases of the first type; and then, majestic and emphatic by its seat being changed to the key of the tonic, is repeated, "For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." Another group of "Hallelujahs," this time literal adaptations of the ordinary monotonic "Amen" which church choirs sing after collects; and then the composer commences to weave his two threads, hitherto distinct, together in one texture. The treble voices restate the sentence, "For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth," the tenors, then the altos, then the basses, throw under it the exclamatory "Hallelujah," into which the trebles again break the instant their enunciation of the slower sentence is complete; while the men's voices as instantly take up, in another key, the longer sentence "For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." Bright Hallelujahs from the lighter voices now play round the more massive phrase of the men; in a moment, as soon as this is out of their mouths, the men break also into Hallelujahs, and a new effect, the overlapping and alternation of the exclamatory sentences, is introduced. A fifth time the sentence recurs—"For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth," assigned this time to altos and tenors, the basses and trebles accompanying with ejaculations, not simultaneous, as at first, but alternated and overlapping, as just presented. This, however, is the last repetition; and the mass of singers are brought altogether to a rest, amidst a tumult of instrumentation constructed out of the same material as the voice parts. Here the first section of the chorus ends.

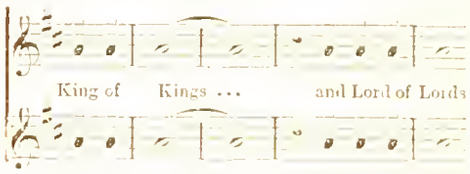
Eight bars of smooth, slowly moving harmony for voices and orchestra, to the words "The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord, and of his Christ," here occur, relieving the already highly wrought workmanship, and preparing clear ground for a new theme. Structurally, these eight bars are not related to the rest of the material; æsthetically their office is important; they calm the excited attention, and throw into contrast the tumultuous effect of what has preceded, and that which is to follow. What was the object of Handel, at the point "is become," in entering the alto voices a quarter of a bar before the rest? I think it may be felt. The object was, without doubt, to heighten the quiet effect, to blunt a little the edge of a simultaneous entry. How welcome, in fact, is this lull of the action!

The second section of the Hallelujah chorus commences with the sentence "And He shall reign for ever and ever," which the basses first give out, uncovered by the other parts, and supported by the orchestra in unison. As with the sentence "For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth," so with this; it is written up black on a white ground; a mountain outline against a clear sky.



As soon as the basses have announced this, the tenors imitate it in the dominant, the basses throwing in ejaculations of "for ever! and ever!" the altos repeat it in the same key as it was propounded, the ejaculations continuing; then, in turn, the trebles repeat the tenor version. Meanwhile the basses, with the altos, are assigned exclamations of "for ever" "and ever" which, while they refer back to the opening Hallelujahs, foreshadow the more ponderous exclamations of the same words, "for ever"—"and ever"—which are presently to be heard.

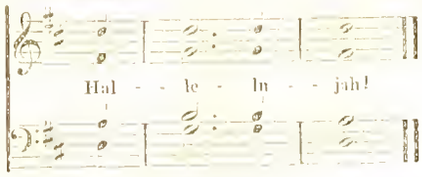
Each of the four voice parts having now, in turn, pronounced the triumphant sentence "And He shall reign for ever and ever," a new phrase, majestic in its monotonic simplicity, occurs.



Against this straight line of tone, sustained by trebles and altos, the men's voices fling the already established ejaculations, now juxtapositioned, and shown to be identical, "for ever"—"and ever"—"Hallelujah"—"Hallelujah." Here again, the subject, the monotonic "King of Kings" phrase, is announced without harmonic cover of any kind; and at its every stage, as it rises presently on a magnificent ladder from D to G above the staff, it is set forth without veil, in unison of voices and trumpet. A masterly distinctness, making the plan of the number palpable to the ear, is the result.

The reader who has followed me to this point is in possession of all the material of this wonderful chorus; the rest is combination and modification of the already stated phrases. But what masterful combination and modification! First comes that magnificent ladder of monotonic sentences, assigned to the trebles and the trumpet, rising successively and majestically from Ds to Es, Fs, and Gs; a bright, strong rope of sound, suggesting, nay requiring, at every successive change of the note upwards, a change in the tonality of the accompanying ejaculations "for ever"—"and ever"—"Hallelujah." First these are but a recall of the initial exclamations of "Hallelujah;" then the treble monotone shifts to E, and the harmony changes, it rises to F sharp, and an A sharp lights up the harmony, and brings it into the relative minor; it mounts to G, and then the ejaculations cease, to enable all four voices at length to unite, for the first time, in the words "King of Kings, and Lord of Lords." Which done, the basses restate the subject already first entrusted to them, "And He shall reign for ever and ever," this time in the dominant; the trebles then repeat it in the tonic.

The accumulation of foreshadowed effects now comes on the ear more rapidly than the pen can describe; the men thunder out in turn the monotonic phrase "King of Kings," solid and rotund, on the keynote D, and while the tenors prolong the note, the three other parts recur to the ejaculatory "for ever"—"and ever;" the men's voices reunite for another proclamatory shout, "and Lord of Lords," again tonic and monotonic; the tenors again prolong the D, and the other voices again ejaculate, this time, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" the basses once again reiterate "And He shall reign for ever, for ever and ever," followed, at the closest possible distance, by the altos, the other voices covering; the sections of the choir begin to move in massive steps together; the bold phrase "and He shall reign" is recurred to for the last time; for an instant, the voices come to a simultaneous rest; then, through the rushing and agitated orchestration, through the sweep of strings, the piercing pipe of flutes, the grind of bassoons, the noise of drums, the thrill of trumpet, and blare of trombone, come thundering forth four united Hallelujahs, to the same chords as before of tonic and subdominant; and at the fourth there is silence. A silence which rings. A silence filled with the memory of sublime sounds. A silence during which the whole chorus rushes through the mind. The first moment of silence since the first note of the chorus. And then the whole mass, trebles, altos, tenors, basses; strings, reeds, flutes; brass, drums; plunge, as into a stream, into one last broad prolonged Hallelujah; the epitome of the whole—



PART III.

Had the "Messiah" ended with the Hallelujah chorus, it might still have been accounted the greatest and broadest work of its kind; considered, however, as coextensive in subject with that portion of the Creed which relates to the Second Person of the Godhead, a third part was necessary. To prolong a work so far must be accounted a weighty task, if interest is to be sustained; but Handel has proved equal to it, and although there are numbers in the third part of the "Messiah" which can be, and usually are, omitted in performance, there are also new effects which, when a key to their appreciation is given, should sustain the attention of the earnest auditor without sense of flagging. These are the introduction of the unaccompanied vocal quartet, and the trumpet solo. The first of these gives an almost supernatural tone to the musical atmosphere, the second introduces an element of striking dignity and prominent interest. A third feature of the general plan of the third part might be mentioned, equally efficient in sustaining the high general interest of the oratorio, though not so easily appreciable except to those who can look at the work broadly: I mean its magnificent cadence. I do not refer by this term to the few chords which end its last number: those are the cadence of that number; I mean the whole of that wonderful chorus "Worthy is the Lamb" with its elaborate appended "Amen,"—a chorus unsurpassed in the qualities, which its position demands, of breadth, dignity, and elaboration,—which forms the cadence to the work as a whole.

[Concluded on last page.]

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 8, 1876.

The Christmas Oratorios.

The great Music Hall was crammed on the evening of Christmas with eager listeners to the Handel and Haydn Society's *sixty-fifth* performance of the "Messiah." And a very fine performance, on the whole, it was. Mlle. TIETJENS was of course the prime attraction with a great number. She sang the great soprano arias gloriously. Her large, rich, thoroughly musical and pure voice was here engaged in the noblest service. She sang with fervor, with right understanding, and with thoroughly artistic, chaste expression. The strong declamatory passages were all given in the noblest style and without overdoing. "Rejoice greatly" welled up from deep springs of unaffected gladness and unfailing opulence and buoyancy of tone; and the second part of it was touched with just the right shade of tender seriousness. In "I know that my Redeemer liveth," there was no forced, defiant declamation, no tedious conventional sentimentality; it was calm, deep, blissful, assured faith; and every phrase and note of the music, every accent and gradation of light and shade, was in accordance with that lofty, sincere mood. Who of us will live long enough to hear a worthier interpretation of that heavenly music! We might say as much of all her efforts that night; efforts they hardly seemed to be; they were at all events spontaneous; feeling expressed itself; and each thing that she did was wholly in keeping with all the rest.

Mrs. H. E. SAWYER gave a careful, well conceived and graceful rendering of the contralto solos; her singing was more remarkable for tenderness and sweetness, and for a certain even excellence, than for power. Mr. MAAS has a light tenor voice, of great sweetness, very pure and even, and made a marked impression by his intelligent, artistic and expressive style, particularly in the pathetic pieces: "Thy rebuke," etc. Into "Thou shalt dash them" he also threw a vigor that was hardly expected of him, achieving a complete success. Mr. RUDOLPHSEN has not all the voice he once had, and some of his bass tones sound dry; but his style and execution were masterly, making the well-known bass arias uncommonly acceptable. In "The trumpet shall sound" he was somewhat disturbed by an occasional fault of intonation in the trumpet *obligato*, for which the innocent offender has been most wantonly held up to scorn by some of our considerate critics; surely his performance was not worse than the average. But we do think it not in good taste to station the trumpet in the forefront of the orchestra, and thus court attention to his part as to a piece of solo virtuosity; it should have the air of springing unexpectedly and spontaneously out of the heart of the orchestra.

The chorus was large, but the balance of the four parts not quite so perfect as usual. Strangely the basses were too feeble, while the contralto was the strongest part of all,—a solid, rich and musical mass of tone. Nearly all of the choral work was done with spirit and with even excellence. A few shortcomings, in such "catchy" choruses as "His yoke is easy," "Let us break their bonds," scarcely disturbed the beautiful and grand impression of the whole.

With success even more signal *The Creation* was given the next evening. Bating some carelessness in the orchestral accompaniment the choruses (with better balance) went splendidly. The Trios, too, were beautifully sung. And the great voice and art of Mlle. TIETJENS triumphed in this more flowery and graceful melody as fully as they did in the *Messiah*. We only wondered at some changes of the verbal text, for which we could perceive no reason. Why "On mighty *wings*," instead of "pens?" Is it not a pleasure to have the original meaning of a word preserved for once in such connection with undying music? *Pen*, from Latin *penna*, which means wing. And what is the objection to the "cooing" of the dove? It is a word expressive of the natural sound, and surely it is a good vowel sound to sing. Not caring to go back so far as Jenny Lind, we never heard the two great airs more exquisitely sung; and the music of Eve, in the third part, was given with a genuine warmth and tenderness, which had no taint of the weak sentimentality which too often takes its charm away.—Mr. MAAS sang sweetly and artistically as before, though his voice betrayed exhaustion from previous efforts, or perhaps from a cold.—Mr. JOHN F. WINCH sang the descriptive bass solos with admirable effect.

The Handel and Haydn Society have now in hand for the Easter season Handel's Joshua (new here) and the entire *Matthew Passion Music* of Bach, with the view of giving its two parts separately on the morning and evening (or afternoon) of Good Friday.

Fourth Harvard Symphony Concert.

Deprived, by a paramount duty, of the opportunity of listening to any of the Concerts of last week, we will let others speak of one of the most interesting orchestral concerts of the season, reserving our own comments. We select two notices which seem to us the best considered and the fairest. The *Traveller* of the following day (Dec. 28) says of it:

The programme consisted of four numbers, but two of these were of such proportions as to make the concert of about the usual length. Gade's vivid and vigorous overture, "In the Highlands," and Boieldieu's overture to "La Dame Blanche," opened and concluded the programme respectively, both being well performed. Mr. Hugo Leonhard was the soloist of the afternoon, and appeared in the Beethoven Piano-forte Concerto, No. 5, in E flat (Op. 73). The artist acquitted himself with his wonted judgment and fine feeling, and especially in the *adagio* brought out the sentiment of the work with clearness and beauty. The most interesting work of the afternoon was the Symphony in C by Schubert, instrumented for orchestra by Joseph Joachim from the grand duo for piano (op. 140). The number proved throughout exceedingly interesting, full of color and warmth, and rich in beautiful themes. Each of the four movements has a charm of its own, and the work never grows thin or unimpressive. The last movement is very bright and happy, and abounds in delicate conceits. The scoring is broad and vigorous, and adds to the beauty of the piano work a wealth of instrumental coloring. We shall be glad to hear the number again at an early date. The orchestra played with much excellence and devotion, and has not done better work this season. We have a hint of an extra rehearsal (voluntary on the part of the orchestra) which is probably the cause of the better performance. An acknowledgement of this extra service on the part of the orchestra is certainly no more than is due.

This impression is shared by the *Globe*:

The symphony, that in C, by Schubert, with orchestral instrumentation by Joseph Joachim, was new, and proved as thoroughly interesting as could well be. The orchestration is strong and vivid, the coloring being rich and ingenious to a wonderful degree. The occurrence in several places of a beautiful theme, given out by the 'cellos and taken up by the other strings in turn, was one of the beauties of the work, while in numerous places there were little pictures which were successively assigned to different instruments, but no combinations which betrayed the least straining for effect. The whole tone of the work is pure, delightsome and inspiring. The opening movement, an allegro moderato, was the most pleasing of the four, though the whole was brimming over with beauty. The prominence given to the brass intensifies the grandeur of parts of the symphony, without detracting from the classic shading or ornamentation of the work. The piano-forte concerto was Beethoven's glorious fifth, which introduced Mr. Hugo Leonhard as soloist. His playing was as a whole an agreeable surprise, as he threw more vigor into it than he is accustomed to do. With the exception of one or two places where he failed to make the delicate intonation quite distinct, he was in every way an able exponent of the noble concerto. The orchestral work was honest and careful in the main; and, notwithstanding occasional blemishes, there was so much that was good, and such an evidently thorough endeavor, that we quite excused the defects in the enjoyment of the pleasure afforded us.

These notices are mainly in accord with what we find to have been the common impression among musical people at the concert, as well as with our own knowledge, through hearing the rehearsals, of what the concert must have been. Yet there are some dissenting voices, as there will be always; especially where there exists a "ring," partly in the interest of the speculators in concert-giving, partly in the interest of "the new music,"—a ring particularly *au fait* in the arts of "managing the press"—whose cue it is to systematically disparage whatever may be done by so conservative and purely Art-loving an institution as the Symphony Concerts. One of the hostile criticisms in this instance has been so sweeping, so unjust, so bitter, and contemptuous, in its remarks on Mr. Leonhard's performance, that no one can fail to see that it is prompted by a personal malicious motive. It must have been written out of spite, and for the purpose of crushing and destroying the artistic good name of a gifted, high-toned, earnest artist. The sense of justice must be far gone in this community if such shafts do not fall harmless. Mr. Leonhard is too well known and prized among us as an artist, for any one to believe him capable of a "puerile" interpretation of a Beethoven masterpiece, a "tame, incongruous" rendering, an attempt to invest it with "frivolous prettiness!" This writer neglects no opportunity to seize upon a weak point and make the most of it, exaggerating to the utmost. That there may have been weak points in the performance it is not for us, who were absent, to deny; but that there was an utter absence of good points, that there was a general misconception and maltreatment of the composition, that he played it like a "senti-

mental Nocturne of Chopin," it will take more than the utterance of such a jaundiced oracle to convince us. And then the meanness of talking of the hardihood which it required to attempt this work so soon after the magnificent rendering by Von Buelow! Mr. L. had selected this work for this winter's concerts, and had been engaged in the study of it, before it was even understood that Buelow was to come here. And is such a work to be blotted out from the repertoire of such a series of concerts, because a great man chances to come here and play it exceptionally well? It is a part of the system of the Harvard concerts to give every winter one or two of the Beethoven Concertos, as well as a fair proportion of the Beethoven Symphonies; these come round in their turns, as Christmas comes; shall we renounce them from the moment we have heard a better performance than we are able to command ourselves? And if the music is to be given, *for the music's sake*, shall we not feel indebted to that one of our own artists who will undertake it in an artistic spirit, though probably not dreaming of so rash a thing as rivalling a Buelow or a Liszt! To call this "presumption" is impudent presumption in the critic.—But why waste words on an attack so palpably malicious and so base, that henceforth no respect or credit can attach to what may emanate from such a source.

The Symphony (Joachim's instrumentation of the thoroughly symphonic "Grand Duo," Op. 140, for four hands), we still think, as we have said before, to be, next to the matchless No. 9, in C, by far the most important of the larger instrumental works of Schubert; and, if so, it is not rash to assert that, among all the pretentious new Symphonies which have been brought out here within a few years,—Raff, Rubinstein, Brahms, Svendsen and the rest,—it is by far the most important, the most interesting and full of genius. Here again the oracle above quoted shows a lack of quick perception and appreciation when he speaks of it as "dull" and "dreary," and harps almost exclusively on its "inordinate length." Yet he confesses (to lend his article an air of candor, as sometimes when he praises, even overpraises, this or that in a review of which the general drift is meant to be disparaging) that it is impossible to judge of it upon a single hearing. Why not, then, avail himself of the opportunity of hearing it in rehearsal, before saying: Go to, it is naught, of one of the greatest works of the most inspired musician after Beethoven! He finds the *Andante* charming, and is reminded by it of the *Allegretto* of Beethoven's eighth symphony, to which it bears no resemblance whatsoever, though it strikingly resembles in one subject the slow movement of the *second* symphony. We venture to intimate also that he is too strong in his self-conceit, when he declares that Joachim's "method" (of instrumentation) "is not that which Schubert would have followed." May be not, who knows? Not *he*, at all events.—We shall need more space and time hereafter to record our own impression of this Symphony.—Another of the tribe praises the Symphony but abuses the orchestra in this wise:

"Of the rendering by the orchestra yesterday, little can be said in praise, being too generally mechanical, hard and unsympathetic, and in some places positively weak and at loose ends. Diligent rehearsal under a strong hand is indispensable to the fit production of such a work."

"Diligent rehearsal under a strong hand" is just what it did have. The musicians became unusually interested in the work and give it extra rehearsal, working with a will most earnestly. Ignorant prejudice alone could have so written about a performance which even "the other man" who so disliked the work itself, found "conscientious and spirited."

We did hear the repetition this week of the admirable concerts of the Apollo and the Boylston Clubs, and next time shall have to speak of them, as well as of the fifth Symphony Concert, another brace of Thomas Concerts, Mr. Perabo's Rubinstein Matinee and several of the six Von Bülow Concerts (with the Philharmonic Club) which are to occupy every evening of next week.

A Beethoven Commemoration. We have received the following communication from Springfield, Ill., bearing date Dec. 27, 1875.

On the 17th of this month I went to the "Bettie Stuart Institute" in this city, to listen to some music performed entirely by the pupils in remembrance of the great master's birthday—

1st, Scherzo from the 8th Symphony by Miss Nellie Noyes, from Evanston, Ill.

2nd, Moonlight Sonata, by Miss Bertie Latham, Lincoln, Ill.

3rd, Life of Beethoven read by Miss N. French, Springfield.

4th, Selections from the Sonata in A flat, No. 12, Miss Nellie Noyes.

5th, "Adelaide," sung by Miss Leonora Huntington of Springfield.

6th, Sonate Pathetique, by Miss Mary McKee of Waverly, Ill.

Miss Huntington is a younger sister of Mrs. Ella Huntington Henkle, whose singing was heard in Boston three or four years ago. Miss Leonora's voice is not as high as her sister's but equal in strength and her singing is more sympathetic, perhaps because she excels in Elocution, which is admirably taught at the Institute; indeed I think the musical is not in advance of the other departments there, although I judge there was but little more preparation made for this occasion than for the weekly exercises in the school room. Do you not think it gives the scholars more culture to study and play classical music themselves, than to have concerts occasionally given at the school by professional musicians? As we often judge of a place by its schools, I take pleasure in writing of the Institute especially as my western pride has been sorely wounded by such questions as "Do the menageries ever get as far West as Springfield?" or "Do you have any side walks there?" asked by intelligent people who had never been out here.

Another Pupil of Liszt. The young lady of Cambridge, Miss Amy Fay, who wrote the brilliant letters from Weimar about Liszt, in the *Atlantic*, is now in New York. The *Brooklyn Union*, about a fortnight since, had the following notice of a Matinée in which she performed:

An entertainment of novel and unusual interest was inaugurated on the afternoon of Monday, December 20, at Chickering's former rooms in Fourteenth street, New York. Mrs. Charles S. Pierce, of Cambridge, addressed an audience of ladies on the subject of the duties of women, the importance of occupation, and the advantages of the co-operative system in reducing the cost of living. Mrs. Peirce is well known in the literary world as the author of a series of articles on co-operative housekeeping, which appeared a few years ago in the *Atlantic Monthly*. * * *

She was followed by her sister, Miss Amy Fay, who gave a piano recital of the following pieces:

Study in sixths	Chopin
Sonata, op. 27, No. 1	Beethoven
Chant Polonaise, No. 5	Chopin
Clavierstuck	Schubert
Canzonet	Jensen
Marchen	Raff
Gnomen-Reigen	Liszt

Miss Fay has lately returned from Germany, where for six years she has studied the most celebrated masters of world-wide celebrity. Her letters from Weimar, published in the *Atlantic Monthly* last year, interested the musical world as much in their authorship as in the subject, and no one can hear her play without predicting for her an unusually brilliant career. Her technique is faultless, her touch clear, elastic, and sympathetic, and her interpretation of the most varied compositions equally successful. The ease with which she plays the most difficult works is only equalled by her extraordinary memory, and we hope sincerely that the opportunity may soon be afforded the public to listen to music of such an entirely satisfactory character.

New York, Jan. 3, 1876. The New York Quartette, recently organized here for the purpose of performing classical Chamber music, is composed of the following well known artists:—Edward Mollenhauer, first violin, Max Schwartz, second violin; Geo. Matzka, viola and Frederick Beigner, violoncello. Their circular announces six soirées of Chamber Music at Chickering Hall. The programme of the first soirée, which took place on Saturday evening, Nov. 20, was as follows:

1. Quartet—No. 10, Op. 76, D minor ..... Haydn
2. Aria—Soprano, "Alta stella confidente," V. Bellini
   Mad. Sophie Dowland
3. Piano Solo, Ballade, Op. 23, G minor ..... Chopin
   Herr Constantin Wellert
4. Aria—Soprano, "Lascia ch'io pianga" ..... Handel
   Mad. Sophie Dowland.
5. Quartet, Op. 18, No. 1, F major ..... Beethoven

The Quartets were admirably played and the audience was fair in number. The second soiree took place Dec. 21, with the assistance of Miss Bertha Baruch and Mr. Alfred Pease.

The first Thomas matinee of the season took place at Steinway Hall, on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 27. The orchestral pieces were Beethoven's Overture "Consecration of the House;" Schumann's first Symphony, The Ballet Music and Wedding Procession, (new) from Rubinstein's opera, "Feramors," and Wagner's *Tannhauser* Overture. Mme. Antoinette Sterling sang Bach's aria "Esurientes implevit bonis" from the Magnificat in D, and two Lieder: "Der Kreuzzug" by Schubert and "Es war ein König in Thule" by Liszt. Messrs. Carl Wetzler and A. Lockwood performed a Concerto for Flute and Harp, (manuscript) by Mozart.

At the Second Thomas Symphony Concert, Saturday evening Dec. 4, the following programme was given.

Symphony, No. 2, C minor, op. 134, (new) ..... Reinecke
1. Allegro, Heroic Fire. 2. Andante, Thoughtful. 3. Intermezzo, In Odin's Hall. 4. Finale, Olaf's Sieg.

Concertstuck, op. 92, (first time) ..... Schumann
Introduction and Allegro Appassionato.
Mme. Madeline Schiller and Orchestra

Introduction, Finale, } Tristan und Isolde ..... Wagner

Symphony No. 7 in A, op. 92 ..... Beethoven

At the second Concert of the New York Philharmonic Society, at the Academy of Music on Saturday evening, Dec. 11, the orchestral numbers of the programme were Spohr's Symphony in F, "Die Weihe der Tone," which was smoothly and on the whole very well played; Schumann's romantic "Genoveva" overture and Liszt's Symphonic Poem "Les Preludes," a piece which depends entirely upon the orchestra for its effect, and which had but poor treatment at the hands of the Philharmonic players.

Thoroughly delightful and inspiring was the violin playing of the solo performer, Mr. Joseph White, who performed Mendelssohn's Concerto in E, and the Ciaconna in D minor by Bach. Every part of the beautiful concerto was interpreted at the best, and I have seldom heard so satisfactory a rendering, while the Ciaconna, which demands talent and artistic qualities of the very highest order, was equally well played.

The Thomas Orchestra is again engaged for the season by the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society. At the first concert, Dec. 18, the programme opened with Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony, and the other orchestral selections were the Introduction and Finale from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" and Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise," No. 1 of the orchestral series. Mme. Antoinette Sterling sang a Recitative and Aria from "St. John the Baptist" by Macfarren, and two Lieder, Schubert's Kreuzzug and Liszt's "Kogge in Thule." For an encore she gave Schubert's "Doppelgaenger."

At Chickering Hall a series of six classical concerts was begun on Friday evening, Dec. 17, with the following programme:

Quartet in B minor ..... Mendelssohn
Mme. Carreno Sauret, MM. Sauret, White and Werner.

Violin Solo { (a) Sonata in D major ..... Naudin
(b) Rondo and Scherzo ..... Spohr
M. Emile Sauret.

"Ballade," in G minor ..... Chopin
Senor Cervantes.

Vocal Selections.

Andante con Variazioni, for Two Pianos ..... Schumann
Mme. Carreno Sauret and Senor Cervantes.

Sonata in C minor, for Piano and Violin ..... Beethoven
Mme. Carreno Sauret and Senor White.

The second concert of this series came on Thursday evening, Dec. 23, and a matinee was given on the same day.

The second series of Von Bulow concerts began, at Chickering Hall, on Monday evening Dec. 27, where a large audience gathered to welcome the great pianist on his return to New York. The programme which I subjoin was one of the most remarkable ever offered in our city.

1. J. S. Bach—Concerto in the Italian Style
   Allegro—Andante—Presto.
2. Handel
   (a) Prelude and Fugue in F minor.
   (b) Chaconne in F major.
3. J. S. Bach
   Concerto in C Major for two Pianos and string quartette
   Messrs. Richard Hoffman and Hans von Bulow.
4. Mozart—(a) Fantaisie in C major, No. 3.
   Dedicated to his wife.
   Hoyden—(b) Rondo in C major.
5. J. S. Bach.
   Concerto for three pianos and strings, in D minor.
   Miss Marion Brown, Pupil of Von Bulow, Messrs. Hoffman and Von Bulow.
6. L. Van Beethoven
   Adagio with Variations. Opus 34
7. J. S. Bach
   Concerto for pianos and strings in D minor
   Miss Marion Brown, Mrs. Charles B. Foote, Messrs. Hoffman and Von Bulow
   Mr. Matzka ..... Leader.

The programmes of the second and third concerts were as follows:

Second Concert, Dec. 29.

1. Grand quintet in E flat, for piano, hautboy, clarinet, bassoon, and horn ..... Mozart
2. Romanza "La Rosa" ..... Spohr
   Miss Lizzie Cronyn
3. (a) Sonata Pathetique, } (b) Rondo capriccioso, Op. 129, } ..... Beethoven
4. Canzonetta, "La Primavera" ..... Mercadante
   Miss Lizzie Cronyn.
5. Grand quintet in F, Op. 55, for piano, flute, clarinet, bassoon and horn ..... Rubinstein

Third Concert, Dec. 31.

1. Quintet in F, Op. 55 ..... Rubinstein
2. Cavatina from "Der Freyschutz" ..... Weber
   Miss Lizzie Cronyn
3. (a) 32 variations on an original Theme, (b) Characteristic Sonata, Op. 81a, Les Adieux, l'Absence, le Retour, } Beethoven
4. Songs, (a) La Partenza ..... (b) L'amante impaziente ..... } Beethoven
   Miss Lizzie Cronyn.
5. Grand septet, Op. 74 ..... Hummel
   Piano, flute, hautboy, horn, viola, 'cello, double bass.

A matinée was given on Thursday, Dec. 30, at which the programme of the first concert was repeated.

This week three evening concerts and one matinee will be given which will end the series.

A. A. C.

The third part of "The Messiah" begins with

No. 45. AIR—I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God. For now is Christ risen from the dead, the first fruits of them that sleep.

A sacred song, this, preeminently religious in its character, breathing a cheerful but solemn confidence. Note the character-figure of dotted quaver and semiquaver groups in the accompaniment, never appearing in the voice part, but giving the song much of its point, and serving, by its comparative uneventness, to enhance the effect of the firm well-built melody assigned to the singer.

No. 46. QUARTET—Since by man came death.

The new effect which this number introduces has already been noticed. It remains to be said that the chords here assigned to four voices are the essence of all that is solemn in harmony; seldom has a musician laid on such deep color by so few strokes.

No. 47. CHORUS—By man came also the resurrection of the dead,

Is an exuberant passage of joy, in contrast—almost too great—to the preceding number. In

No. 48. QUARTET—For as in Adam all die,

The effect of No. 46 is recurred to, with an exquisite result; the sunshine of the last few bars of chorus is again obscured by dark summer storm clouds, but only for a moment, and in

No. 49. CHORUS—Even so in Christ shall all be made alive,

The choral sunlight bursts out again.

No. 50. RECITATIVE—Behold I tell you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet,

Introduces the next.

No. 51. AIR—The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed; for this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

The new effect of the solo trumpet, which this number introduces, is one which it will be worth some pains to appreciate.

There is no point in which the ordinary hearer of an oratorio goes less prepared to listen well than in regard to orchestral effects. The effect of a trumpet is, indeed, one of the most palpable of these; it is also one of the finest, and the hearer of "The trumpet shall sound," in Handel's "Messiah" should train his ear to distinguish and enjoy the mellow brilliance of the instrument. The bold and stately conformation of the air is especially adapted to display this beauty.

No. 52. RECITATIVE—Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written: Death is swallowed up in victory,

Carries the sense on to

No. 53. DUET—O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law.

A number not often used; but exhibiting none of that weakness which generally characterizes vocal duets, the rhythm of the two voice parts, and the harmonic intervals between them, being both unusually varied.

No. 54. CHORUS—But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ,

Is again not seldom omitted. It is a joyful, tumultuous chorus; but the fatigued attention is by this time little disposed to exert itself; and the number presents nothing new to excite it.

No. 55. AIR—If God be for us, who can be against us? Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth; who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again; who is at the right hand of God, who makes intercession for us,

Is usually omitted, though, except for the weakness of human nature, it should not be, if only on account of the effect which is lent, by its intervention, to the final entry of the chorus.

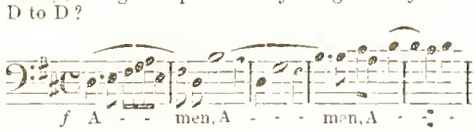
No. 56. CHORUS—Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, and hath redeemed us to God by His blood, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing. Blessing, and honor, glory and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever.

Amen.

The final number of the "Messiah" is this elaborate and largely laid out chorus, comprehensive and grand, rather than sensational or climacteric; the special effects have been displayed, the points all made, and the work now marches majestically to its conclusion, in this great hymn. A broad stream of harmony from the voices, all moving deliberately together, beginning effectively with a syncopation, "Worthy is the Lamb," conveys at once a sense of the importance of the cadence number. After a few bars, the pace is quickened, and the notes subdivided to quavers at the words "to receive power;" at the same time the higher stringed instruments, so powerful when provided with suitable passages, in creating excitement, foretell, by a rushing succession of scale passages in thirds, the busy animation which is coming. It is, however, but a foretaste. In accordance with his practice in many instances, Handel has scarcely given an indication of the coming tumult of effects when he suddenly hushes the action, and goes back to reopen his discourse. It is not, however, a mere reopening. The key of the initial largo passage is changed on repetition, and when the andante—"to receive power, and riches, and wisdom"—recurs also, it is also in a new key, and the strings rush down their scale passages from a higher part of their compass. These violins should be listened to.

All this, however, is but the prelude to the subject proper, which, after a moment of silence, is now propounded, by all the men's voices, in sheer unison of voices and instruments—"Blessing and honor, glory and power, be unto Him, be unto Him, that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb." In the same sheer unison, vocal and instrumental, the trebles now echo the subject. Before the sentence is completed, the tenors throw in a phrase of imitation in the octave, the alti repeat the theme in the dominant; through a gathering complication of florid and exclamatory passages the basses follow; and in a few bars we are in the height of choral activity. A half cadence at the unusual distance from the tonic (for Handel) of the key of the mediant, presently provides clear ground for another outset; and the tenors restate the subject, at another stage of the scale, the higher voices accompanying; then, without a break, the basses, tenors, and altos repeat it, in the original position, and in the original unison; three exclamatory passages follow, and in a few bars more the voices are again involved in choral entanglement, a new figure, of four semiquavers, scalar, legato, bringing increased action into play. This, however, is again soon lulled, and a fine half close, adagio, brings us anon to a sense of the fact that up to this point, in spite of some degree of elaboration, all has been but a magnificent prelude; and we hold our breath for the real subject, the unparalleled "Amen."

It comes. Who shall describe that lead of the basses? that nervous, syncopated, upclimbing variation on the diatonic scale of the key, which is so grand in its simplicity, so manly, so rugged, so hearty, rising in capricious rhythm gradually from D to D?



The tenors follow, in the dominant, the basses underplacing phrases of a more solid and ejaculatory type; the altos, and after them the trebles, in turn, lead out the subject; and presently—the make of these great numbers repeats itself—there is a half cadence. Then all the voices and instruments are withdrawn, except the violins; and these have their last opportunity of sweeping through the cleared orchestral atmosphere, with a complete statement, in their own register, of the subject already first propounded by the bass voices, and quoted above. How the first violins will revel in this nervous but simple sentence! They will grip its every note, every player of them; and the second violins will throw no less of vigorous firmness into the repetition which, after five bars, is assigned to them; after ten bars, the entire choir and band enters *en masse* to the treble strings; the bass voices again repeating the theme, pure and simple, with accompaniments from the other voice parts.

Elaboration follows which need not be described, but is all conducive to the adequate extension of the number; a "dominant pedal point"—the basses holding A for some bars—occurs, for the first time in the work, and has the precadential effect which the old theorists assigned to it; in a few more bars the whole tide of voices and orchestra is suddenly arrested, on a dissonant chord which is the recognized antepenultimate expression of modern harmony; a bar of imposing silence intervenes; and in one final "Amen," to the simple expression called the "perfect cadence," the "Messiah" concludes.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 907. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 22, 1876. VOL. XXXV. No. 21.

The Hero.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"Oh, for a knight like Bayard,
Without reproach or fear;
My light glove on his casque of steel,
My love-knot on his spear!

"Oh, for the white plume floating,
Sad Zutphen's field above—
The lion's heart in battle,
The woman's heart in love!

"Oh, that man once more were manly,
Woman's pride and not her scorn!
That once more the pale young mother
Dared to boast 'a man is born'!

"But now life's slumbrous current
No sun bowed cascade wakes;
No tall, heroic manhood
The level dulness breaks.

"Oh, for a knight like Bayard,
Without reproach or fear;
My light glove on his casque of steel,
My love-knot on his spear!"

Then I said, my own heart throbbing
To the tune her proud pulse beat:
"Life hath its regal natures yet,
True, tender, brave and sweet.

"Smile not, fair unbeliever,—
One man* at least I know,
Who might wear the crest of Bayard,
Or Sidney's plume of snow.

"Once, when over purple mountains
Died away the Grecian sun,
And the far Cyllenian ranges
Paled and darkened one by one,

"Fell the Turk, a bolt of thunder
Cleaving all the quiet sky,
And against his sharp steel lightnings
Stood the Suliote but to die.

"Woe for the weak and halting!
The crescent blazed behind
A curving line of sabres
Like fire before the wind.

"Last to fly and first to rally,
Rode he of whom I speak,
When groaning in his bridle-path
Sank down a wounded Greek,—

"With the rich Albanian costume
Wet with many a ghastly stain;
Gazing on earth and sky as one
Who might not gaze again.

"He looked forward to the mountains,
Back on foes that never spare,
Then flung him from his saddle
And placed the stranger there.

"Allah! hu! thro' flashing sabres,
Thro' a stormy hail of lead,
The good Thessalian charger
Up the slopes of olives sped.

"Hot spurred the turbaned riders,
He almost felt their breath,
Where a mountain stream rolled darkly down
Between the hills and death.

"One brave and manful struggle!
He gained the solid land,
And the cover of the mountains
And the carbines of his band."

"It was very great and noble,"
Said the moist-eyed listener then;
"But one brave deed makes no hero,
Tell me what he since hath been."

"Still a brave and generous manhood,
Still an honor without stain,
In the prison of the Kaiser,
By the barricades of Seine.

"But dream not helm and harness
Sole sign of valor true,
Peace hath higher tests of manhood
Than battle ever knew.

"Wouldst know him now? Behold him,
The Cadmus of the blind,
Giving the dumb lip language,
The idiot clay a mind.

"Walking his round of duty
Serenely day by day,
With the strong man's hand of labor,
And childhood's heart of play.

"True as the knights of story,
Sir Launcelot and his peers;
Brave in his calm endurance,
As they in tilt of spears.

"As waves in stillest waters,
As stars in noonday's skies,
All that wakes to noble action
In his noon of calmness lies.

"Wherever outraged nature
Asks word or action brave,
Wherever struggles labor,
Wherever groans a slave,

"Wherever rise the peoples,
Wherever sinks a throne,
The throbbing heart of Freedom finds
An answer in his own.

"Knight of a better era,
Without reproach or fear,
Said I not well that Bayards
And Sidneys still are here?"

* DR. SAMUEL G. HOWE, born in Boston in 1801, died Jan. 9, 1876.

Mendelssohn's Place in Modern Music.

[From Concordia, Dec. 25, 1875.]

English intellectual society, whatever its interest in and enthusiasm for the art of music (and there is no lack of either at present), seems to be swayed to an unusual and unfortunate extent, in its musical judgments, by the mere influence of fashion and of cliques. Strangely enough, too, this tendency, commonly supposed to be a "note" of provinciality, is in regard to music more specially exemplified in London than elsewhere. In the more musical of the chief provincial towns it is possible to find a musical society with no special *affiche*, and which is disposed honestly to admire that which has always been thought worthy of admiration, as well as to give some heed, when opportunity offers, to new lights. But musical London society is like Wordsworth's celebrated cloud:—

"That moveth altogether, if it move at all."

This is most specially illustrated in the musical history of the past twenty years. There was a rage for Weber previously, but that may be regarded as in part arising from the personal influence of the composer's visit to the country where he found his grave. But the tide of enthusiasm for Mendelssohn rose to its height subsequently to the composer's death. It is not so long since journals and drawing-rooms were at one in the most hyperbolical adoration of the composer of *St. Paul*, and of all his works, known and unknown. It was not unusual to speak of him as a composer who combined, in his own genius, the qualities of Bach and Beethoven—who had achieved the union of constructive power with warmth of feeling and coloring more completely than anyone else. Taunts and sarcasms were levelled at the "narrow minded and stolid" relatives who kept his posthumous MSS. under lock and key, "when the world was absolutely panting to hear every note that Mendelssohn had committed to paper." Worthy people who laid little claim to general musical enthusiasm were caught in the tide, and would ingenuously profess that "they could never tire of hearing Mendelssohn's music." The movement was at its height, perhaps, on that notable afternoon when all musical London crowded to Sydenham to hear the exhumed "Reformation" Symphony; a work certainly not representing the composer's best powers, and which he himself had practically condemned, but which was paralleled, by "leading critics" of the day, with Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

For such unbalanced exaggeration every artistic reputation that is subjected to it has to pay, sooner or later. One voice, and that of a friend and brother artist, had spoken with calm judgment even in the midst of the general applause. "I loved him too well," said Sterndale Bennett, "to wish to see him so absurdly exaggerated." It was not long before the musical circles of this country found another object of worship, and dethroned Mendelssohn from his seat. The reputation of Schumann was set up as a rival one to that of Mendelssohn long since in Germany, at the instance of Leipsic cliquéism; it was not until a recent date that it became established in England, after much grumbling on the part of audiences upon whose ears the works which were to form the next fashion were with difficulty forced. But society soon learned its lesson, and no amateur in "æsthetic" circles will now play Mendelssohn, except in a kind of apologetic way and for the sake of old times. Young ladies who have been nourished upon Schumann speak of Mendelssohn with compassionate indifference or confess that they "rather like" so works; critics have transferred their pr rhapsodies to the newer composer, as powerful genius in instrumental mu Beethoven. And now the Wagner mo which has reached England, is working change in popular musical predilection, and the feeling in regard to Mendelssohn seems to have become, with the one-sided and violent critics of this school, one of absolute antipathy and even something like contempt.

A consideration of these apparently unreasoning and unreasonable variations of opinion ought at least to be instructive in leading people to be cautious of attaching too much importance to popular enthusiastic movements, such as that in favor of the new form of operatic music and its hero, or regarding the man who receives the homage of the hour as necessarily placed thereby on a secure pedestal of fame. But, apart from such general considerations, one is sometimes tempted to ask, what is the real truth, as between the excessive laudation of Mendelssohn in his lifetime, and for some time after, and the comparative indifference with which he is regarded now? "How shall we find the concord of this discord?"

That Mendelssohn's genius was overrated at one time will probably hardly be disputed by any thoughtful critic at the present moment; and it may be added that the very circumstances of his personality and social position would have rendered this almost inevitable. Of the influence and fascination of his personal disposition and manners, there are many now living who can speak from their own knowledge. But in addition to this he had, almost alone among the composers who have laid claim to the highest rank, the chance to be born to affluence and social position. Strange enough is the contrast between the daily life of Beethoven, as far as its nature can be gleaned from scattered letters and anecdotes, and that of Mendelssohn. In the pleasant letters of the

latter, interspersed with what may be termed "art-gossip," we read of his lively enjoyment in the best society of the best places; now in Prince Torlonia's ball-room, "pleasantly conscious that I was dancing with the prettiest girl in the room;" now the honored and favorite guest of all London; everywhere welcome, and as pleased with society as society was pleased with him. Under such circumstances genius is sure to be rather magnified than otherwise by those who meet it in so pleasant a personification; and his general culture and interest in intellectual pursuits beyond his own art (not, unfortunately, a very frequent characteristic of the votaries of music), certainly would not detract from the estimate of his intellectual power. But the same letters which furnish such lively evidence of these qualities furnish also indications of what may be called an inherent deficiency in his character, as an artist at all events. Clough, in one of his letters, advises a college-friend whom he seems to have thought deficient in force of character to go through a course of Dante's "Inferno"—"it will burn some of the rose-water out of you, old fellow!" That some such prescription would not have been out of place with Mendelssohn is testified rather perhaps by the general tone of his correspondence, than by instances which could be quoted. But he seemed to have had a desire to keep on the pleasant side of things, a shrinking from in any way coming in contact with or grappling with the deepest tragedies of human life and feeling. His angry criticism of Shelley's *Cenci* as "horrible and abominable;" his superficial and rather "goody" criticisms on the views of the French social reformers, and some other modern movements of thought; his apparent sympathy with the weak sentimental school of neo-Catholic painters of whom Overbeck was the head, are among the more definite instances of his incapacity to see far beneath the surface of things. On this account it has become somewhat provoking to be presented so often as we have been with fresh "Recollections" of the composer's talk and opinions, which really are not more than the lively and sometimes racy observations of a genial but by no means deep-thinking man, and which, out of the world of music at least, can lay no claim to intellectual importance; that they should be thought so much of in the musical world is not flattering to the general education of those who compose it. Still less has the composer's memory been benefited by eulogistic memoirs, like that by Mdlle. Elise Polko, redolent of the knitting and tea-garden element of German life.

But Mendelssohn had what some critics of the present day would be disposed to call, in the words of Byron, "the *fatal* gift of beauty," both in regard to appreciation and production. If he had little sympathy with the deeper passions of human nature, his quick feeling for and perception of all that was beautiful and gracious in art and nature is apparent in every page of his letters. In a certain sense his temperament might be described as "sentimental," and the same character belongs to his compositions. Their merit is not *par excellence* either constructive or in the highest sense pathetic, but of that intermediate order in which sentiment is carried sometimes almost to the height of pathos, and constructive device just so far used as to give variety, and a last touch of completeness to the effect. It is music in which, without any stress or strain on the listener's feelings or comprehension, a remarkably satisfying effect is produced by the balance of form and the due proportion always kept between the idea and the language in which it is set forth. And this completeness and fulness of effect, which is one of the secrets of Mendelssohn's popularity with the masses, is the natural result of a temperament to which art was pre-eminently an enjoyment, a thing to make life brighter and more cheerful. With a sufficiently declared faith in the serious ends of art, he could combine a keen enjoyment of its lighter and more ornate side. He evinced an interest and admiration for good *bravura* performances, for instance, which to Beethoven would have seemed a sinful weakness, a tampering with the accursed thing; and he treated with distaste and contempt the theorizing philosophical party in music, who in his lifetime were beginning to make themselves obnoxious. It is probably his feeling on this head, and his recorded experience on the subject, which, as much as anything else, have exposed his memory to the scarification which it now receives from the pens of incorruptible critics of the philosophical school; and it is impossible not to sympathize to a great extent with Mendelssohn's views as to the new theory of music, as well as with his enjoyment of some of the licences of the art. It is not given to all men to be always wise. Yet one may be permitted to think that there is in this character, regarded as that of an artist, a little more leaning to the *dolce far niente* than is quite compatible with the idea of genius of the highest and loftiest standard.

But of the distinct individuality of Mendelssohn's contribution to the leading types of musical style and feeling, one would have thought there could be no question. Even that very translation of some of the form and spirit of Bach into the language of modern music, which was a speciality with him, in its result really amounts to a novelty of style; and this combination of a manner founded on Bach, with a feeling essentially of the romantic school of which Beethoven is the fountain-head, may perhaps be regarded as the real basis of the "Mendelssohnian style," and has given rise to the exaggerated estimate quoted in our first paragraph. Speaking more in detail, perhaps the really individual and characteristic side of Mendelssohn's genius is most recognizable in what may be called the "fäerie" element in his music. His incidental music to the *Midsummer Night's Dream* was something absolutely new and perfect of its kind; and a great deal of the feeling of this early composition reappears frequently in his later works, though it may be said on the whole that he never surpassed, if he ever equalled, that fresh effort of his youthful genius. He treated greater themes subsequently, but not with the same originality and fire. But that very composition illustrates remarkably a quality present throughout his works; a singularly keen and subtle æsthetic perception of the characteristic feeling of the subject to be treated. Whether illustrating musically the deeds of the Apostle of the Gentiles, or the drama of Sophocles, or recalling the sound and scent of the Northern Sea—whatever subject gives the suggestion to the music, in spite of a similarity of style scarcely escaping mannerism, there is always present, distinctly, though indescribably, the peculiar local color and keeping of the subject, constituting a charm which is felt perhaps by many who are scarcely aware of the source of it. It was this kind of æsthetic sensitiveness which made Mendelssohn so fastidious in regard to a subject for opera as eventually to prevent the chance of his leaving any complete work of importance, and excited the indignation of the English author who, in his "Recollections," seems to insinuate that Mendelssohn ought to have been satisfied with a *libretto* from his pen, because Weber was. But that, *pace* Mr. Planché, is hardly a logical sequence.

In regard to pianoforte composition—no bad test of the real musical resource and power of a composer—those, amateurs especially, who compare Mendelssohn with Schumann to the advantage of the latter, have a good deal to show in their favor. The individuality of Mendelssohn's treatment of the instrument is incontestable, but neither can its constant sameness of form and manner be denied. The composer himself, with that ingenuousness which was so charming a feature in his character, confessed his inability to invent effective passages or "figures" for the piano. Schumann, on the contrary, is perhaps at his very best in treating the instrument he had designed to make his own. It is true that a considerable discount must be made for the proportion of his pianoforte music which is obscure, lengthy, and deficient in form, and which only a blind enthusiasm can consider as worthy of high admiration. But he displays a vigor of style, a constructive power, and a variety and novelty in effects purely within the sphere of the instrument, which, in spite of a roughness of form and a frequent almost gratuitous awkwardness in the placing of the music for the hands, impress the hearer far more intensely than does anything in the finished and sparkling writing of Mendelssohn. The dislike of the latter composer to extemporizing on the piano, and his expressed reasons for it, are characteristic of what really seems to have been a deficiency of genius, though it has been turned by his admirers into an evidence of his refined sensibility. He mentions in one place his having reluctantly consented to extemporize after a supper, "though I am sure I had nothing in my head but benches and cold fowl," and adds his conviction of the absurdity of the notion of thus extemporizing off-hand. It is all very well to regard this as an evidence of Mendelssohn's intellectual view of his art; but it is evident that the great composers of an earlier generation had their inspiration at their command, so to speak, at almost any moment, and were not dependent on outward circumstances, or compelled to "sit at the receipt" of ideas. Mozart, taking home to supper the clever player he had noticed in the orchestra, and extemporizing fantasias to him between the glasses of punch, winding up with, "There! now you have heard Mozart for the first time!"—Beethoven, when pitted against Steibelt at a musical party, tossing the violoncello part of Steibelt's quintet contemptuously upside down on the music-desk, and therefrom evolving a performance which "drove Steibelt out of the room"—these may seem very prosaic and matter-of-fact proceedings, in the light of some modern ideas, but they exemplify that peculiar *grip* of the resources of musical effect and construction which characterized the older masters, and which does not seem to have been granted to, or attained by, any later composer.

Yet, admitting the comparative weaknesses of Mendelssohn's style and *genre*, admitting his lack of intensity in pathetic expression, his deficiency in that constructive power which gives the highest solidity to a composition, and which Beethoven, even in his most romantic moods, always had "within call," and whereby he astonishes us at a moment when we least expect it, can we name any other composer who has filled, and has a claim to fill, so large a space in the world of music since Beethoven? We may leave Herr Wagner out of consideration for the moment; his place is not yet fixed, and his treatment of the art is too much involved with, and part of, innumerable dramatic surroundings to be fairly compared with such purely musical music as that of Mendelssohn. The latter has, no doubt, been definitely surpassed in certain branches of the art by later composers. The favorite dictum of concert-room programmes, that his Concerto in G minor is the leading work of its class since Beethoven, is probably to be considered out of date now. In songs, as well as in pianoforte music, it can hardly be questioned that Schumann has surpassed him in variety and pathos, if not equalling him in pure beauty and grace. But if we take his works *en masse*, we must surely recognize him as the most generally gifted musician of the recent period; for what other composer can be named who has done so many things so well, or shown such a veritable and well balanced musical faculty? There is a great run just now on Schumann's Symphonies, upon which enthusiastic *critiques* are written; and full of powerful, vigorous writing they are, and deeply pathetic at times; but on the whole it may be fairly surmised that so artistic and finished a work as the "Italian Symphony," which has given pleasure to a far

more extended circle than Schumann has reached, will retain the freshness and reality of its charm, in virtue of its spontaneous melody and finished detail, longer than any more recently-known symphony; not to speak of the A minor, the greater in style but the less homogeneous work of the two. It can hardly be pretended that there is any more recent choral work to dispute the palm with *St. Paul*, which will probably be a more lasting monument to the composer than *Elijah*, in that it is more real; for the genius of Mendelssohn, despite his direct Jewish descent, was not what Mr. Matthew Arnold would call "Hebraistic" in type, and his sympathy with the tone of Lutheran Christianity, which is the basis of the feeling pervading *St. Paul*, was a genuine element of his nature. His Organ Sonatas, few as they are, are certainly the best things for the instrument since Bach—indeed, there is really nothing to name in the interim that could be considered as in the highest class of music; and the first one in particular is most remarkable as a successful attempt to engraft modern feeling and effect on the great time-honored instrument, without for a moment overstepping its special character and resources. And when the writer of these remarks saw, a few weeks since, the crowded and certainly very "miscellaneous" audience at one of the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts kept in hushed attention by the song "On Wings of Music," and then demanding the whole over again and listening to it in the same breathless stillness, he could not avoid the reflection that to keep so large an audience of all classes thus entranced by a mere simple melody in successive verses, with a single voice and a pianoforte accompaniment, might be, in its way, as true a test of genius as the production of "romantic" operas in which the hearers are taken by storm, as it were, with whirlwinds of sound from the orchestra and a whole phantasmagoria of stage effects.

One important species of homage, that of imitation, Mendelssohn has certainly received to an ample degree. No composer of so recent a date can be named whose works and whose style have exercised such an effect upon the music of his contemporaries and immediate successors, and been so continually reproduced and imitated with more or less success. Indeed, it is probably this very imitation of his style which has tended to lessen the repute of his genius, by reducing its peculiarities to commonplace. In this respect the history of his works, in relation to modern criticism, reminds one of Tennyson's satirical little poem, in which he compares his poetic genius to a flower raised in his garden, and pronounced by the people at first to be "a weed," until it grew and blossomed, was called a "splendid flower," and every one sought for cuttings and seeds, until—

> "Now most can raise the flower,
> For all have got the seed—
> *And now a pain the people*
> *Call it but a weed*"

This is almost as applicable to Mendelssohn as to Tennyson; and no doubt the fact that his style was susceptible of this general imitation is, to a certain extent, a proof of his mannerism. But though the flower may be held rather cheap at present, in consequence, it has probably vitality enough to outlive its spurious imitations, as well as many of the ranker and more luxuriant growths which may seem at present to threaten it with extinction.

H. H. STATHAM.

Glimpses of our English Ancestors.

MUSIC IN SUSSEX.

[From *The Brighton Herald*, Dec. 18.]

A hundred years hence, whoever looks back upon our age as we are looking back upon the century that preceded us, will have no reason to note the absence of evidence of the love and practice of music amongst the people of Sussex, not only in towns but in the smallest country villages. In this respect the 19th century will contrast most remarkably and most favorably with the 18th and the 17th; indeed, with all the centuries, for aught we know, that preceded it. For if there be one thing more conspicuous than another by its absence in the archæological records of Sussex, it is all reference to Music. As a Science it certainly had no existence out of the Cathedral at Chichester; in which, as in all Cathedrals, the practice and the traditions of an ecclesiastical school of music, dating from the Tudors, were kept up with more or less ability, according as the Cathedral dignitaries were more or less inclined to music, or their organist was more or less a musician. But, setting this aside as an exceptional and exoteric growth, scarcely touching the people, music had no existence in Sussex or other rural English Counties as a Science, and scarcely any as an Art, 100 years ago. There were, of course, both in towns and villages, instruments, and people who played upon them, and here and there, of course, there was a man of genuine musical taste and knowledge, who, in happier days for music, might have acquired fame as a musician. But they were *rara aves*, and their musical taste and talent obtained little fame for them, and not much profit. Still, there was a certain demand for music, and, in this as in other cases, the demand brought a supply. There were then, as now festive occasions on which music was required, if only for dancing or processions or "waits" at Christmas. In almost every village, at the commencement of this century, what was called "a case of viols" was to be found, consisting of the treble viol (or violin), the tenor (or alto), and the bass viol; the latter a title by which the violoncello is still known in country places. And there were certain persons who could play the instruments after a certain fashion, singly or in concert. The "fiddle" has always served for the votaries of Terpsichore, and a fiddler was seldom wanting in country-places. It may be questioned whether greater difficulty would not be found in getting one,—that is, a local fiddler, "to the manner born,"—now, than there was 50 or 100 years ago. And for this reason: the pianoforte has superseded the fiddle, and there are few houses now above the cottage class in which a pianoforte is not to be found and also some one (of the feminine gender, as a rule) able to sit down and play a quadrille or a waltz. The pianoforte is to the woman of the present generation what the violin was to the man of the last. In our grandfathers' days, there was really no instrument for a woman to play upon. A Queen, like Elizabeth, might play on the virginal, and, after the virginal, the spinet might be found in a few "great houses," and, at a later date, the harpsichord became more common. But these were the rare luxuries of the rich and great. The middle classes, and even the classes above them, the gentry and clergy, knew little or nothing of them, and, though Fielding might make Sophia Western play her father to sleep upon one, and Scott depict Flora Macdonald as fascinating Waverly with her harp-playing, yet to play on any instrument 150 years ago was a rare accomplishment for an English lady, because musical instruments for women were almost unknown. The only music heard in the cottage, the farm-house, and even the manor-house, was that of the spinning-wheel.

So, in the diaries of the Gales and the Stapleys and the Marchants, we find no mention of music; it did not enter as it now does in domestic life, or form a common source of public entertainment. Even in Churches it was of a very rude kind. Organs are of modern date in Sussex county churches, and there was either no instrumental music at all,—only a pitch pipe to give the note to the choir or congregation,—or it was a rude kind of orchestra, made up of the before mentioned treble, tenor, and bass viol, with, perhaps, a hautbois or flute. This served our forefathers pretty well up to the end of the last century, and, indeed, to a much more recent period in many places. We ourselves have listened to the dulcet tones of a village band in a West Sussex Church within the last thirty years. We believe they are all now extinct. One of the last to hold its ground was in Sidlesham, near Chichester, where the village band and choir (with their "Anthem," as it was called) flourished up to about 50 years ago; and when the then Vicar, the Rev. E. Goddard, proposed the introduction of simple psalmody, the whole of the performers, with their instruments and books, rose and indignantly left the Church!

The only reference we have found to the vocal performances of our Sussex forefathers in the Archæological records of the last century, is in the Journal of Dr. Burton (1750), who, *à propos* of the church-psalmody at Shermanbury, writes:—"The more shrill-toned they (the Sussex people) may be, the more valued they are, and in Church they sing psalms, by preference, not set to the old and simple tune, but as if in a tragic chorus, changing about with strophe and antistrophe, and stanzas, with good measure; but yet there is something offensive to my ear when they *bellow to excess and bleat out some goatish noise with all their might*" (!)

One might think the learned Doctor was talking of a set of savages in some newly-discovered land, and not of his fellow-subjects in an adjoining County. But, in fact, to the polished clergyman of Oxford these Sussex boors *were* savages. A few words of explanation are needed as to the "chorus" ("anthem" they called it) sung by the choir of Shermanbury instead of "the old and simple tune." The old and simple tunes, introduced chiefly from Germany in the days of the Reformation, and of which "the Old Hundredth" (that was its numerical place in the Psalm book) is almost the sole remnant, were superseded in the Stuarts' days by a more florid and pretentious kind of hymn, "with," as Dr. Burton says, "strophe and antistrophe and stanzas," and these were often "bleated out," to use his language, with more vigor than taste or discretion. They have been superseded by a simpler and higher class of hymn in our own days.

In few things, indeed, affecting social life and manners, has there been such a change in England, and for the better, as in instrumental music. Vocal music, in some form, must always have held its ground, and we know that in Elizabeth's and the 1st James's days it was widely cultivated, and hence the rich inheritance of madrigals, glees, rounds, catches, and other part songs that we boast of, and which used to be sung, and still occasionally are, without accompaniment. But in instrumental music there was almost a blank up to the invention of the piano. Even Handel's scores were only written for violin, alto, bass, and hautboys, with an occasional flute accompaniment,—that was, the English flute,—and now and then a bit for the French horn. The more recent introduction of the German flute gave an impetus to the study of music by men, and, 50 years ago, there was scarcely a house of the middle classes without a German flute. But it was the improvement of the harpsichord into the pianoforte that, by giving an instrument suited for women, caused music to be introduced into the homes of the English people, and has done more to soften, refine, and polish their manners than, perhaps, anything else. It has not made us a musical people, like the Germans, the Bohemians, the Hungarians, and other Sclavonic races—and only Nature could have done that,—it has made us fond of music, which is next door to it. The rest may come in good time! Poets, and great poets too, we have had in Sussex but there has been no Sussex composer yet, nor is there that we are aware of such a thing as a genuine Sussex air.

A propos of music, and, indeed, of Art generally, we may quote the recent remarks of Mr. Gladstone at Greenwich. Mr. Gladstone's mind is large enough to take in every thing, from the political wants of a great Empire to the artistic wants of a cottage, and his remarks on the cultivation of music in England at the present moment bear out the facts we have given above.

"You know very well," he said to his Greenwich constituents a few weeks ago, "that, when we look at the popular instruction of the country, the public mind is becoming more and more habituated to the universal teaching of music; and, of course, the universal teaching of music implies the universal practice of it in one shape or another. No doubt it is infinitely various in degree, and no doubt there are certain unfortunate individuals here and there who have no sense of it at all,—who have no sense of melody or of harmony, whose ears tell them nothing of concords or discords, and who are alike shut out from the pleasure of music and from the pains that discord will inflict on the cultivated ear. We are now coming, we have almost come, to the belief that music is a general inheritance,—that the faculty of music is a common faculty of the people forming an intelligent community. Was that so 50 years ago? I remember the time when you were laughed at in this city if you contended, as I was stoutly contending, that the human being as such was musical, you were considered a fool, a dreamer, an enthusiast. People used to say 'I can't tell one note from another; I don't care a bit about music;' and I replied by saying 'If the nurse who carried you when you were three or six months old had continued to carry you until you were 40, you would not be able to walk.' (Laughter.) I believe that, making all wanes, and in attempting to urge the

application of the illustration too far, it is sound to the extent that a faculty uncultivated dies away. The human mind is not like that description of rich and luxurious soil that casts off the finest fruits and flowers of itself without care or culture; but it has within itself capabilities wisely adapted to call for the application of labor in the development of faculties; and if the labor is applied, the faculties will be developed. If there be those who have no sense of music, they are analogous to those who are born deaf or blind, and, consequently, are entitled to sympathy as being excluded from one of the purest enjoyments Providence has ordained for human nature."

There can be little doubt that, at one period of our history, music in Sussex—as known and practised by the people—had all but died away; and it is still a belief with some that Sussex people lack both ear and voice for music. Certainly the singing at Sheep-shearing feasts and other rural meetings gives little token of either; it is a dreary monotonous sing-song of two or three notes, repeated through interminable verses of equally dreary rhyme. Some specimens of these rude rhymes were given in our paper on "Sussex Sheep-shearers," and Mr. M. A. Lower, in his "Old Speech and Manners in Sussex," after stating that there are still in existence "two or three rhythmical compositions once familiar to Sussex men," quotes, as one of these, a Sussex whistling song, "which," he says, "was formerly popular and is not yet entirely forgotten." Here it is:—

A SUSSEX WHISTLING SONG.

There was an old Farmer in Sussex did dwell,
[*Chorus of Whistlers.*
There was an old Farmer in Sussex did dwell,
And he had a bad wife, as many knew well.
[*Chorus of Whistlers.*

Then Satan came to the old man at the plough—
"One of your family I must have now."

"It is not your eldest son that I do crave,
But 'tis your old wife; and she I will have",

"O! welcome, good Satan, with all my heart;
I hope you and she will never more part!"

Now Satan he got the old wife on his back,
And he lugged her along like a pedlar's pack.

He trudged away till he came to his gate,
Says he—"Here, take an old Sussex man's mate."

O! then she did kick all the young imps about;
Says one to the other, "Let's try turn her out!"

She spied seven devils, all dancing in chains;
She up with her pattens and knocked out their brains.

She knocked old Satan against the wall;
"Let's try turn her out, or she'll murder us all."

Now he's bundled her up on his back amain,
And to her old husband he's took her again.

"I've been a tormentor the whole of my life;
But I ne'er was tormented till I took your wife!"

Certainly, when the musical knowledge of the people was reduced to whistling, it could not descend much lower; but still it sufficed to prove that the taste for music was not quite extinct, and, in course of time, that musical knowledge which has grown so rapidly in the middle classes will doubtless extend to the lower,—especially through the instruction of the children at school,—and England—nay, even Sussex—may wake up some fine morning and find that it is musical!

The New "Old South" Church.

The genial lady correspondent from this city to the *Worcester Spy* (Mrs. Goddard), writes the following description of this beautiful addition to our church architecture.

The "Old South" is a very beautiful church, surpassing any other in the city; whether it is to be surpassed by "Trinity" remains to be seen. No one who has not battled with the wind, dust, frost and ice at the bleak corners on the new land can imagine what it is to get to the "Old South" at this season. You may go as far as you can in the horse-car, creep as much farther as you can in the lee of the houses, but the time comes at last when you must tuck in your ribbons, make sure that your bonnet is firm on your head, and your head on your shoulders, then, gathering up your strength and courage, and bending forward, you must make a desperate rush from the last sheltered point to the harbor of the church-porch. The wind is sure to blow in your face, no matter where the vane points and to blow round and round your feet, tangling you hopelessly in your skirts unless they are comparatively short and scant. Dust whirls into your eyes and nose, patches of ice lie in wait for unwary feet, sharp gusts of wind cut off your breath; you wonder if architecture will, on the whole, pay you for the battle. You know by memory, and just one hasty glance, how rich the outside of the church is in beautiful stone-carving, where the cunning workmen have wrought birds and animals, and abundant foliage, with all the strength, grace and variety of nature. Safe in the warm passages between the church and the chapel, you pause to regain your breath, only to lose it again with delight and wonder when the door opens and you see before you countless myriads of white-winged angels soaring into the deep blue heavens, while below the shepherds bend in adoration and the sheep crowd close together. It is the great window behind the pulpit—that is all. There are other splendid windows telling all the story of the life of Jesus, and little windows with only the stories of flowers and delicious combinations of color; and after awhile you turn your eyes from them to the details of the church, or the preaching-room it ought to be called, for I suppose the whole building is the church. The room is sufficiently light without possibility of glare; all the colors are warm, soft and rich, in fantastic but pleasing combination. The wood-work is oak, or something of that color, the carpet dark olive-green, with small set figures of dull-red and other subdued tints. The carving in wood and the mouldings in plaster are exquisite specimens of art. Each bit of wood-carving is a lovely little study by itself, and would seem so at an art-store; but here there is such a wealth of it, and it is so unobtrusive, that you must seek if you would find it. But still the eyes turn always to the angel choir, half fearing that they will have floated far beyond sight. I can't imagine any clergyman expecting to be listened to in such a church until his congregation have grown familiar with every detail of its beauty, and are willing at last to turn their eyes from beholding its loveliness and give some heed to what is being addressed to their ears. Perhaps clergymen will preach from the windows, taking them for illuminated texts; and I am sure if the wonderful golden flowers on rich red grounds could be classed with the lilies of the field, the preacher could safely declare that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like them. Besides this gorgeous, illuminated place to preach in, where the morning light brings out all the wealth of artistic detail, and the sunset pours a golden glory on the sacred scenes, touching a face or a flower for one moment with fire, and the next leaving it softened and subdued as the shadow gains upon it, and the glory moves upwards, there are many other rooms for all the purposes that a working-church requires. A chapel, and large, quiet class-rooms, all with refined and warm ornamentation but little of it, as suits such rooms. There is a parlor, and a great work-room for ladies, both handsomely furnished, a kitchen, a nice china-closet, and a dining-hall; all possible conveniences for the minister; and dressing-rooms near the parlor and work-room. The parsonage joins the church; doors and entries are wide and convenient; the organ is said to be sweet and powerful; and the architects had the crown to their work when trial proved that the acoustic properties of the church were perfect—that to speak and hear in it were easy. The architects are Messrs. Cummings and Sears.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Ten Musical Sonnets of David Fr. Strauss.

BY AUBER FORESTIER.

David Fr. Strauss, the renowned author of the "Life of Jesus," wrote and dedicated to the friend of his youth, E. F. Kauffmann, a series of Musical Sonnets, which, being first issued in a periodical of extremely limited circulation, may be truly said to have only been rendered accessible to the public at large through their recent republication in that widely circulated German Magazine, the *Gartenlaube*. In his prose introduction to this evident work of love, Strauss says:

"Were I a philosophical Emperor giving to the world my confessions, I would, in thanking the Gods for their manifold benefits, express my especial gratitude for their having blessed me from youth up with a friend endowed with the rare gifts of Poesie and Music. He is now, alas! dead, that noble being to whom alone I owe it that my ear hath awakened, however imperfectly, to the mysteries of the tone-world. He was not a musician by profession, yet possessed a thoroughly musical nature. He was equally conversant with the theory and the practical employment of the Laws of Harmony; but his calling in the world was that of Professor of Mathematics. It would have pained him to use Music as a means of livelihood; it was the object of his private devotion; his inner life was enriched by it. The works of the Masters he was not merely familiar with, he lived in them. To him it was a trifle to render on the piano-forte an entire Mozart Opera. Ah, how much am I indebted to his skill! How admirably could he transport his hearers into the proper mood! What marvellous power had he to cast at the right moment a ray of light on the groping mind!"

Such was the man to whom Strauss in February 1851, during a long separation, sent, as a memento of affection, the following Sonnets. They did not appear in print until some years later, after Kauffmann's death. No more graceful tribute can be imagined from friend to friend, and as we perused the poetic gems, so fraught with keen appreciation, we were strongly impressed with the feeling that the great Philosopher and Theologian probably owed his highest culture to the exalting, refining influence of that Divine Art into whose innermost sanctuary he was conducted by the hand of friendship. It were defrauding those of our reading-public, who are unable to make their acquaintance in the German, not to clothe in English garb these Sonnets, and we therefore take the liberty of herewith presenting translations of the entire ten, together with the author's poetical dedication, having earnestly striven in our work to preserve the true flavor of the original.

DEDICATION TO KAUFFMANN.

Throughout this Carnival's dull mummery,
When ev'ry Hall its concerts is delaying,
Light waltzes only violins are playing,
And flutes sweet polkas pipe with jollity;
When ev'ry stage but flat buffoonery
Unto a gaping audience is displaying,
The sunrise and the skating-jubilee
Make in the "Prophet" maddest revelry—
Could I, mid all this desolation dreary,
Fly unto thee, grand master-works thou'dst proffer,
Master thyself, O friend, of Harmony.
Yet since we're parted now by distance weary,
I'll conjure up the Muse 'tis thine to offer,
That it in solitude may comfort me.

1. HAENDEL.

Aye, that's a man! He's like the oak-tree hoary,
Amid whose lofty tops God's storms are housing
And their primeval melodies arousing—
An immemorial sign of German glory.
E'en though a century may pale his story,
Though fashion other Arias be espousing,
His chorals grand, his rich fugues, wild carousing,
Wi'l still endure until all time be hoary.
How sweetly he of the good Shepherd sings,
Unto the Master's suff'rings how he clings,
Faith's consolations grasps how fervently!
Till Hallelujahs mightily resound,
As from the Blest, the Lamb's white Throne around,
And Sin, Hell, Death, are lost in Victory.

2. GLUCK.

Oft past thy brazen counterfeit to wander
I am impell'd on clear, bright wintry days,
And in thy austere countenance to gaze;
Each time with satisfaction fresh I ponder.
Who knew thee not must say: 'His spirit yonder
Prepar'd for others well-illumined ways,
No fogs could long withstand its sunny rays.
And clouds it swiftly would compel to wander."
Aye, Truth thou did'st restore unto thy Art,
Did'st of all flashy garb it well divest,
Heedless of public scowl or critic's dart.
The Lessing of Dramatic Music thou,
Which soon its Goethe found in Mozart blest;
The greatest not—but one to whom all bow.

3. HAYDN.

While others yield the Son their adoration,
A name more ancient thou dost glorify,
I mean thou dost to God the Father cry,
His name extolling in thy great "Creation."
First mak'st thou Light, then with mark'd approbation
Dost paint the germing seed that sprouts on high,
Nor dost the wond'rous form of plants pass by;
Giv'st on the brute beast too a dissertation.
Next showest thou the first dear human pair,
The man, the woman, the first glance of love.
Then doth thy heart expand, thou good old man!
Archangels bring to God Hosannas rare;
Yet, as to thee, the choicest hymn above,
Thou know'st, is human bliss, since earth began.

4. DON JUAN.

How sportively life's fountain here is plashing!
The purple juice of grapes foams in the bowl;
Love lureth mid dark myrtle bow'rs to stroll—
Begun the dance in halls with radiance flashing.
Yet heed you well! For treason here is clashing.
O'er this wild maze Truth findeth no control;

- ver! Though foes may cloud or quell our light: Yet

cres.

Thine..... Thy light..... shall shine for

Chorus.

Yet Thine..... Thy light!.....

Yet Thine..... Thy light!.....

Ped

e - ver. Thy light shall shine for - e - ver!

Thy light! Thy

Thy light! Thy

molto cres.

ped.

ff

light shall shine ..... Thy

ff

ff

light shall shine ..... Thy

ff

sf ff

Ped

light shall shine for e - - - - ver! Thy

light shall shine for e - - ver! ..... Thy light

light shall shine for e - - - ver! Thy

Baritone Solo. (The priest.) f

Thy light, Thy

light shall shine for e - - - - - - ver!

shall shine for e - - - - - - ver!

light shall shine for e - - - - - - ver!

p

light shall shine for e - - - ver!

f

Thy light, Thy

f

Thy light, Thy

f

Thy light, Thy

f

light shall shine, Thy light shall shine, Thy light shall shine for

light shall shine, Thy light shall shine, Thy light shall shine for

light shall shine, Thy light shall shine, Thy light shall shine for

Ped.

e - - - ver! Thy light,.....

e - - - ver! Thy light,.....

e - - - ver! Thy light,.....

ff *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *f* *sf*

Thy light..... shall shine for e - - ver!

Thy light..... shall shine for e - - ver!

Thy light..... shall shine for e - - ver!

sf *ff*

A. B. EIDDER & SON'S MUSIC TYPOGRAPHY.

Strangled sweet Innocence, deep-lyed the soul—
Past human vengeance all seems onward dashing.
But see! The victims sad at last arise,
Decrees of justice they to utter seem—
Death's cold hands to the libertine extend.
Now reckless impudence mid groaning dies;
Dissolved, annihilated, Life's gay dream,
And tomb-like silence is the revel's end.

5. FIGARO.

What singer Love like thee so well portrays?
Where is there one who its entrance'd unfolding,
Its ev'ry kind, degree and wondrous moulding,
Like thee develops in his genial lays?
From tender bud, which gentle growth displays,
Unto the flow'rs luxuriant unfolding;
From passion's storm which brooketh no curb's holding,
Unto first love's unselfish, hallowed days.
Here pretty, dainty love birds thou dost hail,
Hast captur'd them, an overflowing nest,
And showest us their ev'ry trick and song.
Some are scarce fledged, and some are in full sail,
While yonder one seems ready for his rest;
Beyond compare a restless, motley throng.

6. MAGIC FLUTE.

Like to the God who from men's follies here
Wove a world's history with glowing might,
Didst thou from poem most absurd indite
A master work which need no rival fear.
On the confines thou stood'st of yon dead sphere
Where life illusions vanish from the sight,
And crown'd the head with halo pure of light,
Before which brightest Earth tints disappear.
From thence men's doings seemed but childish sport;
Hatred thou saw'st in Night Eternal hurl'd,
And Love to Wisdom ripen thou didst see.
Thank thee, immortal Master! Near the port
Didst lovingly send back unto this world
Advance tones of the Spheres' pure Harmony.

7. FIDELIO.

Not in Sevilla's gardens, where perfume
Of roses and jasmine the pulse is thrilling,
Thou lead'st where night birds swarm, weird inmates willing,
In cold and mouldy prison cells of doom.
No fairy sounds fill here the dank, dark room,
Of choirs of maidens, like the sweet doves trilling;
But moans of anguish, clanking chains, are filling
With hollow echoes this abode of gloom.
Hark, what a heavenly strain the black night breaks!
Say, is it Love? No; Love it cannot be,
So prone to seek the Beautiful, the New.
'Tis that which earnest out of trifling makes,
Which bringeth roses pale mid thorns to view,
The patient, saving pow'r—Fidelity.

8. BEETHOVEN'S A-MAJOR SYMPHONY.

Whither dost lead me, O thou wondrous friend?
Thy luring tones my yearning doth awaken;
Must be for truth or wild delusion taken,
That tow'rd the long-sought goal my way I wend?
Ha! sorcerer, say, didst thou thus intend?
Would'st have me pine away like one forsaken
Because these aspirations pangs awaken?
Ah! bitter tears,—no, sweeter, nought could send.
Yet from the tear-bath newly vivified,
The spirit, fresh as youth, doth boldly stride,
While chorus glad of lightsome jests surrounds
What, lightsome jests? Aye, the whole earth doth thrill,
A Bacchanalian host, who shout at will,
From Olymp's iron gates now madly bounds!

9 BEETHOVEN'S 8th SYMPHONY.

What varied throng, what troubled, restless wailing—
Now yearnings soft, now queries bold outpouring—
Are Nations these which for their rights are warring?
Or are these thoughts, each other thus assailing?
Aye, aspirations! Often in life failing!
See them in whirling dance now upward soaring,
Falling to Earth anon mid thunder's roating,
Again like Cherubs high in ether sailing!
But now command thyself, my heart! Awake!
Thou wilt not? Good, then if thou dost not scorn
Such sport, I'd not for worlds its pow'r be quelling.
Yet dost thou truly therein pleasure take?
Thy deepest anguish thou but now did'st mourn—
Can wild caprice thy inmost heart be swelling?

10 MOZART'S SYMPHONY IN C.

Up, to life's pinnacle now boldly stride!
Wherefore in grovelling low thus hesitate?
Try thou the pow'r of wings given thee by Fate,
My soul, and make through clouds a passage wide.
How? Did I to Olymp in air-craft ride?
What golden lights doth Heav'n 'round me create?
What fresh enjoyments ever me await,
As I float onward with the ether's tide?
Joyous abandon me doth upward bear;
Mid dance of Goddesses I madly sweep,
By festal song inspired from Muses' choir.
The Titans see I in the black depths there;
With dismal howls they madly tow'rd me leap;
A wink from Zeus—and master'd is their fire.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 22, 1876.

Howling Wolves, — "Last Ditches," — "Enraged Mouth-pieces," etc.

There has been a wolf prowling round the fold for some time, hungry for admittance, and, failing that, vainly attempting by all sorts of taunts to draw us into controversy. Is it the same wolf that charged the sheep with roiling the water, while he himself (according to his own profession) stood higher up the stream and drank nearer to the source. Perhaps the very wolf who suggested to the tuners (of piano-fortes) their technical term "*wolf*" by which they figuratively denote the dissonant and jarring element in strings not perfectly attuned—that beating, howling sound you hear before the two or three strings which ought to make one note are drawn quite into unison.—But we do not pretend to anything like *his* skill in mixing metaphors.

We have no taste for personalities, and are not blessed with the unscrupulousness in which consists the chief advantage of such a master of the arts of satire and abuse. It has been our principle and practice to ignore all personal attacks. One critic, who systematically blackguarded us for years, has gone to his grave unanswered by a word on our part. And now here comes another, who for three years or more has made it his mission to persistently disparage the well known conservative and classical taste of Boston, the concerts of the Harvard Musical Association, and more especially ourselves who "superserviceably" preside over it. We have defended the musical conservatism, as it was our duty to do, since we believed in it. We have advocated the Harvard Concerts, as it was our duty to do, since we had helped to organize them for the same express end for which we had already founded this Journal of Music,—namely to help to keep musical taste up to the purest and highest classical standard; and, as a means to that good end, build up *en permanence* a local institution, a Boston orchestra, which should never let the knowledge and the love of the master Symphonists die out here, or the public taste be drawn away by specious novelties and false and barren fashions and excitements. It was our consistent duty to defend these; ourselves we have not defended.

Now this critic of a weekly Sunday paper, has for three years systematically disparaged the public performances of an artist, whom it was his wont before that time with equal uniformity to praise. The other day he sought to give the *coupde-grace* to the object of his venom by a criticism so malignant in its spirit, so brutal in its style, so wilfully blind to every merit and to every qualifying circumstance, that every unbiased reader felt the impossibility of explaining it upon any other ground than that of personal malignity. No severity of candid criticism, with all allowance for possible short-comings in the subject, could have produced an article like that. Its author may possess the critical faculty in an eminent degree; but that is not the way a critic, purely as such, ever writes. We thought it time that some one, among the many who felt the wrong, should break the long silence and rebuke it; and as no other voice was raised, the duty lay on us too palpably to be evaded.

Having expressed our feeling frankly, we were of course prepared for such a torrent of abuse as appeared in the next day's *Gazette*. It was quite evident that we had hit the mark, and that our reluctant notice of the slanderer had done good; for instantly the indignant conscience of others was roused, and articles in support both of Mr. Leonhard and of ourselves appeared in the very next day's *Advertiser*. These we here copy with grateful acknowledgement; the first one spares us the necessity of copying the provocation.

MR. LEONHARD AND HIS CRITICS.

To the Editors of the Boston Daily Advertiser:—

May space be found in your valuable columns for an expression of dissent from the remarks made in one of your contemporaries yesterday concerning the editor of Dwight's Journal of Music? Under the misleading title of "A Champion of Mediocrities," that gentleman is attacked with more temper than wisdom for his recent defence of the last but one of the Harvard symphony concerts against some abuse which, it was held, showed personal ill feeling as well as ignorance on the part of the writer. In returning to the charge, this impartial critic goes so far as to assert that "fortunately for the interests of musical art, he [the editor of Dwight's Journal] has ceased to be an authority. He may have been a good wet-nurse in the infancy of music here, but his utility has ceased ever since our musical public was weaned." It is not surprising that this writer draws his images from the nursery, in view of the wildness of the statement that an accurate critic, who is perhaps better known in Europe than he is here, and who has done, and is doing, such good service for music, "has ceased to be an authority." If we ask with whom he has ceased to be an authority, we shall probably be told with all save "that small clique of which the editor of Dwight's Journal is a superserviceable member—a clique which has worked incalculable harm to musical progress here." Is the clique so small? Small is a relative term; is it small in comparison with the grandeur of this musical Aristides? This modest defender of progress in the fine arts tells us, "We flatter ourselves that we had no small share in breaking up *this* ring, and we may therefore complacently smile at the rage of its mouthpiece standing recklessly at bay in the last ditch that is left it for a battle-ground." This is a curious derangement of epithets. No wonder he smiles at an enraged mouthpiece standing recklessly at bay in a last ditch.

Those who accept this writer's statement that his opponent is "superserviceable" must wonder at the way in which he attacks him; such is not the usual way of treating despatched foes. Is it fair to suppose that this advanced thinker has been stung by some of the remarks in the last number of Dwight's Journal? His protestations that he is not hit, and that he smiles complacently, are very suspicious; and the way in which he avoids referring to the contradictions of his rash assertions of the resemblance between the *andante* of the symphony at that concert and the *allegretto* of Beethoven's eighth symphony makes this hypothesis seem very probable. He is hardly fair in saying that he is charged with being grossly ignorant in thinking the symphony dull. Of course he may be ignorant, but that is neither here nor there, unless he learns his opinions by rote; what Dwight's Journal said was that he lacked "quick perception and appreciation," and this statement he has by no means disproved by what he amusingly calls the "placid contempt" of his defence. His judgment of the symphony was a superficial one at the best, and the Journal asks very pertinently why this oracle did not take the trouble to go to the rehearsals to hear it often enough.

As to the concerto he says, "The interpretation was bad, and there is an end of the matter, so far as we are concerned, though we do not for a moment question that it was just the sort of interpretation to satisfy the fullest demands of our censor's musical taste." Doubtless the last part of this statement, the part which was meant for a sneer, is true; and doubtless, too, the artist who performed the concerto will be contented if he satisfies so trustworthy a critic as the accomplished editor of Dwight's Journal. Certainly praise from him is more valuable than either praise or blame from our placidly contemptuous penny-a-liner, who should now rest on his laurels, having broken up so powerful a ring as that composed of the admirers of Mr. John S. Dwight and Mr. Hugo Leonhard.

X.

To the Editors of the Boston Daily Advertiser:

You have often kindly opened your columns to musical discussions,—and are always ready to help the cause of culture and refinement. Without intending to enter into a newspaper discussion, I would like briefly to point out the injustice done not only to honest efforts in musical art, but to individuals themselves, by such presumptuous criticisms as appear in the Saturday Evening Gazette. Those criticisms have all the air of authority, of positive knowledge, and if the writer were an authority and were possessed of positive knowledge, a man whose aims were of the highest order, one who is imbued with the spirit of truth, they would not lack the respect due to one's inferiors and certainly due to one's superiors,—the want of which is so manifest in these "airy" writings. We are told of "a nice bit of sound painting," of want of breadth of a performance, of an "interpretation which was bad,

and that is the end of it as far as we are concerned." We are told that the writer flatters himself he has done a great deal to break up a "ring," as he calls it, whose only object it was to give to the public the best concerts they could afford to give with the means at hand—a labor of love in the cause of musical education performed by a body of gentlemen who only asked for sufficient support to make "both ends meet." A worthy task, indeed, to break up such an undertaking, and that from a musical critic who wants us to believe that he has the cause at heart, and speaks only from convictions, not out of spite! On the strength of these convictions—and, we presume, of his intimate knowledge of piano-forte playing—he deals most unmerciful blows—they are only wholesale blows; they are not criticisms—at an artist who has for years always exerted in his art the very best influence among us, and who, according to our imperfect knowledge of piano-forte playing, after many years of study of the instrument, whatever may be his defects always had to our mind a sensitive, delicate, yes, beautiful touch—a clean execution, an earnest conception of the work he had in hand; and our critic used to think so too. Our critic finds in 1873 that Mr. Leonhard's playing is "always" characterized by thoughtfulness and good taste. But in 1874, when Mr. Leonhard gives his matinées with another gentleman, there is a complete change. The critic tells us that in one concert Mr. Leonhard plays a Beethoven sonata "with coldness;" in a second he plays parts of another Beethoven sonata with "an excess of sentiment that almost borders on affectation and lack of feeling." Parts of an *allegro* by Mendelssohn, to which he accorded the year before "careful and effective treatment," the following year were "greatly confused, not to say bungled." If this critic speaks truly, then the Harvard orchestra, the Harvard programmes, and Mr. Leonhard's playing and rendering must have sadly deteriorated in the course of one short year. Other solo performers, according to the views of the same critic, do not seem to have been affected in the same way.

Fortunately the reputation of the Harvard concerts and of Mr. Leonhard cannot be undermined by such attacks, but as I do not desire to be counted in among those who have "poured in their thanks upon the Gazette from all directions for censuring with unsparing severity," etc., etc., and as I emphatically protest against such criticisms, if they can be called criticisms at all, I ask your kind insertion of this letter, to which I affix my signature.

Very respectfully yours,
SEBASTIAN B. SCHLESINGER.

The next day brought a third communication blowing hot an cold, as follows:—

MUSICAL CRITICISM.

To the Editors of the Boston Daily Advertiser:—

Will you permit me to say that there is a class of not wholly uncultivated lovers of music who take exception to the recent onslaught on Mr. Dwight for very different reasons from those given by two correspondents whose letters you printed yesterday? They think the injudicious and intemperate language used by the author of that attack will prejudice what is not wholly a bad cause. There are very few, who know anything about music in Boston during the last twenty or more years, who will deny the great service rendered by Mr. Dwight to the cause of good music. But that does not prevent some of us from feeling that we cannot always depend upon his judgment, any more than we can upon that of any other human being. To give but one example of what seems to not a few of the really cultivated music-lovers of the city a liability to err once in a while. The treatment of Mr. Thomas and his orchestra by Mr. Dwight has neither been courteous nor, as it seems to me, characterized by good musical judgment. Mr. Thomas has been called a charlatan and an ignoramus, and yet, if he is both he has taught the concert goers of Boston some things about the capacities of a good orchestra well handled, which they did not know before. We do not like unfair attacks upon Mr. Dwight, nor by him. There may be one ring of musicians, and one set of performers whom it is the fashion to praise, and another set whom it is the fashion to sneer at. On that point I say nothing. But I protest against its being conceded that Mr. Dwight may have immunity in criticism which is not allowed to others. If he is not prejudiced, he should, nevertheless, be rebuked for intemperate language in regard to Mr. Thomas for precisely the same reasons that the writer of the article in the Gazette should be reproved for his offensive way of stating his case. XYZ.

Far be it from us to deny that we may sometimes err in judgment. We should shrink from the claim of infallibility as we should shrink from the possession, preferring to remain human. We cannot feel that our treatment of Mr. Thomas has been uncourteous, and we distinctly and positively deny that we have ever written one word about him either charging or implying that he was a "charlatan" or an "ignoramus." For his orchestra and its performances we have had only words of admiration and of praise; we have often complimented his conductorship; but we have as often criticized the taste shown in his programmes, as well as in the *tempos* at which he is fond of taking certain movements in the classical symphonies. Thus far our offence goes, but no farther. We certainly have as good a right to our impressions and opinions (pretending to no final *judgment*) of the "new music," as they have who find it all so admirable and hail it as an evidence of progress. Its admirers no doubt honestly believe that the new composers have reached a height in Art that was not reached before; and they (and Mr. Thomas, as it seems to us) from this their fancied higher stand-point look back and down approvingly upon the master-works of Mozart, Beethoven, etc., as worthy efforts of an outgrown past; whereas *we* look from the opposite stand-point; we feel that the highest point yet reached in Art is that still occupied by Bach and Handel, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven; that they are standard, and only from their height can we with any safety judge of the intrinsic merit of any one of these "great claimants." Is our musical public as yet half enough at home with the great masters, to warrant it in hailing and accepting every last extravaganza as a sign of "progress?"

—But we hear the howl of the wolf again! This time it is a deliberate *challenge*. He would shift the issue and the arena of discussion:—a favorite dodge with enemies of this sort; they are not the men to look you in the face. He would transfer the question of taste, of artistic poetry and beauty, of the *effect* of an art-work, of which all are entitled to form some opinion, however uninstructed technically, into a question of musical grammar and professional routine; he challenges us as it were to a musical *spelling-match*: offers to prove his "superiority" to us (heaven forbid that *we* should question it!) in a competitive examination, upon such problems as the reading of scores, the analyzing of harmonies, the scoring of works for orchestra, the composition of fugues, the playing at sight on various instruments, etc., etc. All which we (can we say respectfully?) decline, and for these reasons:

1. We never have pretended to technical musicianship at all; and yet, after a life-long loving intercourse with music of the noblest masters, feeling perfectly at home with it, although we could not analyze it or construct it for ourselves any more than we could the friend we love, the beauty of the sunset or the ocean we admire, it would seem to be impossible that we should not have learned *something*. Our whole aim has been to interest our neighbors and our people in that which has been so inspiring, strengthening and comforting to us; to make the masters and their works appreciated.

2. To judge rightly of a work of art it is *not* necessary to be an artist. Artists—composers, painters, sculptors—are oftentimes the worst of critics. Many have learned the trade of Art, who yet remain quite unappreciative; and many miss the vital point, the æsthetic *effect*, the quickening poetry, the genius of a composition, so busy are they in prying into its technical structure; as many miss the beauty of a composition in performance, by watching after false notes, instead of surrendering themselves to its spirit.

3. What right has he to challenge *us* to such a competition,—we who never invited it by any presumption of the sort. Let him challenge a professional musician; let him challenge Mr. Leonhard, whom he has had the "impudent presumption" (so we said, and we still say it) to treat as an inferior beneath his sovereign contempt. Let him challenge Mr. Lang, Mr. Parker, Mr. Zerrahn, Prof. Paine, even his Jubilee friend Gilmore, if he can presume so far. Then we should find out how much of a fugue writer, how much of a score reader, he really is. But is it brave, or cowardly, to discredit one's perception and taste in colors, by asking in a contemptuous, bullying tone: "Pshaw! what do you know about Chemistry?"

4. To be quite consistent with the spirit of his challenge, this critic ought to go upon the platform at the Music Hall and play the Beethoven Concerto himself, and play it better, before he can have a right to criticize the playing of another.

Finally, we should decline to meet, on this or any other field, one who has shown so little of the instincts and the manners of a gentleman.

—We have carried these remarks to a much greater length than we intended or desired; but it seemed to us proper, *once for all*, to define our position in this matter, abstaining from the answer we might make to many other taunts in the *Gazette*, and here leave it, simply adding, by way of illustration of the nature of the man we have to deal with, a plain relation of a single experience.

In the spring of 1872 we chanced on several occasions, at the rooms of Mr. Leonhard, during rehearsals for the concerts of himself and Mr. Eichberg, to meet Mr. Woolf, the musical critic of the *Gazette*. During that period he wrote only in praise of Mr. Leonhard's performances. We had noticed also in his articles, as well as conversation, a general agreement with our own ideas, impressions and opinions about musical matters; had seen that he was an able writer possessing far more musical knowledge and culture than it was then common to find in those who wrote in newspapers; and we flattered ourselves that we had found a strong ally in the advocacy of pure and noble music. And indeed we still find his opinions, both of compositions and performance, in their general drift agreeing with our own, *whenever he can write unbiased*. But how were we deceived! A short time later, when the second Gilmore Jubilee was coming on, we met our gentleman one evening in the Globe Theatre. He accosted us and began to speak in terms of derision and disgust of the Jubilee; said all that *we* could say about its vain-glorious announcements, its claptrap programmes, and the vulgar charlatanry of the whole affair, for which the press, almost without exception, seemed to be engaged in manufacturing a popular enthusiasm. He knew that he was pouring all this into willing ears; and we expressed our pleasure at finding *somebody* in that profession who felt about the thing as we did. Here again hope of a trusty ally in the good cause was strengthened. But it was all a snare and a delusion! For, as we parted, he said (if not precisely in these words, yet words to this effect): "But—I am mortified to say—I hold my position as musical critic in the *Gazette* on the *express condition that I will say nothing in its columns against the Jubilee*." (!) He may have read an involuntary comment in our face, which probably did not increase his self-respect.—And this man who could believe one thing and bind himself for hire to write (should he write at all) the opposite; this man, after making this humiliating confession, arrogates to himself the character of an impartial critic, without fear or favor, and dares to taunt us with writing in the interest of a *clique*,—dares to brag of his musicianship and "challenge" us to a competitive examination;—as if, at this stage of our career, we would descend into his arena to present vouchers for our competency,—even if those which he demands were necessary or relevant, which we by no means admit. Even if he be able enough to solve all the conundrums of his own proposing, and to perform all the wonderful things of which he boasts, of what worth are the critical dicta, of what force the rebuke of an oracle which has confessed itself so venal?

But hear the sequel of the story. A few days later a number of our own Journal came out, wherein we, free to write always as we think, (and this too may have stirred his envy) expressed our feeling with all frankness of the Jubilee; and judge of our astonishment at finding in the next *Gazette* a third part of a column ridiculing and even blackguarding us therefor,—and the same strain continued in one or more succeeding papers! Was this betrayal of confidence? Or will he say that he was not the writer? He, anyhow, had led us into the snare; he knew it, and he knew that he had also put himself in our power by his confession of venality;—after that, it was but human nature that he should not feel much love for us, however much he could presume upon our patient silence.

Here then is a *motive*. A little further, and we come upon the companion motive, or the *counter-theme*, out of which this whole symphony of spite was gradually developed. The story is too long to tell here. Suffice it to say, that shortly after came the Kreissmann benefit, resulting in a rupture between Mr. Leonhard and his whilom associate in chamber concerts; and then this critic, espousing the quarrel of the latter, began thenceforth to disparage the pianist whom he had always praised; and it was not long before the same *animus* was shown towards other artists and musical friends with whom this victim had most identified himself, —towards the Association of gentlemen of which he had been made a member and to whose concerts he from the first had been an ornament,—towards the Harvard Symphony Concerts, their conductor, their orchestra, and the whole "ring" as *he* would call it. —*Hinc illæ lachrymæ* (i.e. *ululatus!*)

For *this*, then, must a life-long love and advocacy of what is most pure and noble in our Art be scoffed at and arraigned as worse than worthless, as an evil and a crime against the real cause of culture and of progress! For this must musical criticism and appreciation be reduced henceforth to technical analysis and grammar, as in the old times when it was only that and only pedants read it! For this the Harvard concerts are to be discouraged and destroyed, till Boston, in its opportunities of instrumental music, sink to the condition of Portland, or any small provincial town, dependent on chance visits of a travelling orchestra and the sovereign pleasure and convenience of concert speculators! For this our Boston must be "weaned" from such babes' milk as Beethoven and Mozart, to be suckled henceforth in the wilderness of "progress" by the hungry *dry* nurse (on harsher milk) of Romulus and Remus,—founders of a race far more distinguished for literal stern prose and the capacity for fight, than for ideal qualities! And for this must *we* be dragged into controversy, which from our heart of hearts we hate!

For such a quarrel we have no time nor taste; matters more vital and more interesting claim our thought. Here, therefore, *once for all*, and whether he return to the attack or not, the matter ends on our part. Can he suppose that we will waste in quarrel with the like of him another hour which could be spent in hearing or remembering Beethoven?

Concerts.

An unusually large accumulation of concerts wait their turn of notice, while our space is unusually small. Hearing too much music in a short period leaves a dim memory of most of it, however charming and exciting at the time. A few notes only now.

The fifth HARVARD SYMPHONY CONCERT, Jan. 6, gave more than usual satisfaction. The orchestra gave further signs of the new life and ambition that has been kindled in them. Earnest and careful rehearsal bears its good fruit. The *Ruy Blas* Overture of Mendelssohn was played with such precision, spirit, light and shade, as would have done credit to a Thomas orchestra. So too was that model of a perfect Symphony, the G minor of Mozart, beautifully played; even that close contrapuntal knot of all the parts, which Mozart is so fond of making, in the finale, was distinct and vigorous, albeit a little rough. The Grand Heroic March in A minor (op. 66) of Schubert, arranged for orchestra (from the original for four hands) by Otto Bach, was heard here for the first time, and proved a wonderfully rich and interesting work. It has two Trios, of the rarest beauty, which are again touched upon in the very broad dramatic *Coda*. The only fault that could be found with the March is its great length, by reason of frequent repetitions,—the common fault of Schubert; but the themes come back always with new charm of treatment, and the instrumentation is exceedingly rich. This too was finely played.

The third Piano Concerto of Beethoven, in C minor, was played by Mr. J. C. D. PARKER with unusual spirit and refined execution. His own *Cadenza* in the first movement was true to the spirit of the work, skilfully constructed, and not without a certain originality, giving general pleasure. The middle movement (*Largo*) was given with fine feeling. There was only the lack of somewhat greater strength, a more distinct vitality of touch, in the Rondo, which is apt to sound thin and commonplace (except in the later themes) unless each note is brought out with all its point in the exhaustive manner of Von Bülow; it is a case where much intensity and much reserved force seem required for a comparatively slight thing.

The sensation of the concert was the singing of Miss EMMA C. THURSBY, from New York, a pupil of Mme. Rudersdorff, whose influence was apparent in her whole rendering of the fine concert Aria (given for the first time) by Mozart: "Mia speranza adorata," particularly in the recitative and some dramatic and pathetic passages of the Cantabile. There are florid passages both in the Andante and the Rondo, which run up to a great height after the manner of the Queen of Night in the *Zauberflöte*. These, as written, go up to F above the staff; the phrases had been modified by her teacher so as to tax only her E flat and D. Miss Thursby has a lovely, pure, fresh, sweet, and flexible Soprano, evenly developed through its wide compass, and she sang with style, with pure expression, in tones now richly colored with warm feeling, now bright and birdlike, as the changing moods of the Aria require. It was a very marked success, and we may truly say that we have never heard one of these concert arias of Mozart to such advantage here before.—In the second part she sang two songs by Taubert: "*Der Vöglein Abschied*" (The Birdies' Good Bye,) and "*Ich muss nun einmal singen*" (I *must* sing, but don't know why);—both of them quaint and charming and most charmingly rendered, particularly the florid bird cadenza at the close of the latter, in which the bright voice warbled and disported itself with a freedom and a splendor and a certainty of each effect in a way that actually recalled Jenny Lind to us. Here is indeed a fascinating new singer.

The third Symphony Concert of THEODORE THOMAS was chiefly remarkable for an exceedingly long (a whole hour) and an exceedingly fantastical, extravagant, spasmodic, incoherent and chaotic symphony, (so at least we found it on a single hearing), called "Dramatic," by Rubinstein. There was beauty and continuity of melody in the first half of the *Adagio*, but the rest seemed like the improvisation of a mad orchestra in Bedlam; brilliant and dazzling *effects* in detail, wonderful difficulties splendidly executed, but tending nowhere, leaving nothing in the mind; and yet we doubt not it is all grammatically written and in the highest degree ingenious,—but to what end? Why it should be called dramatic we could not see. Traverses the whole range of human passions and emotions? Heaven save us from some of these passions, these emotions, if there can be any like them!—But the Symphony had been industriously written up beforehand; there was an analysis with musical notes on some of the programmes (we could not get hold of one); and at the end there was a mysterious outburst of applause, loud and persistent, from the outskirts of the hall and the high galleries, while all around us in the front and centre of the floor nearly all sat unmoved and puzzled about the whole thing. Of course it was "received with great enthusiasm" in the next morning's papers and the despatches to other cities.

Beethoven's *Coriolanus* overture, though too intense a thing to follow that, was really refreshing after it, because so clearly full of meaning and of real passion.

The SHARLAND Choral Society—nearly 300 voices, well balanced, and of good quality—sang very finely the new "Spring Hymn," op. 23, by Goldmark. As for the composition, the chief charm for us lay in the orchestral prelude and accompaniments, which abounded in suggestive phrases, and rich and dainty coloring. The chorus portion opened in an interesting and impressive manner, describing how "With small beginnings, from mountain sources, gush forth all the streams and waters,"—the same poetic image with that of Goethe's "Mahomet's Song." But the work seemed to us to grow vague and tame toward the middle, and, with the exception of some declamatory moralizing sentences for an Alto solo, sung in a full voice with good style and expression by Mrs. F. P. WHITNEY, and a somewhat stirring choral climax, the impression left upon the whole was rather disappointing.—The Vorspiel to Wagner's *Meistersinger* brought the concert to a close.

The Saturday Matinée, which followed, began with a most beautiful and finished rendering of the first Symphony of Beethoven, followed by a Concertone of Mozart,—in fact another Symphony, in too nearly the same vein, with four solo instruments, chiefly two violins and oboe, the 'cello entering as solo only in a few phrases near the end of the *Andante* and in the *Minuet*, which formed the Finale. The work is long and full of beauties, and doubtless at another time and in another connection we should have enjoyed it very much, but not directly after another Symphony, the most Mozartish one of Beethoven. Bargiel's very dramatic, sombre Overture to *Medea*, a clever orchestral arrangement of some four-hand Hungarian dances by Brahms, and selections from the *Meistersinger*, including the "prize song," finely sung by Mr BISCHOFF, (who also sang the love song from the *Walküre*), made the balance of the programme.

MALE PART SINGING. The APOLLO, under Mr. LANG's direction, sang more admirably than ever in their last concert, Jan. 3. Mendelssohn's setting of Schiller's "To the Artists" opened, and the "Bacchus" chorus from *Antigone* closed the concert. Both were given with great fulness, dignity and spirit. Part songs, sentimental or playful, filled the intervening space, all sung with that exquisite finish, which becomes cloying after a certain time. One critic described the effect with more truth than he intended when he called the execution "dead perfect." It is not that anything can be sung too well; the secret of the fatigue lies, we think, in our feeling of the disproportion between the comparatively little consequence of the music in itself and the great amount of time and pains which it must cost to render it so perfectly. The singing of Miss C. V. LASAR, of Brooklyn, made an agreeable variety. Her very clear, sweet, well-disciplined Soprano voice lent the chief charm to Hiller's "Easter Morning" for Solo and Chorus; and she sang very charmingly the "Slumber Song" by Franz and "The Noblest" by Schumann, to Mr. Lang's fine accompaniment.

We had great pleasure, on the next evening, in listening to the BOYLSTON CLUB, who have made remarkable progress under Mr. OSGOOD. They have not so many ripe, smooth, well matched high tenors as the older club, but the ensemble is really excellent, and they sing with great precision, pure intonation, fine enunciation and expression. Their programme contained some things indicating a higher aspiration than part-songs. Chief of these was an "Adoramus te, Christe" by Palestrina, a noble piece of harmony, in which the voices had been trained to a beautiful *sostenuto*, one of the rarest arts in singers now a-days. The chorus: "God is great" by Jadassohn, one of the young composers of the day, with accompaniment of horns and trombones, is written in a pure religious style and was very effective. There was much beauty, too, in Mr. Osgood's *Angelus*, with triple tenor solo. All these were new. And in the ransacking of the endless piles of part-songs the Club seem to have been particularly happy in bringing to light interesting novelties. Mrs. H. M. SMITH sang Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" (in B flat), "Mother, O sing me to rest" by Franz, and "Bird of Love" by Lemmens. Two of the more humorous part-songs: "At all times of day," by Veit, and the Austrian "Waltz Song" by J. Strauss, are very clever and effective.

Here an end for now! There remain Mr. PERABO's concerts, and a whole week full of VON BÜLOW with the Philharmonic Club, too rich and full of matter to be dispatched here in a corner.

Some Living Composers.

We take the following notices from the very carefully prepared and instructive pamphlet programme (64 pages) of "CARL RETTER'S Six Performances of Pianoforte Music in strictly Chronological Order," recently given in Pittsburgh, Pa.—Pittsburgh must be a remarkably musical place, if it will pay, not only for such concerts, but for a programme so expensive.

ADOLF HENSELT

Was born May 12th, 1814, at Schwalbach, and is one of the leading pianists of our time, and quite as remarkable as a composer, in that he excels in quality more than in quantity. His father was a cloth manufacturer, and removed to Munich in 1817. When Adolf was but six years old he began violin lessons, but soon evinced a more decided talent for the piano. He received his instruction in piano playing and composition from the Baroness von Flad, who took a deep interest in the young artist. Through the efforts of this lady he was patronized by the King of Bavaria, who defrayed the expenses of a visit to Weimar, and lessons from Hummel. He returned to Munich and proceeded to Vienna in 1832, where he studied composition for two years, besides practicing *ten hours* daily at his piano. As a natural consequence, his health broke down and he was compelled to take a vacation, which he merged in a concert tour, visiting Berlin first and then Dresden and Weimar, in all of these places creating a furor by his original and brilliant style of playing; lastly to Breslau, where he married, and in 1838 he went to St. Petersburg. Here he gave concerts very successfully, and the Empress appointed him as her chamber-pianist. Since that time Henselt appears no more in public, but plays frequently in private circles. His pianoforte compositions are full of deep feeling and imagination. Among his best are his etudes, one piano trio, and one concerto. Piano literature has nothing more beautiful to offer of the same *genre* than his few works.

JOACHIM RAFF

Was born May 27th, 1822, in Lachen, on Lake Zurich, and his earlier years were passed in Wiesenstetten, (Wurtemburg). He was educated for the profession of teaching, and was a school principal for four years. As a youth, he showed a fondness for music, and learned to play the piano and violin at a very early age. In 1842 his love for music was so aroused that he decided to make it his profession for life, and he began the most earnest study of composition, as well as piano and violin, and soon after began composing. In 1843 he sent some manuscripts to Mendelssohn for review, and the latter, seeing their value, recommended them to Breitkopf & Haertel for publication, who gave the young, enthusiastic and ambitious composer great encouragement. He continued his studies untiringly, meanwhile giving lessons to earn his livelihood. In 1845 he met Liszt, by whom he was well received, and who invited the young man to accompany him on a tour through Germany. Later, as Liszt proceeded to Paris, they separated, and Raff went to Cologne, where he became personally acquainted with his former benefactor, Mendelssohn. In 1846 to 1848, on the Rhine, where he founded his reputation as a musical critic and writer. In 1850 he accepted an invitation from Liszt to go to Weimar, and there found the desired repose and rest necessary to enable him to compose larger and more pretentious works than he had before attempted. In 1855 he married, and in 1856 removed to Weisbaden, where he now resides. He has written with eminent success in all branches of vocal and instrumental music. His "De Profundis," dedicated to Liszt, is particularly worthy of mention as a deeply thoughtful and noble work. His symphony, "An das Vaterland," received the first prize among thirty-two competitors at Vienna, in 1863. His later works, "Lenore" and "Im Walde" symphonies, are masterpieces, and performed by all the leading orchestras of the old and new world. He has had seven orders conferred on him by different sovereigns of Europe, and in 1872 was elected an honorary member of the Philharmonic Society of New York.

CARL REINECKE.

Was born June 23d, 1824, at Altona, and received his first musical instruction from his father. The boy made rapid progress and played in public when but eleven years of age. He studied the violin, as well as piano. When eighteen years old he made a concert tour to Denmark and Sweden, with the most flattering success. In 1843, in Leipsic, he pursued higher musical studies, and enjoyed the friendship of Mendelssohn and Schumann, which had a great influence on his studies and artistic aims. In 1844 he made another concert tour through North Germany, and in 1846 a journey to Copenhagen to show his patron, King Christian VIII., what good use he had made of the talent bestowed upon him. In 1851 he made a trip to Paris in company with the violinist, Konigslow, where he made the acquaintance of Hiller, who engaged him as teacher of the piano and counterpoint for the Conservatory at Cologne. In 1854 was music director at Barmen. In 1859, university music director at Breslau, and in 1861 was appointed director of the world renowned "Gewandhaus Concerts," at Leipsic. Since that date he has been a professor at the Leipsic Conservatory, and since the death of Moscheles, a director also. His concert tour to England, in 1867–69, was a series of brilliant successes. As a composer he commands great respect, and has written in every style. His opera, "King Manfred," has been produced, and was well received wherever given.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN

Was born November 30th, 1829, at Wechwotynetz, Russia. His first instruction in music he received from his mother, and was afterwards a pupil of Villoing, at Moscow. As early as 1839 he undertook a concert tour, in company with his teacher, to Paris, where he made the acquaintance of Liszt, under whose direction he studied most earnestly. After a year spent in this way, he made a more extended tour, going to England, Holland, Germany and Sweden. In 1845 he studied composition under Prof. Dehn in Berlin. The years 1846–48 he spent in Vienna and Presburg as a teacher of music. In 1848 he returned to St. Petersburg, and was appointed Chamber-pianist to the Grand Duchess Helene. After eight years of earnest study he appeared, in 1856, in Hamburg, with his manuscripts, and traveled through Germany, playing his own compositions and creating a furor in every city. From this time his reputation as a pianist and composer spread with great rapidity all over Europe and America. In 1858 he returned to Russia, and gave a brilliant series of concerts in St. Petersburg and Moscow, and finally settled in the former place. He was soon appointed Imperial concert director, with a large salary, for life, as well as receiving a title of nobility, all as marks of the esteem in which he was held by his Imperial master. In 1862 he founded a Conservatory of Music, which still exists and flourishes under his fostering care. In the winter of 1867–68 he made another triumphal concert tour, embracing the greater part of Europe, winning still greater laurels as a *virtuoso* and composer. As a pianist he has few rivals aside from Liszt and von Buelow. His best works are those in the form of chamber compositions, although his "Ocean" symphony has made its way throughout the musical world. His piano concertos, when played by himself, are grand and effective, but, strange to say, they are scarcely ever played by others. In 1873 he made a concert tour through the United States, which is still fresh in the minds of many who had the rare pleasure of hearing him.

JOHANNES BRAHMS

Was born March 7th, 1833, at Altona. He received his first instruction in piano playing and composition from Edward Marxsen. In 1853 he made his first concert tour, and by a happy coincidence met at Dusseldorf the celebrated Schumann, who interviewed the young artist at length, and was so pleased with him and his enthusiasm, that the next number of the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik," (Schumann's paper,) contained a long and highly eulogistic article on the merits of young Brahms, pronouncing him a "rare genius, of whom great things are to be expected." The sequel shows the estimate was not placed too high, and Schumann's expectations would no doubt have been fully met, could he be alive today to see the great strides made since 1853 by his promising protegé. In addition to his renown as a composer, he also ranks among the most classic pianoforte players of the age, having an immense technic, and a most noble and impassioned style. The 1858–63 he passed in Hamburg, and then went to Vienna as director of the "Sing Akademie." In 1866 he returned to Hamburg. His fame has grown rapidly within the last few years, and his time is now spent between composing and traveling through Europe, giving piano concerts and also leading his great orchestral and choral works. His most celebrated work is the "Triumphlied," a German national requiem, having for its subject the state of mind of the German nation during and after the Franco-German war.

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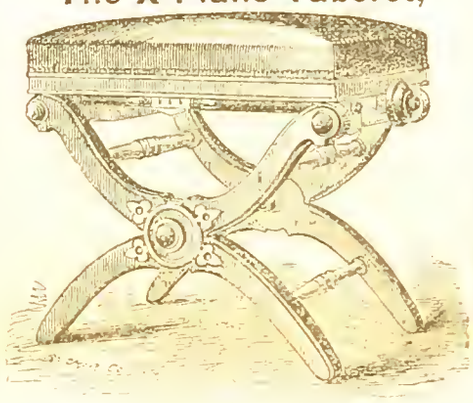

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 908. BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 5, 1876. VOL. XXXV. No. 22.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Berlioz, Liszt, Wagner.

BY FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

A wreath of subtle charm, elusive bloom,
Of trembling outline, wave-like, wind-like change,
Of tropic hue, of mystic dew, of strange,
Rich, foreign, fine, bewildering perfume,—
Culled from that far domain of infinite Tone
Where sleeps the tempests' germ, 'neath planets dim,
Suns drowned in opiate vapor, moons that swim
In mist magnetic; where strong souls alone
Float on vast pinions that their steps impede
Through brooding Passion's tranced atmosphere,
Past streams of light that down to darkness lead,
Deep-thrilled by visions wild, and winds of fear,—
With hope to reach some high, impossible fate,
Supernal Beauty, Horror, Love, or Hate!

Dr. Von Buelow's Concert in Poughkeepsie, New York.

[From the Poughkeepsie Daily News, Jan. 19.]

Collingwood Opera House, ordinarily the scene of musical-school-exhibitions, and other domestic rites and sacrifices, was re-consecrated, on Monday night, by the presence of a great artist. To the larger part of the audience then present, the performance of Dr. Von Buelow was probably not a novelty or a mere first impression; for in a certain sense, Poughkeepsie is a suburb of New York, and those of its citizens whose avocations permit frequent visits to the metropolis, and who possess any degree of musical culture, have already listened to this fine pianist once, if not many times. He is not an artist who can be understood after only a few hearings. For if, in one sense, Dr. Von Buelow is not a great original creator, in another he is the most unique of living artists. Unique, because, more than any preceding or contemporary pianist, he voluntarily abjures his own nature, in order to enter more fully into that of other artists, and unoriginal, because of this very self-abnegation. For creative genius is essentially child-like, self-absorbed, possessed by its own individuality; nor would we have it otherwise, for were it so it would not be genius. Buelow is, in every requisite that reason or critical intellect can demand, a perfect pianist; one of extraordinary mental capacity, scholarship, mechanism, taste, correctness, and power of memory. He is too thoroughly intellectual a player ever to be carried, by irresistible fervor of feeling, over the boundaries of conscious self-possession; but it would be most unjust to stigmatize him therefore as cold and unfeeling, for such genuine artistic manifestations as those of Buelow necessarily combine deep emotion with high thought. To the euphony and complete mechanical attainments which the past generation admired in such players as Thalberg, he unites the scholarship and mental pre-eminence which our day, and the continually progressive nature of music, now absolutely demand from the princes of art, such as Liszt and Buelow.

No matter how fully we may have studied the works of an artist, no matter how closely we may have followed his life and achievements, or may have seemed to know him through his and our own friends, his first appearance and performance before us are almost certain to differ from our preconceived idea. When I first heard Von Buelow at the opening of Chickering Hall, in an exclusively Beethoven programme, I felt too reasonably satisfied with his playing. In it, indeed, Beethoven's mind was clearly mirrored; but where, I fancied, were the richer deeps of passion, the radiant glow of inspiration? Oh, what an unreasonable expectation! One man cannot be all men. Had Beethoven the technical powers of Buelow? Is not Wagner an atrocious pianist? Have I not often heard Rubinstein, swept to the very verge of the precipice, clutch at handfuls of false notes, as if to save himself from himself? The exquisite Chopin, filled with a deep aversion to the vulgarities inseparable from publicity, that exclusive spirit which Baudelaire terms "the mental dandyism of the modern artist,"—only allowed the public to hear him once in five years or so, and was too closely enwrapped in his own ideal atmosphere to condescend from it into that of another: Liszt is always the unique Liszt; Clara Schumann is ever Robert or Clara: but it is possible for Buelow to become for a time, mentally, another artist, in nearly every phase, save that of the divinely impassioned geniality that belongs to creative imagination alone. This unique quality of his performance, and his deep and sincere feeling, I recognized with astonished admiration, more and more, on every fresh hearing of him, in the works of various composers. And hence his incalculable value to American audiences. For while musically creative power, and the highest art of singing, can only be mastered where absolute, exceptional gifts are pre-existent, instrumental playing, that branch of musical art which may be called its machinery, is at the command of any person of moderate talent, great industry, and passable health. And Buelow is the highest possible example of all that may be acquired, with the most exalted talent and unconquerable perseverance; while, as a model, his performance may be relied on with almost unquestioning trust. It is unnecessary to enlarge on the worth of such a disinterested reproductive mind to the thousands of pianoforte students on this continent, or to amateur listeners whose childhood has not been passed amid the traditions of European art;—who do not possess the knowledge necessary to perform in private, or the continual opportunities of listening in public to fine performances of new and old masterpieces, who are unprovided, even in the large cities, with really great musical libraries for purposes of study, yet who sincerely aspire to a fuller understanding of music, and who possess within them the germs of a future realization of that inspiration.

All Buelow's programmes are fine; more than any artist who has lately visited America, he bases them on the historical and necessarily, the æsthetical plan; he never condescends to perform trash, no matter how well it may be calculated to display mechanical dexterity. Therefore his cometary course will leave no evil train of echoes behind it; for all who aspire to imitate Von Buelow, will at least attempt to play good music.

The programme of Monday was delightfully liberal. From Bach the conservative, to Liszt, the radical.

But *is* Bach conservative? No! no truly great composer ever was. Prejudice, however, still dreads him as not only conservative, but worse, as dry, stiff, cold, gloomy, pedantic. What an error!

I know a person, who, at ten years of age, entertained that prejudice already. The time was fast approaching, when, under the guidance of one of her early masters, the English composer Hatton, friend and favorite pupil of Mendelssohn, she must besiege the fugue-bethorned shrine of Bach, and essay his arias and cantatas with that precocious voice of hers. So it chanced, that one wild winter night, she lay on the old-fashioned sofa, in an oak wainscoted and raftered music-room, staring into the fire, listening more to the angry sea without than to the genial Hatton playing for the delight of a small circle of friends. But presently, leaving the graces of Mendelssohn, of whom he was then considered the most finished interpreter in England, he began to play something new and strangely attractive to her; surely, it was the very echo of her beloved sea! There was its continuous low moan, there were its broken adjurations, its roars of disappointment as it surged back from the land it could not drag down with it; there was its feline murmur of vague self-satisfied pleasure, its arch, capricious surface dance, and there, at last, its strong, clear, swinging rhythm of healthy, victorious power. The music at an end, they began to discuss Bach's Shakesperean traits, in every phase of talk, from genuine well-informed enthusiasm down to the timid vapidities of æsthetic twaddle. Bach! thought she on the sofa, that splendid stormer Bach? Impossible! It was indeed Bach, however, and she afterwards thanked her ever-fortunate star that she first came to the knowledge of Bach through the beautiful gate of the "chromatic fantasia and fugue," that wonderful landmark in the history of art, closing one era, opening another, containing within it the fulfilled prophecy of the "music of the future;" classic in its forms, romantic in its contents as the reddest romanticist can desire.

We were all fortunate on Monday night that through that gate we caught a glimpse of Beethovenian mountains, and Mendelssohn's carefully tended garden, and that we passed the etherial, roseate haze that half veils Chopin's dancers and dreamers—all poets and princesses at least—into Liszt's exotic realm. "Venezia e Napoli!" Two lovely, Turneresque sketches of a life, wild yet soft, dramatic yet visionary. To me, these are, the one, "Venezia," all moonlight melody and tranquil bliss, with no deeper shadow than that which lurks under the curtain of the gondola. The other "Napoli," all glowing vitality, all southern color, a dance of peasants on the sea shore near Naples. But I know one who, being altogether a man of peace, of course adores and ponders much on wild animals, to whom "Venezia" always calls up the idea of lions, tigers and giraffes stealing or stalking through tropical forests; and my old friend the late consul Garlichs—one of those few men in the country, whose practical and liberal appreciation of artists, and whose great musical acquirements, really entitle them to be termed amateurs—used to say that he never played "Venezia," without fancying he saw the head of the doge, Marino Faliero, rolling down the Giants' staircase, in time to the rhythm of music sounding from distant gondolas. Yet neither fancy is quite foreign to the spirit of Liszt, though a little so to that of the folk song, "La biondina in gondoletta," on which this piece is founded.

Miss Cronyn, the songstress, pleased the audience much with her agreeable voice, earnest manner and interesting appearance. She begins her career under the most favorable auspices. May she never descend to a lower standard than that to which she now aspires! Everything she sang last night was well selected, and it was not strange that her pretty delivery of the Rubenstein lied (with English words), pleased so much. That is a little flower in itself; as a writer for the voice, Rubinstein possesses one peculiarity in common with Liszt; here and there, amid the declamatory chaos of too many of their songs, amid the rubbish of the rich mine, we are dazzled by a jewel of

almost transcendental brilliancy, cut and color, —like this exquisite song.

The audience present on Monday night, of which Vassar College furnished so large a share, will aid in doing away with the prejudice current among artists, that Poughkeepsie is one of the most unmusical towns in the Union. If we are so fortunate as to count a genuine artist among our friends, it is repeatedly in our power to prove the sincerity of those artistic tastes which all cultured people as a matter of course profess, by acknowledging and returning—in a different way—those elevating influences—those hours of noble enjoyment, with which he and his art enrich ordinary life: but if a great artist visits us only for a day, our opportunities are limited to two or thee hours, to the purchase—oh, prose!—of a ticket for his concert. Artists are so accustomed to social homage, and so well aware of the lofty mission of art—the finest flower of the highest possible development of human intellect,—that we can scarcely wonder if they sometimes estimate the intelligence of their friends in exact proportion to the degree of appreciation art receives in their persons as artists.

The warm applause and respectful attention with which Dr. Von Buelow was greeted on Monday night, must have convinced him that there are some true amateurs to be found here. For as creative genius, and perfect reproductive talent, belong to artists, so the amateur's title to respect lies in different directions,—in distaste for and discouragement of all the vulgarities of would-be-art, in warm admiration and practical appreciation of all that is nobly artistic. He who is capable of hero-worship, might have been, under more favorable conditions, himself a hero.

FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

The History of Church Music.

[From the London Musical Standard.]

At a recent meeting of the Musical Association, in London, a paper, entitled "Some Considerations arising out of the History of Ecclesiastical Music" was read by the Rev. Sir Frederick A. Gore Ouseley, Bart., M.A., Mus. Doc. Oxon., President of the Association.

The chair was taken by Mr. John Hullah, and among those present were the Rev. H. A. Walker, Dr. Stainer, Dr. J. F. Bridge, Mr. W. Chappell, Mr. Walter Parratt, Professor W. H. Monk, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Chas. Mackeson, Mr. C. E. Stephens, Mr. C. A. Barry, Mr J. Baillie Hamilton, Mr. T. L. Southgate, and Mr. J. Hill. The paper was as follows:—

It has been suggested to me that the subject of Ecclesiastical Music treated from the historical point of view might prove suitable and interesting for a paper to be read before this Association. It appears, however, too large a subject for a single paper, and moreover there are some branches of it which trench too much upon questions of religious observance to be fitting matter for such a meeting as the present. Under these circumstances it seems best, on the whole, to confine our attention this afternoon to a few important considerations arising out of the historical aspect of Church music, some of which, as it appears to me, have not hitherto received that amount of attention which they deserve.

The first consideration which I would lay before you is the question, What is the connexion between Christian Church Music and that of ancient nations, whether Pagan or Israelite, before the Christian era. On this point more than one theory has been maintained. The celebrated Padre Martini, of Bologna, in a dissertation contained in the third volume of his well known "History of Music," contends stoutly for a theory first broached by himself, that the Ambrosian chants were traditionally derived from the very notes composed and sung originally to the Psalms by king David or the other authors of the Psalter. Considering the state of musical knowledge, and especially of the knowledge of Oriental music, which existed in Martini's days, it must be admitted that his theory was bold, clever, well argued, and not improbable. Subsequent research, however, has brought to light many facts which are utterly irreconcileable with such an idea. Let us devote a few minutes to the consideration of some of these facts. Now in the first place it will be conceded on all hands that the ancient Hebrew music must have been essentially Oriental in its character. The only time in the history of the Israelites in which they had ever had an opportunity of hearing any other than strictly Eastern music was during their sojourn in Egypt. Before that time, if they had any music at all, it must have been Chaldean. We may form some idea of its character by studying the scales and melodies of the modern Bedouin Arabs, the descendants of Ishmael, and of all people in the world the most tenacious of old customs and habits, and consequently the least likely to vary the style and system of their music. Whatever the music of these Arabs is now, such must it probably have been in the days of Ishmael and his mother Hagar the Egyptian. And if of Ishmael, then also of his brother Isaac. We cannot imagine two brothers adopting not only different melodies, but a different division of the musical scale. Such a thing is inconceivable. Each would sound absolutely out of tune to the other. Each would deem his brother's ears false. The family of Abraham must have had but one scale-system, and one only. And that scale-system must surely have been the same which has been handed down from father to son by the descendants of Ishmael, even to the present day. It is almost needless, before such an audience as the present, to define what I mean by the expression "a scale-system." Suffice it to say, that whereas we divide our octave into tones and semitones, the Arabs use smaller subdivisions, so that our semitones are out of tune to their ears, while their intervals are no less abhorrent to ours. This was put to the test once by M. Villoteau, who went to Egypt with the first Napoleon. He was a good musician, and wanted to learn some of the Arab tunes. He therefore secured the assistance of an Arab singer, and tried to learn his songs by ear. But the lesson had hardly begun when the Arab stopped the Frenchman, telling him he was singing out of tune. M. Villoteau was equally certain that his teacher's intervals were false. And thus for some time they could make nothing of one another, until at last, by way of final test, they had recourse to a kind of stringed instrument of the guitar kind, in use among the Arabs, of which the neck was divided by frets, accurately giving the true intervals of the Arabian scale. Great was M. Villoteau's astonishment when he found that these intervals were not semitones at all, but thirds of tones, eighteen of them making up the octave. Of course the whole difficulty of the vocal intonation was instantly solved. It was not merely a question of new tunes, but of new scales, of a new system, of an entirely different music, of a differently derived melody. And from this it followed that any representation of Arab melodies by modern European notation could be but an approximation at best. All that can be done is to substitute the nearest notes we possess for the true Oriental ones. And so it comes to pass that whenever we see a transcription of any of these melodies, or hear an attempt to execute them on any of our instruments, we may be quite sure that the real tune is not exactly the same, but would probably sound absolutely out of tune to us if we could hear it performed by a native musician.

It is true indeed that since the time of Villoteau we have learned much more about Arabic music, and probably his conclusions, as reported by Fétis (from whom the account you have just heard was derived), are not altogether trustworthy. But still the fact remains that the ancient Oriental scale was very different from our own, so different that no melody could by any possibility be common to both. The other fact also remains, that this same system was almost certainly that which was exclusively used by Ishmael, and therefore also by Isaac, by Abraham, by the old Patriarchs in general. Nor is it likely that during their sojourn in Egypt they can have unlearned their own system of music, although perhaps they may have developed and improved it. No amount of association with Egyptians or Europeans has made modern Arabs abandon their ancient scales, and it is unlikely that the children of Isaac should have been less conservative in such a matter than their cousins, the sons of Ishmael. Moreover, even if the Israelites had adopted the Egyptian system of music during their residence in that country, it would not have made very much difference to my argument. For the Egyptian scales were as unlike our modern music as were those of the Chaldæans, with whom they had much in common. It is known that some of the Psalms were written by Moses: if he also composed the music to them, it must have been of a similar nature, as to its intervals, to the Oriental or Egyptian music of which I have been speaking. Nor does it appear possible that the Israelites altered their system of music between the times of Moses and David. David's music was unquestionably Oriental in every respect. His melodies therefore could not have borne the slightest resemblance to the melodies of the ancient western Church, founded as these were on the Greek system of tones, semitones, and superposed tetrachords.

If all this be so, then, it necessarily follows that the whole of Padre Martini's argument crumbles to dust. The Ambrosian and Gregorian melodies, if derived from ancient sources at all, must have been Greek, not Hebrew, and so far from having any claim to Divine inspiration, were purely Pagan in their origin. The probability indeed is that SS. Ambrose and Gregory did exactly what has often been done since; they adapted popular and secular tunes to sacred words, probably systematizing and simplifying them in the process of adaptation, and thus adopting the most obvious and the readiest means of securing congregational singing. Moreover there can be no manner of doubt but that St. Gregory thus actually secured for the use of the Western Church absolutely the best music which was available in those days. It were much to be wished, then (if I may dare to say so), that those who now so strongly press upon us the almost exclusive adoption of what is now called Gregorian music in our Churches, would rather follow St. Gregory's example by selecting the best developments of the art of music for that sacred purpose, instead of pursuing the very retrograde course which they so strongly prefer. And what makes my case stronger is the doubt which exists as to the antiquity of many of the melodies which go by the name of Gregorian, the vast difficulty of decyphering the early Christian notation in use for music, and the consequent probability that what we are accustomed to call Gregorian music is, after all, quite a different thing from what was sung in the churches of Europe in the 7th century. I do not wish, however, to push my remarks further in this direction today, only it seemed a good opportunity for throwing out this consideration, involving as it does some of the most important historical points connected with our art. Let us hope that it may elicit further research, and more distinct knowledge of what really was the system of sacred song in use during the earliest ages of the western Church.

The next consideration which I wish to lay before this meeting is that of the various ways in which the musicians of former days dressed up the traditional plain song of the Church. Now it is almost universally admitted that in the seventh century all church music was sung in unison and unaccompanied by instruments of any kind. Indeed what we understand by harmony did not exist for several centuries after this in southern Europe. It is very probable, nay, well nigh certain, that harmony was used and cultivated at a very remote period by the nations of the north. It is needless to go into

all the proofs of this fact at present. "Summer is a-coming in" would go a good way alone to prove it. So would some curious pieces of Welsh harp music given in Burney's History. So would the testimony of Giraldus Cambrensis. The argument to this effect is well worked out in the "Discour Préliminaire," prefixed to the 1833 edition of Fétis's "Biographie des Musiciens." But although it may be assumed that the nations of norther Europe were acquainted with harmony from a very distant epoch, perhaps as early as the commencement of the Christian era, yet it is none the less true that no attempts were made for several centuries to engraft this secular harmony upon the melodies of the Church. If we turn to the ancient treatises on music, as reproduced in Gerbertus and De Coussemaker, we shall see that the first attempts at harmony practised by the ecclesiastics, who wrote these mediæval books, were composed mostly of consecutive fourths, fifths, and octaves, of so crude and inharmonious a character, that it is a matter of astonishment how any ear could have tolerated such hideous sounds. It is perhaps hardly correct to consider these rude attempts as being harmony at all. Imagine a body of voices singing a piece of plain song in unisons and octaves, whilst a few picked singers sang the same melody a fifth higher or lower. We naturally should shrink aghast from such cacophony. Yet our ancestors thought such music a wonderful and beautiful piece of art, and had great respect for the clever people by whom it was developed. I know, indeed, that Dr. Crotch and many subsequent writers have imagined that the plain song was sung by such a powerful body of voice that the comparatively feeble intonation of the fifths and fourths, (called in those days the "Organum,") produced an effect analagous to that of the mixture stops in an organ, the object of which is to strengthen the harmonics of the foundation stops. But I confess this idea seems to me to be utterly untenable; for in order to produce such an effect as is imagined, the various harmonics must be introduced in the right place—i.e., at the same intervals above the fundamental sound as the natural harmonics of a string or tube invariably occupy. In fact they ought to be placed at the same distances of pitch as are the principal, twelfth, and fifteenth, in an organ. It is perfectly clear, however, that such was not the case in the days we are now considering; for the organum was sometimes a fifth or a fourth above or below the Cantus Firmus, and therefore utterly unlike the effect produced by the mutation stops and mixtures of an organ. We may therefore conclude that the earliest attempts at ecclesiastical harmony, or diaphony, as it was sometimes called, were utter failures, and only produced effects which would drive any modern musician distracted. Gradually these long periods of perpetual consecutives were diversified by the cautious admission of other intervals than mere octaves, fourths, and fifths; and even these were exchanged and varied among themselves. Thus arose the old art of descant. The treatises on music of the 12th and two next centuries contain a vast number of minute rules for "discanting" on a plainsong. Sometimes this discanting was extemporized at the moment of performance, and would be what the Italians called "contrappunto alla mente." Sometimes it was carefully elaborated and written down. And we must observe with respect to this improved harmony, that it does not appear to have been borrowed at all from secular music, but arose gradually among ecclesiastical musicians as time went on. We must also observe that it was modified, improved, and ultimately perfected, through the invention of signs to express the various duration of notes—called "Musica Mensurabilis." To this we undoubtedly owe the origin and rise of counterpoint. Like all new fashions, this art of adding florid counterpoint to the ecclesiastical plainsong was carried to an extravagant extent, and grossly abused. Nothing was thought of propriety of sentiment,—of the proper adaptation of music to words,—the one object seemed to be to clothe the canto fermo with such complicated and artificial ornaments as to render it nearly inaudible, nearly unintelligible, and utterly unmeaning to the uninitiated hearer.

(To be Continued.)

Some Living Composers.

[Concluded from Page 168.]

ADOLF JENSEN

Was born January 12th, 1837, at Konigsberg. Nature seemed to destine him for a musician, and he began his studies very early in life, without a teacher, till Ehlert and Marpurg, taking an interest in his developing talents, provided for his further education. After about two years, both his teachers left Konigsberg, and after much earnest and conscientious study, he composed a number of works among them overtures, sonatas, string quartets, and several vocal pieces, all worthy of mention. The year 1856 was spent in Russia, giving lessons in the effort to get enough money to visit Robt. Schumann, whom he adored. His object was never accomplished, as Schumann's death soon followed, and Jensen was not able to return to Germany till 1857, where he wandered restlessly from place to place, living in Berlin, Leipsic, Weimar, Dresden, &c. During the same year he was appointed music director at the opera in Posen, but soon left the position, and journeyed to Copenhagen, to make the acquaintance of the composer Niels Gade, not returning to Konigsberg for two years. In 1857 he was appointed first professor at the virtuosi school in Berlin, which position he resigned in 1868, and settled in Dresden. As a composer he justly ranks very high, and belongs to the extreme "new school."

JOSEF RHEINBERGER

Was born March 17th, 1839, at Vaduz. His precocity was such that we find him at the tender age of seven years taking the place and performing the duties of the organist in the village church, under many difficulties, one of which was obviate by nailing blocks on to the pedals to raise them. His first composition, a mass with organ accompaniment, was performed the same year. The years 1849–50 were spent in studying harmony at Feldkirch. In 1851–54 he was a pupil of the Royal Music School at Munich, where he received organ lessons from Herzog, piano lessons from Leonhard, and theory of music from Dr. J. J. Maier. From 1855–57 he taught music in Munich, and acted as organist when opportunity offered. From 1859–65 was teacher at the Royal Music School. From 1865–67 he was director at the Royal Opera. In 1867 he was appointed professor of counterpoint and organ playing in the new Royal Music High School at the same place. His works are numerous, and in every form, from opera, down to the most humble pianoforte sketch; but all are marked by profound learning, deep thought and a poetic spirit. His opera "The Seven Ravens," met with immediate and flattering success. Rheinberger is regarded by many as the most learned contrapuntist in all Germany, and great hopes and expectations are entertained regarding him, as well as prophecies of a brilliant future.

HERMANN SCHOLTZ.

The materials for a biography of this talented young man, even in brief, are very limited. It is known that at the opening of the Royal Music School in Munich, in the year 1867, he applied, and was admitted as a pupil, studying composition under Rheinberger and piano playing under Grelow. He made the most rapid and extraordinary progress, and at the present time his ability is rewarded and recognized by his appointment as professor of pianoforte playing in that institution. His already numerous works (mostly for piano) have rapidly gained popularity in Europe and America, and to-day he occupies, while still a young man, a most enviable position in the musical world.

Musical Works in the Boston Public Library.

[From the Quarterly Bulletin, Jan. 1876.]

General Histories.—Nothing in English has yet been written so comprehensive in plan as the works of Burney and of Hawkins, which were published as rivals in 1776. Both are prolix and dry, but, on the whole, that of Burney [4041.6] is the most useful, and, as well as the history by Hawkins [4042.1], is valuable for reference. Bailey's history [4042.18] is a condensation of these two works. The smaller works of Stafford [8050.57] and Hogarth [2099] are also derived mainly from these authorities, but carried down to 1830. Chappell's history [4044.52], of which one volume only has appeared, goes down to the fall of the Roman Empire. The second will treat of the Middle Ages, and is to be continued by Rimbault. The history by Ritter [4048.55 and 2099.22] is brief and elementary, and Bird's "Gleanings" [8049.13 and 2093] is a compilation of musical scraps. Hullah's history [8053.11] is devoted to modern music, as are Hullah's "Lectures" [8053.10]. Schluter's "History" [4048.22] is concise and brought down to the present day.

Fétis, one of the most prolific writers of the present time, has died, without completing his valuable "Histoire Générale de la Musique" [8053.12], of which three volumes have appeared, treating of the music of the Egyptians, Assyrians, Hebrews, Arabs, Indians, Persians, Turks, Greeks, Romans and Etruscans. This is the latest general history of so large a scope, and is profusely and admirably illustrated. A fourth volume is announced.

The histories in German are numerous and most valuable. That of Ambros [4045.13] is as yet incomplete, and in the first volume treats of the uncivilized and half civilized races and the ancients. Vol. 2 includes the early Christian music and that of the Troubadours. Vol. 3 covers the time from the Renaissance to Palestrina. His "Bilder aus dem Musikleben der Gegenwart" [8045.17] is on the present condition of musical culture. Brendel's "Geschichte der Musik" [4045.10] concerns Italy, Germany and France, from the early Christian times. On the music of the present day, see his "Musik der Gegenwart" [8045.5]. Other general histories are those by Reissmann [8045.28]; Forkel [4041.9]; Lafage, "Histoire Générale de la Musique et de la Danse" [4057.10]. Among those treating of the present day may be mentioned the works of Kiesewetter [4052.19]; Marx [4042.15]; and Stoepel [4052.50].

On the music [illegible] Burney [4041.6]; [illegible] [4052.15]; Gev[illegible] Egyptians and [illegible] (Greeks) [4041.1[illegible]2 [2962.11]; N[illegible] ian era to the [illegible] mend, "Histoire Générale de la Musique Religieuse" [8045.3]; Sacchi, "Antica musica dei Greci" [4049.40].

Periodicals.—The musical history of the present century, and of the period immediately preceding, is to be found largely in the biographies of the various composers of the time, and, especially for the last years, in the numerous and daily increasing periodical works, the full indexes to which, particularly of the German, French and English periodicals, refer the reader to a very complete outline of all the principal events and productions of the musical history of this period. Especially valuable is the "Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung," Leipzig [4051.1], which, beginning in 1798, completed its fiftieth volume in 1848, and was then continued by the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik" [4043.1], giving together a complete chronicle of musical history during the whole of this century to the present day. See also the "Cæcilia" [4058.1], the "Berliner Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung" [4053.8], edited by Marx; Koch's "Journal der Tonkunst" [4054.11]; and Eck's "Tagebuch" 1789–1827 [4058.2]. In *French*, see the "Revue et Gazette Musicale" [8050.5], which covers the last forty-three years, and affords a good synopsis of French musical history of the present time. See also Scudo's "Année Musicale" [4059.10]. The volumes of the "London Musical World" (not in this library) are a most valuable chronicle of English musical history of this century. See also the London Musical Times [8055.10], and the Quarterly Musical Magazine, from 1818 to 1828 [4045.14]; and, for later years, the "Orchestra" [8050.8]. Of *American Periodicals*, Dwight's "Journal of Music" [5170.1] has now maintained its existence through a number of years, and besides its record of musical history during this time, offers a great number of carefully selected biographical, theoretical and critical articles from foreign periodicals. Besides this are the "Boston Musical Times" [5240.6]; the "Orpheus" (N. Y.) [5240.5]; "Vox Humana" [8044.50]; "Boston Musical Magazine" (1839–42) [8046.1].

Special Histories.—Desarbres, "Deux Siècles à

l'Opéra," 1669–1868 [8049.25]; Fink, "Geschichte der Oper" [4056.12]; Edwards, "History of the Opera" [8049.19]; Hood, "Music in New England" [4049.5]; Dunlap, "American Theatre" [4404.17]; Daly, "When was the Drama introduced in America?" [4404.19]; Chouquet, "La Musique Dramatique en France" [4045.55]; Winterfeld's "Evangelische Kirchengesang" [4052.5]; Hogarth's "Musical Drama" [4047.25]; Wasielewsky, "Die Violine und ihre Meister" [8045.6]; "The New Opera," a description of the new building in Paris, with a historical sketch of the opera, containing a list of all the works performed there since 1669 [2639.12]; Nuitter, "Le nouvel Opéra," descriptive of the new edifice [2339.59]; Pech, "Synopsis of Piano Literature" [8042.60]; Clément, "Les Musiciens Célèbres du 16me Siècle" [8045.4]; Berlioz, "Modern Instrumentation" [4042.2]; Blaze, "L'Opéra Italien," 1548–1856 [8045.13].

Histories of Instruments.—*Organ.* The history by E. J. Hopkins [204.3 and 8053.4] is the most recent and the best. See also Henrn "De Orgelmaaker" [4056.6]. *Piano-forte.* Rimbault's elaborate work [4041.50] is the latest and best book. See also Paul, "Geschichte des Claviers" (1868) [4057.21]. *Violin.* Sandys, (1864) [4056.26]; Hart, (1875) [4042.59], both elaborate; Otto [8045.50]; Pearce, concise [8049.51]; Regli, "Storia del Violino in Piemonte" [4056.27]. *Bells.* Gatty, "The Bell, its Origin, History and Uses" [6238.12]; "Early Bells of Massachusetts" [2355.53]. See also the "Description of the Musical Instruments in the South Kensington Museum," by Carl Engel [4044.53].

Theoretical Works.—The library of the late M. de Koudelka, received in 1858 as a part of the gift of Mr. Bates, with the additions that have been made to it, offers to the musical student a rare collection of the works of the older theorists, and it is to them rather than to the amateur that the musical collection of this library will be of interest. It contains many of the most valuable treatises by the most learned authors of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, of which the titles and shelf numbers will be found in the "Index," pp. 557–559, which should be carefully examined by the professional student of music, as well as the additional titles given on page 429 of the "Supplement."

The later historical and theoretical writers are also well represented here. Among them will be found the works of Albrechtsberger [4042.3]; Adlung [4059.8]; Bach (C. P. E.) [8051.6]; Burney [4042.20]; Fux [4040.13]; Gerber [4040,22,24]; Forkel [4055.20]; Jones [4052.41]; Hiller [4047.27]; Hawkins [4042.4]; Laborde [4044.9]; J. G. L. Mozart [4046.2]; Martini [4041.8]; Rousseau [4036.7]; Schiebe [4059.2]; Schubart [4055.11]; Tartini [4055.1]; Ambros [4045.13]; Bellermann [4052.23]; Brendel [4045.10]; Coussemaker [4057.16]; Chrysander [4047.38]; Dehn [4057.4]; Drieberg [4052.12]; Fétis [8050a.1]; Hauptmann [8055.5]; Hand [4049.9]; Helmholtz [4045.57]; Kiesewetter [4052.18]; Lobe [4042.9]; Marx [4042.6; 4042.15,23]; Riehl [4046.42]; Rochlitz [8058.5]; Reissmann [8045.28]; Schumann [8045.1]; Winterfeld [4046.14].

Dictionaries.—Among these, may be mentioned the following. In *English*, the dictionaries of Pilkington (4049.2); Hiles (8049.38); Warner (204.4); Adams (4036.4); Hamilton (4036.3) (the last three of musical terms); Moore's "Encyclopædia of Music" (8043.37). In *French*, Rousseau's "Dictionnaire de Musique" (4036.7); Framéry (4042.28); Brossard (4040.20). In *German*, Schilling, "Universal Lexicon der Tonkunst" (4040.23); Walther, "Musikalisches Lexicon" (4040.27); Koch (4045.15); Gathy (4040.26); Gassmer, "Universal Lexicon der Tonkunst," 1849 (4042.26).

Biographies.—*Bach*, C. P. E. Nohl (4048.15); Bitter (8045.21).

Bach, J. S. Spitta's life (4045.58); Hilgenfeldt (4042.24). See also Crowest (4048.54) and Rimbault (4040.52) for sketch and portrait; and Forkel's Life (4046.13), which has been translated into English. See also an excellent biographical article in the Galaxy for March, 1874 (7365.2,17).

Balfe, M. W. Life by Kenney (4042.54).

Beethoven.—The latest life is by A. W. Thayer (4047.39), of which two volumes only are as yet published, in German. Others are those by Lenz (4086.21: also, 4046.9); Schindler, German (543.3; 4046.8); Moscheles (8041.24); Oulibicheff (4044.54); Marx (4044.55); Nohl (8045.25); Audley (4047.41) (in French). See also Wagner's essay, translated by Parsons (4047.50); Crowest's "Great Tone Poets" (4048.54); and especially the interesting volumes of Beethoven's "Letters," edited by Nohl (in German) (4895.1, English translation by Lady Wallace (4047.40); "Beethoven, ein dramatisches Charakterbild" (4876.10); Sargent's "Bronze Beethoven" (7466a.2). See also the Thematic Catalogues of his works (8044.12; 4046.36). A portrait will be found in Rimbault's Gallery of Great Composers (4040.52). An interesting article on Beethoven and his biographies is in the British Quarterly Review for January, 1872 (3173.1); another by Haweis, in the Contemporary Review, Vol. 2 (7321.1). See also the article in the third volume of the Encyclopædia Britannica, by Haeffer. Of the lives, Schindler's, though very unsatisfactory, is the best for popular use, to the English translation of which, valuable additions were made by Moscheles (543.3). Thayer's, based on recent researches, is the most reliable authority. An interesting biographical article in the Edinburgh Review for October, 1873; also in Living Age, No. 1537. Grillparzer, in the eighth volume of his works, gives some interesting "Erinnerungen" (2909.65). See also "Beethoven, eine Kunststudie," by Lenz (4046.9).

Bellini, V. Life, by Pougin (4059.23); Riehl's "Musikalische Charakterköpfe" (4046.42).

Berlioz, H. See Reyer's "Notes de Musique" for a sketch of his life (4048.63).

Cherubini. Memorials, by Bellasis (4045.6); Article by F. Hiller, from Macmillan's Magazine, in Living Age, No. 1627.

Chickering, Jonas. (514.24); (4449.74).

Chopin, F. Life by Liszt (551.2,4); 4048.57); Atlantic Monthly for April, 1873. See also George Sand's "Lucrezia Floriani" (2679.73); also an article in the Contemporary Review, Vol. 2, by Haweis (7321.3).

Erard, S. Life, by Brightwell (551.7).

Gabrieli. Life, by Winterfeld (4046.14), giving a history of church music in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Gluck. Life by Schmid (4046.15); Leblond (4046.16); Desnoireterres, "Gluck et Piccinni" (4045.50); "Ritter Gluck und seine Werke," in German by Seigmeier, from the French of Arnauld (4046.16). Schmid's, published in 1854, is the most extensive, and the leading authority.

Halévy, L. "Vie et Œuvres" (8043.41).

Handel. The standard lives are those by Schoelcher (545.2; 4046.30), which is in English, and contains a Handel bibliography; and Chrysander's (4047.38), which is the best. For younger readers are those in "Biographies of Eminent Men" (839.6, vol. 3); and Edgar (548.13 and 549.30). See also British Quarterly Review, for July, 1862 (3173.1 and 7310.50); Ramsay's "Genius of Handel" (4046.31); Meyer (4049.17); Gervinus, "Handel and Shakespeare" (8045.23); Townsend's "Visit of Handel to Dublin" (8046.2); Harper's Monthly, Vol. 15 (5210.12); Haweis, "Music and Morals" (8049.32); also Mainwaring's "Memoirs of Handel" (1760) (4048.12), and Chorley's article in the Edinburg Review for July, 1857 (7214.1).

Haydn. Carpani, "Life of Haydn," English (545.19,20); Italian, "Su la vita e le opere di G. Haydn" (4044.2), is full of details furnished by Haydn himself; Bombet (A.216.3); Foa, "Boy artists" (1599.1). See also Crowest's "Great Tone Poets" (4048.54); "Musical Anecdotes" (8049.21); Nohl's "Letters of Distinguished Musicians" (4048.15); Catholic World for Nov., 1869 (7472.1).

Lasso (or *de Lattre*), O. Mathieu (4045.2); Delmotte (4045.3); Dehn (4045.4).

Lind, Jenny. Clayton's "Queens of Song" (591.2); H. T. Tuckerman (547.3); Biographical notices (4847.6).

Malibran. Life, by the Countess Merlin (615.10).

Meyerbeer. Life, by Mendel (4052.29); "Galerie des Contemporains Illustres" (6249a.1,3).

Mendelssohn. The life by Lampadius (4049.10) is the best, and one of the most charming musical biographies; to the English transalation, by Gage (8040.20), are added supplementary sketches by others. Benedict's life (545.4) is brief and popular. See also the "Reminiscences" by Elise Polko (1587.2; in German, 4847.14); "Recollections" by Devrient (in English, 8045.20; in German, 8048.4); Ferdinand Hiller's "Letters and Recollections" (4048.23); also a sketch by La Mara (8048.3). His life is, however, best read in his own delightful "Letters from 1833–47" (669.20; 4046.43; in German, 1032.11 and 4048.13; in French, 8049.34); and in the "Letters from Italy and Switzerland" (669.19) Miss Sheppard's "Charles Auchester" (802.39) introduces him as its hero under the name of Seraphael, with Joachim, Jenny Lind and Sterndale Bennett, under the names of Aronach, Julia Bennett and Starwood Burney. It is one of the most fascinating of art novels. See also "Goethe and Mendelssohn" (2849.63), on their personal relations, by Dr. Carl Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

Moscheles. Life, by his widow (2849.58; see also (4049.66).

Mozart. The leading lives are that by Nissen, who married his widow (4044.3 and 4046.3); Jahn's excellent life (in German) (4046.4); Oulibicheff (4046.6); Schlichtgeroll (545.19,20; in French, 1067.18); Bombet (A. 216.3); Holmes (545.21). His "Letters" from 1769 to 1791 are of great interest (4046.41). See also Crowest (4048.54); "Ergebnisse über die Echtheit des Requiems" (4046.5); "Chronological Thematic Catalogue" (8053.13); Portrait in Rimbault's Gallery (4040.52); Rau's "Mozart," an interesting art novel (764.20; 2023.3). Wurzbach's "Mozart Buch" (8048.5) is a good bibliography of everything connected with Mozart. Schizzi, "Elogio storico di Mozart" (4046.2).

Palestrina. "Leben" by Baini (4045.5; 8045.11; in Italian, 4741.5).

Piccini, N. "Notice sur la Vie et les Ouvrages de Nicolas Piccinni," by Ginguené (4046.18); Desnoireterres, "Gluck et Piccinni" (4045.50).

Purcell. Life, by Novello (4049.1).

Rossini. Life, by Edwards (1509,2 and 8041.63); by Wendt, in German (8049.17); Azevedo (8040.22).

Schubert. Life, by Kreissle von Hellborn (8045.26); by Austin (1528.8). Article in Contemporary Review, Vol. 2, by Haweis (7321.3).

Schumann. Life, by Wasilewski (4047.28); in German (8045.19). Collected writings in German (8045.1). See also "Wagner and the Music of the Future" (4048.59), by Hueffer.

Spontini. Raoul-Rochette, "Notice sur la Vie et les Ouvrages de M. Spontini" (8042.32).

Vogler, G. J. "Biographie," by Fröhlich (4046.20).

Weber, C. M. von. Life, by M. M. Von Weber; translated by Simpson (4046.39).

Wagner. Life (8049a.50); see also Raff (8049.14); Gasparini (8043.38); Hueffer, "Wagner and the Music of the Future" (4048.59); Müller (8045.16); "Art Life and Theories," translated by Burlingame (4048.62). In all modern periodicals will be found discussions on Wagner and his music. In his writings his own theories will be found, forcibly and elegantly expressed. Burlingame's translation will give a fair idea of them. Schuré, in his "Drame Musicale" (4045.61), devotes the second volume entirely to Wagner, and it is the latest work on the subject (1875), strongly defending Wagner's views. There are short biographical sketches in the works of Rimbault and Tytler, and an article in Scribner's Monthly for November, 1874 (7392.2).

Biographical Dictionaries.—The leading biographical dictionaries are, in *French*, Fétis' "Biographie Universelle des Musiciens" (4040.21), comprehensive and reliable; its articles are both biographical and critical, and give full bibliographical information of the titles and dates of the works of the various composers. In *German*, Gerber, "Historischbiographisches Lexicon der Tonkünstler" (4040.22,24), a work of the highest authority; Neumann, "Componisten der neueren Zeit" (4086.12); in *English*, the Dictionaries, by Kelly (4046.32); Bingley (8045.22), covering the last three centuries; Moore's "Encyclopædia," an American compilation of recent date, and worth referring to for matters relating to late years. See also the bibliographies (2176.21.30); (4040.21); (6172.1); (6176.5), and the books, in part biographical and partly critical, by Riehl (4046.42); Keddle (4048.60); Tytler (4048.58) and Rimbault (4040.52). The last-named work gives brief biographies of the great composers from Bach to Wagner, with admirably engraved portraits of each. See also Crowest's "Great Tone Poets" (4048.54; short memoirs of the greater musical composers, from the time of Bach to Schumann.

Works of Fiction.—The best are George Sand's "Consuelo" (473.15; 476.6; 6676.16), and the sequel to it, "The Countess of Rudolstadt" (473.15.21), illustrating musical life in Italy and Germany in the time of Haydn. Hans Andersen's "Improvisatore" (766.9; 1502.10; 2909.51; in German, 4879a.8) treats also of Italian life. Miss Sheppard's "Charles Auchester" (802.39) is a German story in the time of Mendelssohn, who is supposed to be described as the hero of the book. See also, by the same author, "Counterparts" (502.7; 502.17) and

Solo. Moderato. Robert Schumann.

p SOPRANO.

1. No no - ble dames tho' e'er so fair, Shall ev - er be my mus - es'

p ALTO *Solo a 2.*

2. O were yon hills and val - leys mine, You palace, and yon gar-dens

p TENOR. *Solo.*

3. Yet fick - le for-tune frowns on me, And I must cross the rag - ing

p BASS *Solo.*

Moderato.

p

care; Their ti - tles all are emp-ty air, Give me my High - land

fine, My heart would still be on - ly thine, My love - ly High - land

sea; But far a - way tho' I may be, I'll love my High-land

Chorus.

las - sie. With - in the glen so bush - y, O, and by the plain so

p

las - sie.

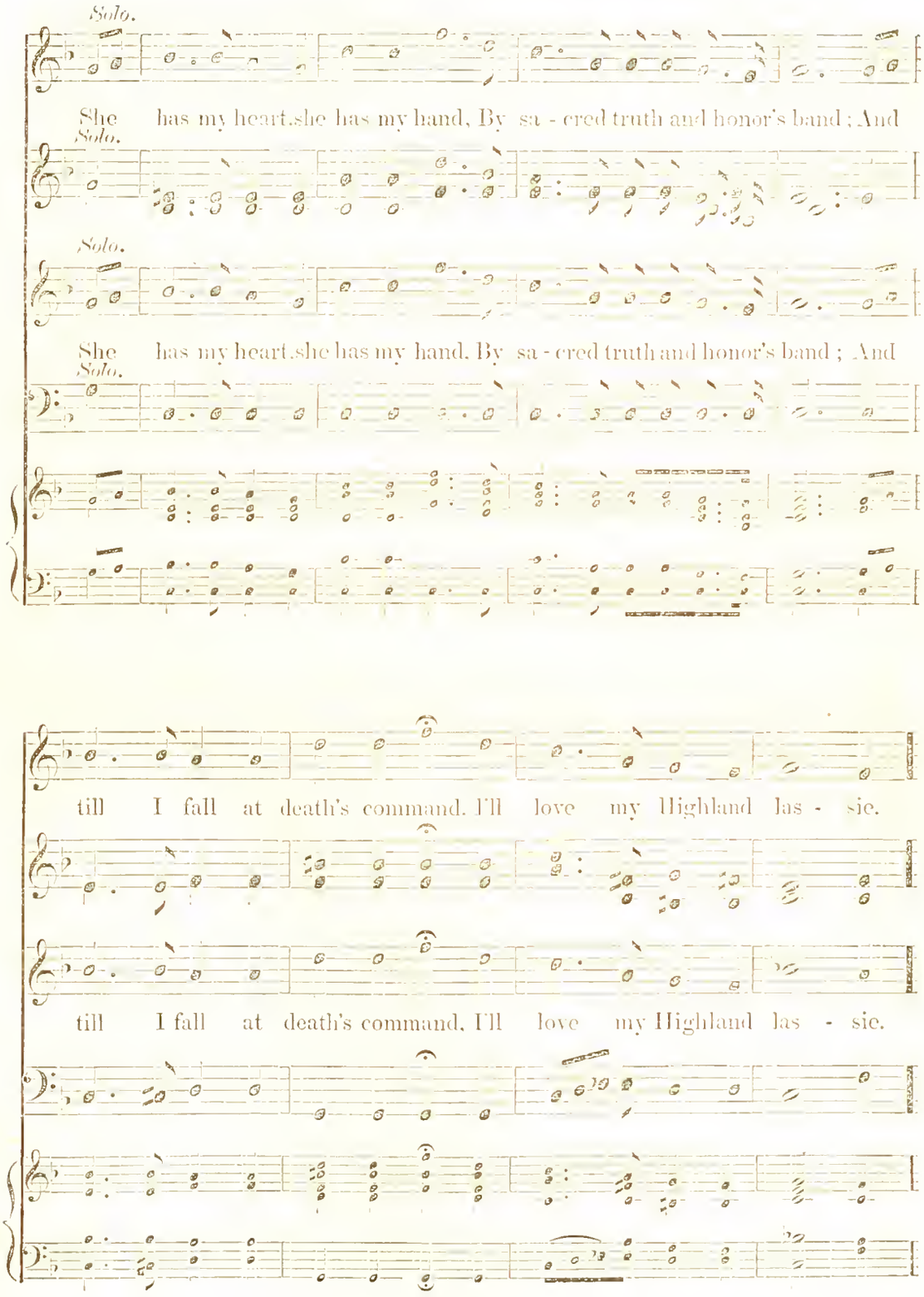
Chorus.

las - sie. *p* With - in the glen so bush - y, O, and by the plain so

p

rushy, O, I sit and sing with right good will, Of my sweet Highland las - sie.

rushy, O, I sit and sing with right good will, Of my sweet Highland las-sie.


Solo.
She has my heart, she has my hand, By sa - cred truth and honor's band; And
Solo.
Solo.
She has my heart, she has my hand, By sa - cred truth and honor's band; And
Solo.
till I fall at death's command, I'll love my Highland las - sie.
till I fall at death's command, I'll love my Highland las - sie.

Chorus and Solo.

p

Farewell the glen so bush-y, O, fare - well the plain so rush - y, O, to

p

Farewell the glen so bush-y, O, fare - well the plain, so rush - y, O, to

p

oth - er lands I now must go, To sing my High - land las - sie.

oth - er lands I now must go, To sing my High - land las - sie.

"Rumour" [492.29]. "Lucrezia Floriani," by George Sand [2679.73], and Miss Brewster's "Saint Martin's Summer" [800.49] are both of Italian life. "Mozart" [764.20 and 2023.3], by Heribert Rau, is an interesting art novel, as is also "Alcestis" [1769.5], in which Gluck and Faustina Hasse are among the characters. "St. Olave's," by Eliza Tabor [492.26], is a well written tale of the musical life of an English cathedral town.

Miscellaneous.—Chorley, H. F., "Music and Manners in France and Germany" [4048.17]; "Modern German Music" [209.5]; Haweis, "Music and Morals" [8449.32]; Elise Polko's "Musical Sketches" [865.11], fanciful stories on which little dependence can be placed, as to facts; Clayton's "Queens of Song" [591.2); Hogarth, "Memoirs of the Opera in France" [909.19]; Hogarth, "Musical History" [209.9]; Keddle's "Musical Composers" [4048.60]; Tytler, "Musical Composers" [4048.58]; Deldevez, "Curiositées Musicales" [4045.54]; Lord Mount Edgcumbe's "Musical Reminiscences" [4048.61]; containing an account of the Italian Opera in England from 1773; Reyer's "Notes de Musique," sketches of the music of the present day [4048.63]. The autobiography of H. F. Chorley [2449.69] and his other works before mentioned, are full of interesting matter concerning the musical history and men of our own time, written by the foremost of recent English writers on music; "Musical Recollections of the Last Half Century" [4045.51]; "The Music of the Future" [4048.59]; Engel, "Musical Instruments" [4048.67], an illustrated hand-book to the collections of the South Kensington Museum; Frank Moore, "Songs and Ballads of the American Revolution" [314.20]; "Rebel Rhymes and Rhapsodies" [309.20]; "Songs of the Soldiers, 1864" [309.24]; Doran, "Their Majesties' Servants" [352.2]; Burgh, "Anecdotes of Music" [209.8]; Gardiner, "Music and Friends" [204.7]; "Music of Nature" [204.6; 8045.2]. The abridgments of specifications of patents relating to music and musical instruments in Great Britain 1694–1866 will be found in the Patent room.

Music.—The Library is still almost entirely deficient in the works of the English madrigalists; the German sacred music of the 16th–18th centuries; the operas of the Neapolitan, French, German and English masters of the 17th and 18th centuries. It has no *scores* whatever, with very few exceptions, mostly such as are contained in collections, such as the publications of the "Bach-Gesellschaft" [8050.a. 2]. Nor does it possess, in any form, the *complete* works of any of the great masters, and can offer to its readers only a meagre collection of the ordinary editions of the best-known instrumental and vocal compositions, symphonies, concerts, operas, oratorios, cantatas, songs, etc., which it is not worth while to enumerate here, but which can be easily found in the Card Catalogue under the names of the *composers*.

A brief enumeration of a few of the best instruction books may, however, be of service to some readers, who are referred to the following:—

Pianoforte.—Lebert [8050.55]; Knorr [8050.21]; Petersilea [8050.19]; Cramer [8050.58]; Berger [8050.59]; Czerny [8050.62]; Bertini [8050.1; 8051.12,13]; Hünten [8051.15]; Richardson [8051.25]; Plaidy [8051.30].

Organ.—Schneider (8052.18); Zundel (4055.50; 8052.19); Batiste (8052.10); Gebhardi (8052.15); Rinck (8050.57); Clarke (reed organ) [8052.17]; Buxtehude [8052.50]; Nicholson [8057.5].

Melodeon.—Gurney [8052.25]; Clarke [8052.17]; Green [8052.30]; White [8052.31,32].

Violin.—Campagnoli 8051.67; Mazas 8051.70; Spohr 8051.71; Fessenden 8051.77; May 8051.73; "Violin Made Easy" 8051.82; Woodbury 8051.86.

Violoncello.—Romberg 8051.88.

Harmony.—Catel 204.1; Johnson 204.30; Parker 204.31; Geyer 8055.1; Weber 8055.4; Hauptmann 8055.5; Ouseley 4044.58; 8041.37.

Singing.—Osgood 204.1; Gaertner 8051.28; Silcher 8052.4; Fétis 8052.3; Concone 8040.58; 8048.50.

Many others will be found in the Card Catalogue, under the name of the instrument, and of the author.

Manuscript Music.—A curious and valuable collection is that in manuscript, made by the late Professor Dehn, of Leipzig, "Practische Musik-Werke hervorragender Componisten des XVI–XVIII Jahrhunderts, Berlin. 1858." MSS. 28 volumes, 4* 4051.14. These volumes contain rare and valuable selections from the compositions, to a great extent unpublished, of the following composers: Anerio, Brixi, Cherubini, Colonna, Clari, Caldara, Leo, Durante, Legrenzi, Marcello, Lotti, Festa, Palestrina, Gesualdo, Marenzio, Monteverde, Perti, Stefani, Scarlatti, Alessandro Stradella, Carapella, Morales, Orlando di Lasso, Gabrieli, Giovanelli, Hammerschmidt, Schütz, Bruhns, Hasse, Stolzæus, Eccardus, Simonelli, Rosenmüller, Pistocchi, Porta, Vittoria, Dés Buissons, Prenner, Pitoni, Predieri, Porpora, Bertali, Stolzel, Salieri, Doblhoff, Jomelli, Haydn, Zelenka, Bortniansky, Rovetta, Bach, Handel, Gasparini, Heredia, Fioroni, Sarti, Bertoni, Casali, Zachau, Conti, Cafaro, Gassmann, Martini, Mattei, Valotti, Fux, Kirnberger, Allegri, Mozart, Pergolese and Josquin.

There are masses, motettes, madrigals, psalms, canzoni, songs, both sacred and secular, generally for four voices, with instrumental accompaniment, giving good specimens of the vocal works of the masters named as well as of the music of the period in which they flourished.

Mr. Paine's Symphony.—A Technical Analysis.

"One of our resident musicians," who has had access to the score (Mr. Geo. L. Osgood, a friend and neighbor of the young composer), contributes the following analysis of the new Symphony to the *Transcript*.

The symphony starts with an allegro *con brio* in a unison attack of C, excepting trombones, by the full orchestra, and at the second measure plunges into a bold, vigorous and dramatic motive in C-minor, which at once promises a movement of vital strength. From the outset we are borne along on the sweeping polyphonic bass, that inevitable sign of technical power, and the forward rush of the whole string band, who have, at first, the working out of the principal theme, to meet the rapidly varying scintillations of tone-color, thrown out at every point by the wind band. We are instantly conscious of being in the presence of a genuine musical nature. At the eighteenth bar or thereabouts, the strings, in pursuing their first theme, strike into a bright measure of tenuto in B natural, the rhythm being maintained by the wind instruments. This effect is, a moment after, repeated; then follows a sudden lull to pianissimo, then a quick and extremely effective crescendo on the dominant 6-4 of C-minor, succeeded by a diminished modulation to the dominant, dying away to a pianissimo, where, over the tremolando of the violins, and an alternative pizzicato and arco of the violas and bassos, still working out their original theme, appears a charming bit of solo for the cellos and solo bassoon. The oboe shortly joins them, and later the flutes and clarinets, which answer and reanswer among each other; all this above the still onward rushing of the first theme by the string band. This feature develops itself gracefully, and ends in a short flute phrase, which forms the final cadence of the first theme and the introductory to the second.

The character of the second theme is in marked contrast to that of the first. It is in the relative E-flat major and of bright and happy nature. Its entrance is characterized by an organ effect from the wind band and the tenuto chords of the clarinets and bassoons. Shortly after the appearance of the second theme we encounter a lovely bit of orchestration a marked motive in reiterated notes for horns and bassoons against a pizzicato of the strings, closely followed by the wind and strings in unison, and culminating in a powerful climax, from which there is a modulation to the same theme and rhythm in another key. This motive, introduced by the horns, is used with varied thematic treatment till the repeat of the first part. Following the repeat, the modulatory part opens in a long pianissimo chord, upon which a melodic phrase is introduced by the wooden wind instruments, being a reminiscence of the reiterated notes which play so important a role in the close of the first part. Here we have a charming syncopated morceau by the flutes, clarinets and bassoons, accompanied by the strings. The wooden wind instruments supply the rhythm, while the strings have the figure, wind and strings answering each other. The whole ends on a hold in pianissimo by the strings, over which the wind instruments, in their turn, continue the figure in answering cadences; then, after lovely harmonic sequences of the strings over a hold in the bass and through the dominant seventh and ninth chords, the second theme returns in F. A few measures later there is a fine effect between violas and wind in octave, the clarinets giving an harmonic note over the running of the cellos and basses. Then follows another choice bit of melody worked up by the whole orchestra,—previous to a series of effects in ascending, diminished chords, skilful reminiscences of the leading theme in the double basses, like a recitative, and equally skilful reminiscences of the second theme among the wind instruments. This same treatment is repeated on an upward harmonic sequence, and in the part introductory to the leading theme we have one of the most striking and impressive portions of the whole movement. The scoring is simply that of a master. The figure is kept up by the violins, violas and 'cellos, while the strength of the rhythm is given to the wooden wind instruments. The horns and bassoons come in on half-beats of the measure, holding their notes as they come in and lending a general accent to the whole. The trombones follow at the beginning of every measure and produce a delightful choral effect; the scoring is individual in all its parts, even to the kettle drums aiding the basses. This is the end of the modulatory portion. Then, in due form, comes the main repetition of the first part, with important modifications; the transition of the first theme to the second, then the second theme, before in E-flat, entering in bright C-major; the same horn effects, before in E-major, now in B-major, after an enharmonic change, etc. Finally comes the coda, preceded by a series of fine descending diminished chords. The part of the coda preceding the first theme, with its rushing bass and continuity of thematic development, its vigorous and clear modulation, unmistakably reminds one of Beethoven. The entire first movement is distinguished by its bold vigor and manly strength, by its clearness of treatment and breadth of form.

The scherzo follows in C-major. It is jocose and humorous. Its playfulness is painted in a sprightly, lively vein, beginning with the strings in softest staccato, colored by melodic touches of the wind instruments, the strings carrying out the figure. The movement is worked out with brilliancy. One passage is exceedingly effective. It is the modulatory part previous to the reentrance of the leading theme, where a climax is reached through upward progressions, the wooden wind instruments in responding imitation of the strings—the basses here unusually fine and telling—then with a leap into the rollicking, jolly scherzo theme again. Another effective portion is where, at the end of the first part, the horn holds over into the second part, and the clarinet follows with an exquisite melody in F. This is worked out by the whole orchestra, the melody being afterward taken up by the cellos and oboes, then, returning to the clarinet, is chased around among the various instruments in interesting fragments. At the end of the closing cadence of the clarinet solo, the horn, in softest tone, again holds over to the first theme.

The introduction here is beautiful, its crescendo very telling. The coda is strangely effective in its alternate use of wind and brass, and the close is brilliant and modern.

The adagio in A-flat is sweet and full of pathos, beginning with a cello solo on the A string. There is a strange attractiveness in the third and fourth notes of the cello solo, the interval from D to B-flat over a diminished chord. The modulations of the adagio are quiet but rich and beautiful. The transition to the second theme in F-minor begins with a long F from the horn, beautified by the tender response of the strings. The horn pursues the melody and the ear is gratified by the open tones peculiar to the horn in F.

The adagio then wanders off into remote and strange harmonies leading to the second theme, which enters, with a rushing bass, in the form of a climax, to return to the dreamy sweetness of the first theme. At the close are beautiful effects between the wooden wind instruments and horns, followed by the strings, ending in a prolonged pianissimo.

The adagio is strikingly original and the better acquainted we become with it, through careful study of the score, and an additional hearing at the rehearsal, so much the more warmly does it glow with the *sacré feu* of genius. We can say from personal knowledge that the adagio, both in composition and scoring, was a feat of astonishing rapidity and in inspiration uninterrupted in its flow from beginning to end. . . . . .

The final movement, the *allegro vivace*, opens with a bold theme by the brass, wind and strings, which continues vigorously to the transition to the second theme. We notice here, as in many other places of the symphony, a fondness for pizzicato effect of the strings against light touches of the wind instruments. A reminiscence of the adagio falls upon the ear, though belonging to the vigorous working out of the second theme. A lovely passage is that where the tremolo of the violins over the *celli* in softest arpeggio leads to the fugal imitations on the leading motive of the movement. Another striking passage is a long episode where the wind instruments have cantabile phrases which die away and leave the strings and drums pianissimo. This is a moment of repose before the grand climax leading into the repetition of the first theme. Throughout this, much excitement and expectancy are aroused. Then follows the modified repetition of the first part, and the coda, the whole ending on a magnificent plagal cadence of twenty measures.

The symphony as a whole holds the attention from the beginning to the end. It is fresh, vigorous and self-consistent, and full of healthful life. Of the four movements, the adagio is the most attractive. It is perfect in its form, and beautifully scored. There is a certain pose about it that satisfies. Its architectural design and detail harmonize. It is a love poem running over with happiness, tender, sweet and of exquisite refinement. The instrumentation of the whole work is masterly, and one is impressed with the wonderful command of the infinite details of composition which Mr. Paine possesses.

Then, too, there is an easy, uninterrupted flow of melody throughout, and there is a unity in it all that is soothing to the lover of legitimate musical effect in contradistinction to the physical and feverish excitement which much of our modern music produces.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 5, 1876.

Our Music Pages. The Part Song by Schumann, printed in this number, is taken by permission from "German Part Songs," edited by N. H. Allen, published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

Concert Review.

The past month has been remarkably rich in matter for musical instruction and enjoyment. It is no easy task to arrange in the memory and say a fitting word of each of the many concerts in so brief a space as we have at command. First we must go back to

DR. HANS VON BUELOW.

Six concerts in one week! And with the aid of the Boston Philharmonic Club and charming singers.

These concerts were full of interest, the programmes being made up of choicest treasures from the well known masters, besides a great variety of new things which piqued curiosity, to say the least, and showed how wide and catholic the range of this most masterly interpreter.

There were two drawbacks, however, from the complete success of these rare concerts. In the first place they came too near together,—every evening in the week; few could attend them all; the most *fanatico* of musical Athenians cannot be listening to music *all* the time; and they who heard the six must have a somewhat mixed and vague impression left of some of them,—such at least is our experience. In the next place they were given in far too large a place:—Chamber music in the vast Music Hall! Could we have heard some of those fine things in a proper Chamber concert hall, we should have been much more penetrated with their spirit. —Of the programmes, the first, Monday, Jan. 10, and the last, Saturday matinée, a repetition of it in the main features, were decidedly the best. The first was as follows:

1. Quartet for Strings, in G major, op. 54, No. 1, J. Haydn
   Allegro con brio—Allegretto—Menuetto—Finale.
   Messrs. B. & F. Listemann, E. Gramm, A. Hartdegen.
2. "La Rosa," Romanza.....Spohr
   Miss Lizzie Cronyn.
3. Concerto in the Italian Style.....J. S. Bach
   Dr. Hans von Buelow.
4. Sonata Appassionata, F minor, op. 57. Beethoven
   Dr. Hans von Buelow.
5. Songs, { *a.* La Primavera.....Mercadante
   { *b.* "Thour't like unto a flower," Rubinstein
   Miss Lizzie Cronyn.
6. Quintet for Piano and Strings, in E flat, op. 44, R. Schumann
   Allegro brillante—In Modo d'una Marcia—Scherzo—Allegro ma non troppo.

The Haydn Quartet—at least for those who sat near enough—was an exquisite gem of genial, graceful, happy and spontaneous invention, treated with consummate art; and the interpretation was as fine and true as one could reasonably wish. Far too seldom do we hear such things of late!—In the great Schumann Quintet,—one of the masterworks of genius that will certainly endure—the Listemann party also played admirably, while the pianoforte part of course was brought out to perfection; nothing of force, fire, delicacy, clear outline being wanting. Von Buelow's two solos were well contrasted. The Italian Concerto of Bach, if not one of his greatest or most genial works, is characteristic of a period; and it is by no means dry in the hands of *this* interpreter. How finely significant his phrasing of the slow movement, and what vitality of accent lit up the seemingly level stretches of the finale with meaning!

His rendering of the Beethoven Sonata was to our mind the most memorable among all his achievements of that week. We have heard nothing like it. It was indeed *appassionata;* and it was as full of beauty as of fire; it carried you away with it, and made you feel that life is worth the while when you can sometimes live it so far within this magic, yet most real element of tones.

In Miss CRONYN a fresh and beautiful surprise awaited us. All were charmed by the modest, unsophisticated, youthful, musically absorbed face and manner—the virginal, pure, sweet, sensitive quality of voice, so evenly developed, and so justly trained that art concealed itself,—and by the fervent and yet chaste expression with which she sang songs, not of great pretention, but artistic, and well suited to her. But in her way of singing them there was the charm both of fresh bloom and of ripeness, and it implied the faculty to do much more. Then, with all that simplicity and purity, the tones assumed the warmer tints of feeling where the song required. In Rubinstein's setting of the favorite text: "Du bist wie eine Blume," this quality woke so much sympathy, that she had to repeat it. Von Buelow himself played her accompaniments, and with the protecting, tender appreciativeness of one pleased to show how pure a pearl he had found.

Tuesday Evening, Jan. 11.

Quartet for Piano and Strings, G minor, No. 1, W. A. Mozart
Allegro—Andante—Rondo.
Wiener Faschingsschwank.....Robert Schumann
Five Fancy Pieces, opus 26.
Allegro—Romanza-Scherzino-Intermezzo—Finale.
Dr. Hans von Buelow.
Adagio con Variazioni, opus 34.....L. v. Beethoven
Grand Quintet, Piano and Strings, A minor, Op. 107, Raff
Allegro mosso assai—Allegro vivace quasi presto.
Andante quasi Larghetto mosso—Allegro brioso patetico.

Interspersed among these were some choice song selections by Miss Cronyn:—*Voi che sapete*, exquisitely rendered (only young Cherubino could not be so innocent!); a hymn to the Virgin by Gordigiani; and two quite fresh contributions from the Beethoven volume, and very tuneful ones: *La Partenza*, and *L'Amante impaziente* (from op. 82), the latter showing our Master in the new character of an Italian buffo writer; its quaint humor caused its repetition. The young singer only gained in favor.

The Philharmonic party again distinguished themselves by a clear and fine performance of one of the best of Mozart's quartets, refreshing in these times to hear. In Schumann's "Viennese Carnival Pranks," Dr. von Buelow had some of the hardest nuts to crack,—or rather, some of the most tangled wild briar hedges to get through; some of the most grotesque, bizarre, bewildering and difficult things that Schumann has given us; yet interesting and poetic. But he had penetrated, and he played them from the inside, losing himself in them, and making them as clear as probably they could be made. In beginning the Beethoven Adagio, he preluded, as he is fond of doing, with a snatch from something else,—this time from the better known *Fantasia* in the same key, F. To say that he played the slow *Cantabile* theme, and the variations in their well contrasted forms, including a Minuet and a March, in such a way as to bring out all their points and beauties unmistakeably, is only to say that he was Von Buelow; but you thought of Beethoven. Of the Quintet by Raff we have not any very distinct impressions at this moment; it had all the peculiar Raff features, more marked for the time being than apt to haunt one afterwards. We do remember wondering what there was that could be called "*patetico*" in that last *Allegro con brio*. It was a pleasure here, as it is always where Von Buelow takes part in a concerted piece, to see how little he seeks to interpose himself between the other artists and the audience; he is one factor in the complete whole, one tone in the chord, one voice in the polyphonic movement.

Wednesday Evening, Jan. 12.

Louis Spohr.
Grand Quintet for Piano and Strings. In D minor, opus 130.
Allegro moderato—Scherzo—Adagio—Finale [Vivace].
Schumann—Songs.
[*a*] "A Poet's Love." [*b*] "The Hat of Green."
[*c*] "Evening Song."
Mrs. H. M. Smith.
Beethoven. Sonata for Piano, Op. 31, No. 3, in E flat.
Allegro—Allegretto—Minuetto—Presto.
Hans von Buelow.
Johannes Brahms.
XXV Variations and Fugue on an air of Handel's Opus 44.
Hans von Buelow.
Mendelssohn. Song, "A Spring Morning."
Mrs. H. M. Smith.
Joseph Rheinberger.
Quartet for Piano and Strings, Opus 38, in E flat.
Allegro non troppo—Adagio—Minuetto.

The Quintet by Spohr pleased by its even and melodious flow, its graceful elegance and finish; it was treated in the same careful, conscientious spirit by Von Buelow, although the piano part seemed thin and somewhat tame compared, say, with the Quintet by Schumann. From the Quartet by Rheinberger we had expected much, but did not find it very editying. The Variations by Brahms were ingenious, skilful, tedious and uninteresting; Beethoven, to be sure, wrote *thirty-three* upon one theme, but then he was Beethoven. The purest satisfaction of the concert was found in the Beethoven Sonata, which was admirably interpreted. Mrs. SMITH's songs were well chosen, and well sung, albeit rather coldly.

Thursday Evening, Jan. 13.

P. Tschaikowsky.
Quartet for Strings, in D major, Op. 11.
Moderato e simplice—Andante cantabile—Scherzo—Finale.
Messrs. B. & F. Listemann, E. Gramm, A. Hartdegen.
Meyerbeer—Lieti Signori, from "The Huguenots."
Miss Laura Schirmer.
J. S. Bach.
[*a*] Fantaisie Chromatique and Fugue.
[*b*] Gavotte in D minor.
G. Handel—Grand Suite in D minor.
Preludio e fuga—Allemande—Courante—Aria con Variazioni—Presto.
Schubert—Songs.
[*a*] "Margaret at the Spinning Wheel."
[*b*] "Impatience."
Miss Laura Schirmer.
Camille Saint-Saens.
Quintet for Piano and Strings, in A major, Op. 14.
Allegro moderato e maestoso—Andante sostenuto—Presto—Allegro assai ma tranquillo.

The Quartet by Tschaikow-ky is in some respects original, decidedly unconventional, bold, wild, wayward even; not much after the classical quartet type eith r in form or spirit. Yet there is delicate beauty in the Andante. The Russian looks out in the last two movements. We liked the piano Quintet of the Frenchman better; it is more clear, has more refinement, more unity of form and spirit, shows more of the classical culture, although it too is fantastical. Saint-Saëns keeps within the bounds of beauty. Both works were marvellously well played, so far as we could judge in that vast hall.—The whole space between these two specimens of the extreme modern tendency was occupied (besides songs) with a long stretch of Bach and Handel, which seemed to place them in the boldest possible relief,—long and admirable compositions for the piano alone, especially those of Bach,—and played with all significance of accent and of phrasing, as was to be expected from the conscientious master interpreter. We should have enjoyed these pieces better in some different connection.

The fifth was a "Mozart Night," all the instrumental pieces being from that wonderful and ever young composer, while the songs, charmingly sung by Miss Cronyn, were with a nice sense of fitness chosen from Beethoven ("*Song of Penitence*" and *La vita felice*). The Mozart selections were of the very best, including the once well known and most genial string Quartet in E-flat; the graceful Piano Sonata in F (*Allegro, Andante, Rondo;*) a delicious Trio for Piano, violin and 'cello, in E major, which we think had not been heard here before; for other piano solos, the Fantasia, No. 3, in C minor, and a Minuet and Gigue; and finally the Quartet for Piano and strings, in G minor, No. 1, also not familiar. These things, exquisitely rendered as they were, would have been nectar and ambrosia in a small room and a less plethoric musical condition.

The Saturday Matinée, the most inspiring concert of them all, was in its three main features (for beginning, middle and end) identical with the first: the Haydn Quartet, the *Sonata Appassionata*, and the Schumann Quintet. Von Buelow also gave masterly readings from Chopin; Nocturne, op. 9, No. 3, to which he preluded with a snatch from another Nocturne; the Ballade, op. 23; and three Waltzes, op. 34. Miss Cronyn sang Spohr's Romance; "La Rosa;" a Canzonetta from "Salvator Rosa," by Gomez; and a tasteful and expressive setting of "Du bist wie eine Blume," by Mes. C. F. Chickering.

Dr. von Buelow had reson to be satisfied with the conscientious and artistic co-operation of the Philharmonic Club, and we are told that he has so expressed himself quite warmly.

THE SIXTH HARVARD SYMPHONY CONCERT, owing chiefly to the attraction of the CECILIA, under Mr. LANG, had the largest audience of the season. The first part consisted of Beethoven's fourth Overture to "Fidelio," in E, which was satisfactorily rendered, and Gade's "Comala," a Cantata, composed to a text from Ossian. The music is Ossian-like, almost uniformly in a low and sombre tone, suggestive of a misty Northern sea-shore atmosphere, and of the shadowy forms of an old heroic, superstitious age. The performance was unequal; the male chorus

of bards and warriors commencing rather timidly, partly because the time was taken too slow, and partly because they were too weak in number and too widely set apart upon the platform. The weakness was felt more than once. But the soprano and alto portion of the chorus was altogether beautiful and telling; the chorus of virgins: "Oh, cease your song of triumph now," was a most sweet and touching lament. And we are sure, the two grand choruses for mixed voices: that of Spirits guiding the souls of fallen heroes from the battle field, and the final chorus of bards and virgins: "From their cloud-home above," were felt to be full of imaginative power and grandeur. The solos were in good hands. Those in the character of Comala (soprano) were given with all the taste, the fine musical understanding, the artistic truth and certainty, the admirable method and expression of Miss CLARA DORIA, who was in excellent voice. Her last song: "Oh, would I were sitting by Carun's waters!" with the invocation to the "Shade of Fingal," was sung with that exquisite truth of feeling and artistic beauty that haunts the memory long afterwards. Miss ITA WELSH (as Dersagrena) was not at her best, but she sang the Ballad: "From Lochlin came to battle Suaran, the haughty knight," very expressively and charmingly. That piece, with the chorus of virgins coming in between the stanzas, was the most taking number of the work. The rich clear, clarinet voice of Miss ESTHER MORSE (Contralto) was heard to great advantage in the short part of Melicoma. Dr BULLARD sang the part of Fingal with judgment and refinement, lacking only greater weight of voice for such a hall, and against such an orchestra, which, it must be confessed, was not sufficiently subdued in many portions of the work.

Part II. opened with a fine rendering of the vigorous and captivating *Chaconne* from Gluck's "Orpheus," which was so much enjoyed last year. Then came a fresh and most agreeable surprise; four short Italian Canons, for three female voices, by Hauptmann, gems in their way and happily contrasted, "Ta sei geloso," "O cari boschi," "Sa, cantiamo," "Ah, tu sai," were sung delightfully, without accompaniment, Miss Doria leading off with musician-like certainty and clear melodic outline, and the other two whom she had carefully drilled to the novel task, Mrs. F. P. Whitney and Miss Ita Welsh, taking up the theme in turn and all carrying it through with satisfactory *aplomb*. The effect was electrifying, and the last Canon had to be repeated. Schubert's Psalm: "The Lord is my Shepherd," repeated by request, confirmed the beautiful impression which it made before, and must stand as so far the most successful effort of the Cecilia. The delicate piano accompaniment was nicely played by Mr. Arthur W. Foote.—A very spirited performance of the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven brought the concert to a grand conclusion; seldom has the glorious old favorite been enjoyed more heartily.

THE THOMAS Symphony Concert of Jan. 26, was attended with eager interest on account of the first performance of the new Symphony by the Harvard Musical Professor, JOHN K. PAINE. The Symphony was a decided, a remarkable success. Though it came the first thing on the programme, all listened carefully so as not to lose a note of the first theme of the *Allegro con brio*. It was too significant an event to be treated with the fulness it deserves in the short space left us now. We have room only to record its enthusiastic reception by the entire vast audience; each several movement being followed by applause lasting several minutes, and most spontaneous and sincere, culminating at the end of the work in a storm of *bravos* and a general call for "Paine," who was led upon the stage by Mr. Thomas, and modestly, with evident gratification, bowed his thanks to the still applauding multitude of friends.

Of the Symphony itself we cannot say what we would until we know it better; and we are glad to learn that we shall soon have the opportunity, as it will be repeated in one of the Thomas matinées. Suffice it to say now that we listened to the whole work with pleasure and surprise. It is beautiful, it is earnest; it is learned and yet not manufactured, but flows naturally as from a full deep source, and it affects you as one live consistent whole. What most struck us as a mark of progress since his Oratorio "St. Peter," was the much greater freedom with which it is composed; it would seem as if the conventional Oratorio text and subject cramped him then; but the Symphony is the sphere of pure music, and in this sphere his inventive and his shaping faculty had freer play. In this, his first effort in this kind, Mr. Paine has employed all the arts of counterpoint and thematic treatment with a master hand; yet he is never dry. The work is free from modern extravaganza and mere straining for effect, and yet it is original. Whether it be a work of *genius*, is a question always better left to time. The themes are pregnant, often beautiful; they develop with a subtile skill which keeps the interest alive; the modulation is full of fine surprises, never violent, and the instrumentation also masterly; each instrument finds play according to its genius; seductive images of clarinet or horn, or oboe color are continually emerging into sunshine out of the mellow forest gloom and losing themselves in it again, so that you are tempted to explore its dim polyphonic aisles and rich recesses. The several movements seemed well related; the first *Allegro* strong, impassioned, with the contrast of a charming lighter theme; the Scherzo (*Allegro vivace*) a delicate and tripping measure, altogether fresh, and leading into a slightly slower Trio, (through the magic gate as it were of mellow horn tones holding over) which begins with a lovely bit of melody for the clarinet, soon taken up by horns and other wood instruments; the return is through the same golden gate. The Adagio is grave, deep, full of feeling and of beauty; and the Finale is worthy of the whole.—Not having seen the score, and having had no opportunity to study the work, we should attempt no full description of it here, even if we had the room; we shall return to it, and meanwhile we copy on another page a technical analysis by a musician.

The Symphony seemed short, although it was very long. It was followed by a new Rubinstein Pianoforte Concerto, of almost equal length and frightful difficulty, wonderfully well surmounted by Mme. SCHILLER, and which was full of strange bizarre effects and what seemed empty noise and straining after baffling illusions; we have seen no one who enjoyed it. Then came a very long Duet from Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," much of which might have been Italian Opera, sung by Miss THURSBY and Mr. REMMERTZ; and by this time the Concert had already exceeded two hours! A whole Beethoven Symphony was yet to come; it was the cheerful, buoyant, clear, uplifting No. 2, in D, which opens with a grandeur from which you expect even more; to those who could remain it was a great refreshment, for it was indeed most beautifully played. Had the Concerto been omitted, and had there been a short Overture before Paine's Symphony to allow people to get well settled in their seats, and musically attuned, it would have been a perfect programme.—O! the Matinée of Saturday next time.

OF MR. PERABO's fourth and fifth Matinées, Jan. 7 and 14, we were only able to attend the first, which had a purely Rubinstein programme. We confess to much greater enjoyment of the smaller piano works of Rubinstein, than of such Titanic strivings as the "Dramatic Symphony" and the Concerto of which we have just spoken. Mr. Perabo began with his own arrangement for two hands of the Overture to "Dimitri Donskoe," from which we got the impression that it must be a good Overture. He also played in the same way the first movement of the "Ocean" Symphony,—the best thing that we know as yet among the orchestral works of Rubinstein. Both were admirably interpreted. Three Morceaux de Salon for Piano and Viola, Mr. MEDLEY, op. 11, No. 3, were full of charm and finely played. A full Sonata for the same instruments,—the first—Op. 13, in G major, was given for the first time and proved highly interesting.—The second programme was as follows:

Prelude and Fugue in E minor. .....Mendelssohn
Album "Notre Temps," No. 7.
Sonata for Piano and Cello (Mr. HARTDEGEN), in E minor, op. 38 .....Joh. Brahms
[a] Allegro non troppo
[b] Allegretto quasi menuetto.
[c] Finale. Allegro.
First time in this country.
1. Biblical Sketch, op. 96, No. 2. "The walk to Emmaus," .....Carl Loewe
Second time.
2. Intermezzo. Allegretto. Tempo di menuetto, from Sonata for Piano and Cello, op. 52. Kiel
Arranged by Ernst Perabo.
Sonata for Piano and Cello in A minor, op. 52. Kiel
[a] Allegro moderato, ma con spirito.
[b] Intermezzo.
[c] Adagio con espressione.
[d] Rondo. Poco Allegretto e semplice.
First time in this country.

MISS AMY FAY gave a Piano Recital at Lyceum Hall, in Cambridge, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 19, before a cultured and appreciative audience. Great interest was felt to hear the young lady who was known to possess unusual talent before she went to Germany to study for six years, with the first masters, who had seen and heard Liszt so much, and who had written from Weimar those brilliant and enthusiastic letters about him that were printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*. She played entirely alone, and all from memory, the following formidable and varied programme:

Gigue.....Haesler
[Old Composer of Bach's time.]
Sonata Quasi Fantasia, op. 27, No. 1 .....Beethoven
Andante. Allegro ed Allegro molto vivace—Adagio—Finale.
Song without Words—Duetto.....Mendelssohn
Chant Polonais—No. 5 .....Chopin
Arranged for Piano by Franz Liszt.
Maerchen (Fairy Story) .....Raff
Gnomen-Reigen (Elfin Dance) .....Liszt

Andante Spianato and Polonaise, op. 22.....Chopin
Canzonet .....Jensen
Capriccio .....Raff
Des Abends, (Evening) .....Schumann
Valse Caprice, on Strauss's "Nachtfalter," (Night-Moths) .....Tausig

It was a trying ordeal to sit there all alone before an audience for nearly two hours and recite all that exacting music from so many authors; but she passed through it triumphantly. Her technique is brilliant, her touch is full of vitality and nervous energy, her readings are intelligent, she has remarkable strength and plays with verve and freedom, as well as with artistic accuracy. We liked her rendering of the Beethoven Sonata (in E flat) least of all; that lacked light and shade and toning down; although the Adagio was beautifully played. But to everything else she was fully equal; and her execution was particularly fine and brilliant in the bright fairy things of Raff and Liszt, while in the Valse Caprice by Tausig, she overcame tremendous difficulties with graceful ease and certainty.—She makes New York her home at present, but we trust she may be heard in Boston before long.

We have not yet succeeded in clearing off the slate, where there are still so many: another Harvard Concert, a Thomas matinée, the last two Philharmonic matinées, etc., etc.

THOSE who are interested in the description of WIECK's method of pianoforte instruction, given in his book "Piano and Song" (a translation of which was published last year by Lockwood, Brooks & Co.) will be glad to learn that a large collection of the *Etudes* used by Wieck in his instruction have lately been issued in Germany by his daughter. They are not yet republished in this country, but a few copies of the German edition can be obtained of Oliver Ditson & Co.

Friedrich Wieck was the early instructor of Dr. Hans von Bulow.

MUSIC PARTISANS. In the letter which follows on the next page, we recognize an old friend. We think he is too sensitive and that he mistakes the point of the few hasty remarks we made about the last "Apollo" concert. We did not find fault with the Club for not singing better and fresher things. In the very excuse he gives for the apparent monotony and poverty, and to some extent triviality of such programmes, viz., that the repertoire of noble pieces for male voices is necessarily soon exhausted, lies the whole point of our criticism, which was to show how barren after a little while this narrow field is certain to become. That we cannot, any more than the Apollo Committee, draw up a list of noble pieces to be added to the *Antigone* choruses, etc., which they have already sung, only proves our point. And it is always with some regret, mingling with the pleasure we take in their admirable singing, that we think of such rare and splendid vocal material spending itself almost exclusively on these things, when they might lend such vigor and success to choruses of mixed voices occupied with more important tasks. The part-song for men's voices is perfectly legitimate and frequently delightful in its own place; and our friend seems to agree with us as to where its own place is, namely the social club room or small hall. When it comes to a crowded concert in the Music Hall, one feels the disproportion of such large theatre and means to end. We certainly intended no invidious comparison with the Boylston Club; it only seemed to us that the programme of the younger body contained rather more things which we had not heard repeatedly, and some of them of quite a taking, piquant character, albeit airy trifles. [We are not speaking of the Sacred music, and we let the parallel of the Palestrina chorus with a common Psalm tune go for what it is worth.] We did *not* translate the Waltz by Strauss.

Male Part-Songs.—The Apollo.

Boston, Jan. 24, 1876.

Dear Mr. Dwight.—You have given such a terrible castigation to one of your assailants lately, that I am going to ask you whether you may not find yourself unjust to others sometimes.

You have frequently alluded, in your notices of the Apollo Club concerts, to the trivial character of the music sung, and have asked why something of a higher order is not attempted. In the last number of your Journal you reiterate the charge, saying: "in the little consequence of the music itself lies the secret of the fatigue" it occasions. In the paragraph following you commend the Boylston Club programme because it "contained some things indicating a higher aspiration than part-songs." And "in the ransacking of the endless pile of part-songs, the Club seems to have been particularly happy in bringing to light interesting novelties."

Now the following pieces were upon the Apollo programme: two Grand Choruses by Mendelssohn, a long Cantata by Hiller, a new Gade part-song, one of Mendelssohn's tenderest part-songs, and two of Hatton's. There were five novelties, one of which was a long Cantata. In the Boylston Club's programme were two unfamiliar pieces of Church music and an *Angelus*, and notwithstanding that Club's "higher aspirations,' the well worn "How can I leave thee," an Abt serenade, written for solo quartet, a Strauss Waltz and other very trivial pieces filled out the programme. It is scarcely just, Mr. Dwight, to iterate charges of triviality in the music of one Club and praise the avoidance of it in another, when, if the programmes are judged with any sort of fairness, they would be found at least equally weighted with excellence. It seems odd that the translator of a vocalized Strauss Waltz for one Club should see little consequence in the works of Gade, Kücken and Hatton in another.

You are constantly asking why the Club does not attempt something better. What is there to attempt? The Music Committee of the Apollo Club has been, for years, endeavoring to glean all that is good, impressive and interesting from the field of Male four-part music. It has examined hundreds of compositions of all sorts, has seen the collections of other Clubs, and has ransacked Europe for works of more importance than part-songs. It has now several of these in preparation; but the great pabulum of Clubs of male-voices must be, of necessity, four-part songs. The great composers have contributed to these stores, and Mendelssohn, Weber, Schubert, Schumann, Franz, Gade, and scores of minor writers, have furnished the material on which such Clubs must feed. If triviality is inherent in brevity, then all of these worthies must bear the charge, for they have not sought to elevate the character of Liederkranz and Männerchor by offering important works. They have only taken some of the beautiful little poems of their language and set them to music. Neither does one want to sing Antigone and Œdipus choruses all the time. The mind is not always attuned to grandeur and profundity. You might as well find fault with us for reading Heine's tender love songs instead of Faust. You might as well call Tennyson's "Break, break, break" trivial reading and insist upon "Paradise Lost." The four-part songs of the great composers include some of their sweetest musical thoughts. They are, as the name implies, songs in four parts; and the world is delighted with songs when it wearies of ponderous poems. The best effects of male voices lie in the utterance of these simpler thoughts. Compositions of wider scope demand all the effects which mingled male and female voices and instruments can together accomplish. Nevertheless, if you, Mr. Dwight, will furnish the Music Committee of the Apollo Club with a list of a dozen of the compositions you think belong to more important efforts, you will do them a great favor.

During the four years of the Club's existence, it has produced nearly all the grand Choruses of Mendelssohn, all his choice minor pieces, Beethoven's chorus from the "Ruins of Athens," Schumann's "Foresters' Chorus," Lachner's "Hymn to Music" and "Warrior's Prayer," several of these with orchestra, and has given for the first time in the English language, before a Boston audience, over *Eighty* different compositions by Schumann, Weber, Schubert, Liszt, Hiller, Hauptmann, Lachner, Franz, Gade, Kücken, Marschner, Zöllner, Hatton and many others of lesser note. With few exceptions, these latter novelties have required translation and publication to make them available. Special effort has been made to find works of greater scope and *equal interest*. It by no means follows that a lengthy, important work is interesting. In commenting upon Hiller's "Easter Morning" a difficult thing requiring assiduous practice, you do not give the Club a word of commendation for attempting it, but dismiss it with, "Her (Miss Lasar) voice lent the chief charm to Hiller's Easter Morning." Surely this is no great encouragement to the Club to attempt important works. The trouble is that "something higher" is not obtainable in quantity to occupy the time of a Club of sixty men meeting weekly, year after year, for musical enjoyment. You commend a sostenuto effect produced in Palestrina's sacred music. There is certainly as much sostenuto in Mendelssohn's "Voyage" or Gade's "Gondola Song" as in a strain which noways differs from an ordinary Church Psalm-tune, sung in very slow time. How long such music could interest and hold together a half a hundred men meeting weekly, it is not difficult to predict.

And now exchanging all apology for affirmation, I maintain that the best, most interesting, most enjoyable music for male clubs, and that which people most like to hear, is this very four-part song music, combining tenderness, spirit, brilliancy, point, vigor and sympathetic thought. The songs were written, nearly all of them, for the delight of convivial gatherings; and the members of our Orpheus Club, the pioneer of this music here, have for over twenty years continued to enjoy them, and have given undiminished pleasure to the friends whom from time to time they have called around them to listen to the serenades, the war-songs, the love-songs, the drinking-songs in which they have themselves so much delighted. They do not find "fatigue" nor "cloying" in their sweetness. In an English dress, they delight a whole Music Hall full of the élite of musical Boston, when sung by American Clubs, while the grander choruses, requiring hundreds of voices with orchestra for proper presentation fall ineffectively upon the audience from the faint, pointless efforts of fifty men with a piano. These Music Hall concerts are not, and from the very nature of things cannot be, invested with the capacity of oratorio. They are the performances in a very large hall of club-music written for club-rooms and only sung in the hall because it alone can accommodate the thousands who rush to hear it, unimportant though it may be.

Still, to gratify all desires, the Apollo Club would gladly welcome any important musical works you may suggest to them, of which they have no knowledge, and which shall not merely have a name to recommend them, but which shall be positively interesting. I repeat that if you will kindly furnish a list of such works, the Music Committee will doubtless be very grateful. If they are not to be found, then your reiterated strictures are unjust.

S. L. B.

Special Notices.

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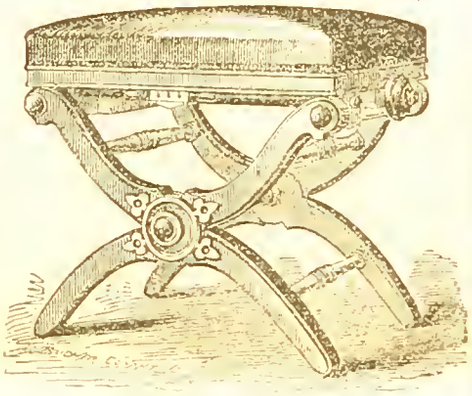

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WHOLE No. 909. BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 19, 1876. VOL. XXXV. No. 23.

Dr. Samuel G. Howe.

Poem by Rev. CHARLES T. BROOKS, read by him in the Memorial Services at the Boston Music Hall, Feb. 8, 1876.

At evening, in an Alpine vale,
  I watched the mountain summits white
Flame rosy red, then slowly pale
  Before the deepening shades of night.

When from the waning face of day
  The last faint shadow of a flush
Behind the mountains died away,
  There fell a momentary hush.

Then suddenly a thrill of awe
  Rang through the silent vale—for lo!
That spectral mountain-chain I saw
  Lit with a preternatural glow;

As if, behind that wall of snow,
  The sunken sun were shining through,
And smiling to the world below
  One more last heavenly adieu!

Who that has seen those evening shows
  Their look and voice can e'er forget?
Can the pure world that then arose
  On the soul's vision ever set?

Though death's pale mountains hide the sun
  Of noble lives from mortal eyes,
Oh, deem not then *their* day is done!
  They sank in higher heavens to rise!

As through life's twilight vale we go,
  Time's pilgrims in this earthly land,
Transpierced by that undying glow,
  How bright those shadowy mountains stand!

The boundary hills are they that rise
  And, looking on our earthly night,
Veil and reveal to mortal eyes
  The land of everlasting light.

Nay, guardian shades of mighty dead,
  A cloud of witnesses for God
Are they—that watch the road we tread,
  Which their ascending spirits trod.

A cloud of shining ones—a band
  Arrayed in raiment white as snow;
Transfiguring all this evening land
  With a prophetic morning glow.

Such bright and blessed visions cheer
  Our hearts, who here love's tribute pay;
Through memory's sunset clouds shine clear,
  Red omens of a heavenly day!

Peace from the soul's bright track comes down
  Like evening starlight on the vale!
We see the victor's starry crown,
  And say, Farewell! Farewell and Hail!

We feel a void which none can fill
  But He who filled that soul with light;
In Him we know it lives, and still
  Shall work e'en here with kindling might.

"The spirit of the Lord"—so spake
  His genius—"hath anointed me
With power the prison doors to break,
  And set the darkened captives free.

So speaks the record of a life
  Whose breath was freedom, love and truth;
That kept in manhood's toil and strife
  The freshness and the fire of youth.

True follower of the Son of Man,
  The Captain of Salvation—he
Fought ever foremost in the van,
  Battling for light and liberty.

But chiefly in the field—how blest!
  Where Genius works with Goodness—where
Peace hath her victories—with zest
  Of tireless love, he labored there.

He gave—with what a keen delight!
  Eyes to the *fingers* of the blind,
To *feel* their way with inner light
  Along the sunny hills of mind.

And as a pilgrim of the night,
  Groping his darksome way forlorn,
Shows on his kindling cheeks the light
  Reflected from the breaking morn—

So, as along the raised highway
  Their eager fingers hurried on,
How o'er each sightless face the ray
  Of joy—an inner sunrise—shone!

Nay, was there one who seemed by fate
  Cut off from converse with her kind,
Death's liberating hand to wait
  In threefold walls—deaf, dumb and blind?

E'en there his patient love could find,
  By the fine thread of touch, a way
To guide the groping, struggling mind
  From its dark labyrinth into day.

All these now mourn for him, as they
  That sorrow when a father dies;
A deeper shadow clouds *their* day,
  A sun has vanished from their skies!

For now *his* eyes are sealed!—but when
  They meet him in the home on high,
The shepherd and his flock shall then
  See face to face and eye to eye.

Martial Music in Germany.

[From *The Musical World*, London, Jan. 22.]

Since the commencement of the present century, numerous occasional pieces have been published, especially in Vienna and during the Wars of Deliverance, to celebrate every important feat of arms. The number of "political" dramatic performances and concerts, during the years 1813, 1814, and 1815, is well nigh incalculable. It is a remarkable fact, too, that, at this epoch, composers of the first rank took part in politics with important works. Beethoven's *Schlacht bei Vittoria*, (*The Battle of Victoria*) was undoubtedly the most popular among them. It was played for the first time, on the 8th December, 1813, in the great hall of the University, Vienna, and was got up by Mälzel, the mechanician (who took the opportunity to exhibit his "Mechanical Trumpeter") for the benefit of the Austrians and Bavarians wounded in the battle of Hanau. Beethoven himself conducted the remarkable performance, in which all the most prominent artists of Vienna took part, Spohr and Mayseder, for instance, as violinists; Hummel at the big drum; and Salieri as director of the alarums.

The *Schlacht bei Vittoria* was repeated on the 12th December, and also frequently during the few following years. Its vigorous and highly popular realism assured for it unfailing success, as long as the War of Deliverance was still fresh in men's minds. By earnest judges, it is true, many stern things were said about the work, which, though one of Beethoven's greatest successes, constitutes only an unimportant leaf in his wreath of laurels. "The women now know to a tittle all about a battle, but it is a long while since anyone has understood what music is," wrote Zelter to Goethe.

In Prague the *Schlacht bei Vittoria* was given twice, and, as C. M. v. Weber wrote to Rochlitz "*nearly* proved a failure." "Probably" he went on to say, "because too much was expected, and because the attempt at real-battle-painting is always a ticklish and unworthy piece of business."

Beethoven had a share in two other occasional pieces celebrating the War of Deliverance. The first was the music to Dunker's patriotic drama of *Leonore Prochaska* (martial chorus, romance, and melodramatic pieces, unpublished). He scored, also, the "Funeral March" from the A flat major Sonata, Op. 26, to be played during the performance of the same drama. His other important labor was the Cantata; *Der glorreiche Augenblick* (*The glorious Moment*), by Professor A. Weissenbach, of Salzburg. This occasional piece (not published until after Beethoven's death) is styled in the original manuscript, *Der heilige Augenblick* (*The "sacred" Moment*). It was performed at Beethoven's concert, on the morning of the 29th November, 1814, before all the Sovereigns, great Lords and Ladies of the Vienna Congress, and repeated on the 2nd December. When Castelli, in his *Memoirs*, calls the Imperial Councillor and Professor of Surgery, Dr. Weissenbach, a "distinguished poet," and his poetic effusion "genuine pearls," Castelli's verdict is more than friendly. But it was not the text alone that was mortal in Beethoven's Cantata. F. Rochlitz adapted to the music another and a better text: *Die beste Ton* (*The best Tone*), but could not permanently rescue the composition. Lastly, Beethoven furnished two smaller contributions for the festival pieces: *Gute Nachricht* (1814), and *Die Ehrenpforte* (1815). A few days after Beethoven's *Schlacht bei Vittoria* (*Battle of Victoria*), a Cantata *Die Schlacht bei Leipzig* (*The Battle of Leipsic*), by Paul Maschek, was performed at the Christmas Concert of the Society of Musicians. It was characterized by C. M. von Weber as "a monstrosity of bad declamation, noise, and triviality."

Another musical *Schlacht bei Leipsic* was produced by Friedrich Starke, a regimental bandmaster, in the large Redoutensaal, Vienna, (1816), with the aid of five regimental bands, 30 trumpets, 30 drums, rattles, cannon, etc.

After the Battle of Leipsic, there were festive pieces and cantatas without end. Caroline Pichler furnished Spohr with the text for a Cantata; *Die Befreiung Deutschland's* (*The Deliverance of Germany*). The composition was completed in March 1814, but could not be performed as it was impossible, to obtain the use of the Grand Redoutensaal, and, after the destruction of the large Apollo-Saal, there was not a second large concert room in Vienna. It was not till 1815 that Spohr heard his Cantata at the musical Festival of Frankenhausen; it was performed at Vienna in 1819.

The news of the entry of the Allies into Paris (4th April, 1814) reached Vienna on the 11th April, and sent every one into a state of joyous excitement. Fr. Trietschke had written for the welcome event, and caused to be rehearsed, a one-act piece interspersed with songs, *Gute Nachricht* (*Good News*). With this occasional piece, the most successful which appeared at this remarkable period, was the public of the Kärnthnerthor Theater surprised, on the very day that brought intelligence of the taking of Paris. The musical numbers in it (partly adapted and partly composed on purpose) were by Mozart, Beethoven, Weigl, Hummel, Gyrowetz, and Kanne. The return of the Emperor to Vienna was celebrated by all sorts of occasional pieces. The manager of the Kärnthnerthor Theater produced, on the 18th June, 1814, *Die Weihe der Zukunft* (*The Consecration of the Future*), the book by Sonnleithner, the music by Weigl; while at the Theatre an der Wien

there was brought out *Die Rückfahrt des Kaisers* (*The Emperor's Return*), a piece interspersed with songs by Dr. Emanuel Veithl (celebrated subsequently as a preacher), and music by Hummel. The manager of the last-named theatre was, also, exceedingly active in getting up concerts for "those connected with the Deutschmeister Regiment," "for those wounded at Kulm," etc., etc. Patriotic recitations and songs, by Emanuel Veithl, Castelli, Weissenbach, Caroline Pichler, with music by Weigl, Salieri, Gyrowětz, etc., as well as "Patriotic Tableaux," with explanatory sonnets by Fr. Treitschka ("Louisa Prochaska" being of course a necessary feature in them), were the order of the day.

The festivities of the Congress of Vienna gave more occupation to virtuosi than to composers. The number of new occasional pieces was small, and people managed with the best of the old ones. A patriotic piece, interspersed with songs, *Die Ehrenpforte* (*The Portal of Honour*), by Fr. Treitschke, performed at the Kärnthnerthor Theater, on the 15th, 16th, and 23rd July, 1815, and then with "appropriate alterations," on the 3rd and 4th October, in honor of the Emperor's Saint's Day, was decked out with music by Hummel, B. A. Weber, Seyfried, Weigl, and Beethoven. (The final melody was by the last.)

The only notable musical work directly celebrating the presence of the Sovereigns was Beethoven's *Glorreicher Augenblick*, a wonderful moment in the democratic career of him who created the *Eroica*. An important occasional piece, C. M. von Weber's Cantata, *Kampf und Sieg* (*Battle and Victory*), to which the composer attached especial value, was never, as far as I know, produced in Vienna; it was, however, performed most successfully at Prague in 1816. A year previous Weber published in the advertisement sheet of the *Leipziger Allgemeine Musikzeitung* the following notice:—

"On the subject of the Battle of La Belle Alliance, I have undertaken the composition of a Cantata with the title *Kampf und Sieg*, to celebrate the annihilation of the enemy in the year 1815, a fact I deem it necessary to make public, for the purpose of preventing the unpleasantness of others selecting the same theme."

According to this, he strongly suspected the patriotic fertility of his colleagues, and he had reason for so doing. The series of musical descriptive effusions which then appeared was endless. Steibelt wrote a grand Pianoforte Fantasia, "Die Zerstörung von Moscow" ("The Destruction of Moscow,") in which the "Marlborough Song," "God Save the King," and all kinds of national marches figured; in which the flight of the army was portrayed, etc. Gläser published a "Schlacht bei Belle Alliance" ("The Battle of Belle Alliance,") text by Pustkuchen, for voice and pianoforte accompaniment; Heydenrich, an orchestral picture, entitled "Die Schlacht bei Aspern" ("The Battle of Aspern,") etc.

The most famous and most enduring gift made by music to the national spirit of the time were C. M. von Weber's settings of Theodor Körner's *Leier und Schwert* (composed in 1814). The enthusiasm in this case was no affected enthusiasm, but darting, flashing fire, that warmed and lighted up everything. These songs were, at one and the same time, costly musical gems and a political power; they are, properly speaking, the only specimens of the occasional music of that period which have lasted to the present day. In Vienna, it was comparatively a long time before *Leier und Schwert* were known. As far as I am aware, it was not until after 1820 that any of the music was played there, a fact which is the more striking, as the poet, Theodor Körner, was so well known and so highly esteemed in the Austrian capital. For Körner, personally, art came forward with only a very modest commemorative tribute, namely an: "Elocutionary Entertainment as funereal Celebration for Th. Körner," which was given by his friend, Th. von Sydow, on the 11th March, 1814, in the large room of the Roman Emperor.

It is worthy of remark that the Society of the Friends of Music, also, the most important musical institution in Austria, sprang up under the patriotic tendencies of the year 1812, and actually won official recognition of its existence in the sunbeams of the Vienna Congress. It is true that the development of musical dilettanteeism in Vienna had, in the natural course of things, been working up to the organization and unison of the various elements involved, and would (though not till somewhat later perhaps) have attained this end even without the War of Deliverance. But the decisive outward impulse was really a patriotically political impulse; the musical amateurs of Vienna wanted to organize a grandiose entertainment for the benefit of the inhabitants of the Marchfeld, who had been most severely hit by the war. The entertainment was the performance of Handel's *Timotheus* in the Imperial Riding School (then granted for the first time for a musical object), on the 29th November, 1812. The receipts amounted to between 19,000 and 20,000 florins, Viennese currency, to which the Emperor contributed 1,000 florins more. On the 3rd December, the performance was repeated, and brought in 14,000 florins. During the sitting of the Congress, the Association received the sanction of the Emperor Francis—a few days after it had performed Handel's *Samson* before the assembled monarchs. Caroline Pichler, who sang in the chorus on the occasion, informs us, in her *Denkwürdigkeiten*, that all those who took part in the performance had to appear in full dress, the ladies in white with ornaments, the gentlemen in black tail-coats with crush hats. This etiquette and the injunction to abstain from all applause addressed to the public, spread, unfortunately, "a chilling atmosphere over the performers."

An echo of these political events was heard in F. W. Berner's cantata: "Feier des allgemeinen Friedens") ("The Celebration of Universal Peace,") given in 1818 at the Burgtheater, and the performance of Spohr's *Befreites Deutschland* (*Germany freed*), in 1819. From that time political strains were totally silent down to March, 1848.

Ed. Hanslick.

The "Edinburgh Review" on Wagner.

The writer, in the prefatory portion of his essay, thus describes the present stage of musical art:—

Of all the forms of art practised in the present day, there is but one which is the result of an impulse and feeling peculiar to the modern period, and having no reference to precedents of a former age. Music is the offspring of the latest springtide of creative energy, which has reached its height, we may almost say, within the experience of men of the present generation. It is true that in a certain sense the pedigree of the art may be traced further back than such an observation would suggest. Without counting the echoes of popular or of religious song which reach our ears faintly from more remote periods, we have the solemn interwoven harmonies of the school of Palestrina, and the part songs and madrigals which gave a sober gaiety to the festivities of old English homes. But music has run a new and great career since Milton invoked the "Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse." Not to speak of the extension of their combined triumphs in Oratorio and (with certain limitations to be hereafter considered) in Opera, it has been long since discovered that the younger sister was not dependent on the elder—that music had her own language and her own utterances apart from poetry, and had strength and resources for pursuing her own independent course. Commencing with forms of composition appealing rather to the reason than the fancy of the listener—with expositions of the logical elaboration of themes according to a prescribed form and in direct reference to a scientific basis—instrumental music has gradually invaded the realms of sentiment and imagination, has extended and amplified her forms of expression, and called to her aid new resources in the tone-coloring afforded by the *timbre* of her various organs of speech, till in the Symphony, as developed by Beethoven, we have some of the deepest and most intense expressions of poetic feeling which have ever stirred the hearts of mankind. After such a triumph an anticlimax was inevitable; and though we can by no means say that the poetic fire has been quenched—though new and genuine voices have spoken to us since then, if not with the same deep pathos, yet in tones which have the touch of original genius—we cannot expect but that music, following the analogy of all previous forms of art-creation, should "have its winter, too, of pale misfeature;" nor can we shut our eyes to the signs that we are passing from the great period of spontaneous musical art into the literary and self-conscious phase which usually marks the decline of an art; the period of weighing and criticizing, defining principles and aims, which has never hitherto been largely indulged in until the minds of men, set free from their absorbing interest in the production of great works, have been at leisure to regard their art as a subject for speculation and theorizing.

"If, however," the writer goes on to say, "we find the present crisis in musical art characterized by this peculiarity, that these very critics themselves proclaim the decease of music in regard to its hitherto accepted forms, while they point to a composer who promises to give renewed and even higher life to the art by leading its streams into a new channel; if this musical prophet bases his claims not only on critical writings displaying, in spite of some bigotry and one-sidedness, a distinct, and, in some respects, a consistent theory, but upon compositions of the most ambitious character in regard to scale and elaboration; if these compositions have found acceptance with a considerable and apparently increasing public; such a claim certainly merits serious and impartial consideration from all who are interested in the art." With this preface the critic in the *Edinburgh Review* addresses himself to discuss the opera, and Wagner's notions for its reform. He says:—

Musical drama, commonly called opera, is a form of art which has not been much in the odor of sanctity. Its logical basis, as a combination of poetry and music, has been little considered; and while the opportunities it presents for brilliant climax of musical and spectacular effect have made it always a favorite entertainment with the wealthier section of the mob (using the word in Fielding's sense), by the minority who take their pleasure thoughtfully it has usually been regarded, in England especially, as an illicit union of music and drama, greatly to the dishonoring of the latter; and our literature, from Swift and Addison to Thackeray, abounds in gibes on the subject, intensified perhaps by the lack of musical organizations and sympathy in the English literary mind since the Elizabethan era. But even in Germany, where opera has always ranked more as an art and less as a mere entertainment than with us, there has been a frequently recurring dissatisfaction amongst thoughtful critics with the one-sided principle on which the marriage of music with not very immortal verse has been carried out, and which is curtly summed up by Wagner in his definition of the popularly accepted idea of opera as "a tightly-built scaffolding of musical forms, to which the poetry was to conform." In other words, the primary object of opera having usually been to give opportunity for brilliant or passionate musical expression, with whatever additional effect could be contributed by spectacle and by free action on the part of the singers (which latter is a more important element in the effect of declamatory singing than is sometimes recognized), the result came to be that the musician had it all his own way (always with due submission to the singers), the story and situation being regarded merely as furnishing the needful opportunities for composer and singers to display their respective powers. As it was not to be expected that any dramatic poet of genius would move in these shackles, operatic *libretti* afforded in general only too good an excuse for the ridicule of the English critics before-mentioned—for the sarcasm of Voltaire, "*Ce qui est trop sot pour être dit, on le chante*,"—for the contemptuous wonderment expressed by Goethe at the "arrangement in some people's natures" by which they were enabled to enjoy beautiful music, though illustrating a miserable subject—for such a more serious and detailed arraignment of opera as that quoted from a German critic of the last century by Professor Ritter, whose two lectures on Opera, forming the fourth and eighth chapters in his lectures on the "History of

Music," should be read by those who are interested on the subject:—

"In that extraordinary spectacle to which the Italians had given the name of *opera*, there is to be found such a mingling of the great and the small, the beautiful and tasteless, that I hesitate in what terms to write about it. In the best of operas, we see and hear such stupid and trivial things, that we might think them only calculated for children, or for a childish populace; and in the midst of their revolting silliness, passages occur that pierce the heart with horror, fear, pity, or refined voluptuousness. A scene, during which we have forgotten ourselves, and felt the liveliest interest in the characters, is followed by one in which the same characters strike us as blundering fools, awkwardly trying to astonish and alarm a vulgar crowd. While we cannot bear to recall the senselessness which has disgusted us in the opera, we cannot help remembering its charming scenes with emotion, or without wishing that artists would unite to make of this great spectacle that perfect thing which it is capable of becoming. The opera might be the most powerful of all spectacles, because all the fine arts unite in it; but it is a proof of the superficiality of the moderns that they have lowered, and exposed to contempt, all the arts." (*Sulzer: Theorie der schönen Kunsten*).

Without noticing the serious *non sequitur* that the opera "might be the most powerful of all spectacles *because* all the fine arts unite in it" (the truth being that union of arts is but too apt to result in weakness, *teste* opera itself), the writer shows that Gluck in a measure anticipated Wagner's theories, but considers that the earlier reformer did not carry his principles to their logical results. He proceeds to say truly—

The problem, of course, really turns upon the question, what degree of conventionality is aimed at in musical drama? All dramatic art of high class is conventional—is removed from the plane of realism—and we require that the special standard of conventionality adopted should be consistently maintained. A perfectly logical scheme of lyrical drama may be framed, if we regard the music as only employed to illustrate, heighten, and prolong the expression of feeling at certain points where it rises to a climax suitable for lyrical utterance; the intermediate or connecting links of the poem being treated in a more desultory musical form (recitative), chiefly with the view of preserving tonal unity and continuity. This principle is very nearly realized in such an opera, for instance, as "Don Giovanni;" indeed, the adherents of Wagner admit that the dramatic demands of opera were by no means overlooked in the main by Mozart, whom, in fact, they rather adroitly manage to claim as an ally on the plea that he "unconsciously worked to the same end," though they (correctly) adduce instances in which he uses the lyric form where the stage situation does not admit of it; as, for instance, in the duet in "Figaro" before the page jumps out of the window. But there is nothing essentially illogical or shocking to the critical sense in this form of lyric drama, if consistently carried out; the conditions of the representation are understood beforehand; there is really no more æsthetic *lapsus* in it than in people talking in blank-verse or rhymed couplets in the spoken drama. It may no doubt be objected that in such a form of composition the music is of primary and the poem of secondary importance, but it must be remembered that much of the effect and even the meaning of the music are dependent upon the existence of well-contrasted characters and telling "situations," which must be defined by the poet, not to say that the very objection supposed involves a begging of the question and an entire shifting of the ground of criticism. Waiving that, however, it must we think, be admitted that there is a consistent form of *lyrical drama*, which has been the *point de départ* in the operatic works of Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber (not to mention lesser names), and which Herr Wagner himself adheres to, to a considerable extent, in his "Tannhauser." But there is also what we should distinguish as *musical drama*, in which the poem occupies altogether the first place, and in which the musical setting is employed purely as a means of adding force and coloring to dramatic expression, and the musical form compelled to bend entirely to the form and progress of the drama. To this principle of the combination of music and drama Gluck's method tended, though, as we have inferred, he never fully realized it, the outlines of the old regular musical forms constantly showing themselves through the dramatic veil hung before them; and this principle Wagner has definitively adopted in its entirety, as the only legitimate and satisfactory solution of the problem of the union of music with dramatic story and stage action.

Tracing the development of Wagner's mind as shown by his earlier works, the writer of the article reminds us of the *raison d'etre* of "Tristan and Isolde," which is probably, or might be, the next work of Wagner's to be produced in England. The reformer was writing his great tetralogy:—

The composition of such a work of course spread over some years; and it was whilst still engaged in it that he was induced, partly by hearing of the growing acceptance of his earlier works on the part of the public, to pause from his task for the composition of a smaller opera which would give him the chance of at once hearing something of his own written in accordance with his latest feelings and views on the art. The work written in accordance with this impulse is "Tristan and Isolde," which is in fact later in order of composition than most of the Tetralogy, which represents more completely than any other of his works the artistic result of the theory of opera which he has evolved and to which he may be said to have pledged himself. In this work the subordination of the music to the drama, or, as its composer would probably prefer to say, the interpenetration of the two, is complete. Not a vestige of lyrical form is left (saving a rough song by the men on Tristan's vessel in praise of his exploits); the operatic chorus has utterly disappeared, and "the entire extent of the music is, as it were, presented in the tissue of words and verses—that is to say, that the musical melody is already contained in the poem." The step from "Tannhauser" to "Tristan" is accordingly, as the composer himself observes, much longer than that from "Rienzi" to "Tannhäuser." We may readily concede that a much more intimate amalgamation between the poem and the music is attained by this method of procedure, and find no difficulty in believing that this prefiguration of the musical form in the poem may have proved rather a help and a stimulus than a hindrance in composing the latter. There remains the question, "whether by this procedure the musical form of melody is not prejudiced by being deprived of its freedom of movement as well as development?" That is indeed the point upon which we are disposed to think Wagnerian opera must ultimately stand or fall.

Of Herr Wagner's theoretic basis for the position he assumes we must say at once that it appears to us to be equally contradicted by nature and by art-history. We can hardly be expected to waste space in collecting formal evidence that the love of rhythmical accent is something inherent in human nature, and not dependent on accidents of time, place, and habit; we may just allude to the fact, certainly not insignificant, that even the very physical basis of music is rhythm, since the distinction between what we recognize as musical sounds and those which are not so consists in the isochronous character of the vibrations in the former. The statement of the case on historical grounds, methodical as it appears in Herr Wagner's way of putting it, is based upon a complete *petitio principii*. Granting that we had data sufficient to enable us to say positively that Greek music consisted in rhythmical tones used only as an accompaniment to the dance, why is the dance to be the cause and the music the effect? Surely it were at least as reasonable to regard both as springing from the same innate tendency to rhythmical expression; or even to go further and regard the dance as arising out of the music, and impossible without it. The tune can be invented and played without the dance; the latter cannot be danced without the tune. Admitting, however, the dance-form of prehistoric music to be established, Wagner points to the noble school of unrhythmical polyphonous music of which Palestrina was the great name, and asks who, after hearing his "Stabat Mater," and contrasting it with the mere tune-writing of the modern Italian opera, "could suppose the latter to be the legitimate daughter of that wondrous mother?" Fully sympathizing with the main tendency of the feeling implied by the question, we reply, that even supposing the historical connexion between the two schools cannot be traced (as we think it can), the deduction as to the inherent supremacy of music unfettered by rhythm is no fair one from the premises. In the first place it must be remembered that the early Italian church school, however grand and elevated in style, is very restricted in its range, and is in fact, only the somewhat monotonous though solemn and impressive rendering of a special phase of religious feeling; while it would be most unfair to deny to the modern Italian school the creation of melodies, some of which have stirred all hearts, and whose charm, such as it is, seems to be imperishable. But the light *genre* of the modern Italian school generally—the "poverty of harmonic basis" which Wagner satirizes—is no intrinsic characteristic of rhythmical music. The German school also "reverted" (if we are so to speak) to the rhythmical or "dance-tune" form of melody, and treated it polyphonally in a grand series of works the greatness of which Wagner does not venture to deny; and the fair comparison would be between this and the early Italian school—between polyphonous melody *plus* rhythm and polyphonous melody *minus* rhythm. We will not insult the critical faculty of our readers by asking them whether or not they consider the choral works of Handel and Bach, or the school of instrumental music which culminated in Beethoven, an extension of the boundaries of the art as practised by Palestrina and his compeers. The educated world, with the exception of a few ecclesiological enthusiasts, has fully made up its mind on that point. A somewhat similar logical fallacy is apparent in Wagner's assertion, repeated still more authoritatively by his literary satellites, that so far from melody being cramped or interfered with by his system, it is greatly extended, and that his operas are, in fact, one succession and blending of melody from beginning to end. It is obvious that this is a mere arbitrary playing with language. We all know what we mean by "melody;" and if its essence be more easily felt than defined, we at least know that it is dependent on measured accent in time as well as on measured intervals in pitch, for that symmetrical proportion which gives it an individual and recognizable form. Wagner may plead that his music presents opportunity for higher expression than can be attained through melodic form, but it is absurd to pretend that he is offering the world the quality which it understands by the term "melody." It is open to a dramatic poet to maintain, if he please, that prose is a more suitable or even a nobler means of expression for his art than verse, but he would be justly derided if he were to urge that it was in fact the highest and most complete development of verse.

Passing by for the moment the question, whether the principle of musical composition advocated by Wagner is absolutely a higher development of the art, the writer in the *Edinburgh* asks if it is so relatively to the objects and theory of the musical drama. Is it the best and most consistent theory of the union of music and poetry?

Admitting at once that such a form of art must in the end be judged by its results—by its power over the listener's feeling (which is the sole defence that can be set up for the form of most works now occupying the lyric stage), and that we have hitherto had scant opportunity for forming such a judgment, we can nevertheless hardly fail to see that the consistency of Wagner's method is sorely menaced when subjected to an impartial examination. We noticed above the differentiation between the methods of poetry and music respectively; the power of concentration in the former, the almost absolute need of extension and repetition in the latter. This has been well brought out by Mr. Matthew Arnold in his thoughtful little essay in verse, rather than poem, "An Epilogue on Lessing's Laocoon," where he discriminates the province of music, in relation to words, by instancing the depth and extension which the musician imparts to the feeling expressed in such a concentrated phrase as *Miserere Domine*—

> Beethoven takes the two
> Poor wounded words, and makes them new;
> . . . . .
> Page after page of music turn
> And still they glow and still they burn,
> Eternal, passion-fraught, and free,
> "*Miserere Domine*."

So Handel, when he would tell us how "the children of Israel sighed, by reason of the burdens," does so by the repetition, the persistence with which the grief and sighing are drawn out until the impression has sunk into our hearts. So, to glance at instrumental music, when Beethoven invented that deeply pathetic *allegretto* in his Seventh Symphony, it is not by the mere enunciation of the theme that he touches us; it is not till the leading proposition, so to speak, has been drawn out, repeated, amplified, contrasted, heard now in this form now in that, till its last broken accents die on our ears, that we realize the feeling which he meant to awaken in our

souls. But the compositions referred to are not dramatic in their form. True: but do not such examples, and innumerable others, practically testify to the truth of the theory as stated by Mr. Arnold, and does it not follow that in a system which implies the detailed interpenetration of the music and the poem, precisely the reverse of the old error has been committed—that the music has been sacrificed to the poem? And yet further inconsistencies seem to arise as we look more closely at the conditions of the combination. Whatever his contempt for rhythm, the composer is obliged to employ the division into "bars" which originated with rhythm—the very possibility of getting his music executed depends upon it; and so we find him not only in his latest work, but even in many parts of "Lohengrin" in a continual strife between the rhythmical accent implied by the barring, and the effort to conceal and escape from it by devices of syncopation and other means of breaking up and nullifying the recurring bar accent. This is a matter of form comparatively; a still stranger inconsistency is that rhythm should be retained in its most marked and recurrent form in the versification, and yet that the consistency of the music with the poem is to be obtained by obliterating the rhythm of the latter. There seems to us to be an absolute perversity of reasoning implied in such a method. Then, again, though the poem and the dramatic action are to be the basis of the whole, without which the music can have no *locus standi* whatever, yet the actors, who are to sing the words, are in the musical construction completely secondary, and in absolute bondage to the orchestra, in the fetters of whose intricate movement they are entangled. This is a singular result of a theory which professes to regard "the human word" as the primal cause and motive of music. Surely the theory of what we have called *lyrical* drama (as distinct from *musical* drama), in which music in its extended forms of construction is used to amplify and intensify the emotional expression at the great crisis of the poem, is as consistent as this. Wagner himself admits the power and beauty attained by some of the great composers in this *genre* of opera—admits also that in their finest scenes they have entirely surmounted what is (no doubt) the weak point in it, "the juxtaposition of absolute recitative and absolute aria, so detrimental to a perfect style," and that the recitative has received already with them, in in such cases, "a melodic and rhythmic significance, and unites itself insensibly with the broader structure of melody proper." Yet, in his pursuit of that *ignis fatuus*, a perfectly logical theory, the modern composer, instead of working up to its further capabilities a system which he admits to have produced such great effects, cuts the knot by discarding altogether what he here truly defines as "the broader structure of *melody proper*," and adopting the imperfect recitative form, as the sole means of expression for the deeper emotions as well as for the lesser incidents of his drama. A greater unity of form, a more close connexion between words and music, may be thus obtained; but it is at the cost of forbidding to music all her old freedom of flight, of clipping her wings and putting her in a strait-jacket.

(To be Continued.)

Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley on the History of Church Music.

[From the London Musical Standard.]

(Concluded from Page 171.)

This then was the way in which the old ecclesiastical melodies were treated before the days of Palestrina. Of course we know that they never ceased to be sung also in unison and octaves, and that there were some tolerably plain and decently correct harmonizations of them in the days of Josquin Desprès and his contemporaries. Still the custom was to prefer the complicated and artificial harmonies to which I have alluded, and in the elaboration of which no one displayed more skill than Josquin himself. With Palestrina there was introduced a much more simple and effective way of composing contrapuntal music on the old canto fermo. The melody was no longer smothered up in the intricacies of its accompaniment, but was rather brought out and invested with fresh beauty by being woven into a network of melodious part-writing. Nothing can be more pure and elegant than the Italian school of church music in the days of Palestrina and his successors. It was without instrumental accompaniment of any kind, and was analogous to the madrigalian style of the same period, though of course more solemn and sublime than any madrigal, so as to suit the words. Palestrina and his school did not by any means confine themselves to composition on the plainsong of the church. Much of their music was bonâ fide original composition. Still it always largely partook of the style proper to counterpoint on the plainsong, on account of its being written in some of the old ecclesiastical scales, for the most part, our present system of tonality not being then fixed. After Monteverde had discovered the true use of dominant discords, and music had begun to pass into a new system of tonal development, when the relations of the key note to the dominant chord, the force of the leading note, and the possibility of real modulation by the use of the dominant seventh, had begun to be recognized,—it followed, of course, that the style of church music in Italy underwent considerable modifications. And another thing which contributed not a little to this change of style was the universal adoption of some sort of accompaniment to the voices, either the organ, or a small string band being so employed.

But still the ecclesiastical musicians of Italy continued to compose on the basis of the cantus fermus, though in a somewhat freer manner than formerly. And magnificent specimens of the effects they succeeded in thus producing may be seen in the works of such men as Leo, Clari, Scarlatti, Lotti, &c., &c. In Spain church music ran a parallel course. In the Lira Sacra Hispana of Senor Eslava are contained a very fine series of compositions for the church by all the best Spanish composers, from the 15th to the 19th centuries. And it is interesting to observe the analogy which appears always to have existed between the Italian and Spanish church music, while at the same time there is sufficient difference between the two to mark very clearly the character of the two countries. In France ecclesiastical music was not raised to anything like the pitch of perfection to which it attained in Italy and Spain in the 16th and 17th centuries. In Belgium, Orlando di Lasso and others might be said to rival the schools of southern Europe. In Germany also were many good composers who more or less followed the same track, and may be looked upon as the germ of the great German classical school of a more recent period, to which all others had eventually to give place. During the Elizabethan period we in England had a school of church composers equal to any then in the world. But owing to the Reformation and the translation of the church service into the vernacular, we do not find either in their works, or in those of Protestant composers in Germany and Holland, the same plan pursued as to the retention of the old Church melodies as the groundwork of elaborate and contrapuntal works. Not but what we have some specimens also of that, *e.g.*, Tallis's Harmonies for the Responses and Litany. And it would not be difficult to name many of our best English composers at the present date who have pursued the same course with equal success.

We have now followed the history of the musical treatment of the old ecclesiastical melodies from mediæval times down to nearly our own days. And the consideration which I wish to put before you as a deduction from this history is this—May it not be a very useful exercise for young composers to practice composing fugal music on ancient themes? There is, as it appears to me, a growing tendency in these days towards secularizing church music. I mean making the style of music for the church and for the concert-room almost identical. It has occurred to me that one antidote to this tendency would be to encourage all young musical students to give much more time than they usually do to the study of counterpoint on a plain song. No one would compose worse secular music for having undergone this training, while all who wished to write music for Divine service would unquestionably feel the benefit of such a course.

All the greatest foreign composers up to some fifty years ago had been taught more or less on this plan, and it cannot be said to have produced any but good results in their case. If any one wishes for good examples of such music, I should recommend him to try and procure a copy of Padre Martini's "Esemplare di contrappunto sopra il canto fermo;" 4to., Bologna, 1773; and also Paolucci's "Arte pratica di Contrappunto;" 4to., Venice, 1762.

I now come to another consideration arising out of the history of ecclesiastical music. I allude to the use of various musical instruments in church. It is not intended, however, to take up the time of this meeting by reviving the old and well-worn controversy about the lawfulness of organs in churches. If any one here holds the view entertained mostly (if not exclusively) in Scotland, and in the Greek church, that pure vocal music alone is admissible in public worship, let them not listen to the remarks I am about to make—they are not addressed to them. The consideration which I wish to lay before this meeting is this—Whether all the arguments which can be adduced in defence of the accompaniment of vocal music by the organ, during Divine service, do not equally vindicate the use of other instruments also. It is easy to understand a line being drawn between pure vocal music, and instrumental accompaniments. But it is (as I think) quite impossible to draw a line between the exclusive use of the organ, and the employment of a full band. If we go to Scripture for examples, we are at once confronted with the enormous orchestra which played at the dedication of Solomon's Temple. We have to face the headings or dédications of many of David's Psalms, wherein not only are the various instruments named by which they were to be accompanied, but the names of some of the performers are specified. We have to encounter the employment of the large orchestra again by King Hezekiah, coupled with the express declaration that it was all done according to the express command of God. (2 Chron. xxix. 25—28.) We cannot in the face of such evidence as this condemn the use of instrumental accompaniments to Divine services as unscriptural. At any rate, it is amply sanctioned by the Old Testament, and I defy any one to find a syllable in the New Testament which has the least appearance of countermanding or forbidding the established customs of the Jews in this matter. Our Lord attended the services in the Temple, and thence drove out the buyers and sellers, and exposed every prevailing abuse. Yet He never once said a single word against the use of church music. In this, then, as in other matters, we may rest assured that "the Old Testament is not contrary to the New." And to corroborate this argument still further, let us remember the many passages in the Book of Revelation, which speak of "Harpers harping with their harps," as seen and heard in a vision by St. John at Patmos. Were I preaching a sermon instead of reading a paper, I could go on at length to bring forward argument upon argument, and fact upon fact, to establish the Scripturalness and consequent lawfulness of instrumental music in public worship. But, as it is, I must not enlarge further on this theological point. Suffice it to observe that the vast majority of passages which may be adduced referring to musical instruments in the Bible, refer to stringed instruments of various kinds, and others to trumpets—a very few to instruments of percussion. But, of course, *none whatever* to what we call organs, for these had not then been invented. Of all instruments, then, it may be said that organs are among the least Scriptural, while the harp might be defended with much more success were all arguments confined to the pages of Holy Writ.

Seeing, then, that there is Scriptural authority for the use of an orchestra in Divine service, but none for any particular instruments, and certainly none for the exclusive use of the organ, I think the consideration fairly arises whether those who object on Scriptural grounds to instruments in church, but make a special exemption in favor of the organ, are not illogical and inconsistent. The real question at issue is between *no* instruments and *any* instruments. The Greek Church and the Scotch Presbyterians are for the former plan; the Western Church for the latter. The exclusive use of the organ as an accompaniment to the voices in church is of very modern growth. Apparently it has arisen from two causes—1st, that organs are often available when a full band is not; 2ndly, That of all instruments none is so well suited for the purpose, when used alone, as is the organ; but neither of these reasons constitutes a valid objection to the employment of a full band, where such an accompaniment can be obtained. It is, of course, obvious that such an expensive and troublesome appendage as a band of performers can only be procured on rare special occasions. It is also no less certain that when it is available it must be hedged in with many precautions in special rules to secure reverent demeanor and good discipline. Still all this may be done, and has been done, and the occasions on which it can be achieved are daily becoming more frequent. St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey have set a good example; several London churches have worthily followed suit. Nor can it be said to be an innovation. Every great composer in France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Germany for the last 250 years has left behind him full scores of orchestral masses, motets, cantatas, and hymns. Oratorios in Latin, Italian, and German, including Bach's Passion Music and many similar works, were all in-

THE NUN.

Schumann.

Moderato.

p

She stood by the cloister window, and tho't of days gone by, Of fond vows long since

p

p

She stood by the cloister window, and tho't of days gone by. Of fond vows long since

p

p

f *p* *pp*

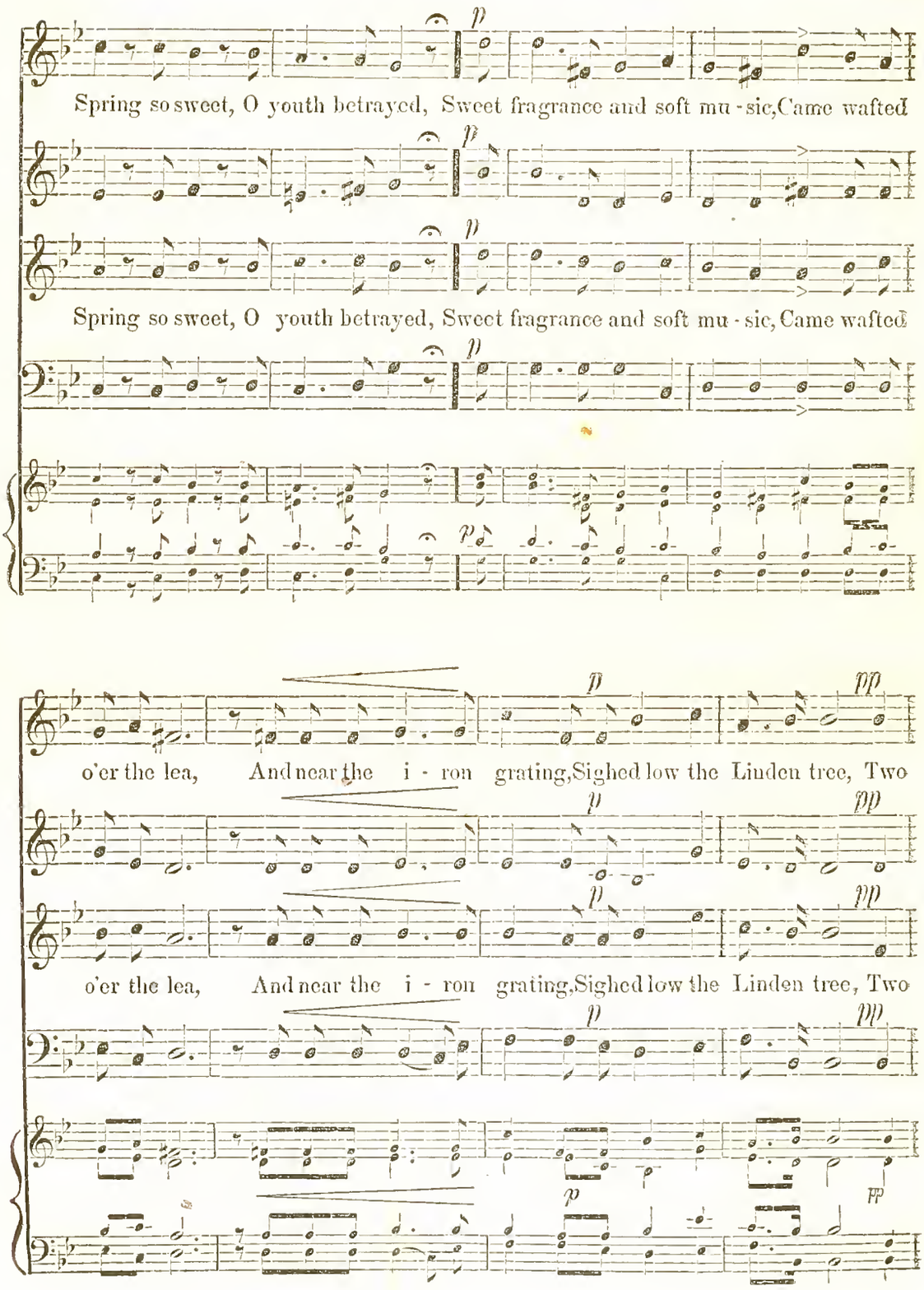
broken, and love that bloomed to die. Two lambkins in the fair meadow played. O

f *p* *pp*

broken, and love that bloomed to die. Two lambkins in the fair meadow played, O

f *p* *pp*

p *pp*


p
Spring so sweet, O youth betrayed, Sweet fragrance and soft mu - sic, Came wafted
p
p
Spring so sweet, O youth betrayed, Sweet fragrance and soft mu - sic, Came wafted
p
p
pp
o'er the lea, And near the i - ron grating, Sighed low the Linden tree, Two
p
pp
p
pp
o'er the lea, And near the i - ron grating, Sighed low the Linden tree, Two
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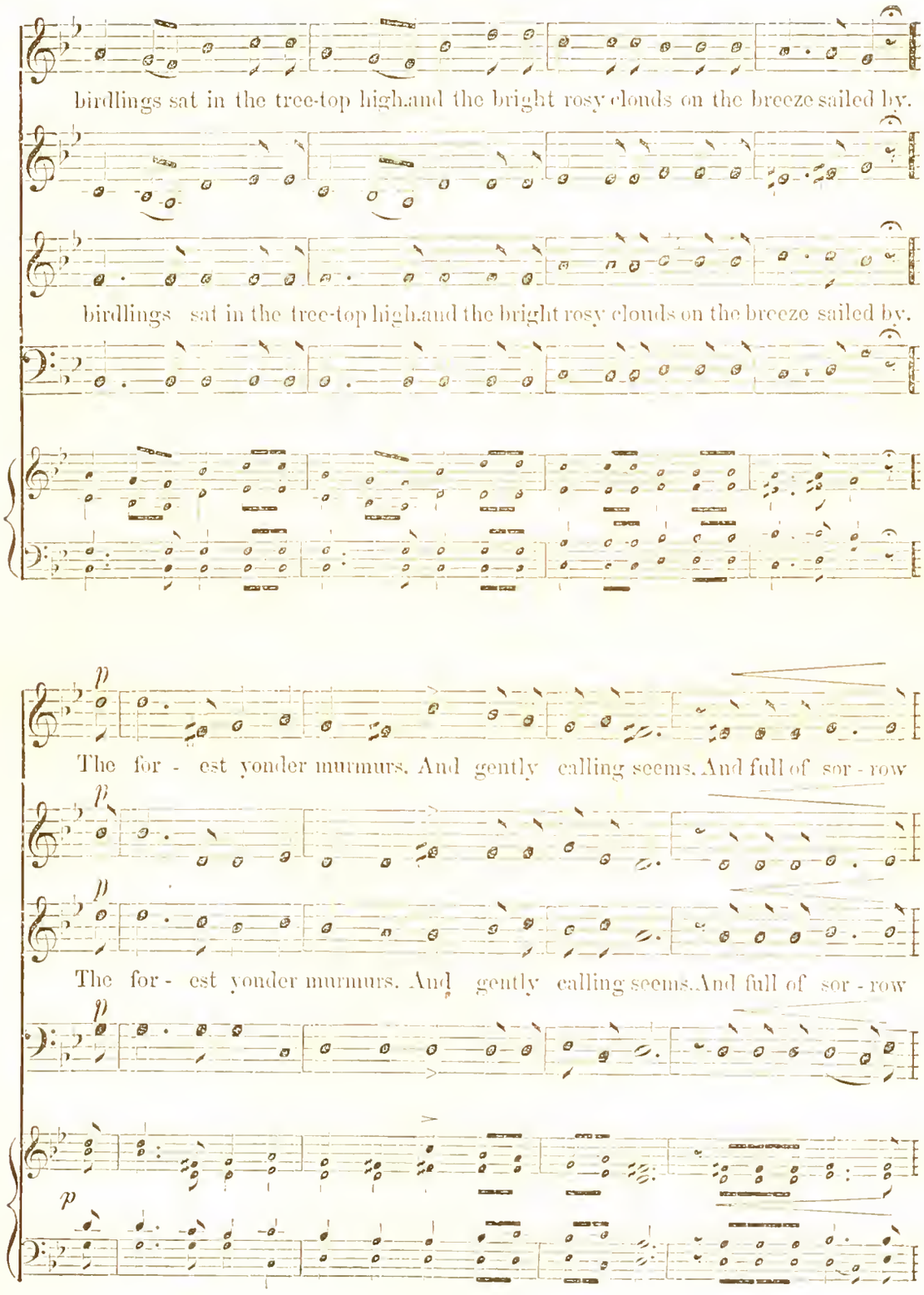
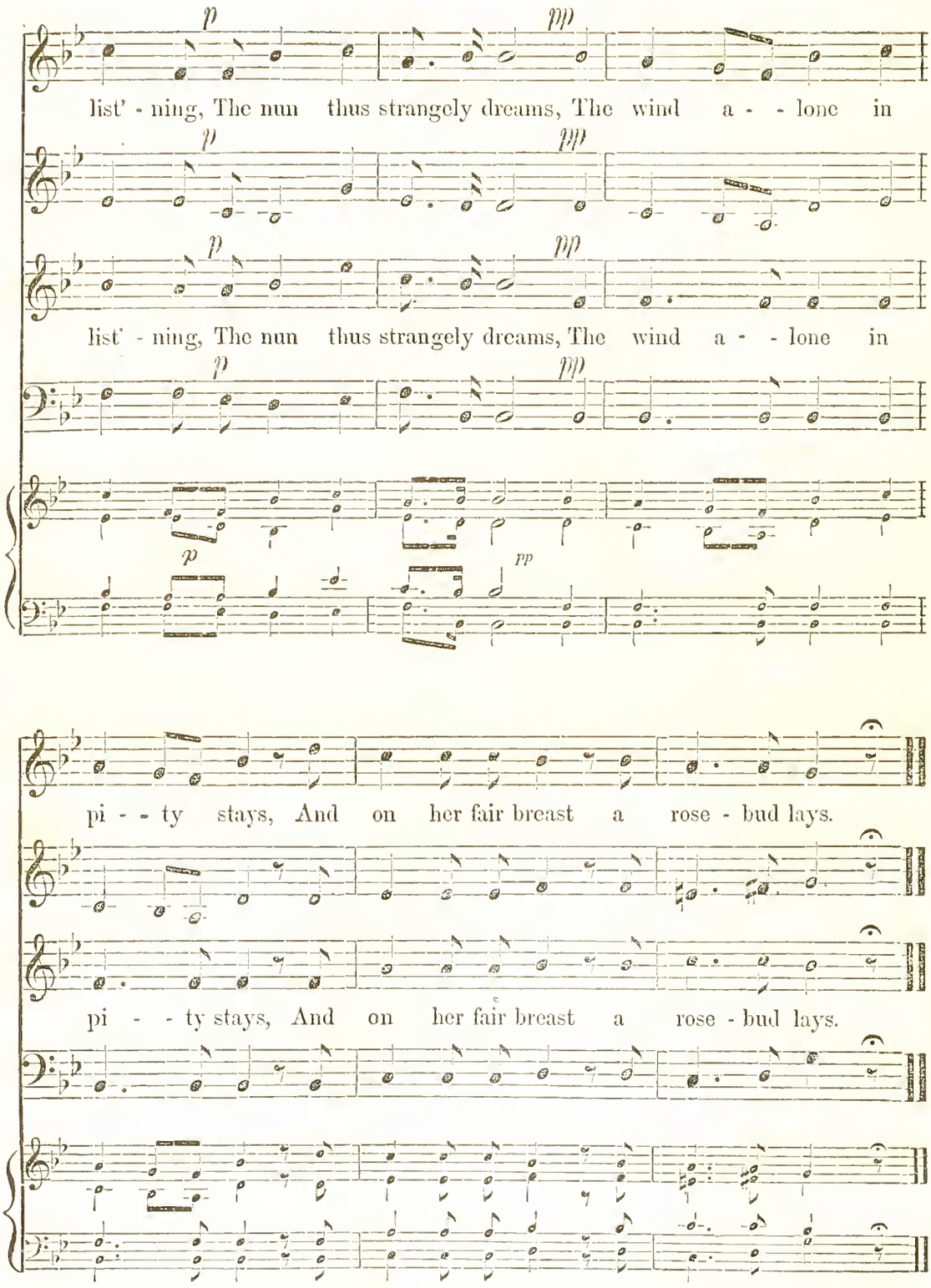

birdlings sat in the tree-top high.and the bright rosy clouds on the breeze sailed by.
birdlings sat in the tree-top high.and the bright rosy clouds on the breeze sailed by.
p
The for - est yonder murmurs. And gently calling seems. And full of sor - row
p
The for - est yonder murmurs. And gently calling seems. And full of sor - row
p
p



English version by W. G. BAKER.

tended for performance in church, and as an act of worship. Nor have we been without instances of Church of England services with band accompaniment at the old Festivals of the Sons of the Clergy in St. Paul's Cathedral, and formerly also on the first days of the Triennial Choir Festivals at Hereford, Worcester, and Gloucester. Many compositions exist by old English cathedral composers, expressly intended for the use of the Chapel Royal, in which not only the organ but also a string band is employed. Among these we may enumerate works by Gibbons, Weelkes, Este, Purcell, Blow, Croft, Greene, Boyce, and others. We must especially remember Purcell's grand Te Deum and Jubilate in D, Handel's Te Deums and Jubilate, and his Chandos Anthems, not to mention the anthems composed for the coronation service by Blow, Purcell, Handel, Attwood, and others, and the Funeral Anthems by Handel for Queen Caroline, and by Bononcini for the Duke of Marlborough, all which compositions were written with accompaniment for a full band, and so performed. We see, then, that the traditional use of the band in church has never been given up, although its use has become exceptional of late years. As to military bands, of course, they have been used continuously to accompany military services, and no one has ever found fault with them. The miserable string bands, and still more distressing clarionets and bassoons, by which the services in country churches used formerly to be accompanied, can hardly be quoted as an example to be followed. Still, even these have their force as an argument against those who would tolerate no instrument in a church except an organ, or its wretched substitute, a harmonium. Surely, the best rule is to seize on all that is most perfect, in this as in every other art, and devote it to the service of the sanctuary.

If I am right, then, in hoping (and assuming indeed), that the introduction of the orchestra into our churches is likely to become a more frequent occurrence than of yore, then we are brought face to face with a new difficulty—I mean the lack of good English church music at once orchestral and ecclesiastical in character. Of this there is comparatively, as yet, very little. Surely this opens out a new and promising field of work for young English composers, in which great things may be done. Let me earnestly recommend it to their special attention. It is hard to imagine any theme more inspiring, more likely to evoke real scintillations of musical genius, than the glorious "Te Deum." Difficult I allow it to be—difficult both on account of the intrinsic sublimity of the words, and also because of the natural diffidence which any modest composer must feel when he knows that his work will be compared to the "Te Deums" of Purcell and Handel. But neither of these difficulties are insurmountable. I abstain purposely from naming any living composers, but a very fine orchestral "Te Deum" has been composed, and performed, not in church indeed, but in the Crystal Palace, within the last few years, with no inconsiderable success. The other canticles and hymns of the church also present most favorable opportunities for similar, and equally successful, treatment.

These, then, are the considerations, arising out of the history of ecclesiastical music, which appeared desirable to lay before you to-day. That I have done this very imperfectly indeed, I am only too sensible. But such as it is, I am not without hope that this paper may be of some use. It is a subject which has not hitherto been broached at any of these meetings, and it is possible that subsequent discussion upon it may bring out some useful facts, some practical hints, some novel ideas, some necessary cautions, all in the service of our art, and therefore welcome both to ourselves and to our friends outside. In that hope, let me commend the subject to your best attention.

In the discussion which followed, Mr WILLIAM CHAPPELL entered into several of the historical questions raised by Sir Frederick, and Dr. STAINER advocated the use of music, whether ancient or modern, on the single condition of its fitness for the end in view. What could be more beautiful than the tonus peregrinus? Mr. T. L. SOUTHGATE reminded the speaker that this was not a Gregorian, but only a corruption from a Gregorian. Mr. CUMMINGS ridiculed the claim of a Divine origin which was often put forward on behalf of Gregorian music. He referred to certain experiences as suggesting caution in the use of the orchestra in church. Mr. PARRATT admitted that some of the ancient music was melodious, but explained what he regarded as an anomaly on the ground that, while generally writing that which was hideous, it could not be wondered at if the ancient writers occasionally bundered into something better. Mr. MACKERSON believed the great reason why so-called Gregorian music found favor was because it met the growing want of music for congregational singing, and he urged that Church composers would do well to consider the requirements of the great multitudes now constantly assembling for Divine worship. Mr. HULLAH in closing the discussion expressed his strong sympathy with the use of the orchestra in church, but questioned whether it had not better be confined to strings. He regretted the disappearance of the little bands which used to exist in parish churches in the country. Church musicians would do well to study Gibbons rather more and give us less of the style of Gounod.

Prof. Paine's Symphony.—Shades of Opinion.

[*From the Saturday Evening Gazette, Jan. 29.*]

. . . . . Mr. Paine's patient labor, his modesty, and his rare talents long ago won for him the warm admiration of those who know him, and these entertained a well-grounded belief that if a fair opportunity were accorded him he would win esteem for his country among those who believe that nothing worthy in the way of what is high in musical art can rise and flourish in America. It is somewhat painful to reflect that a native composer is almost debarred from hearing his works performed here, especially when it is taken into consideration that the only means he has of improving himself in his art, and of discovering his strength and his weakness, lie in the chances that are given him to hear his compositions played. An artist of Mr. Paine's talents should not be so cramped. His symphony makes that only too plain. While we do not claim for it a place among the great works of its kind, it is so full of strength, of vigor and of refinement; it shows such a mastery of the resources of harmony and of orchestral effect; it is so full of thought, brilliancy and solid worth, that it merits the highest praise as a harbinger of noble promise in its composer. It was a genuine surprise, even to Mr. Paine's warmest friends, in the fluency of idea, the freedom from dryness, the apparent spontaneous flow of thought, and the graceful flexibility of style, that distinguish it from beginning to end. Though polished in all its details with the most scrupulous care, it has the merit of keeping out of sight the labor that has been expended upon it, and of making a harmonious whole from which the attention is not attracted by any obtrusive display of learning for learning's sake. We shall not attempt to describe the work in close detail, convinced that, with the best intentions imaginable, it is impossible to convey any intelligible idea of such a composition without copious extracts, and these we are debarred from giving, for reasons that will be obvious. The opening movement, an allegro con brio, is full of broad and masculine vigor, and seizes upon the interest of the listener from the outset. The second theme is very graceful in design, is charmingly introduced, and is beautifully worked out. In the scoring of this part of the work Mr. Paine shows not only a pleasing fancy, but an appreciation of the quality and timbre of the various instruments that results in an almost endless series of delightful effects. Every instrument has the notes best suited to it, and this distribution has been so well studied, and seems so natural, that any change would mar the admirable unity that prevails. In the wind instruments, especially, is this fine sense of appropriateness of expression made particularly apparent.

The scherzo opens with a playful and well-marked theme, which is elaborated with brilliancy and fine effect of contrast. The trio in this movement, a conversation between the clarinet and horn, is very happily conceived, and is treated on its second appearance with exceeding grace. The melody is charming, and the various figures by which it is accompanied are equally interesting. The adagio has a lovely theme, which abounds in tenderness and quiet beauty. It flows calmly and sweetly after the manner of those continuous melodies with which Wagner has made us so familiar, and it has much of the rich sensuousness that marks that composer in his more placid moods. In originality, warmth of coloring, largeness of effect and deep poetic feeling, this movement must be pronounced the most attractive in the symphony. It is exquisitely scored, and in all respects would reflect high credit upon any living composer. The finale overflows with energy and fire, and is a worthy culmination to what has preceded it. Here, as in the other portions of the work, Mr. Paine has manifested a fine feeling for contrasts, and has shown a perfect mastery in combining the various instruments to the best advantage. The contrapuntal effects are striking and well-considered, and an admirable unity and consistency are maintained throughout. The final climax is noble and stirring, and fitly brings to an end a work which, in every movement, shows many and unmistakable marks of vigorous and prolific genius. That the symphony is faultless we do not claim; but it is so far in advance of any similar production we have had from a native composer, its beauties are so numerous, so varied and spontaneous, that it would be more than ungracious to dwell upon the few flaws it possesses. It is not the least of the merits of this work that, while it takes advantage of everything that the modern school has given to musical art, it has avoided the wild and meaningless excesses of the "music of the future." The forms are those of the recognized masters of the art, and are perfectly balanced. There is an abundance of fresh and flowing melody, and no lack of learning judiciously displayed. There is not a moment in it when it ceases to maintain a firm hold upon the attention and the interest, and the immense success it obtained testified that Mr. Paine had won his spurs right royally.

[*From the New York Tribune, Feb. 7.*]

The matinée given by Theodore Thomas at Steinway Hall on Saturday was memorable for the first production in New York of Mr. J. K. Paine's first symphony, and it was gratifying to observe that the trial of so important and serious a work by an American composer was sufficient to attract a respectable audience, in spite of the counter attraction of Tietjens in "Norma" at the Academy of Music. It was by no means a full house, but there was at least a fair array of listeners, who bestowed upon the performance a close and intelligent attention, and greeted the symphony with unmistakable marks of approval. The work is in the key of C minor, and is scored for the usual instruments of the modern grand orchestra [piccolo excepted]. It opens with an Allegro con brio, the very first page of which disposes the listener to pleasant anticipations, not so much by anything startling in the theme as by the composer's evident mastery both of his subject and his materials. Clearness of thought, elegance of arrangement, and vigor of expression are conspicuous from the outset. The principal and secondary themes are both clean cut and pleasing, and both admirably managed, and the transitions from one to the other, the modulations and the thematic developments, are contrived in all cases with a most happy effect. What we knew already of Mr. Paine's work prepared us for the faultless construction and the noble contrapuntal harmony which are found all through this movement; but the easy flow of melody and the poetical taste in the instrumentation, especially in the employment of the wind instruments, were a constant surprise. The second movement is a Scherzo [Allegro vivace] in which we confess that we found hardly as much grace and playfulness as seem to have been apparent to the oldest Boston critics; but like the first movement it is clear, strong, and regular. About the beauty of the trio, however, in this part of the symphony, there can be no two opinions. It is introduced by an effective rallentando phrase for the clarinet, and then flows on [Meno allegro], as a dialogue, first between clarinet and horn, with a soft string accompaniment, again between flute, clarinet, and horn, afterward with the substitution of a hautboy for the flute, then with a second clarinet, ending with an ascending ritenuto phrase for the flute. The melody here is charming, and the sustained passage for the horns which leads back to the Allegro vivace is very effective. The third movement, an Adagio in A-flat, is the best of the whole work. The principal theme is a graceful and tender melody, which touches the feelings at once, and it is developed and varied with the most beautiful and ingenious harmonic treatment, unwinding itself slowly and smoothly at great but never tedious length, with multiform effects of elegant instrumentation. If Mr. Paine had written nothing else, this alone would stamp him a master of the orchestra. The Finale [Allegro vivace] is as vigorous as the introduction, and equally interesting, and it closes with a fine crescendo passage, in which the full strength of the orchestra is admirably brought into play. The symphony is distinguished not merely by the beauty and fluency of detached portions, but by the symmetry of the whole, the breadth of the plan, and the composer's firm grasp of his ideas; and these, we need hardly say, are distinguishing qualities of a masterpiece.

[*From the New York World, 6th.*]

Mr. Theodore Thomas has a happy knack of confounding his enemies. He replies to their assaults by straightforward action, not by argument. As he has more than once reminded the public, he is not a man of words. Music is his language, and he knows that language so well that he rarely fails to make himself understood. Having a lofty purpose, and being persistent in its accomplishment, he makes his defence in his own way, and there's an end of the matter. Charged with obstinately refusing to accept any compositions from American writers, he replies by producing one that he had accepted eight months before the charge was made. Having presented to him a work which he finds, on careful examination, to be worthy of a place in his repertoire, he gives the public a chance of judging and enjoying at the earliest convenient moment. Professor John K. Paine's First Symphony was fittingly presented before a Boston audience before it was brought to New York. It was right that the author should have his immediate and personal friends as his first judges. They decided enthusiastically in his favor, and that was right, too, for the professor of music at Harvard University could not very well be expected to seek notoriety by the production of a work which would not bear criticism by the rules he lays down for the guidance of his pupils. Himself a favorite pupil of Haupt, one of the most rigid of music masters in Germany, neither ignorance nor eccentricity was to be expected in his work, and, as he had already proved his capability in many minor compositions and in one great work, the oratorio of "St. Peter"—his friends were numerous as well as enthusiastic. Besides all this, had not Mr. Thomas consented to be the interpreter of this *magnum opus?* It was a matter of course, therefore [!], that it was correct, scholarly, ortho-

dox. So that the large audience assembled at Steinway Hall yesterday were in a position to divest their minds of all questions of grammatical purity and scholastic "form," and criticize the symphony as a complete work As it was placed first on the programme it could be judged as well—or, more correctly speaking, as inadequately—as any large work can be judged on first hearing. There seemed to be a good deal of hesitation on the part of the audience in pronouncing an opinion. The first movement—allegro con brio—presented nothing particularly attractive to the general ear; it is interesting throughout, but the interest does not increase with its progress sufficiently to excite a craving for the second movement, and it was rather coldly received. With the Scherzo—allegro vivace—the attention of the audience deepened. It is a very tuneful movement, containing some reminders of Beethoven's scherzos, but it is not an imitation of Beethoven, its lively measure changing [not "episodically"] to a gravity not sufficiently in keeping with the scherzo as Beethoven has made us understand it. At its conclusion the applause of the audience was warm enough to show that Mr. Thomas had not made a mistake in producing the work. The third movement—adagio—is undoubtedly the gem of the symphony. It is music, pure and undefiled, from beginning to end—plaintive, sweet, graceful as a pastoral poem. It does not contain a single phrase that seems out of place, and though it is rather long, and always exceedingly sweet, its sweetness does not cloy. It is not grand or imposing, there are no modern "effects" in it, and it may not suit ears accustomed to the accumulating richness of Schumann's or Beethoven's adagios, but for what it assumes to be it is beyond criticism. Certainly the audience liked it very much, and the orchestra seemed to like it greatly. Its enjoyment was, however, somewhat interfered with by an annoying noise from the beaters in the hall. The last movement falls short of the expectations raised by the beautiful Adagio, though it cannot be described as faulty. What it lacks probably is the evenness and clearness of purpose which characterize the other movements. Although the scoring in this number is as excellent as it is throughout the work, every instrument having plenty to do and some considerable difficulties to master, the harmony is thin, and when the climax comes with the return to the original theme, the devices of construction which Bach always employs under similar circumstances, and which ears cultivated in Theodore Thomas's school[!] have learned to regard as essential, are too much neglected. Mr. Paine, however, deserves very high praise for his modest, unsensational treatment of his subject. He has written an American symphony that will probably bear the test of the severest criticism by adherents of the old school, a symphony that will live as a beautiful work of art, simple and unaffected. If it is not strikingly original, the author is assuredly no plagiarist; if it does not astonish, it will never fail to please. Mr. Paine is a young man, and as "it takes a clever musician to write even a poor symphony," he may be congratulated both upon having written one that gives such good promise of a bright future for him in the world of art, and upon having had so able and so conscientious an interpreter as Mr. Thomas.

[*From the New York Times, 6th.*]

Mr. Theodore Thomas yesterday gave a matinée concert at Steinway Hall. The principal element of the programme was a new symphony by Mr. J. K. Paine, a Boston composer of considerable local repute. We trust Mr Thomas will sooner or later repeat his performance of this work, which belongs to an order of music of which several hearings are necessary before anything approaching an accurate opinion can be formed. We cannot, however, admit that we expect great results from Mr. Paine's commendable attempt at symphonic writing. The opening movement, which is by far the best, contains some graceful and fluent ideas, which the composer has developed with taste and clearness, but without marked felicity; the remainder of the work does not indicate that Mr. Paine is possessed of particular originality in thought or method; and the impression of the whole effort, yesterday, was that the musician had occupied fifty minutes where half that time would have been sufficient to have had his say.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 19, 1876.

OUR MUSIC PAGES. The Part Song by Schumann, printed in this number, is taken by permission from "German Part Songs," edited by N. H. ALLEN, published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

Concert Review.

BOSTON PHILHARMONIC CLUB. The last two Matinées of this fine group of artists (Jan. 19 and Feb. 2) were in the main so thoroughly enjoyable that keen regret was felt that they could not be continued at intervals for two or three months longer. But the attendance at Bumstead Hall, though larger than at first, was too limited to give encouragement. It was but the common fate of concert-givers, here and elsewhere, during these "hard times." The Club, however, have so established themselves in the good opinion of the truest music-lovers that, if they only persevere, their day will surely come.—Their fourth programme read as follows:

Quintet, in B flat, Op. 87.....Mendelssohn
Allegro vivace—Andante scherzando—Adagio.
Messrs. B. & F. LISTEMANN, E. GRAMM, A. BELZ and A. HARTDEGEN.
Song, "Batti, Batti," "Don Juan,".....Mozart
Miss LAURA SCHIRMER.
Solo for Viola, Reverie.....Vieuxtemps
Mr. EMIL GRAMM.
Mephisto Walzer.....Liszt
[Arranged by B Listemann.]
PHILHARMONIC CLUB.
Song of Eliza, ...Cirillo
Miss LAURA SCHIRMER.
Notturno for Violin, Flute and Horn .....Doppler
Messrs. B. LISTEMANN, E. WEINER and A BELZ.
Quartet for Piano and Strings,.....Schumann
Sostenuto assai—Allegro ma non troppo—Scherzo—Andante cantabile—Finale [Vivace].
Madame MADELINE SCHILLER,
Messrs. B. LISTEMANN, GRAMM and HARTDEGEN.

The old B flat Quintet of Mendelssohn, which takes us back to the earliest days of our Quintette Club which still bears his name, was admirably played; the three movements were so acceptable that it seemed not quite fair to deprive us of the Finale. Nothing of its kind more interesting than the Schumann piano Quartet could have been offered us, unless it were the matchless Quintet. The latter is a happier inspiration throughout, more clear, more readily appreciable on the first hearing; but this also is full of fire, of rich imagination and deep feeling. The *Andante* and the short, brooding *Sostenuto* which precedes the first *Allegro*, appeal to deepest sympathies; the *Scherzo*, with its rollicking staccato movement, fitfully alternating with the more pensive mood of its two Trios, is strikingly original; and the fugued Finale, very intricate and difficult, is full of spirit, and keeps the interest alive to the end. Seldom, if ever, have we heard Mme. SCHILLER to better advantage; her consummate technical precision and force were only means to the higher end of fervent and intelligent interpretation; her soul was in the work; and there was inspiration for her in such fine coöperation of the strings.

Mr. GRAMM won not a few listeners to the peculiar beauty, which they had not before suspected, in the sound of the Viola; his tone is singularly rich and even, and he is master of the instrument. The Notturno for violin, flute and horn proved a pleasing composition, and was exquisitely played. But of the "Mephisto Waltzes" we can say nothing of the kind; such excruciating cacophony, such an incoherent medley of harsh grating sounds, not relieved but only aggravated by certain melodic fragments for the horn, which seemed tuned to another sphere where a peculiar concert pitch prevailed, we never yet heard in the name of music; it was more like the babel of an orchestra all trying over their own separate parts in the pauses of a rehearsal; we would as soon be shut up in a vast machine shop, surrounded by whizzing wheels, screaming saws and files and ringing hammers.—But it was the pious Abbé Liszt who wrote it; and who more competent to set the tune for Mephistopheles to dance by!

Miss LAURA SCHIRMER, with a naturally sweet and flexible voice, sang her two songs in a graceful manner, which showed careful training; but there was a certain hardness in the quality of some of her tones, which may have been the effect of too much concert singing at so early a stage of her career; she is winning, lady-like and modest in appearance.

Wednesday, Feb. 2.

Quartet in F, Op. 18, No. 1, ... Beethoven
Allegro con brio—Adagio—Scherzo—Allegro.
Horn Quartet,
a. Pilgrim's Song, from "Tannhäuser,...Wagner
b. Krystallen denfina, Swedish Song,.....Faltin
Messrs Belz, Lippoldt, Schormann and Schmann,
Solos for Violoncello,
a. Melodie,.....Huber
b. Allegretto,.....Kiel
Mr. Adolph Hartdegen.
a, Andante Cantabile, from Quartet in D, Tschaikowski
b. Scherzo, from Quartet in E flat,..... Cherubini
Horn Quartet,
a. "Die Welt ist so schön,".....Fischer
b. Suomis-Song,.....Pacius
Solo for Violin, Notturno, Op. 27,.....Chopin
Mr. B. Listemann.
Rhapsodie Hongroise, in F, No. 14.....Liszt

This closing Matinée was the most interesting of all and had the largest and a really enthusiastic audience. It was a comfort to old chamber music lovers to hear once more one of the six earliest Quartets of Beethoven, no one of which is more genial and beautiful, more ever fresh than this No. 1, in F. Never before have we heard it so delightfully interpreted. The pieces for four horns produced a marked sensation. The tones, so rich and mellow in the softer *cantabile* passages, with the fine contrast of the more breezy trumpet-like sounds in the strong accents (in the bass parts especially) render their harmony peculiarly attractive. The performers were the famous "Russian Quartet" who came to this country a few years ago; the leader, Mr. BELZ, has since distinguished himself in the Philharmonic Club as the finest solo hornist we have ever heard here; his three old associates, who proved themselves on this occasion worthy ones, are in our Harvard orchestra this winter. Mr. HARTDEGEN's violoncello solos, in tone, style and expression, were most satisfactorily rendered.—The single movements from Quartets by the young Russian composer Tschaikowski and the sound old classical master Cherubini, were highly interesting; the former much more French in style than the latter, which was produced in Paris.

The Chopin *Notturno* proved admirably suited for transcription upon the Violin; and all its delicate beauties were brought out with consummate mastery by Mr. LISTEMANN; indeed we have seldom heard a solo on the violin more purely fascinating. Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody impressed us more agreeably in Mr. Listemann's arrangement for his Club, than it did in the Thomas orchestral transcription, where the grotesque effects seemed more exaggerated.

THEODORE THOMAS's fourth Matinée (Saturday, Jan. 29) presented the following programme:

Overture, "Alceste,".....Gluck
Prelude, Chorale, Fugue, } Adapted for Orchestra by J. Abert..Bach
Aria: "Si, t'amo, o cara,".....Handel
Miss Emma C. Thursby.
Scherzo, Op. 19 .....Goldmark
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 14.....Liszt

Overture, in C, op. 115.... ....Beethoven
Symphonic Poem, Danse Macabre, [new], Saint-Säens
Song, "Thou'rt like unto a flower,".....Rubinstein
Selections from "The Phantom Ship,".....Wagner

Gluck's Overture to *Alceste* is by no means so interesting an orchestral work as the well known one to *Iphigenia in Aulis;* but it forms a dignified and serious introduction to the tragedy; it needed, for a satisfying impression, to be followed by the opening chorus sung. Still we are thankful for every opportunity (too rare) of hearing one of these things. Think of it in contrast with the last number of the first part,—the wild, sensational, extravagant and stunning *Rhapsodie Hongroise* by Liszt!—The pieces grouped together from Bach,—in rather forced companionship, we thought—have certainly enough intrinsic beauty individually to bear hearing for a second time. The Prelude is from the "Well-tempered Clavichord;" the Fugue is the well known G-minor Organ Fugue; the Chorale, scored for the full brass of the orchestra, contrasted boldly in the middle, a craggy height between two quiet vales.—The Beethoven Overture ("Namensfeier") is by no means so broad and grand a work as the other one in C, op. 124 ("Die Weihe des Hauses;") but it has beauties not so readily appreciated and is far too seldom heard.

The striking novelty of the programme was the "Dance of Death" by Saint-Saëns,—a Symphonic Poem with a vengeance, to which the key is furnished by the following cheerful verses from the French of Henri Cazalis:—

Zig, Zig, Zig—grim Death, in cadence,
Striking with his heel, a tomb.
Death at midnight plays a dance tune,
Zig, Zig, Zig, upon his viol.

The winter wind blows, and the night is all dark,
Moans are heard in the linden trees;
Thro' the gloom the white skeletons pass,
Running and leaping in their shrouds.

Zig, Zig, Zig, each one is frisking,
The bones of the dancers are heard to crack

* * * * *

But hist! of a sudden they quit the round;
They push forward, they fly, the cock has crowed.

The music is certainly a clever freak of French fantastical extravaganza, mingling the horrible and the grotesque, till they exert a fascination worthy of Meyerbeer. The doleful midnight bell, well imitated, introduces the piece; Death tuning his viol in fifths is strongly indicated, and the dance proceeds, wilder and wilder, as the shrouded skeletons frisk in and out among the tombstones; the cracking bones of the dancers are suggested by castanets and the *xylophone* (an instrument of wood and straw;) the cock crows, and away they flutter all!—There is a certain imaginative genius in it, of a thoroughly Frenchy kind; and it has this superiority over analogous works by Raff and others, that Saint-Saëns does not attempt to make too much of the conceit, but drops it at a happy moment. The audience were transported, and the whole thing had to be repeated.—Miss Thursby, in the Aria from one of Handel's Italian Operas (*Muzio Scevola*) confirmed the fine impression which she made in a Harvard concert a few weeks before. The roulades were evenly and beautifully executed, and the bright, emphatic, as well as the tender and melodious phrases of the happy love confession, were given with remarkable expression. We noticed in her voice a tremolo which was not there before; but it was soon explained by learning that she was singing with a broken arm after a fall in one of our slippery streets,—a shock from which her nervous system could not have recovered.

Harvard Musical Association. The seventh Symphony Concert (Thursday afternoon, Feb. 3) was made up of four selections, the two longer ones being entirely new to Boston.

Overture to "Faniska,"..... Cherubini
** Double Symphony: "Irdisches und Göttliches im Menschenleben" (The Earthly and the Divine in Human Life), in C, Op. 121 ..... Spohr
I. The World of Childhood [Adagio and Allegretto].
II. The Age of the Passions [Larghetto and Allegro Moderato].
III. Final Victory of the Divine [Presto and Adagio].

** Piano-Forte Concerto, No. 2, in G minor, Op. 22 Andante Sostenuto—Allegro Scherzando—Presto ..... Camille Saint-Saëns
E. J. Lang.
Overture to "Coriolanus,"..... Beethoven

The light and charming Overture to *Faniska*, with its stately introduction, its teasing playful *Allegro* subject, and its quaint laughing second theme led in by the bassoon, offset by piquant pizzicatos of the violins, was nicely played. After this the great feature of the programme, the Double Symphony by Spohr, was listened to with zest. It was a bold and beautiful idea, well worthy of the highest powers, to portray in music, in symphonic movements, the successive periods of the struggle between the Earthly and the Divine principle in human life, with the final victory of the Divine. And the peculiar means chosen, that of contrasting and combining two distinct orchestras, the one consisting of eleven solo instruments (quintet of strings, flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon and two horns), the other fully manned, served to heighten the illustration and increase the interest in proportion to the unusual draft upon the artistic resources of the musician. It must not be supposed, however, that the two principles in life are impersonated by the two orchestras respectively. That idea is erroneously suggested in the extract from Spohr's Biography printed on the programme. On the contrary, themes started in one orchestra are frequently caught up and worked to fuller development in the other; each in turn illustrates, colors and completes what the other has said. The ideal contrasts run through both alike; nor is the contrast always so forcible as one would expect; the gentleness of Spohr, the sweet subdued tone of his picturesque imagination is felt even here. With Beethoven passion would have asserted itself with more defiant and Titanic force; what Raff or Rubinstein would make of such a theme one shudders to imagine.

The weaknesses of Spohr's music we all know well enough. The cloying sweetness of his harmony, abounding in diminished sevenths and in subtile creeping modulations through chromatic intervals, is perhaps the chief one. Heavy-moulded mortal as he was, he had a large vein of sentimentality, as well as a rare gift of original, fresh melody. But he was an artist through and through, a thorough master of form, of the contrapuntal resources, and especially of instrumentation—notably of what is called instrumental coloring—nowhere shown to finer advantage than in this Symphony, which we confess to finding quite as interesting (perhaps because more fresh to us), as the "Weihe der Tone." At all events the entire work, in all three movements, is an exquisite unfolding of ideas lovely in themselves, offset against well-chosen background, and glowing in the shifting atmospheric light of orchestral effects. A few words on each of the three parts.

I. *The World of Childhood.* A single horn in the first orchestra leads off in a quiet, dreamy melody, in sustained tones, *pianissimo*,—a brief *Adagio*, in which you seem to feel the first awakening of consciousness. Then the *Allegretto* sets in with an innocent and childlike melody, (2-4), of a buoyant, soaring character; the wind instruments reinforce it; the melodic figure is inverted in the rounding of the period; and the second orchestra repeats with emphasis the closing part of it; and thus they answer back and forth, until a new theme in strong staccato tones is started in the larger orchestra, like a repeated challenge, instantly answered each time on a high tone *sforzando* by the violins of the solo orchestra, which glide down in triplets as with frolic laughter. (The effect was somewhat disturbed here by the want of perfect tune between the violins; it needed a Joachim or a Spohr for one of them); and so all these motives, cheerful and happy, are variously presented, and the whole repeated in the usual way, to be worked up with still more complex, subtle art of what is called thematic treatment in the second part. It is a charming picture, and the instrumentation simply exquisite. It was finely played too, the solo wind instruments taking up the melodic threads in turn with delicate precision and nice feeling.

II. *The Age of the Passions* furnishes the poetic theme for the most elaborate and longest movement of the Symphony. The *Larghetto*, beginning with uneasy, fitful phrases of the strings in the larger orchestra, hints the coming storm, while presently a melodious duet of the bassoon and clarinet sets in in the solo orchestra, the key remaining doubtful, until the 4-4 measure changes to 12-8, when it settles clearly into A flat, and, on an arpeggio chord accompaniment, Italian fashion, the melody proceeds, a tender love duet; the second orchestra is silent for awhile, but soon begins to disturb the sweet serenity by ominous mutterings in the bass, which gradually gain possession of the quartet even in the solo orchestra, and growing to a climax burst forth (*Allegro*) in the full conflict of the passions wind instruments on one side replying to the impatient violins upon the other. All this is worked up with great fire and energy and with wonderful skill and beauty. The trumpets come in, and the warlike passion now asserts its life; the strife becomes more complicated, as the field continually widens, which only such a master of his art could occupy with life and power so present at all points. The strife is relieved too by occasional moments of repose, melodic hints that seem to pour oil on the waters.

III. *Final Victory of the Divine.* Passion is at its height. A stormy *Presto* (6-4), like a Scherzo, begins in the second orchestra; but sweet, sustained tones of clarinet and bassoon, flute and oboe, in the first band, gradually appease its fury and begin to gain the upper hand, till even the stormy figure itself, transferred to the softer flute and reed tones, acquires a new and gentler expression. At last both orchestras unite in a rich, solemn, tranquillizing *Adagio*, in broad rhythm, and the victory is gained.

Of equal interest and more exciting, more entirely fresh and novel, was the Concerto by Saint-Saëns. We have heard no Concerto by either of the "new" composers comparable to it in point of individuality of genius. It is very modern, to be sure, and very French; but with all its technical difficulties, which are immense, and all its sensational effects, there is a spontaneous energy of life and purpose in it which justify its existence. It departs from the usual Concerto form, beginning with the slowest movement, which is followed by two quick ones. The *Andante Sostenuto* is a broad and massive movement, full of fire and strength, the difficult figures of the piano making up one whole with the rich and noble instrumentation. The *Scherzo* is a sort of hunting strain, full of elasticity and grace; the slight change of rhythm in the second theme lends it a witching charm. This movement was so fascinating and was played with such airy life and freedom, such unflagging, easy energy, that all were delighted and the movement was repeated. The *Presto* has a Tarantella rhythm, and whirls itself away in ever widening circles with an exhaustless impetus. Mr. Lang proved himself fully equal to the unrelenting demands of this most trying movement; and in lend his whole performance was magnificent, surpassing all that he has done before. The task was to his fancy, and he embraced it *con amore*.

—Then came Beethoven, who seemed to say: All that is very well, but now for something serious! and with the first strong tones of *Coriolan*, fire from the heart and centre of the planet, we were in another world.

Bach is for once in the ascendant here, and in the light of such a fresh Spring promise one may forget all strife of rival enterprises. Three of his great vocal works are in preparation: the Cecilia are studying one of his Cantatas for the last Symphony Concert; the Sharland Choral Society are at work on the *Magnificat* for a Thomas concert; and the Handel and Haydn Society have resumed rehearsal of the *Passion Music*. *This* is "progress," in the best sense!

Miss Thursby's Teacher. We cheerfully give place to the following:

Mr. Editor: In an article on the Fifth Harvard Symphony Concert, in the "Journal" of Jan. 22 there is an admirable critique on Miss Thursby's singing, which makes what seems to be a misstatement, however, which I am sure you will be glad to correct. You state that Miss Thursby is a pupil of Mme Rudersdorff. I have had the pleasure of knowing Miss Thursby for some time, and know that she has been studying with Sig. Adelile Errani, of No. 325 E. 14th St., New York, for several years past. To be certain, however, I wrote him, inquiring the exact facts, and he tells me that from Nov. 1, 1871, until Oct. 9, 1875, he has, to his certain knowledge, been Miss Thursby's *only* teacher. While since October last Miss Thursby may have studied with Mme Rudersdorff, it seems to me evident that the greater part of the credit for her training must belong to Sig. Errani, and with so charming and accomplished a singer, it should be understood who it is who has done so much for her voice and style.

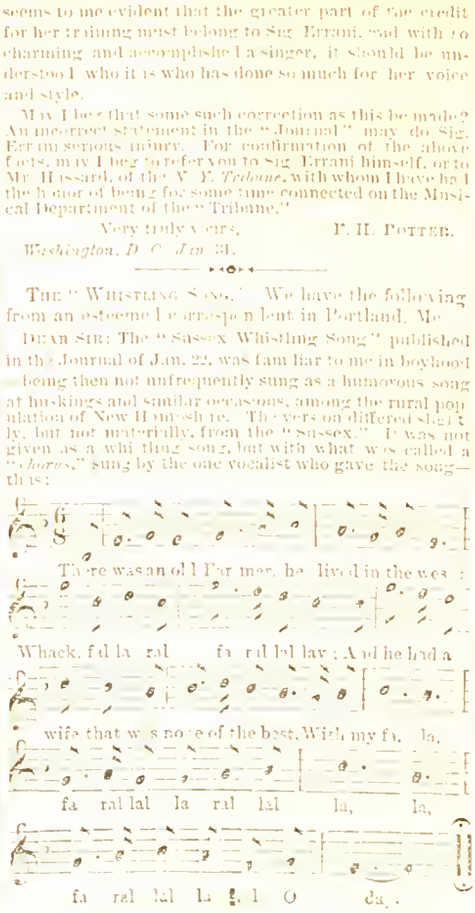
May I hope that some such correction as this be made? An incorrect statement in the "Journal" may do Sig. Errani serious injury. For confirmation of the above facts, may I beg to refer you to Sig. Errani himself, or to Mr. Hassard, of the *N. Y. Tribune*, with whom I have had the honor of being for some time connected on the Musical Department of the "Tribune."

Very truly yours, F. H. Potter.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 31.

The "Whistling Song." We have the following from an esteemed correspondent in Portland, Me.

Dear Sir: The "Sussex Whistling Song" published in the Journal of Jan. 22, was familiar to me in boyhood being then not unfrequently sung as a humorous song at husk ings and similar occasions, among the rural population of New Hampshire. The verses on differed slightly, but not materially, from the "Sussex." It was not given as a whistling song, but with what was called a "chorus," sung by the one vocalist who gave the song—this:



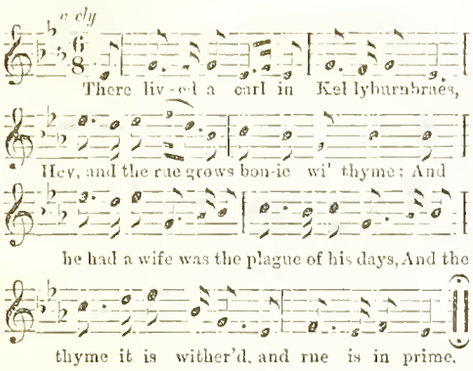
If well whist'ed, the effect might be better,

I should perhaps have hardly troubled you with this, but for the fact that a version of the same thing is given in Johnson's Museum—more at length and with more sharp points—entitled:

"*Kellyburnbraes. Written for this Work by Robert Burns*"

This no more proves that New Hampshire was peopled from Sussex, than that Scotland was, but shows that Burns thought there was enough of humor in the legend to make it worth preserving.

In the Museum, it begins:



It is in the 4th volume of the Museum, and numbered 379.

There is one point in the New Hampshire version, not in either of the others, to wit: that Satan had done a day's plowing for the Farmer, and was to have one of the family as a *quid pro quo*; that when he came for his pay, he was offered the eldest son, but was gallant enough to prefer the Lady. "The effect was the same," according to all three ditties.

I can give you an item of some musical interest. Our "Haydn Association" are studying Handel's *Theodora;* have had three rehearsals and their progress is exceedingly creditable and promising. Yours truly.

Feb. 8, 1876. I. B.

NEW YORK, JAN. 31, 1876. In my last letter I brought the concert record up to the New Year, and upon resuming it now, I find first on the list the fourth Von Buelow

Monday evening, Jan. 3,

y Dr. Damrosch, played

thoven, and also Schu-

rilliant, op. 70, for piano

s concert were artisti-

passepied,

c. Gluck—Gavotte from the ballet "Don Juan."
d. Mozart—Menuet et Gigue.

and following these came a set of Chopin's pieces.

a. Nocturne. Op. 9, No. 3.
b. Ballade. Op 23.
c. Three Valses. Op. 34.

Miss Lizzie Cronyn sang Beethoven's "Song of Penitence," op. 48, and a Romanza from Rossini's "Othello."

At the fifth concert, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 5th, Herr von Buelow, with the co-operation of M. Aubert (Violoncello) played a brilliant composition by Camille Saint-Saëns (Grande Suite, op. 19, in D, and also Chopin's "Introduction and Polonaise for Piano and Violoncello," op. 3. The general effect of both pieces was marred by the bad playing of the violoncellist, whose most apparent faults were weak bowing, uncertainty in stopping, and defective tone.

The vocalist of the evening was Miss Rosa McGeachy, who sang two flashy operatic airs which were completely at variance with the general character of the programme, though not more so than was the singing of the young lady in question. Far from finding fault with her selections I esteem it fortunate, and remember feeling thankful at the time, that she attempted nothing serious.

The only unexceptionable part of the evening's performance was the playing of Herr von Buelow, whose selections were: from Mendelssohn the "Variations serieuses" op. 54, and six songs without words, and from Liszt "cantique d'amour," "LeLac," "Au bord d'une source" and a Valse Impromptu.

Each of these pieces was given with the greatest delicacy of finish and the very perfection of detail, while the genuine poetry of the Mendelssohn Lieder brought into strong relief the artificial character of Liszt's ingenious fancies.

At the sixth concert, on Friday evening Jan. 7th, Rubinstein's sonata, op. 18, for Piano and Violoncello was played by Herr von Buelow and M. Aubert, and the great pianist gave a magnificent performance of Beethoven's Sonata in E flat, op. 31. He played also a group of soli by Schubert, comprising the Elegie, op. 90, No. 3, the Impromptu bearing the same opus number and a "Valse Caprice" arranged by Liszt. The programme ended with Hummel's Grand Septet, op. 74 in which Herr von Buelow had the co-operation of Messrs. Siedler, Gortelmeier, Gewall, Matzka, Bergner and Pfeifeuschneider.

At this concert, Miss Lizzie Cronyn sang "La vita felice", [op. 38] by Beethoven a Canzonetta from "Salvator Rosa" by Gomez, and "Thou'rt like unto a flower" by Rubinstein, in a very acceptable manner.

The programme of the matinée on Saturday, Jan 8th, which ended the series was the same as that of the concert the Monday evening preceding. The concerts were all well attended and they will never be forgotten by those who are interested in music.

On Friday, Jan. 14th, the New York Philharmonic Society gave a matinée at the Academy of Music, with a programme substantially the same as that of the concert of the week following.

The second concert of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society came on Jan. 15th, on which occasion Rubinstein's Dramatic Symphony was played. This work has already been produced in New York by Theo Thomas [twice if I remember rightly] and its bold, fanciful conception and masterly instrumentation have created a profound impression which was still farther confirmed by this performance in Brooklyn. The orchestra seemed to make light of the technical difficulty of the work, which is immense. And, if any one in the audience had the courage to try to understand the work, he must have received valuable assistance from the analysis, by Mr. Dudley Buck, printed in the programme.

Besides this symphony, which is of great length, the orchestra played Beethoven's overture in C, and the Vorspiel to the Meistersinger von Nurnberg, of Wagner. Senor Joseph White of whose admirable violin playing I wrote not long ago, played Mendelssohns' Concerto in E minor, and, for encore, a Gavotte by Bach.

The great charm of Senor White's violin playing is in the quality of the tone he draws from the instrument, which is singularly pure and sweet; other traits however are not lacking.

Miss Tousby sang an air from Handel's Muzio Scevola, and a Recitative and Rondo "Mia Speranza Adorata" by Mozart.

On Saturday evening Jan. 22nd, we had a double allowance of music. The N. Y. Philharmonic society gave their third concert of the season at the Academy of Music with the following bill:

Symphony—No 3, in Eb, major.....Haydn
a. Adagio—Vivace assai. *b.* Adagio cantabile.
c. Menuetto, Allegretto. *d.* Finale, Vivace.
Concerto—For the piano, No. 2, E minor, Op 120, Reinecke
Allegro; Andante quasi Allegro; Finale Allegro.
With Orchestral Accompaniment.
Miss Lina Luckhardt.
Scene and Aria—"Ah perfido,".....Beethoven
Miss Eugenie Pappenheim.

Overture—"Coriolanus," Op. 63.....Beethoven
Recit. e Aria—"Le Nozze di Figaro,"... ....Mozart
Miss Eugenie Pappenheim.
Symphony—No. 1, F major, [first time in America], Meizdorff

The Haydn symphony is an attractive work and it was well played. Of the performance of the rest of the bill I cannot speak with certainty as I did not remain to hear it. The audience was a fair one considering the fact that Thomas at Steinway Hall on the same night gave a concert such as he only [in New York at least] could plan and carry to success. Here the house was filled and even the small hall back of the main auditorium was crowded with attentive listeners. The programme was like an apotheosis of Beethoven. I copy it in full.

Symphony, No. 1, in C, Op. 21,
Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 61.
Allegro ma non troppo—Larghetto—Rondo.
Mr. S. E Jacobsohn and Orchestra.
Symphony, No 9, D minor, Op. 125,
With final Chorus to Schiller's Ode "Hymn to Joy."
Recitative, Solos, Quartet and Chorus.
Mrs. H. M Smith, Miss Antonia Henne, Mr. Wm. J. Winch, Mr. Franz Remmertz.
and
The Oratorio Society of New York.

Space would fail me should I attempt to give an account of this performance in detail, and I will only say that the enormous difficulties presented by the great choral symphony were surmounted with success and apparent ease by the orchestra; and that the singing of the impossible vocal parts was very well done by those to whom they were entrusted, while the chorus was creditable both to the singers and to Dr. Damrosch who directed the singing.

The violin concerto, which is seldom given entire, excited much interest; and the playing of Mr. Jacobsohn displayed all the qualities necessary to the best interpretation of the work.

A. A. C.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

In the Maple Grove. Song and Cho. 3. Bb to f. *Hodges.* 30
"Glossy, golden ringlets, cheeks of rosy hue,
Made my heart a captive, in the maple grove."
Poetry imbued with the beauty of the woodlands, and a nice, neat song every way.

Love's Answer to "Speak to me speak." 3. F to f. *Voorthuysen.* 30
"O, could'st thou lay Thy hand in mine,
My heart to-day Beats but for thine."
Music and words arranged in short, crisp phrases, which are very pretty and effective.

Home so blest. 4. Eb to e. *Abt.* 30
"Oh, home so blest! Oh, sheltered nest!
Oh! land so fair!"
Abt gives us here another "Swallow" song of sweet and classic character. Words by Montgomery.

On the Shore I wait and listen. Song and Cho. 3. Ab to *g.* *Voorthuysen.* 30
"Roll ye waters, murm'ring waters,
Restless waves and rolling foam."
Waiting for the sailor lover, whose boat comes empty to the shore. Fine song and chorus.

Katie, the Rose of Kildare. 3 F to f. *Danks.* 30
"If I were a bird I would soon be a flying,
Across the blue ocean to Katie and home."
A neat imitation of an Irish song with a melody much prettier than the average.

Nobody's Darling but mine. 3 C to *a.* *Danks.* 30
"In your bright eyes softly shine, love,
Visions delightful to see."
Evidently one of the brightest and best of darlings, for none else could prompt such a soaring, brilliant, sparkling love song. For a high tenor or soprano.

Finette. 3. D (minor or major) to d. *Molloy.* 35
"So Gerome came one, and Finette came two,
Two little steps half way."
A decidedly merry little minor song, as pretty as pretty can be.

Instrumental.

Reveries of the Past. Fine lithograph title. Romance for Piano. 4. Eb. *G. D. Wilson.* 75
"Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which we cannot destroy."
Another of Mr. Wilson's fine pieces, which borders on the magnificent in its beauty.

Victoire Galop. 4. F. *Bartlett.* 35
More difficult than most galops; but consider that the "Victoire" is the victory of a college boat club, and nothing short of the brilliant ecstatics of this galop would go with the joys of the winning crew.

Tidal Wave March. 2. G. *Sealey.* 30
A simple march, with "full band" effects.

Ten Pin Galop. 2. D. *Wallis.* 35
As an additional effect, at one place a drum is introduced, giving the rolls of the ball, followed by a glissando, indicating that "all are down."

Forest Echoes. Mazourka. 3. C. *Rosewig.* 30
It has no echo in it, but a most graceful melody, which may well be employed in invoking the echoes.

Come back to Erin. Fantasie. 4. Bb. *Grobe.* 75
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For Bass or Baritone voice. A sensational piece describing the midnight visit of robbers.

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"In a trice, my little daughter."
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A pretty little comic Italian ballad. One of about 30 songs, ably selected and translated by Mr. T. T. Barker. The set is called "Wayside Flowers."

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A bright little bit of sunshiny poetry, in praise of good humor, and against worrying.

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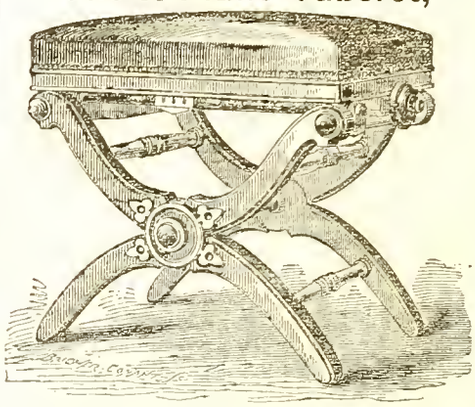

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 910. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAR. 4, 1876. VOL. XXXV. No. 24.

Bach's Magnificat, described by Robert Franz.

[For the benefit of those who listened to the first performance of this great work in Boston, in the Thomas Concert of this week, we reproduce the principal portions of the appreciative analysis by Robert Franz, which we translated in this Journal in the summer of 1867.]

* * * * * * *

1. The first number, a chorus in D major, 3–4 measure, treats the words: "*Magnificat anima mea Dominum*" (My soul doth magnify the Lord). In an extended prelude the master expounds the materials (themes or motives) on which the piece is founded, and which are afterwards brought into more full and conscious presence by the vocal setting. The orchestra, rich and brilliant for that day, embraces the stringed quartet, two flutes, two oboes, three trumpets, tympani, and, as in most of Bach's church works, the Organ. Each and every part is kept extremely individual and independent in its movement, and they group themselves in three distinct choirs: the string quartet, the wind instruments of wood, the brass instruments with drums. The Organ, from which it is well known that Bach used to conduct the church music, must certainly have served very distinct purposes: here supporting, there predominant, here softening and blending, there mediating, it was in the hand of the master the instrument *par excellence* through which he understood how to make his personal influence avail. It cannot be enough lamented, that Bach in the scores of his church music has left us no organ part fully written out; with that we should not only have the works in their completeness, but it would reveal to us new forms of expression, of whose depth and significance we can scarcely form a weak conception. No one certainly, who knows with what unheard of mastery Bach treated this instrument, will find this assertion extravagant.

By the three instrumental groups just mentioned, and in the most unconstrained manner, are now developed just so many *motives*, which dispute the course of the opening number between them. The soaring and elastic leading motive enters first in the oboes; with it is coupled without more delay an accompanying motive, brought in by the three trumpets; out of this again there is at last developed a short side motive, which plays an extremely active part in the subsequent working up. Bach is in the habit of so inventing his themes, that they shall admit of the most various transpositions and inversions; hence they are written according to the rules of double, triple, quadruple and quintuple Counterpoint. Especially does there reside in them a certain rhythmic, melodic and harmonic spring-power, which uplifts you at the outset with the exciting feeling that here all will work itself out, of itself, through the intrinsic vitality of the ideas, the themes, and that the ordering master hand will only intervene to guide, to guard against wanton, arbitrary digressions.

After a modulation into the Dominant, the prelude, concentrating its essential matter closely, returns to the Tonic, in which it makes now a full close. The chorus voices, 1st and 2nd Soprani, Alti, Tenors and Basses, two by two and without instrumental accompaniment, now sieze upon a portion of the main motive, which is presently resumed again in full form by the orchestra, repeating note for note the first half of the prelude. We have already spoken of the remarkably independent and polyphonic conduct of the instrumental introduction; and yet it has been possible for Bach to go still further and to write into this complex score an almost wholly *new* vocal setting of five parts! If the great master, with his inexhaustible wealth, were not at the same time an equally unapproachable model of the noblest simplicity, such audacity could hardly have come off unpunished. But now how is it possible to our ear, to catch such a multiplicity of parts, to comprehend and feel as a unity all these different turns and passages, as they go swiftly whirling by?

We do not deem it indispensable, with Bach, to follow the web of parts in all the details. As in a Gothic cathedral the numberless particulars and minute embellishments only serve to give life and motion to the great whole, but not to draw the attention of the beholder away from that, precisely so it should be with the polyphony of Bach. Bach's harmonies unfold themselves, for the most part, in great, broad proportions—the fundamental basses show this clearly enough;—these great groups he evidently resolves by a melodiously flowing carriage of the parts into smaller groups, giving rise to a multitude of secondary harmonies, busily thronging this way and that way. Now whoever seeks to follow this fleeting, transitory essence, will soon be wrecked, because before one form has completed its whole outline, another is already pressing to the foreground, to give way as quickly to a third, so that all that is single and particular seems to elude the ear. The true significance of the detail, as well as of the whole, is lost by so listening to Bach. One must, much rather, seize upon those great proportions, seek to image them inwardly in his own mind, and from this firm basis learn to look with a sure insight into that seemingly confused, but really most richly artistic, organically developed complication of single parts. Then will those particulars in which the centre of gravity in every passage lies, those which have the decisive word to say, those which are the principal supporters of the artistic design, stand forth of themselves without difficulty; while that which is only intended to be subsidiary, and to round off the musical form in point of style, will cease to exercise any disturbing and bewildering effect. The secret of Bach's manner of leading on the parts lies in the close and intimate relation of each single part to the whole;—accordingly the understanding must keep in view, in the first line, the development of *the whole*, and seek through this to *orient* itself in regard to the particulars. Even for the musician, with the most searching study, entering into the smallest details, it will never do to leave this out of sight, unless he would run the risk of misunderstanding Bach.

Now here our first Chorus, in spite of the richest fullness and variety, unfolds itself essentially in the most simple forms. As a first change the Dominant is introduced, from which the chorus in its further course takes a side direction to the parallel key (or relative minor). From this the modulation swerves unconstrainedly back toward the Tonic, touches the Subdominant in passing, and finally makes a full close in the Tonic. Ornate melodic cadences mark the end points of the principal keys and give a tender lyric breath to the grand, majestic forms. After the vocal setting has come to an end, the orchestra comes forward again with an independent post-lude, which is taken from the second half of the prelude. We see how simply and with what comprehensive oversight Bach knew how to lay out the fundamental relations of his plan! Dazzling splendor and jubilant joy, as of each meeting each in the most graceful interwinings of tones, are the leading attributes of this first number. Keeping expectation on the stretch, it admirably prepares you for the following, and is like the festively decorated entrance to the temple, in which songs of thanksgiving and praise resound to the might and mercy of the Lord.

2. The next sentence brings a Solo (D major, 3–8 measure), which in a lovely manner flashes back as individual feeling the same emotions, to which the chorus has lent a broad and weighty expression. The voice part, a Second Soprano, treats the words of the text: "*Et exultavit spiritus meus in Deo salutari meo*" (And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour), and is accompanied by the string quartet, here and there interrupted by the Organ. A gently soaring motive, seconded in easy play by an intervening bass figure, which afterwards, as the whole goes on expanding, imparts itself ornamentally to the first violin, controls almost exclusively the development of this mild and tender Arioso. Here all so rounds itself to the most beautiful symmetry of forms, that the last half of each musical sentence seems to flow from the first half of itself. Such a bright, childlike joy, which runs along so wholly unobstructed and untroubled, could only spring from the absolute purity of a virgin heart.

3. Quite different is the character of the number which now follows, an Aria for the First Soprano (B minor, 4–4 measure), to which a Chorus is appended in the most immediate connection. The solo part is built upon the words: "*Quia respexit humilitatem ancillæ suæ: ecce enim ex hoc beatam me dicent*"—the chorus, on their continuation: "*omnes generationes.*" (For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden, for, behold, from thenceforth all generations shall call me blessed). Plain and simple as the style seems in which the Air is

outwardly disposed of—the song is only accompanied by an *Oboe d'amore* and the Organ—its depth of feeling is most touching. Bach conceives the text words not only within the situation in which they present themselves; his musical conception evidently reaches far beyond. In Mary he perceives not only the humble, lowly maid, to whom the Saviour of the world has just been announced and who in blissful peace enjoys the consciousness of this great boon—he rather, with a prophet's eye, sees in her that mother of God, whose Son is to bear and to atone for the sins of the world under a servile form. How else shall we explain the uneasy, fearful, plaintive tone that like a dark veil settles down over all the still repose and devotion? And still more is this mystical conception of Bach confirmed, when we take into view the character of the chorus that falls in so swiftly, in F-sharp minor, 4–4 time. In wild, eager haste the voice-parts rush in at the close of the solo piece and, as if driven by demonic forces, tower to such a colossal height of expression, that it is easy enough to imagine that the master seeks to bring before us here a world-convulsion of the most unexampled kind and from its remotest starting point. Perhaps there floated over his deep soul in the moment of creation the words of Christ: "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword."

The extremely energetic theme is first seized by the Bass, around which the second Soprano, Alto and Tenor start off with a whirling motion. Then follow the further entrances of the theme, which constantly draws after it a powerful, wildly excited figure; they succeed each other in half measures blow on blow. A far reaching sequence crowds it tone by tone upward, till it at last finds a momentary point of rest in the parallel key, A major. But without rest or peace the heaving masses roar along in a new onslaught, which shapes itself, if possible, in still bolder and more gigantic proportions, hurrying toward another goal, the key of the Dominant, C-sharp minor. Thus far an angrily murmuring bass figure has roared below the voices, irresistibly (in obedience to that sequence) working its way up out of the dark depths. Suddenly the Halt! is given to the *Basso Continuo:* sharp and heavy orchestral strokes, marking the Dominant Chord of F-sharp minor on the first and third quarter of the measure with full force, follow, and so form a sort of *Organ point*, above and within which now the main theme is heard in the most fabulous contractions. Imitations in five-part Canon, in unison and in the octave, in swift succession on the quarter beats, press onward to a strange, uncomfortable hold (*fermata*), which forms in a certain sense the decisive crisis of our stormy chorus. For after this the voices, swiftly hastening to the conclusion, move with almost *homophonous* uniformity, as if blended into steadfast unity—the purification process, although after violent conflicts, is fulfilled in them!

5. To the wild unrest of the number just described there now succeeds, in splendid contrast, a Bass Solo (in A major, 4–4 measure), with the words: "*Quia fecit mihi magna, qui potens est, et sanctum nomen ejus*" (For He that is mighty hath done to me great things, and holy is his name). Here all breathes warm and heart-felt thankfulness for the great things which the Lord hath done to us; all praise his holy name. The economy of this Aria is really admirable and could hardly be surpassed. A characteristic and expressive motive of the *basso continuo*, forming four measures, repeats itself continually in the most different positions and intervals through the whole movement. First it diverges to the Dominant key, from which, by a gentle transition, it reaches the parallel key, F-sharp minor. Then we are led into the Mediant, from which the Tonic springs again as if new-born. The voice part takes its material partly from this theme; partly it moves, calmly and full of dignity, in free and independent figures, which mount and float above it like the smoke of a thank-offering.

* * * * * * *

6. The next number of the *Magnificat* brings us a Duet between the Alto and the Tenor, in E minor, 12–8 measure, to the words: "*Et misericordia a progenie in progenies timentibus eum*" (And his mercy is on them that fear him from generation to generation). Here again Bach shows himself a deep interpreter of the words of the text, with a fine knowledge of the human heart. The tender mercy of the Lord in its effect on those who fear him is musically delineated in masterly outlines. The voices are supported by the string quartet—the violins and viola muted, the former doubled by the flutes. In this duplication the violins and flutes exchange their brilliant and softer tone-colors, as if Bach meant to indicate the at once elevating and soothing influence of the divine mercy on the heart that turns toward it. At the words: "*timentibus eum*," the instruments are mostly silent and leave the accompaniment to the Organ. The concluding turn of the voice parts is startlingly effective through the astonishing boldness of the modulation.

7. The following Chorus forms a grand contrast to this mild Duet. Its far reaching, powerful main theme, majestically entering in a compass of an octave and a half, first brings the words: "*Fecit potentiam*" (He hath showed strength). Against this "*potentia*," spreading itself in all directions, infinitely mobile, Bach offsets a motive on the words: "*in brachio suo*" (with his arm), which seems to embody an opposite and yet kindred element, a compressed force, self-poised yet tensely strained. The main theme, entering first in the Tenor, is attended from the outset by smart rhythmical blows of the other voice parts, with which the orchestra—but without trumpets and drums—joins in imitative beats. Then the Alto takes it, while the Tenor develops the counter-motive: "*in brachio suo*," and the other vocal and orchestral parts continue their strong rhythmical movement. The theme is now handed over to the Second Soprano, then to the Bass, afterwards to the First Soprano and finally to the orchestra. The voices, however, which have already executed it, leave that rhythmical figure more and more to the orchestra and take an ever freer attitude in the richest contrapuntal forms, so that shortly before the entrance of the main motive in the orchestra they are all engaged in fully independent motion. Meanwhile two new accessory motives have introduced themselves on the word: "*dispersit*" (he hath scattered), symbolizing it in pictorial forms. The *Continuo*, for its part, supports this wonderful structure in rhythms proper to itself, and admirably corresponding to the character of the whole. At last one of the accessory motives of the "*dispersit*" remains alone upon the field and suddenly forces out, in a shrill chord broken short off, the word that completes its sense, "*superbos*" (the proud).

* * * * * * *

8. The chorus is succeeded by a Tenor Solo, in F-sharp minor, 3–4 measure, which in its essential features shows a kindred feeling. It treats the text: "*Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles*" (He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree). Here too Bach has not allowed the obvious antitheses to escape him, and has known how to present them energetically and characteristically enough.

9. The following number, an Alto Solo, in E major, 4–4 measure, again, is in strong contrast. Two flutes, the *Continuo* and the organ falling in occasionally, accompany the melody to the words: "*Esurientes implevit bonis et divites dimisit inanes*" (He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent away empty). The Aria has that expression of mildness and repose, which stirs our soul so beautifully, without wearying by monotony. The flutes move mostly in sixths and thirds, holding fast to an extremely peculiar rhythm, and only now and then are off-set against each other in ingenious play. The words: "*implevit bonis*," and then again: "*dimisit inanes*" are expressed in a masterly manner; the hungry ones ("*esurientes*") have as it were a cornucopia of blessings poured upon them, while the rich ("*divites*") come out empty with a barren figure. The course of the whole aria completes itself so naturally and quietly, the direct intervention of the Highest in the fate of mortals has so many heart-winning traits, that one is almost forced to complain that the beautiful number should glide past so swiftly.

10. The charm of the last piece is one that seizes upon you immediately. Bach follows it up with a conception, full of deep significance, which transports you into remote times, into another world, a movement which may well be regarded as forming the very central point and kernel of the whole. The primeval melody of the *Magnificat*, which the Church used also for the *Benedictio*,—its origin dates back into the 7th century—appears now in the oboes as *canto fermo*, with three female voices (two sopranos and an alto) mysteriously playing about it, to the words: "*Suscepit Israel puerum suum, recordatus misericordiæ*" (He hath holpen his servant Israel, in remembrance of his mercy). In gentle strokes the violoncello marks the fundamental harmonies, rather hinting than actual executing them. The *canto fermo* floats mildly gleaming, like a staff, over the voice parts, lifting them as by a soft attraction to itself. The vocal setting, on its part, heaves and fluctuates towards it in lovely imitations, the several voices taking up the thread and passing it on to one another in artful involution. All seems to draw life and motion from the primeval sounds. For the two lines of the Choral the master uses two portions of accompanying matter: that is, to the first line the voices sing the "*suscepit Israel puerum suum*," and to the second line the "*recordatus misericordiæ*." Both divisions of the text, again, find their peculiar musical treatment. The motive to "*suscepit Israel puerum suum*" is employed directly and in the inverted form, a mode of representation which answers characteristically enough to the helping hand of the Lord; the "*recordatus misericordiæ*," on the contrary, develops itself without the use of such artistic means, and so all the more effectually glorifies the eternal mercy and compassion.

Although the voice parts in their circling movements sometimes cut across each other, yet these momentary hardnesses are always mitigated by the independent individual movement of each part, and rather serve to lend to the whole piece a certain extraordinary and mystical stamp. And this may have been precisely Bach's intention. The union of just those words, which describe the redeeming mercy of the Lord towards his servant Israel, with the venerable tones of the old *Magnificat* or (in the sense of the Church) the still more significant *Benedictio*, is surely not an accidental one and points to such a conception. If now we direct attention to the contrast of this number to the Chorus: "*Omnes generationes*," if we point out how in the two Christianity is first presented in its world-disturbing and then in its world-redeeming aspect, we thereby gain a new point of view, which shows Bach's immeasurable greatness in the clearest light.

The form and substance of the piece just analyzed have reminded us repeatedly of those imperishable words of Luther, which have such convincing efficacy because they proceeded from the deepest insight. He says:

"Where the natural Musica is sharpened and polished by Art, there we first see and recognize with wonder the great and perfect wisdom of God in this wondrous work of his called Music, in which *this* above all is strange and wonderful: that one voice sings the mere tune, along with which three, four or five other parts are sung, which as it were with jubilation playing and springing around the said mere melody, in all sorts of ways and sound, do marvellously embellish and adorn the same, and lead off as it were a heavenly dance, meeting each other friendlily and fondly hugging and embracing."

Powerfully confirming what precedes, there now sets in a Chorus, in D major, *alla breve*, to the words: "*Sicut locutus est ad patres nostros, Abraham et semini ejus in secula*" (As he spake to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed forever). Suitably to its contents, this text is used for a vocal fugue, energetically supported by the *Basso Continuo* and the Organ. That Bach is the unrivalled master in the fugue form, is universally agreed. And so here too he solves his problem with a playful ease and perfect skill. To the marrowy main theme: "*sicut locutus est ad patres nostros*" are one by one added various secondary motives, the first with the words: "*Abraham et semini ejus*," the second with: "*sicut*

locutus est," and the third with: "*in secula*," which all unite together at the last entrance but one of the theme in the bass. The significant harmony of word and tone needs scarcely to be mentioned.

Bach's fugues are commonly written in a Counterpoint of as many kinds as there are voice parts employed. By an apt inversion of these the master with the simplest means often reaches the greatest effects. In general he works out his main theme in three, four or five parts, and gives to each single part a character as independent and as individual as possible; this material, almost exclusively, is discussed throughout the further course of the movement. Accordingly one might believe that here, after all, the mechanical prevailed rather than the organic. Up to a certain point this may be admitted; but then we must not overlook the way in which Bach knows how to invent his themes; he breathes into them such an elastic energy, that in all positions and relations they appear always fresh and new.

Towards the end our fugue moulds itself somewhat freely, and thus admirably prepares the character of the concluding number.

12. With the "*Sicut locutus est*" Mary's song of praise is properly ended. But for a more definite rounding off of the *Magnificat*, the verse: "*Gloria Patri, gloria Filio, gloria Spiritui Sancto! Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in secula seculorum, Amen*," is added, once more summing up the whole in a grand, broad feeling.

This concluding piece is divided in its outward structure into two main parts, the first taking the words "*Gloria Patri*," etc., and the second the "*Sicut erat in principio*, (As it was in the beginning), etc. The five chorus parts, accompanied by the orchestra, with the exception of the trumpets and drums, which only come in at the "*gloria spiritui Sancto*," and the organ, break out at first in a short, energetic exclamation: "*Gloria!*" Thereupon the Organ, *tasto solo*, holds out the deep A as organ-point, upon which now an unprecedented tone-picture builds itself up. The Bass, followed by the other voice parts at intervals of half a measure, unrolls without further accompaniment a strongly soaring triplet figure, which, after traversing three bars, plunges into the "gloria Patri," flashing as with super-earthly splendor, when the orchestra again falls in with all its might, resuming that loud exclamation. These sweeping onsets are repeated on the organ-point E, only reversing the order in which the voices enter, to the "*gloria Filio*," and then again upon the organ-point B, but with a new motive, to the "*gloria Spiritui sancto*."—The voices in the eager rush of their ascent to the triune God seem to tumble over one another, until the need of community again unites them upon far resounding *five-six* chords; they seem to wish to take heaven by storm, but to sink upon their knees, not crushed, but jubilant, before the eternal splendor. And here right clearly Music shows the power peculiar to itself alone, of representing highest transcendental moods in full reality; the expressive faculty of other arts is very far from reaching it in this direction.

After this introduction follows the second half of the chorus, with the words: "*Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper et in secula seculorum, Amen*." Bach here turns back to the opening number of the work, letting its leading motive float before us once more in a condensed form. The satisfactory rounding off thus given to the whole work is worthily in keeping with the preceding traits of perfect beauty.

The "Edinburgh Review" on Wagner.

[Concluded from Page 180.]

The writer goes into a detailed description of "Tristan and Isolde," quoting from the libretto; as to this latter, he says:—

The *libretto* of an opera has seldom much claim to literary merit; but of all the doggerel we ever met with "to be said or sung" on the stage, Herr Wagner's verses appear to us to be the worst. Childish jingle and tasteless alliteration take the place of rhythm and poetry; and whatever he may have done with the art of Mozart and Beethoven, he has certainly prostituted the language of Schiller and Goethe. But it would be cruel to judge such trash by any known literary standard.

Yet the mere perusal of the work shows a certain power and intensity in the general treatment of the legend, so wild and exciting in itself, so full in one sense of human interest. We cannot but remark in particular the genius for dramatic effect displayed in the manner in which Wagner opens each act: how he gives the local color and feeling of the surroundings; on the ship—in the palace gardens on the summer night—in the castle where the horn of the Breton herdsman heard outside gives the first indication that we are on new ground; and the art with which he excites the expectation of the spectator by one device after another, while withholding the climax of the scene. Yet when we regard the work from a musical point of view, we are full of misgivings. Points there are which at once assert themselves, no doubt; such as the prelude and scenic music of the second act: the ecstatic rush of the violins in a phrase which becomes a prominent feature of the great scene between the lovers, entering first at the words, "O Wonne der Seele;" the short low "Ha!" upon a high note, amid the dead silence of everything else, with which Isolde recognizes that her lover is dead; the opening and close of the final dirge; and others which have been and might be adduced. But without repeating what we have already said as to the place of rhythm in music, the vocal portions seem for the most part to be written with an absolute and determined ignoring of the fact that certain intervals are more natural to the voice and the ear than others. Even the sailor and the herdsman cannot be allowed to sing and pipe naturally; they sing and pipe in Wagnerian intervals. Wagner speaks in one place, and speaks eloquently, of the wonderful power of music "which, by means of the firm precision of melodic expression, lifts even the gifted singer so high above the level of his personal performances." But even the *most* gifted singer will look in vain for this "precision of melody," except in a few isolated sentences. The voice is dragged through such tortuous and unnatural paths that the really free expression of feeling on the part of the singer seems often almost incompatible with the strain on the ear, and the attention necessary to keep in correct relation with the labyrinth of orchestral accompaniments, in regard to which the singer is, as before observed, only an instrument among the other instruments. Without forgetting the stricture which Gluck passed upon those who judged of his operas apart from their effect on the stage, we cannot but think that the uncertainty and confusion of tonal relation in the vocal melodies, as well as in the harmonic construction of the orchestral part, implies not merely an indifference to scientific method (which is debatable ground), but an ignoring of the physical basis of music, which rests on demonstrable facts, and by which its æsthetic form must necessarily, within certain limits, be determined. That Wagner, in his attempt to give to musical drama the unrestrained freedom of spoken drama, has overstepped these limits, must, we think, be the ultimate conclusion based on such a work as "Tristan." Nor do we believe that the brilliant and powerful points in the work can ever, with any but a very partial audience, adequately atone for the tedium inseparable from a method which allows so little relief and contrast of manner and effect, and which, discarding the resources of amplification and extension of musical form, and emphasizing every detail of the words, keeps the musical expression, so to speak, at a white heat throughout, and never allows the listener a moment's repose. Nevertheless, we are of opinion that an adequate performance of "Tristan und Isolde" ought to be given in London at an early date, and this unique experiment in musical drama be subjected to a fair test.

Next the writer sketches the chief features of the "Ring des Nibelungen," in which he finds many beauties. But he goes on to remark:—

On the other hand, one cannot but be struck, in reading these scores, as we were in hearing "Lohengrin," at the sometimes almost absurd disproportion between the orchestral effect and the poem and action. The rush of the band, with the whole added power of more brass instruments than we have time to count up, to emphasize with an overpowering *fortissimo* some word or gesture which seems totally unworthy of such tremendous emphasis, almost provokes a smile at times at the disproportion between cause and effect. Big scores do not necessarily make great music either. Meyerbeer has not thrown Gluck into the shade, nor has Spontini superseded Mozart. We cannot ignore the fact, again, that we meet in Wagner's scores with a constant recurrence of certain resources of effect, repeated to an extent which amounts to mannerism. One of these, the incessant reiteration, namely, of a particular orchestral phrase or figure, till it mechanically takes the ear by storm, seems to us to be little more than a trick played on the physical susceptibilities of the audience, and, as Wagner sometimes uses it, a very cheap trick. But a still more serious drawback to our allegiance is the puerility, to English ideas, of much of Wagner's dramas, which illustrate only too well that peculiar childish element in the German mind, the presence of which to a certain extent even in Goethe formed, perhaps, the one national weakness of that otherwise most cosmopolitan genius. When "Lohengrin" was produced in London last year, probably a good many besides ourselves may have wondered whether it was possible in any country but Germany that such a mere fairy extravaganza should be made the subject of such solemn and elephantine moralizing as has been expended upon what is supposed to be the *morale* of this opera. The case is certainly not bettered when we come to the "Ring des Nibelungen;" and as we light on the passage where Fricka (the Juno of the mythus) shakes her sleeping spouse at daybreak, and says, "wake up, man, and bestir yourself!" or where Alberic changes himself first into a serpent and then into a frog, and his windings in the one case and jumpings in the other are grotesquely illustrated by the band; when we see the pages on pages of elaborate scoring in accompaniment to the movements of creatures whose efforts at speech extend little beyond "Heia!" "Wallaia!" or "Hojotoho!" when we hear of the special contrivances by which the stage will be filled with different colored mists at pleasure, or read the stage-direction in the scene of the fight between the hero and Fafner in the form of a dragon, in "Siegfried"—"The machine, which represents the dragon, is during the fight brought somewhat nearer the foreground, to a point where a new trap door (Versenkung) opens under it, through which the player of the part of Fafner sings through a speaking-trumpet"—we may, perhaps, be pardoned if we find the sentence about "the highest and most significantly beautiful that the human mind can adore" recurring rather oddly to us, or if we even feel some doubts about the raising of music to its highest intellectual province by associating it with the ordinary "business" of a Christmas pantomime. These daring decorators exactly challenge the sarcasm of Pope:—

"Knights, squires, and steeds must enter on the stage,
So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.
Then build a new, or act it on the plain.

For it is not only as a new exponent of musical drama that Wagner comes before us. His theory aims at much more than placing this one form of musical production on a new basis. His position amounts to nothing less than this; that purely instrumental music is practically dead; that it has run its course and said all that it has to say; has been weighed in the balance and found wanting; and that the highest mission and true end and object of music is only realized when it is the exponent of poetry, and that this is the climax towards which music has been consistently progressing; and Beethoven, the great poet of instrumental music, is claimed as the inaugurator of this new era.

A few pages are devoted by the *Edinburgh* reviewer to the demolition of the ridiculous argument, of which we have heard much, that because Beethoven introduced poetry and voice-music into his ninth (choral) symphony, the great master had "abandoned the idea of purely instrumental music." On this point the writer says:—

There is not a tittle of evidence to render it improbable that his "Tenth Symphony," had he lived to write it, would not have been as purely an instrumental work as any of the first eight. Had he died just after writing the "Pastoral Symphony," it might equally have been urged that he had adopted what is now called "programme music" as the true end of the art; but his two next symphonies (the first of them a much greater and more recondite work than the "Pastorale") are without note, hint, or comment of any kind. About the middle of his career he wrote a pianoforte fantasia with chorus, but so far from subsequently confining himself to this form, he never repeated it, and his most elaborate works for pianoforte solo were written long after. We are asked to regard these accidents as essentials, because it suits the theory of Wagner's disciples; while the fact is ignored that Beethoven's very last great pianoforte sonata concludes with a set of variations as brilliantly and symmetrically elaborated, as purely music for the sake of music, as anything that Mozart (or even Bach) ever wrote. Nor can the view which regards the finale of the "Choral Symphony" as the roof and crown of the composer's works be accepted by a sound and

calm criticism. The theme to which the first verse of Schiller's ode is set is magnificent, and the whole movement full of the grandest suggestions of genius; but if a work of art is to be judged, as surely it ultimately must be, by its finish in form as well as by its greatness of idea, this finale must be regarded rather as a colossal sketch than a finished picture—vast and glorious in its perspectives, but wavering in outline, uncertain in composition, unequal in finish, in comparison with many previous works of its author. It is a popular fallacy to suppose that Beethoven was a kind of vast irregular genius (as the French critics used to imagine Shakespeare), overflowing with "Geist," but indifferent to artistic form and finish. On the contrary, he was one of the most consummate artists in feeling and practice that ever lived, and the minute and detailed finish of all his finest works is as remarkable as their pathetic power. But these qualities are ignored, and a wholesale misrepresentation of the scope of his genius put forth, because the adherents of Wagner are determined to persuade the world that Wagner is a Beethoven, in pursuance of which end they use all their ingenuity to prove that Beethoven was no more than a Wagner.

The theory of a "poetic basis" for music is weighed in the same manner, and easily found wanting; with its kindred and equally specious notion that music should have a purpose and a meaning. He says:—

As Michael Angelo took a delight in the drawing and fore-shortening of a figure for its own sake, and thereby expressed the power that was in him, so the older composers took a delight in the working out of a theme for its own sake, and thereby expressed the power that was in them, and gave us that which speaks no definite language, certainly, but which appeals to what is beyond the reach of language—to the metaphysical sense of a divine order and harmony, of which music is the most subtle and at the some time the most direct and comprehensive expression. But, says Wagner, Beethoven's symphonies, and all instrumental music expressing anything more than mere "tone play," awaken in the listener that troublesome question, "Why? Wherefore?" which the musician cannot answer, and which only the addition of the dramatic action can satisfy. We might perhaps be allowed to question whether Wagner's own employment of all the resources of a great orchestra to illustrate such glorified pantomime as "Lohengrin" and parts of the "Nibelungen" amount to, with their "real horses," and dwarfs, and dragons, and phantasmagoric effects, is not calculated in its own way to provoke a more unanswerable "*warum?*" than anything in Beethoven's symphonies could awaken; or whether it can be seriously urged that a listener who felt the want of an ultimate meaning to the first movement of the "Eroica Symphony" would really feel his intellectual enjoyment and perception heightened by the vision of the hero behind the footlights with a tin helmet and shield. But the fact is that the "Why?" spoken of only exists in the minds of those who are under the domination of a theory, or who are deficient in musical education, perception, or sympathy, and consequently unable to apprehend the "unknown tongue" of the musical poet; or if to others the "Why?" exist at all, it is in a form which neither wishes nor requires an answer. To attempt to answer it by a definite explanation is to substitute a finite pleasure and significance for an infinite one—to bring down music from its real "poetic basis" to the prosaic level demanded by listeners who are destitute of feeling and imagination. This is the case to some extent even with so poetic a piece of programme music as the "Pastoral Symphony," which is accordingly the one generally presented to "popular" audiences, who are furnished with annotations telling them where to look out for the nightingale, and where for the thunderstorm, etc. Its successor, the symphony in A, appeals to higher intellectual perceptions, and demands a much higher class of audience for its appreciation. That this also sprang from some definite mood or impulse in the composer's mind, we may readily imagine; but when the edifice is complete, what further need of the plans or the scaffolding? Should we gain anything if, in listening to that wonderful intermediate episode in the scherzo—that slower movement which seems to speak of some vague and solemn glory such as "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," we were to be offered a label to tell us the meaning of it? Would we not rather listen in the spirit of a modern poet expressed in a sonnet "written during music":—

"O! what is this that knows the road I came?"

The absurdities, again, which the attempt to tack a definite meaning to music sometimes gives rise to, are instructive enough. In Mendelssohn's "Meerestille" overture, for instance, the little flourishes for the flute before the allegro commences have always been explained to mean the first "catspaws" of the breeze on the water; but it appears that the composer, when asked one day about it, laughingly confessed that he believed the passage had been suggested by a little pasteboard figure of an opera-dancer on the mast of a fishing boat, which kicked up a leg when the breeze caught it. Last season an overture by a clever young English musician, Mr. Gadsby, was played at the Crystal Palace concerts, which its author had named "The Witches' Frolic" (a heading from the "Ingoldsby Legends") as a title appropriate to a work of rather piquant and faërie character. But this was not enough; and three or four pages of the programme were filled with a reprint of Barham's vulgarity, that the audience might lose nothing towards the right understanding of the music. It is due to the composer to say that he denied any complicity in this remarkable effort of programme analysis; but such a *reductio ad absurdum* is none the less suggestive of what the "poetic basis" theory may lead us to. A more serious possible result, already too largely illustrated, is that if music is to be valued for an arbitrary meaning attached to it, beauty of melody and purity of harmonic relation come to be, theoretically if not practically, of no consequence; and a determined theorist may persuade his ears, on principle, to like almost anything. It is only on such a supposition that we can understand the existence of the extraordinary cacophony presented to us as music in some recent instrumental compositions, and in many parts of Wagner's operas.

The following extract concludes the essay:—

Nothing, we may add, tends more to awaken suspicion as to the real importance or greatness of Wagner's contribution to the progress of the art than the atmosphere of intolerance, exaggeration, and what we fear must be called "humbug," which seems to surround it everywhere. A reference to the essay by Mr. Dannreuther, in *Macmillan's Magazine* of May last, in which the ground is cleared for Wagner by the direction of a fire of abuse against every previous and contemporary opera composer (with a partial reservation in favor of Gluck and Mozart), will give some idea of the lengths to which the fervor of the clique is carried. On the other hand, if we were to quote some average specimens of the eloquence of inspired Wagnerian prophets, most of our readers would probably think a hoax was being put upon them. What the smaller fry of the Anglo-German critics are equal to may be partly imagined from what we find in the writing of Mr. Hueffer, their best representative. Amid repeated sneers at "the British Philistine," we read such sentences as, "the Titan was again making giant strides towards Utopia," or are invited to recognize, in the critic's "rough outline" of Wagner, "the features of a grand immortal countenance, wrought by Nature's own hands, and stamped by her with the indelible sign of genius; a man whom you must reckon with one way or another; if not, the book of artistic revelation will be for ever sealed against you with seven seals;" a sentence which only wants Mr. Burchell's monosyllabic comment to make it complete. To point out the futility and vulgarity, even from a literary point of view, of this kind of writing, would probably be as useless in regard to those who are content to indulge in it, as it would be superfluous in regard to most of our own readers.

We have no wish, however, to saddle Wagner with all the sins of his admirers, and may admit that the time has not arrived for forming a decisive judgment on the place of his works in the art. We do, however, distinctly decline to contemplate his method and his productions as the vestibule to a higher and more intellectual development of the art of music than has yet been attained; not only for reasons already given, in regard to the union of music with spectacle, but also because the whole *genre* of his heart shows the qualities which have always marked a period of decadence—the preference for impulse and sentiment before form, color before outline; and the intense self-consciousness as to method and principle; for, in spite of the sneers with which this argument is greeted by the partisans of Wagner (whose peculiar irritability on this point betrays their consciousness of its significance), the unquestionable fact remains that in no past art, and in no past period, have any of the greatest and most enduring achievements of art-creation arisen out of theories proclaimed with sound of trumpet in the market-place. Theories are the refuge of a genius deficient in spontaneous power. Wagner's first noteworthy opera, "Rienzi," is a comparatively weak work, much inferior even to the works of Meyerbeer, of which it was an imitation. Beethoven's two first symphonies, on the contrary, placed him at once nearly on a level with Mozart, as his first pianoforte sonatas placed him at once in advance of Mozart. But for his subsequent wonderful development of the art he advanced neither theories nor explanations, nor did he surround himself with a cohort of laudatory scribes. To pronounce on the value of Wagner's works as a form of musical drama is, as we have observed, premature. We may direct attention, however, to deductions to be drawn from a somewhat close analogy between this and what was sometime called the "pre-Raffaelite" movement in painting. Both referred in the first instance to early Church art as a model; both have directed violent and exaggerated condemnation against what they have termed the "Pagan" school represented in the one art by Raffaelle, and in the other by Mozart; both have combined a strong feeling as to the *morale* of art with an indifference to the ordinary elements of beauty and to the higher grade of technical power; both have been at daggers drawn with all the art of their contemporaries, and have been the centres, each of a clique of critics, distinguished by the "solidarity" and the bigotry of their opinions and what they call their judgments. It is not unreasonable, perhaps, to infer that the ultimate results of the two movements may be equally similar; and that as the pre-Raffaelite school has exercised a permanent influence on English painting, infusing into it a greater intensity of purpose and aim, and rendering impossible again the acceptance of the flaccid execution and weak sentimentality which distinguished the style immediately preceding it, while the extravagances and uncomelinesses of the new style have insensibly dropped away and been almost forgotten; so it will be ultimately recognized on all hands, that while Wagner has given a new impulse to musical drama, has indicated new possibilities in it for musical effect, and has rendered impossible for the future any recurrence to the weak, gaudy, and (in a sense) almost demoralizing tinsel style of modern Italian opera, that nevertheless such a reform is consistent with, if not dependent upon, the abrogation of much of his extravagance both of theory and practice, and that it offers no excusable or logical ground for the combination of a clique of German critics to defame and deface that fair and stately temple of absolute music, which is, or ought to be, the great intellectual pride and glory of their race.

Revival of the Minuet.

HOW IT WAS DANCED IN WASHINGTON'S DAY.

For the first time in this city since Washington's day, as it is believed, the genuine *minuet de la cour* was danced Tuesday night at the Academy of Music in the cause of charity. It opened the ball, as it did in the age of the Grand Monarch in France. It was simply an illustration of the minuet by twenty or more young people, who have been practising its intricacies diligently for the last month. What passes current by the name of the minuet in the dancing academies of this and other cities is only a quadrille with the flavor of the stately old-time dance whose name it has appropriated. Properly, the minuet is danced only in couples, as are the galop and waltz and other round dances of the present day, the cheaper currency which has driven out of use the better sterling coin of a former period. It was so danced in colonial days. There lives in Germantown, Pennsylvania, a silver-haired old lady, born over one hundred years ago, named Mrs. Margaret Boggs, who, at one of the courtly private assemblages of that era, led the minuet with Washington, and from her it is possible to learn the manner of the genuine *minuet de la cour* without resorting to the libraries. The occasion was a tea party of about twenty guests, of which Mrs. Boggs, then eighteen, was one. She wore that evening a satin dress with a very long train—so long, in fact, that it was necessary for her maids to come behind and lift it as she walked. Her hair was arranged in front like a cushion, and fell in natural curls down her shoulders, and was all powdered, after the pretty colonial fashion. Washington led her by the hand to the door. The music was slow and dignified, almost choral in its character. After a profound salutation to the company, three slow steps were taken, followed by an equally grave salutation to each other. At this point a modern society girl

MAY SONG.

M. Hauptmann.

Un poco vivace. (♩ = 120.)

mf

'Mong the wheat fields and corn, By the

mf

mf

'Mong the wheat fields and corn, By the

mf

mf *mf*

green hedge and thorn, On the sha-dy grass plat. Where's my darl - ing?

green hedge and thorn, On the sha-dy grass plat, Where's my darl - ing?

Tell me that! Where's my darl - ing? Tell me that!

Tell me that!

Tell me that! Where's my darl - ing? darl - ing? Tell me that!

dolce.

Is my sweet-heart not at home? Whith - er can the

dolce.

p.

not at home?

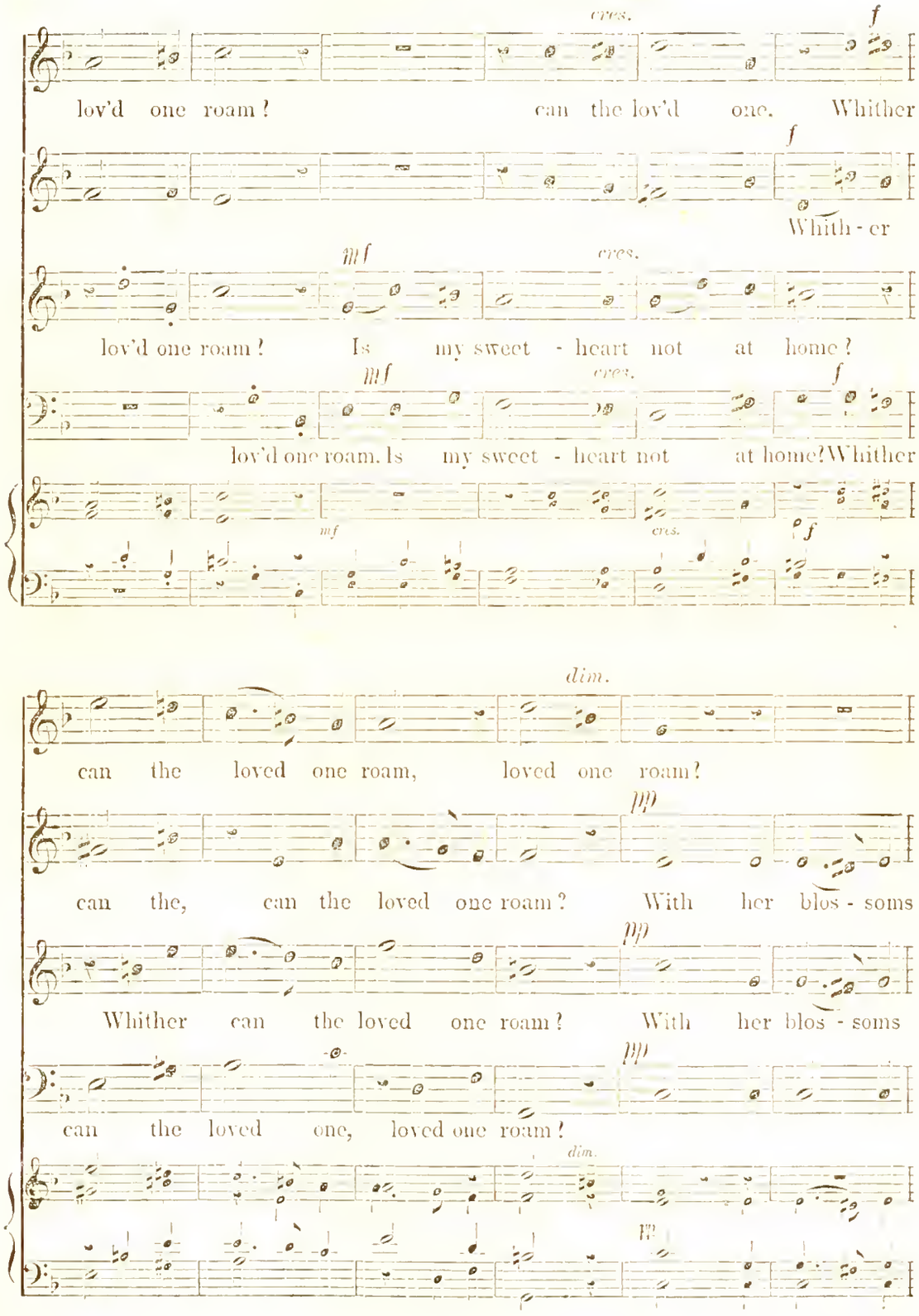
p.

not at home!

p

p

MAY SONG. Continued.



With her blos - soms love - ly May,.....

love - ly May, love - ly May,..... Tempts my darl - ing,

love - ly May, love - ly May,..... Tempts my darl - ing,

Tempts my darl - ing, blithe and gay..... Is my

blithe and gay, Is my

blithe and gay, blithe and gay..... Is my sweet-heart

would have laughed, but there was no laughing with the dignified Washington. After the reverence the young lady was led to her place by the hand. There then began a series of slow, graceful evolutions by which the imaginative old French masters who perfected this dance intended to represent the varying relations of two newly formed acquaintances to each other in good society. At times the partners were ten paces apart. They would pass each other gracefully but gravely two or three times, as though reluctant to meet; then advance slowly with a smile, and join hands; then coquettishly retire still facing and smiling; then hesitate, and pirouette, and even absolutely turn away from each other; ultimately, however, advancing with a smile and joining both hands, and returning to their places. It was in this manner that the minuet was danced at the Academy of Music.

The memory of this old amusement has been kept alive through various causes, and at times the dance has seemed on the point of returning to public favor. Thirty years ago, in the capitals of Europe, there were decided symptoms of it. It was danced at Vienna and at London, and elsewhere, but its reign in Europe was short. In this country it has been taught at Baltimore, in Western New York, at Boston, Philadelphia, New York, and elsewhere. About ten years ago a party of young people enterprisingly attempted to master its difficulties, to lend an additional charm to the private entertainment of a wealthy gentleman of this city. Something by the name of the minuet is danced in the academies of instruction here every winter, and only last Saturday night, this quadrille minuet was one of the features of the evening's pleasures at an assemblage of young devotees of fashion on Fifth Avenue. Two years ago, something by the name of the minuet was also brought out upon the stage, as will be remembered by everybody who saw "The School for Scandal" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. That sterling drama was illuminated by a dance having some of the steps of the minuet, and followed by the rapid gavotte, a furious whirl that sometimes was allowed to supplement the graver figures as the latter jig concluded the quadrille. It will be seen, therefore, that for thirty years there has been some promise of a revival of the favorite dance of our great-grandmothers; and waiting like Electra in the old tale, for the return of Orestes in all the glory of his ancient name, the dancing-masters of the country have been anticipating for years that the next season surely would see the installation of the minuet as a positive feature of private gatherings for amusement in good society. Until the present moment, however, nothing has been visible of the wanderer, —certainly nothing really to justify the hopes of the professors.

It would not be strange, however, if society in one of its wayward freaks took up the old dance again. The great-grandmothers who are still surviving saw the minuet depart with powdered hair, long trains, and old-fashioned country gentlemen. The times are again changing—in fact have changed. In grand social assemblages toilets are worn that do not comport well with rapid motion, and do not appear to the best advantage in the favorite dances of society. The spirit of the age creates a passion for the waltz, galop, and redowa. As it is put by Grafulla, who surveys the ball-room with a veteran's eye, "everything is now velocipede." It cannot long remain so with the fashion of wearing elaborate and beautiful costumes at the ball. And it is questionable whether the dignity and propriety of grand balls in good society would not be vastly promoted by reintroducing such dances as the minuet, and whether they would not really be more enjoyable.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Music Abroad.

VIENNA. The following extract from a private letter will interest the many friends of the American biographer of Beethoven:

"The directors of the great 'Society of Music-Friends' at Vienna, at a recent meeting, by a unanimous vote, referred the question of the exact date of Beethoven's birth to Mr. A. W. THAYER, U. S. Consul at Trieste. The only record is of Beethoven's Baptism, which was December 17, 1770. For reasons which have been accepted as sufficient by the Vienna Society, Mr. Thayer, in reply, has given the date as December 16."

From the correspondence of the London *Musical Record* (Jan. 12), we glean the following:

Music in every form accompanied the dying and the coming year. Opera, requiem, oratorio, melodrama, orchestral and private concerts, and chamber-music followed each other, and all in a period when the thermometer kept a formidable lowness. The fourth and fifth Philharmonic concerts conducted by Herr Richter, were, in spite of stormy and frosty weather, over-filled with hearers. The programme of the fourth concert included Beethoven's overture [Op. 124], a new violoncello concerto by Raff, and Berlioz's "Harold" symphony; that of the fifth, Mendelssohn's overture "Calm sea and prosperous voyage," violin concerto in A minor by Viotti, Weber's "Invitation à la Valse," instrumented by Berlioz, and Beethoven's symphony, No. 6. The concerto by Raff—a clear composition, and one which provides the performer with ample opportunity for displaying his talent—was executed by Herr Grützmacher, the well-known Royal Kammermusicus from Dresden. He earned great applause, as did also the performer of Viotti's concerto, Herr Dragomir Kranescvics, from Pesth, a former pupil of Hellmesberger. The valse by Weber-Berlioz has always been a cabinet-piece of our orchestra, and was well chosen to introduce Prluce Carnival.

The first extra-concert of the Musikverein was devoted to Liszt's oratorio *St. Elizabeth*, which, though it was received in the year 1869 with enormous applause, now met with an almost frigid reception, though the execution by chorus, orchestra, and principal soloists [Frau Ehnn and Herr v. Bignio], under Herbeck's guidance, was as good as on the former occasion.

The two annual performances in Christmas week in the Hofoper, for the benefit of the Pensionsfond, were devoted this time to a repetition of *Manfred* [on the stage], with Schumann's music, and Verdi's *Requiem*. The choice of a *Requiem* in the lovely Christmas days seemed somewhat strange, but found its excuse in the Wagner bustle, which left no time for studying a new work. Regarding *Manfred*, the representation could not be surpassed. *Antigone*, with Mendelssohn's music, has been performed in the Stadttheater, as well as at the afternoon representations now in course, at popular prices for the middle class, and every time the house was filled.

Of private concerts there are to note the third quartet evening by Hellmesberger, the second item by the Florentine companions, and concerts by Frl. Bertha Haft, Mr. Chas. Oberthür, and the four Swedish ladies. Hellmesberger's programme was devoted to Schubert's charming quartet in A minor, a new piano quintet, of a very impetuous character by Brahms, and the octet by Mendelssohn. The quintet, in F minor, is only new in its present form, as it was originally a duo for two pianos. That transformation, however, is so ingenious that no one would guess the origin of so noble a work. In the octet four ladies assisted as a second quartet, Mdlle. Seydel, a talented pupil of Hellmesberger, playing the first violin. The Florentine party arrived and vanished in storm and snow, and small must have been the number of hearers who risked being swept away by wind and weather. Frl. Haft, who left the Conservatoire last season, I have already mentioned as a violinist of no ordinary talent.

We pass to the opera. The Hofoper has happily overcome the Wagner difficulties. The maestro did not leave Vienna, as was intended, but remained for the first representation of *Lohengrin*, which was given entire in its first form. Wagner did his best to repair the disturbed state of opinion, and thus harmony has been restored, at least upon the surface. The opera, however, well as it was presented, has not profited by the restoration, its length having frightened away many, just as *Tannhäuser* did. Both operas are now being offered to the public in homœopathic doses. At the end of the year we lost one of our most zealous members of the opera. Frau Dustmann has left the stage as a pensioner, her last *rôle* having been Elsa, one of those *rôles* which she had created in Vienna. She was much honored in every way, and will always be remembered as a real artist. Of great operas *Aida* and *Koniqin von Saba* now alternate on the programme at suitable intervals. As a third, we shall have next the *Huguenots*, the *mise-en-scène* of which will be as good as new. At last, to adorn every path, a new singer, richly gifted by nature, has been found in the person of Mdlle. Seibach, who is engaged from October 1st next for three years with a rising salary. I conclude with a list of the operas performed from December 12th last year to January 12th of the present year:—*Lohengrin* in its original form, the *mise-en-scène* new, under the inspection of Wagner himself, four times], *Robert, Mignon* [twice], *Freischütz, Manfred, Requiem* by Verdi, *Don Juan, Tannhäuser* [twice], *Carmen* [twice], *Rigoletto, Aida* [twice], *Africanerin, Faust, Proft, Romeo, Koniqin von Saba.*

LEIPZIG. (*From the Same.*)

Although we are in the Christmas holidays, yet we have to take notice of three orchestral concerts and one chamber-music soiree at the Gewandhaus. In the first of these concerts, on the 9th of December, Robert Schumann's music to *Faust* was, on the whole, excellently performed. Herren Gura and W. Mueller were prevent from singing the parts they had undertaken, and Herren Lissmann and Stolzenberg, members of our local Opera, were engaged for them at the last moment. Considering the great difficulties contained in the parts of Faust and Ariel, and the short notice, these gentlemen acquitted themselves well of their task. Mme. Peschka-Leutner sang "Sorge" and the first solo soprano in the second and third parts; Frl. Gutzschbach, "Gretchen;" Frl. Emilie von Hartmann and Frl. Hahn, the alto solos. The choruses had been well rehearsed, and were sung with spirit and vigor. The orchestra was excellent. The final scene of the third part of *Faust* forms by far the finest and most interesting part of Schumann's work. It would, therefore, be well to bring only the third part before the public, where the whole work is as yet unknown, and in later performances to add the overture and the first two parts. Severe and profound in character, this work seems to necessitate the performance of single parts as a preparation for a full understanding of the whole.

The ninth Gewandhaus concert (on the 16th of December) opened with a very melodious Christmas song by Leonhart Schroeter, entitled "Freuet euch, ihr lieben Christen." This chorus already existed in a collection of Christmas carols as far back as the year 1587. It was followed by the "Weihnacht's" motet, "Er ist gewaltig und ist stark," by Robert Volkmann, which had been heard here last year. Both these choruses were well sung by the St. Thomas's choir, under the direction of Professor Richter. A new serenade (No. 3, in A major) for orchestra, by S. Jadassohn, followed.

Herr Reinecke, one of the most tasteful pianoforte-players living, treated us to Mozart's B flat major concerto, No. 4—a work which is but seldom performed. It is dated 1784, and certainly deserves to be brought again before the public. Reinecke has added fine cadences, which will be welcome to pianists. The concert ended with an excellent performance of Beethoven's A major Symphony.

The last chamber-music soirée in the old year took place on the 5th of December; the programme contained compositions of Beethoven only. From no other composer's works can there be selected three extensive works of chamber-music which will bear being played in close succession. On the above-named evening we heard the trio for violin, viola, and violoncello [G major, Op. 9], a sonata for piano and violoncello [A major, Op. 69], and the great A minor quartet, Op. 132. The concert-meisters Schradick and Roentgen, and Herren Hanbold and Schroeder, took part in the performance of these compositions. The piano part in the sonata was excellently played by Herr Capellmeister Reinecke. The performance of these three works was, as a matter of course, most finished.

At the festival concert on New Year's Day, Capellmeister Reinecke wielded the baton, and was greeted with enthusiastic applause. This must be taken as a tribute of respect due to the distinguished merit of this master, and the great results he has brought about by his constant care for all that concerns music at Leipzig. Joseph Joachim's appearance at this concert made a most agreeable impression. How could we possibly describe the impression produced on us by Beethoven's violin concerto, played by Joachim? The celebrated violinist also played a sonata, in G major, by Tartini, and two pieces [sarabande and bourrée] from Bach's violin sonatas, in his unique manner. Mme. Peschka-Leutner sang the aria from *Herakles*, by Handel ("Mein Vater, weh! nur dünkt, ich seh," and the charming arioso, "Sprecht, ihr Haine," from *Helena and Paris*, by Gluck, and gained the warm applause of the whole audience. The orchestral compositions of the evening were the overture to *Zauberflöte* and *Fidelio* and Haydn's D major symphony [No. 14, Breitkopf and Haertel's edition], which were executed in a finished manner by the Gewandhaus orchestra.

The programmes of the three following Gewandhaus concerts were restricted to compositions of foreign composers. That of the 6th of January contained the following works by French composers:—Overture to the opera *La Chasse du Jeune Henri*, by Méhul [1763 to 1817]; aria from the comic opera *Les Voitures Versées*, by Boieldieu [1775 to 1834]; chaconne from the opera *Aline, Reine de Golconde*, by Pierre Alexandre Monsigny [1729 to 1827]; old French popular songs for a mixed chorus; rigodon from *Dardanus*, by Jean Philippe Rameau [1683 to 1764]; ballet music from *Hippolite et Aricie*, by Rameau; ballad by Queen Mab from *Romeo et Juliet*, by Charles François Gounod [1818]; "Harold en Italie" symphony, with viola accompaniment, by Hector Berlioz [1803—1869].

THE thirteenth Gewandhaus Concert was wholly devoted to Italian music. The programme comprised works by Pierlestrina, Vittoria, Anerio, Corsi, Pergolesi, Nardini, Boccherini, Cherubini, Paganini and Rossini, besides three Folks' Songs. The attraction of the following concert was the *Paradise Lost* of Anton Rubinstein, who, despite the lamentable state of his eyesight —hopes of saving which have, however, not been abandoned—conducted in person. He took part, also, as pianist, at the first *Soirée* for Chamber Music, a few days subsequently.

WIESBADEN.—Herr Raff's newest and still unpublished Symphony [No. 7] has been twice performed here. It is entitled "Alpensinfonie," and divided into four movements. The first, containing motives of a popular kind, describes "A stroll in the Alps;" the second, "At the Inn," paints the free and joyous life of the rustic customers; the third, "By the Lake," presents us with something of a dreamy poetical character; and the fourth, "Beim Schwingfest," "At the Swing-Fête," contains much contrapuntal work.

PARIS. (Correspondence of London *Musical Standard*, Feb. 12.)

To the exertions of M. Clement Thomas President of the Société des Enfants d'Apollon in 1873, art is indebted for the production of a curious musical relic—nothing less than an almost forgotten work of Gluck, supposed with probable correctness to be the last effort of the composer. The "Judgment Dernier," a religious cantata, was commenced by Gluck at Vienna in the year 1785, and was destined by the master for the choral society above mentioned. Unhappily his failing health prevented him from completing the cantata alone, and it is to his distinguished pupil Salieri that its eventual termination is due. Considerable doubt envelopes the question as to what share each composer had in the writing of the four short numbers making up the whole of the "Judgment Dernier;" but it is more than likely that the first chorus only is from the pen of the great musician, although doubtless the remainder of the cantata was, if not actually dictated by Gluck, at least written in accordance with his suggestions. However this may be, the work would appear to have been finished between 1787 and 1793, but the Revolution and the wonderful whirl of crowding events following caused it to be for a while forgotten. It was not until 1817 that Salieri took it in hand again and dedicated it to the "Very Honorable Ignace Van Mosel." From then till three years ago the MS. lay undisturbed in the archives of the Vienna Conservatory; and, strangely enough, nobody in the Austrian capital seems to have had a thought of making the world better acquainted with it. In 1873 M. Clement Thomas happened to learn the fact of its existence, and obtained a copy of the work from the Director of the Conservatory. It was performed in Paris for the 27th ult., at the annual concert given by the Société des Concerts de Musique Classique in the Salle Herz, under the direction of M. Guillot de Saint-Bris.

The cantata consists of three choruses and a single solo. They are the following:—

a. Chorus: "Grand Dieu, quel combat terrible!"
b. Chorus of the Resuscitated: "Je vis encore, ô sort affreux!"
c. Solo [the voice of Christ]: "Vous dont le cœur juste et sincère."
d. Chorus of the Elect and Chorus of the Damned: "O bonheur ineffable!" "O terreur, ô Dieu cruel!"

The solo is perhaps the most taking number. *Vous dont le cœur juste, &c.*, written in a beautiful and tranquil style, contrasts finely with the concluding part addressed to the unredeemed. All the choruses are characterized by considerable grandeur, but do not present any special features of interest.

On the programme of this same concert at the Salle Herz there figured several examples of the Old French School, including a charming chorus and air from Rameau's "Hippolyte et Aricie" [1733], simple and decidedly effective; and a remarkably pretty little trifle by Dalayrac, some complete, and a trio from the quasi-opera comique of "Raoul de Crequi." Of the forerunners of the present French School of light opera comique, many of his compositions, if performed now, would, I doubt not, be found to have retained much of the original freshness and piquancy which made them so popular in days gone by. It is a marvel to me that a man living in the midst of all the terrible madness of the French Revolution was able to produce such child-like, delightful effusions as "Raoul de Crequi."

At the fifteenth Popular Concert of the present season an allegro symphonique by M. Lalo was given for the first time. It has something of the style of a Lisztian rhapsody, but is quieter, and not quite unintelligible, with a Mendelssohnish close. The allegro was rather coldly received. M. Maurel, a young baritone hardly known to the Parisians, who rarely trouble themselves about any artist of merely foreign celebrity, obtained a great and deserved success in Stradella's "Air d'Eglise," and a selection from Berlioz, "Damnation de Faust." The concert concluded with Nicoläi's sparkling overture to the "Merry Wives of Windsor."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 4, 1876.

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Music in Boston.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. The eighth Symphony Concert (Thursday afternoon, Feb. 17), presented the following selections, of which the two *starred* numbers were heard for the first time in this country:

Overture to "Medea".....Bargiel.
** Concerto, for the Violoncello, in A minor, Op. 33 Saint-Saëns.
Wulf Fries.
** Concerto Allegro, with Introduction, for Pianoforte, with Orchestra, Op. 134.....Schumann.
H. G. Tucker.
Symphony, No. 9, in C.....Schubert.
Introduction and Allegro.—Andante con moto.—Scherzo.—Finale.

This concert was particularly enjoyed, and received praise even in unwonted quarters, although the audience in point of numbers was hardly up to the usual standard. Certainly the orchestra did some of their best work that day, giving the great Schubert Symphony with remarkable spirit, as if each and all had caught the wonderful unflagging inspiration of the work. In spite of its great length it really seemed short, the interest is so sustained; for it continually excites new expectation which it never fails to satisfy. What a pure product of creative genius it is from beginning to end! We hear much cant about young composers having to wait long for a hearing, the lack of encouragement to native efforts:—what shall we say of *such* a work by *such* a man, written and thrown aside with the unworldly carelessness of genius, and never known to exist until the manuscript was discovered in a garret after he was dead!—On the sublimities and beauties of this Symphony, so often dwelt upon in times past in these columns, and still as fresh as ever, we need not now enlarge. Every hearer seemed to feel them; it was not the fault of the conductor or the orchestra if he did not. And yet for the best effect a larger number of violins, and particularly of basses, was to be desired. The great brass instruments, so freely used in the scoring, and often marked *fortissimo*, needed the balance of more strings; the violoncellos were too few to bring out those exquisite obligato passages in the Andante with sufficient volume of tone, although they were played very tastefully and sweetly; and of the tremendous thunder of the double basses, in unison with all the strings, in the Finale there can hardly be too much.

Bargiel's "Medea" Overture, comparing the present impression with that which it made on us when it was given in these concerts about five years ago, improves upon acquaintance. We find it one of the most satisfactory works in this form by any of the new composers. By no means so beautiful, so spontaneous, so true and deep in feeling as the more unpretending and more quiet overture to the same tragedy by Cherubini, it is nevertheless an earnest, thoughtful, and impressive, as well as a skilful and musician-like illustration of its subject. Its gloomy intensity is well relieved by the tender passage in the middle; it is clearly and powerfully wrought and grows well to a climax, and the instrumentation is exceedingly rich and telling. It was evidently conceived with the *Coriolan* overture of Beethoven in mind; but lacks the conciseness, the glowing central fire of that, while it has more of discursive variety. Very difficult as it is, it was forcibly and clearly rendered.

There is a great deal of beauty and originality, as well as classical consistency in the Concerto by by Saint-Saëns. It is less strange and sensational, less peculiarly French, perhaps, than other works of his which we have had thus far. To be sure, we should as soon think of calling it a Reverie, a Drama, a Rhapsody, a sentimental soliloquy, as a Concerto, but for the fact that it displays a principal instrument in the foreground. It consists (pardon the contradiction in terms) of a single movement, although with several changes in tempo. The 'Cello begins at once, over a *tremolo* accompaniment, with a rhapsodical phrase, which forms the pregnant motive of the whole, and is wrought out at great length with beautiful thematic modifications and development, subtle and charming modulations, and fine contrasts of strong impassioned crises with a very sweet and tender second theme; the solo instrument having enough to task its resources in the way of execution in every variety of form and figure. It seems like the soliloquy of one recalling the sweet and tender memories of a happier time. At least this thought suggests itself in the charming episode, where the key changes to B flat major, and the orchestra, with muted strings, staccato and pianissimo, lets us hear a fresh and buoyant melody, as of a troop of students or a gay serenading party singing as they pass by the window; the 'Cello listens, then murmurs something in pleased recognition, then catches up the strain, humming along with it, then droops through a cadenza by semi-tones in broken chords, reascends to hold out a long trill while the strain from without is still heard receding; and finally, dropping to its deep register, seems still to murmur to itself and fall asleep. The *tempo primo* with the rhapsodical first theme sets in again, and is worked out with still more intensity and at greater length, with every sort of difficulty, but never suffering the interest to flag. Mr. WULF FRIES played it very finely; his tone, taxed through the whole compass of the strings from deep bass to treble heights, was sweet and true and musical, if not always having all the weight desirable in that great hall. The execution was throughout neat and tasteful and expressive: there was no painful struggle in the overcoming of difficulties, so that one could enjoy the music for the music's sake; but not the less was the interpreter right heartily appreciated and applauded.

The Concert Allegro, Op. 134, was the one remaining work of Schumann for pianoforte with orchestra which had not been played already in these concerts. Less interesting than the Concertstück, Op. 92, and not to be compared with his wonderful Concerto in A minor, it is yet full of his finest and strongest individuality. Although it belongs to the sad last period of his life (it is the very last of his published pianoforte works), it has comparatively little of the morbidness of that period, and a good deal of the vigor and the spring of younger years. Hardly enough of contrast, perhaps: but it is rich and strong and full of verve. It is also immensely difficult, requiring for its execution all the youthful strength which Mr. TUCKER possesses in an eminent degree. His rendering was very fine and clear and brilliant, and he was, both in conception and execution master of his task. His touch, however, was a trifle hard, for which some nervousness natural to the situation may be held accountable.

The ninth concert — too late for notice this week — had the following programme:

PART I. Symphony No. 1, in C, Beethoven; ** Aria, "Che pur aspro," from Mozart's "Seraglio" [Miss Emma C. Thursby]; ** "Phaëton"; Poëme Symphonique, Op. 39. Saint-Saëns.—PART II. Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn. * Songs: "Du bist die Ruh," Schubert, and "The Nightingale's Song," Taubert [Miss Thursby]; "Ocean": first movement [Allegro], from Symphony in C, Op. 42, A. Rubinstein.

The tenth and *last* concert of the season will take place on Thursday afternoon, March 16, and offers a programme which is certainly unique and rich, and ought to prove attractive. The principal novelty is one of the greatest of the sacred Cantatas by Bach. For the better grouping of the singers (the CECILIA) on the stage, the first part will be mainly instrumental, and the second vocal (of course with orchestral accompaniment) as follows:

Part I. Instrumental.
1. Passacaglia [arranged for Orchestra by Esser], *Bach*; 2. Canons, for three female voices [repeated by request], *Hauptmann*. 3. Symphony, No. 3, in B flat, *Schumann*.
Part II. Vocal, by the Cecilia.
1.** Cantata: "Deep within my heart ["Ich hatte viel Bekümmerniss"], for Solo voices, Chorus and Orchestra, *J. S. Bach*.
2** Motet: "Laudate Pueri," for female voices, Op. 39, No. 2, *Mendelsohn*.
3. Finale to 1st Act of "Euryanthe," *Weber*: Choruses of Peasants and of Knights, with Quartet and Soprano Solo [second time]

THEODORE THOMAS's fifth Symphony Concert, Feb. 16, contrasted the modern brilliancies of Raff with the classical period of Haydn, Gluck, Mozart and Beethoven, as follows:

Symphony, in G, [No. 13, Breitkopf & Haertel] Haydn
Aria: "Ah! si la liberte," Armida.....Gluck
Mrs. Emily Butman.
Concerto in C, [Koechel 467], Piano and Orchestra, Mozart
1. Allegro maestoso. 2. Andante. 3. Allegro vivace assai.
Mr. William Mason.
Scena and Aria: "Ah! Perfido,".....Beethoven
Mrs. Emily Butman.
Suite, No. 2, in F, Op. 194, [New].....Raff
In Ungarischer Weise.

1. An der Grenze.—Overture.—2. Auf der Puszta.—Traeumerei.—3. Bei einem Aufzug der Honved.—Marsch.—4. Volkslied mit Variationen.—5. Vor der Czarda.—Finale.

The admirably trained orchestra gave a most delicate and beautiful rendering of that graceful, ever fresh and happy Symphony of Haydn which was so often heard in the Harvard Concerts a few years ago. The only fault was that the solemn and religious *Largo* was taken so exceedingly slow that it seemed scarcely to move at all; but the gayer movements were perfect. What could be in sharper contrast with such music than the new Suite by Raff? We confess to enjoying it more, on the whole, than most of the symphonic works by Raff which we have heard. It has the Hungarian accent and flavor throughout, is full of contrasts and surprises, is very elaborate and highly colored, and in parts quite exciting; but in other parts it is tediously drawn out; and as a whole it leaves the impression of a restless striving after striking and original effects. We could hear it again with interest, perhaps with satisfaction.

We welcome every chance to hear one of Mozart's piano concertos; they are unpretending works compared to those of Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Schumann; but they have genius in them and intrinsic beauty of a more quiet sort. They are apt to suffer in a great hall before a modern audience; yet several of them have given sincere pleasure and have made effect in our Harvard concerts; we shall not forget Miss Mehlig's and Mr. Hoffman's rendering of the one in A minor, Mr. Leonhard's of one in C minor, Mr. Parker's of one in B flat, and one or two others. But this one in C, from which we had expected much, did not somehow prove effective; perhaps because both music and interpreter were not in their right sphere. Mr. Mason's nice manipulation, and very even, finished, quiet style of execution, after the old Hummel school, which might have made it all delightful in a small room, seemed to lack force and vital accent *there;* it was like remembering music in one's sleep. — The singer, Mrs. BUTMAN, has a voice of power and volume, well developed, and quite musical until it reaches the highest notes. She sang her two fine selections with intelligence and in good style, but without making any very marked impression.

The Matinée of Saturday, Feb. 19, began with a repetition of Mr. Paine's new Symphony, which confirmed the good impression of the first performance. The other orchestral pieces were: Theme and variations, Scherzo and Finale (with all the strings) from the Beethoven Septet, wonderfully well executed, especially the long and flowery *Cadenza*, in which ten violins played like one; the pretty little symphonic poem: "Le Rouet d'Omphale," by Saint Saëns, repeated by request; and that richly Oriental, cloying, too long Overture, based on a Hindoo legend, by Goldmark, of which three performances in one season by the Harvard orchestra proved more than satisfying. A remarkable feature of this concert was the selection from Handel's *Semele*, one of his richest and most genial works, with the superb delivery by Miss DRASDIL of the declamatory Recitative and stirring Aria of the jealous Juno sending off Iris to awaken Somnus. Miss Drasdil has two distinct qualities of tone in her upper and lower registers; but her voice is extremely rich and powerful, and her delivery, in music so well suited to her, was large and noble and intensely dramatic, producing a decided sensation. The old Rossini air "Di tanti palpiti," with the fine long recitative preceding, was also admirably rendered.

IN PROSPECT. MR. THOMAS announces a couple of *extra* concerts on the two evenings preceding the last Harvard concert of the 16th. The first will be devoted to Liszt and Wagner, the second to Beethoven.

MR. B. J. LANG purposes giving Two Concerts at Mechanics Hall, on the afternoons of Thursday, March 23 and 30, 1876, at three o'clock, when he will play the Saint-Saëns Concerto which he gave at a Harvard Symphony Concert this season, the Tschaikowsky Concerto, a new Trio by Saint-Saëns, one movement from yet another Concerto by Saint-Saëns a dozen piano-forte pieces from John Sebastian Bach, three new pieces by Saran, compositions for two pianofortes, etc., etc.

There will also be songs from Mozart, Schubert, Franz and Jensen.

Mr. Lang will have the valuable assistance of Miss Ita Welsh, Miss Lillian Bailey, Mr. August Fries, Mr. Wulf Fries and Mr. Arthur Foote.

MR. PECK, of the Boston Music Hall, is out with his list of attractions for his annual benefit concert, [April 5] He will have Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, Miss Drasdil, Mr. M. W. Whitney, Dr. Hans von Bulow and the Thomas Orchestra.

Music in New York.

FEB. 26.—The third and fourth concerts of the New York Quartet, which took place at Chickering Hall on Jan. 15 and Feb. 12, respectively, were well attended, and the audience on each occasion was musical and appreciative. The selections at the third concert were:

Trio, in B flat, Op. 99 ..... Schubert.
Larghetto for Violin .... Nardini.
Quartet, in G major..... Mozart.

The great Schubert Trio, which is a worthy peer of Beethoven's Op. 97, was played by Mr. Edward Mollenhauer (violin), Mr. F. Bergner (violoncello) and Mr. Richard Hoffman (piano forte). The Larghetto for violin was played as a solo for violoncello by Mr. Bergner; and Mr. Romyn (tenor) sang the "Celeste Aïda" of Verdi.

At the fourth concert Beethoven's Trio in B flat, Op. 97, was performed by Messrs. Mollenhauer, Bergner and S. B. Mills. Rode's concerto for violin, in A minor, was played by Mr. Mollenhauer, who, although a valuable and efficient member of the Quartet, is uninteresting as a solo performer. Mr. Mills played three selections from Chopin: an *Etude*, the *Berceuse*, and a *Tarantelle*, in his usual unexceptionable style, in which there is no merit lacking except the true Chopin mood, the indefinable *Zâl*, which seems always to elude his grasp.

Mr. Remmertz sang the charming set of songs by Beethoven, "An die ferne Geliebte" very acceptably; and the concert terminated with the Quartet in A minor, Op. 41, by R. Schumann. The fifth concert will take place on March 11.

On Saturday, Feb. 5, there was a Thomas matinée at Steinway Hall, on which occasion Mr. J. K. Paine's new symphony in C minor was performed; also the theme, variations and finale from Beethoven's Septet, Op. 20; Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream" overture; the Symphonic Poem "Danse Macabre," by Saint Saens; and Liszt's Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 14. Miss Emily Batman sang the aria, "Non mir dir, ben idol mio," from *Don Giovanni*," and "Ocean, thou mighty monster," from *Oberon*.

The third concert of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society took place on Saturday evening, Feb. 12, with the following programme:

Symphony, No. 5, "Lenore," Op. 177..... Raff
Introduction.
Recit: "Awake Saturnia." } Handel.
Aria: "Hence, hence away." }
Miss Anna Drasdil.
Fantasie Hongroise (piano and orchestra) ...Liszt.
Signor G. Morosini.
Overture to "Egmont"..... Beethoven.
Romance and Etude..... Rubinstein.
Signor G. Morosini.
Aria: "O Fatima" (Aben Hassan) ..... Weber.
Miss Anna Drasdil.
Symphonic Poem: "Mazeppa"..... Liszt.

At the next concert, March 18, Schubert's Symphony in C major will be played.

The Boston Philharmonic Club have given two evening concerts (Feb. 17 and 18) and one matinée (Feb. 19) at Steinway Hall. The programme embraced a great variety of selections, vocal and instrumental. But, considering the admirable performance of the six players constituting the club, it is to be regretted that so small a part of the bill was composed of chamber-music. The concerts were not so well attended as they deserved to be.

The following selections were performed at the fourth concert of the New York Philharmonic Society on Saturday evening, Feb. 19.

Poëm0 Symphonique ..... Liszt.
"Ce qu'on entend sur la montagne"
Poco Allegro, Maestoso assai. Andante Religioso.
Concerto, No. 5, for piano, in E flat, Op. 72 Beethoven.
With orchestral accompaniment.
Miss Julia Rive.
Overture to "Faniska," (first time) ..... Cherubini.
Rondeau for piano in E flat, Op. 16 .....Chopin.
Miss Julia Rivé.
Symphony in No. 4 in D minor..... ...Schumann.

The orchestral music of Liszt, with the best interpretation, is sufficiently obscure to satisfy most people, but when performed by the Philharmonic orchestra it is hopelessly mixed, and we can only suspect what is made clear to us by the performance of a band of such consummate skill as the Thomas Orchestra, namely, that this gorgeous web of involved harmony and wealth of instrumentation serve only to cover a lack of melodic invention.

In the overture by Cherubini the players found music which they could grasp, and in both that and the symphony they did creditable work.

When Miss Julia Rivé made her debût in New York last winter we mentioned the favorable impression left by her playing, and expressed our opinion that she would soon make her mark as a pianist, which indeed she had already done by her initial performance. Since that time she has been hard at work in the Western cities, and reports of her concerts, which have reached us from time to time, are unanimous, if not always discriminating, in their praise of her talents. From the programmes of these concerts we find that she has an extensive repertoire of classical and modern piano-music at her command, ranging from J. S. Bach to Liszt, of whose splendidly colored rhapsodies she is the most magnetic interpreter we have yet heard.

The selection of the great "Emperor" Concerto for her second appearance among us was in itself a bold and somewhat hazardous undertaking inasmuch as our public had freshly in mind the recollection of a performance of this noble composition by no less a person than Dr. Hans Von Bulow, and the work of the new pianist, however meritorious, was likely to be dwarfed by the comparison. This was inevitable, and yet in listening to Miss Rivé we found ourselves unconsciously comparing her with the best pianists we have heard, rather than with the most promising of our aspirants for artistic laurels. The mettle of the player was shown at once in the grand fortissimo chord of the first bar; in the firm, delicate handling of the broken chords in the following measures, in the trill upon E flat, and the succeeding run, the technical quality of the artist was plainly of the best. The run was of the most even, the trill was of the clearest, the chords of the most exact. The only question remaining to be answered was whether the pianist, in possessing the composition in all its technical points, would be *possessed by it* in spirit as well. In this respect and this only, we must confess some disappointment. The pianism was practically above criticism. The difficult and sustained trills, the chromatic runs, the delicate pianissimo passages in triplets, the grand chords alternating between piano and orchestra, the staccato octaves; everything, in fact, that tests the merit of the performer in the Allegro, was handled gracefully and with apparent ease; the only bar to a perfect comprehension of the concerto being that the player was too much wrapped up in the mechanical part of the business, and played as though oppressed by the grandeur of the music rather than inspired by it. The same is true of her reading of the Andante; but towards its close she seemed to pass into the composer's mood, and we fancied that the Rondo would leave nothing to be desired. Here, however, the orchestra, which was conspicuously bad during the entire concerto, dragged worse than ever, and finally the Rondo was taken at a tempo which was felt to be different from that intended by the player. Thus it was that, although the concerto was well played, the performance did not quite justify our highest anticipation.

Miss Rivé's reading of the Chopin music in the second part of the performance was in many respects excellent; but whether she has the true Chopin *morbidezza* was not to determined by one hearing in the vast auditorium of our Academy. After this piece she was recalled with great enthusiasm and played one of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodies in a style which would delight the venerable Abbé, under whose instruction she has studied.

A. A. C.

The Grand Organ in the Catholic Cathedral.

(*From the Boston Daily Advertiser, Feb.* 23.)

The immense nave of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross on Washington street was occupied—and perhaps one-third filled—last night by a company of some thousand persons, who were present by invitation at the formal opening of the great organ just completed by Messrs. E. and G. G. Hook and Hastings. The scene was most impressive and imposing; the noble proportions of the whole edifice; the dim magnificence of its arched roof, which in the obscure light seemed almost immeasurably distant; the chaste and severe beauty of the coloring and ornamentation, and the silence and decorum of the large company uniting to produce so noble an effect upon the mind. The architecture of the organ is simple, but harmonious and pure in style and pleasing in impression. The instrument fills the rear and entire breadth of the gallery devoted to the choir, the shorter pipes being collected in front in seven groups surmounted by arches, while the longest go high above them on either hand at the extreme end in two towering masses, these last being connected by rows of graduated pipes, defining the lower semi-circle of the great round window at the western end of the nave. The organ is the largest ever built by an American maker, and is the largest in this country, excepting that of the Music Hall; and even in comparison with the latter, its size is not likely to be much depreciated, as the proportion of speaking stops is only that of 89 to 70 in favor of the great instrument made for Boston by the Messrs. Walcker.

The description of the organ is as follows:—

The instrument comprises three manuals, each of 58 notes, and a pedal of 30 notes, 70 speaking stops, 13 mechanical registers, including couplers; 19 pedal movements for combinations, etc., and a crescendo pedal controlling the full powers of the organ. Total number of pipes 5292.

The action is extended and reversed so that the organist may face the altar and conductor. Pneumatic motors are applied to the great manual and all its couplers, to the pedal throughout, to the basses of the swell and choir manuals, and to all the registers. All but those for the great manual are of a new device, operating by "exhaust" instead of by inflation. All the combination pedals are double acting, and operate without deranging combinations previously made by the registers.

There are three bellows, operated by two hydraulic motors of the largest size. The two main bellows have vertical feeders, and combined can supply nearly 5000 cubic feet of compressed air per minute, with less than 25 strokes of the motors. An extra wind pressure is used for the pedals and a portion of the great manual including the reed stops. An independent bellows supplies wind of great pressure to the *tuba mirabilis*.

The organ fills the whole width of the gallery, 40 feet. It has a total depth of 25 feet and a total height of nearly 50 feet. The exterior is from the designs of the architect of the cathedral, Mr. P. C Keely, and displays rows and groups of metallic pipes finished in gold, silver and bronze clustering around a large circular window at the centre. The cathedral has a total length of 300 feet, is 168 feet wide at the transept, and is 105 feet high from the floor to apex. It has a space to be filled four and one-half times larger than the Boston Music Hall; three times larger than the church of the Immaculate Conception, and eight times larger than the new Old South church. By these comparisons it will be seen how great a demand is made upon the organ to produce the unusually pervading effect it does. The instrument contains nearly 2000 more pipes than the great Plymouth-church organ of Brooklyn, hitherto the largest organ ever built in this country. Not only is this later organ pre-eminent in size, because of the number of its stops and pipes, but because these are of superior selection, of very large scales, and of proportionately increased power.

The programme of music presented—which included selections from many of the greatest classical composers, as well as several living European authors, with improvisations and original pieces by the performers—was as follows:—

Prelude, from "Faust"..... Gounod
Prelude, in B-minor..... Bach
Improvisations on Vesper Hymn.
Finale..... Lemmens

S. B. Whitney,
Organist of Church of the Advent.

Fantasie in G-major..... Bach
Improvisations.
Fugue on B. A. C. H..... Schumann

B. J. Lang,
Organist South Congregational church.

Berceuse..... Lysberg
Improvisations.
Overture, "Masaniello"..... Auber

L. G. Chaffin,
Organist St. Paul's Catnedral, Buffalo, N. Y.

Prelude. Fugue in C-minor..... Mendelssohn
Registration Fantasie, [Introduction.—Theme with Variations,—March Tempo,—Finale.
Overture..... Mendelssohn

Prelude, [Theme,—Variations and Finale]. Alex. Guilmant
March, [Written for the Schiller Festival, at Paris, 1859]..... Meyerbeer

George E. Whiting,
Organist Music Hall Society.

The performance of this programme occupied from half-past seven to a little past ten o'clock, and was listened to with the most careful attention and evident interest. To affect to give a well-digested and elaborate opinion of the merits of such an instrument, after a single experience of its power, would be presumptuous in the extreme. But concerning this organ it may be safely said, after one hearing, that it is a remarkable instrument. Its power is simply immense; the body of tone supplied by the "great" organ is magnificent in solidity, fulness and sonorousness; and the sweetness and delicacy of many of the "choir" and solo stops are most exquisite. That the mechanical appliances of the organ supply all the elements of ease and convenience in manipulation, promptness in "answering" and general evenness of tone, we have no occasion to doubt. And when a little touch of age has given the complete mellowness which it alone can supply, we dare to prophesy that this organ will rank as the highest achievement of its kind which American skill has produced.

Christian Hymnology. The fifth of the series of services at King's Chapel, illustrating the history of the hymnology of the Christian Church, was given yesterday afternoon. The special subject was the Latin hymns of the mediæval centuries. The audience seemed to be much interested in the treatment of the subject, and the interest increases with each succeeding service. Rev. Mr. Foote gave a clear, succinct account of the state of the hymnology in those ages, and sketches of the lives and circumstances of the great authors—Pope Gregory the great, who reformed the music of the church; Palestrina, author of the "Gloria in Excelsis," A.D. 1529, and "Adoramus Te;" St. Bernard, author of "Jesus Dulcis Memoria" [1091-1153]; of Thomas of Celano [1250], author of "Dies Iræ;" Jacobus de Benedictis, author of "Stabat Mater;" Thomas à Kempis and a few others. The fine choir of the church, especially Mrs. Barry and Miss Kimball, rendered this fine music very artistically, especially selections from "Dies Iræ" and the "Stabat Mater"—"Quis est Homo," and "Quando Corpus." The next service will be upon the German Chorals from the years A.D. 1500 to 1700, and they will be rendered by the choir without instrumental accompaniment. The translations to be used will be those of Miss Winkworth. The public who are interested to attend these historical musical services will feel deeply interested if they attend them regularly, as both pastor and choir make especial preparations to illustrate the history and style of sacred music of all Christian times very perfectly.—*Transcript, Feb.* 21.

Sharland Choral Society. The audience was a large one that assembled last evening to be entertained by the concert of the Sharland Choral Society, and it is without doubt the case that every one was well repaid for attendance. The programme had in it a part-song, "Evening," by Arthur Sullivan, which was sung by the society without accompaniment. It is mentioned in this connection as the only selection of absolute novelty. It is not of itself such a meritorious composition as Mr. Sullivan is capable of, or as we have frequently had from his pen; but it affords under a skilful leader an opportunity for a great deal of light and shade, and these delicacies of expression were made good use of by the chorus, which in this number sang under the direction of Mr. Sharland, whose reception, it need hardly be said, was most hearty. The effect of the song, especially in the really refined character of its closing measures, was in the highest degree gratifying, and seemed to show better than almost anything else could have done, the careful training of Mr. Sharland. The rest of the evening the bâton was in the hand of Mr. Thomas. The two major selections of the society were the scenes from Gluck's "Orpheus," sung here by the same organization at the Thomas symphony concerts last season, and Goldmark's "Spring Hymn," to which we were treated at a symphony concert a month since. In the former Mrs. Flora E. Barry was the soloist, and sang, as she always does, with a finished taste that left the most agreeable impression on the mind and ear. Her conception of the lament of Orpheus, especially in the calls for Eurydice, was not as intense as most soloists would probably imagine, but the plaint of a troubled soul, too much grieved for passionate declamation. The recitatives and arias were all studied, and were given with great tenderness and discrimination. The ever favorite "Che farò" was sung in admirable style. The choral work was very satisfactory, as familiarity with the music would necessitate. In the Goldmark piece, Mrs. F. P. Whitney was the soloist, and sang with much vigor and earnestness, producing the same agreeable impression as at her former participation in the same work. The hymn itself seemed about as at the first hearing; very ingenious in the instrumentation, and throughout the first half a very finely wrought idea. The second part lacks in decided interest, though the climactory finale has a flavor of strong feeling on the part of the composer. The chorus work was splendidly done throughout. The rest of the evening was acceptably filled by a prelude, choral and fugue, by Bach; the overture to Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream;" Saint-Saëns's "Danse Macabre," and Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise," No. 14. The concert as a whole was a decided success.—*Globe, Feb.* 22.

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Came breathing from the west."
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The gallant 5th no doubt gave the enemy fits at the last encounter, and now Fitts remembers his old friends in a musical way. Fine march. Many octaves. Easy for large hands.

Abbreviations.—Degrees of difficulty are marked 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter: as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

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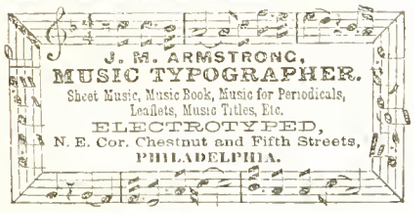

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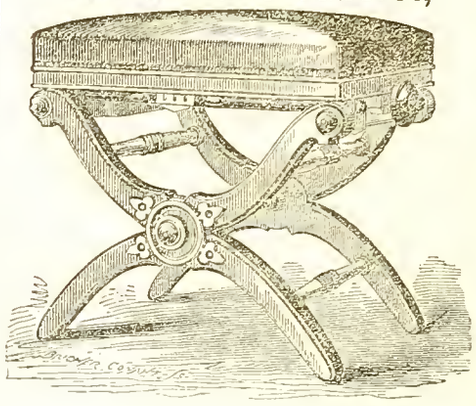

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 911. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAR. 18, 1876. VOL. XXXV. No. 25.

The Metamorphosis of Plants.

TRANSLATION FROM GOETHE.

Thee perplexes, Beloved, the intertangled confusion
Of this flowery throng, which in the garden thou seest;
Many the names you must hear, and ever one after another
With its barbarous clang crowds itself into your ear.
All in their forms are kindred, and yet no one like another;
So this wonderful choir points to a half-hidden law,—
Yes, to a holy enigma. O, could I teach thee, Beloved,
Happily teach thee the word, that will unriddle it all!
Study it now as it grows, and see how the plant, ever changing,
Step by step carried up, forms into blossoms and fruit.
Out of the seed it unfolds itself, so soon as the fruitful
Earth's still fostering lap letteth it forth into life,
And to the soft wooing light, the holy, eternally moving,
Quick the opening leaves' delicate structure commits.
Singly slept the germ in the seed; an embryo foretype
Lay, enwrapped in itself, curling up under the shell;
Leaf, and root, and bud, half-formed, and all without color;
Thus the kernel so dry safely protects the still life;
Then it flows strivingly upwards, trusting the delicate moisture,
And soon lifteth itself out of its mantle of night.
But what shows itself first is ever a simple formation;
Thus may we among plants always distinguish the child.
Soon a following impulse lifts itself upward repeating,
Joint upon joint built up, still the earliest form;
Yet not always the same; for, constantly changing its figure,
Opens out, as you see, ever the following leaf,
More spread out and indented, and cut into points and divisions,
Which, half-grown, heretofore slept in the organ below
And so reaches it first its highest determined completion,
Which in many a tribe thee to astonishment moves.
Variously ribbed and jagged, on the juicy, exuberant surface
Seems the fulness of life free and unbounded to be.
But here Nature holds, with powerful hands, the formation
Back, and to perfecter shape softly inclines it to grow.
Now more sparingly leads she the sap through slenderer vessels,
And the delicate plant's finer formations begin.
Now the forth putting edges draw themselves quietly backward,
While the rib of the stalk builds itself solidly out.
Leafless, however, and swift, upsprings the delicate flower-stem,
And a miraculous sight fills the beholder with joy.
Round in a circle there place them, in number exact or uncounted,
Leaflets, the smallest one first, next to that likest itself.
Gathered close round the axle, now opens the sheltering calix,
And to full beauty and height lets out the gay-colored crown.
So shines Nature complete in all her fulness of glory,
As, in regular rise, limb upon limb she displays
Ever thou marvell'st anew, so soon as the stem, with its blossom,
Over the changing leaves' delicate scaffolding rocks.
But this beauteous show now a new creation announces;
Yes, the soft-colored leaf feeleth the hand of the God,
And together draws itself quick: the tenderest forms now
Lean together in pairs, seemingly made to unite.
Lovingly now they stand, the beautiful couples, together:
See, in numerous crowd, ranged round the altar, they wait!
Hymen hovers this way, and streams of exquisite odors,
Borne on the generous breeze, breathe a new life all around.
Now distinctly swell at once the germs without number,
Germs of the swelling fruit, soft in the motherly lap.
And here Nature concludes the ring of her infinite powers,
Yet a new one at once links itself on to the last,
That, unbroken, the chain through endless time may be lengthened,
And the whole made alive, like the one part we have seen.
Turn thee now, my Beloved, and look at the motley confusion:
Now, no longer perplexed, you may look on as it waves.
Every plant but announces to thee some law ever lasting;
Every blossom, it speaks plainer and plainer to thee.
If thou decipherest here the holy writ of the Goddess,
Everywhere witness the same, though in a different form.
Creeping, loiter the grub, the butterfly busily hasten,
Man keep moulding himself, changing his natural form!
O, bethink thee then too, how, out of the germ of acquaintance,
Day by day between *us* mutual interest grew;
How, in the depth of our hearts, Friendship revealed its full power;
And how Love came last, bringing the blossoms and fruits,
Think, what manifold hues and shapes, now this, now another,
Nature in quiet unfolds, and to our feelings imparts,
Now enjoy thyself fully to-day! for holy affection
Strives for its highest fruit, strives for congenial tastes,
Similar views of all things; that, through harmonious insight
Firmly united, the pair thus the true heaven may find.

J. S. D.

NOTE BY THE TRANSLATOR. This beautiful elegy was written in 1797. But it is merely one of the lighter fruits of what was a long and severe study of Nature with Goethe. By the same name he denominated his peculiar theory of vegetation, which appears to have occupied him particularly during his two visits in Italy, between 1786 and 1790; and his letters from there are full of dark hints about the *Urpflanz*, (Arch-Plant), which he thought he had discovered. In a letter to Herder he says:

"I must moreover tell you in confidence, that I am very near the whole secret of the generation and organization of plants, and that it is the simplest thing that can be imagined. Under this sky one may make the most beautiful observations. The main point—where the germ really lodges—I have discovered beyond all doubt; all the rest I have a general view of, only some points must be more distinctly made out. The Archetypal Plant (*Urpflanz*) will be the strangest creature in the world, which Nature herself shall envy me. With this model, and the key to it, one may then invent plants, *ad infinitum*, which *must* be consistent; *i. e.*, which, if they do not exist, yet might exist, and are not mere picturesque shows and shadows, but have an inward truth and necessity. The same law will be applicable to all animated bodies."—*Goethe and his Contemporaries*, Vol. i. p. 172.

From the same work it appears that this theory of Goethe's met with little attention among scientific men, but was rather regarded by them as a *poésie naïve*. An interesting observation, too, with regard to Goethe's self-disciplined habits of action, is there traced through his life, and verified by numerous instances; namely this: that in times of grief and trouble he lost himself in the study of Nature, and exercised his creative genius only in his calmer, sunnier moods.

Musical Degrees.

(*From the Concordia*, (*London*).

The subject of musical degrees has for some time past received considerable attention, and is now discussed with an approach to warmth in particular quarters. It once occupied Handel's mind, but not for long. Somebody, or bodies, having suggested that the great man should go to Oxford and be made a Doctor, he put the matter aside in his usual unceremonious fashion, saying, in effect: "It is all very well for fools to be Doctors; what good could the title do me?" Handel, perhaps, had not studied the question, but his instinctive reply was very nearly an expression of its true philosophy. As a matter of fact, it may be said of degrees generally, that their testimony to a man's real powers is far from being of a positive character. They show that he has done certain things to the satisfaction of other men, but the acts performed and the mode of their achievement, however cunningly adapted to the end in view, are an imperfect test. An Oxford student may cram for a degree and win it, but be no more what the title strictly implies than his college cook. In the same manner, Sawbones, late of Guy's, may be admitted a M.R.C.S., and go down into the country to kill off his patients through recklessness or nervousness with painful consistency. But it will be urged that the testimony afforded by a degree, though necessarily imperfect, has yet some worth, and supplies a means of protection against ignorance and charlatanry. To a considerable extent this is no doubt true; and, though most of us have met with stupidity and quackery under the gown and hood, in so far as those badges of honor are a guarantee of acquirement, they serve a useful purpose which no sensible man would seek to depreciate. But if there be one case wherein such distinctions have less value than in another, music is that case. We will try to prove what we say.

Setting music aside, degrees, in their highest conceivable form, are but proof of work done within the field of knowledge. That field is open to all. Give the required advantages to any man of average intellect and he may, if he choose, become a Master of Arts, a Doctor of Medicine or a Bachelor of Science. Indeed, it is hardly necessary to stipulate for average intellect, seeing what precious specimens of the thinking animal sometimes contrive to win the favor of examiners. But, in the least promising case, so much reading and study will confer the necessary qualifications, and enable the mere plodder to say to the quick man, who has distanced him by years: "I have as good a right to put on the badge of my rank as you." But the case of music is different, for the simple and sufficient reason that music is not merely an affair of knowledge. In other words, book-learning cannot make a musician, and a man may as well seek, by tak-

ing thought, to add a cubit to his stature, as to win that dignity through such means. Is there any need to stop and prove this? Perhaps so, for nothing can be more astonishing than the curiously mistaken notions even musical people entertain about their art. Let us, therefore, pause to ask whether it may not be assumed that Schubert, the composer of the unfinished Symphony in B minor, of the A minor Quartet, and of the Entr'actes in *Rosamunde*, was a musician? Yet we very well know that had it been possible for Schubert, when he wrote those immortal works, to have gone before Professor Ouseley at Oxford, or Professor Macfarren at Cambridge, for a Doctor's degree, he would have been "plucked" without hesitation. Schubert had the highest attributes of a musician — attributes incommunicable and not to be acquired—without those of a lower, if admittedly valuable nature which come by study. How many of our masters were, to some extent, in like case? The story is told of a certain learned professor, still living and grubbing among musical "roots," that once on a time he pointed out to the composer himself what he thought to be a doubtful chord in a work by Mendelssohn. "What is the root of that chord?" asked the learned Professor. "Upon my word, Dr. ———," answered the great man, "I don't know. It suited my purpose, and I used it." Precisely. Many other great men in music have done the same, and the world has been none the wiser; or, being the wiser, has esteemed them none the less. But if a man may be a musician without the ability to satisfy a University professor, the converse is also true, and he may "pass" with honors without being, in the highest sense, a musician at all. Dissenters of the old-fashioned type are said to value at extremely little worth the sermons of preachers with a "handle" to their names. The new-fangled B.A.'s and M.A.'s of the London University are objects of suspicion; but from a D.D. they fly as though the initials meant "Double Dryness." Hardly in like measure, perhaps, but still in some measure, the musical public look dubiously upon the efforts of Mus. Bac's and Mus. Doc's. *Prima facie*, those efforts ought to be regarded as the highest exemplification of musicianship amongst us. But facts can easily conquer the best arranged theory, and, to put the case with mildness, nobody thinks of giving more attention to the work of a man who wears the honors of Oxford or Cambridge, than to the production of a composer whose name speaks with the "unadorned eloquence" of a parish register. The justification of this is seen in the fact that most of our leading English musicians have been, and are, innocent of degrees. Taking those of recent, or contemporary date, it may be pointed out that both Sir Sterndale Bennett and Mr. Macfarren became Doctors because they became Doctor makers. Apart from such exceptional cases, do Henry Smart and Arthur Sullivan, taking each as representative of a generation, wear musical honors? We cannot, even by an effort, associate them with such things in the sense of bringing together that which is necessary to completeness. Again, it may pertinently be asked, what exercise written for a degree, and presumably, therefore, exhibiting the writer's highest endowments, has lived to serve more than a temporary purpose? One such there is, truly, but when Haydn composed the "Oxford" symphony it was not to satisfy an examiner, but to honor a university. Apart from this, candidates have covered reams of paper which an unappreciative world has allowed to line trunks or go to the butterman.

The foregoing remarks must not be misunderstood. We have nothing to say against musical degrees within the scope of their usefulness, and if a man thinks that his professional status will be bettered by writing Mus. Bac. or Mus. Doc. after his name, let him win and wear the honor. But we would jealously guard against the danger, which seems imminent, of a belief that degrees are a measure and guarantee of musicianship. They are not, and they cannot be,—a fact which the more discerning Germans appear to have all along recognized. There are no Doctors of Music in the land of the great masters, because musicians, like poets, are born and not in any essential respect a creation of universities. Why, then, make a pother about degrees here? unless, indeed, there be a desire in some quarters to incorporate the musical profession and compel every man practising it to take out a diploma. Such an object is intelligible enough, but we are happy to believe that it is also impracticable. In the days of the Stuarts, Nicholas Laniere and others tried to shut the doors of the profession against all uncertified men, but the attempt, though backed by Royal authority, was a miserable failure. Since then music has been free to all, and free it must remain, as well from motives of policy as from the nature of the case. Quacks may arise, but they will sooner or later be found out and punished, unless they get themselves dubbed "doctors," in which case they may die in the odor of professional sanctity. As for those who are not quacks, they need no titular distinction now, and it will be a sorry time for music if they ever do.

On the Relation of Musical Artists to their Art.

BY JOSEPH BENNETT.

"For none of us liveth or dieth to himself."—ST. PAUL.

The great epistolar formulates an obvious truth in the words I have placed at the head of this paper. It is not possible for any one of us, even though he imitate St Simon Stylites, and dwell on the top of a pillar, to live or die to himself. The bond of a common nature is too strong; the dependence of man on man too deep-seated in its causes; and the links that bind him to his fellows are too many for severance. But the words may be taken as expressing an obligation, in so far, at least, as they refer to life. No man *can* live unto himself; every man *ought* to live unto something that is not only outside himself, but stimulative of noble thoughts, unselfish feeling, and beneficent deeds. * * * * * * *

The physician lives for humanity, not for his fee, though he is worthy of it; and the servants of "god-like charity" do more than serve themselves. But what of the followers of Art? Are they among the classes privileged to "buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market?" or have they placed themselves in any degree under obligations superior to the demands of self? If any artist should so far get through my preamble as to reach this point, the question will probably amuse him. He may treat it as a whimsical speculation indulged in for the sake of discussion, like the theses of the ancient schoolmen. Or he may regard it as springing from one of those impracticable minds which apply the conditions of perfection to a most imperfect world. Let me hasten to assure and, perhaps, to astonish him by saying that I am serious in propounding the question, and mean to be very earnest in giving it an answer. First of all, however, I must limit the application of the word "artist" to those who follow the musical profession, not only because it is with them I have avowedly to deal, but because, otherwise, injustice might be done. A multitude of circumstances combine to separate musical artists from their fellows, and to place them under conditions of special trial. The painter lives and works in the privacy of his studio, the poet worships the muse in the seclusion of his library, and in each case everything tends to encourage that spirit of devotion which sinks the man in the minister of a noble and beneficent power. What great deeds and mighty sacrifices have the studio and the library witnessed, and how men have there learned to "scorn delight and live laborious days" while an easy road to a nearer reward lay before them! But the musical artist is tried as are not other men. He labors at his vocation in the full glare of day, with all the world looking on. His success or failure at any given moment depends upon a hundred chances which he must be quick to seize. His life is a struggle with rivals who are ready to profit by any slip he makes, and he is to no small extent dependent upon an ignorant public liable to be influenced by equally ignorant, perhaps malevolent guides. These are not the conditions which foster a true artistic spirit. They are the conditions, rather, which beget selfishness, make personal advantage the be-all and end-all of life, and tend to measure success by encores and guineas. What wonder, then, if musical artists bear, as artists, an indifferent name. What wonder if they are associated, as a rule, with much that is unworthy of the dignity of their calling, and are too often credited with bringing to the discharge of its duties the spirit of a hucksterer! Where there is smoke there is fire, and the facts just stated make it the imperative duty of all who can reach the persons concerned to hold up the ideal of artistic life, and to insist upon the binding power of obligations which are so liable to be overlooked.

But here the artist may interpose, and resent as an impertinence this intrusion upon the conduct of his business. "Why," he may ask, "should I be lectured into what you choose to consider good behavior? Leave me to manage my affairs and attend you to your own." With regard to the last clause in this protest, that is precisely what I am doing. As between man and man I have no right at all to speak; as between an artist and an amateur of art the matter is one which concerns me—is my business, in point of fact. You cannot see this, because it has not yet dawned upon you that you represent an art upon which thousands of us depend for a good deal that makes life a pleasure; that, as such, you are responsible for every professional act, and subject to the control of influences which lie outside of and apart from yourself. Your position, as thus defined, may be irksome, but that is your business. You are not compelled to remain in it. But while you do remain, understand that the position has its duties as well as its rights, and that anyone who is interested in the welfare of your art may call upon you to fulfil them.

The question now arises—What are the claims of music upon those who profess it?

The answer, if given in all its fulness, would carry us into the domain of impracticable theory. Personally, I have no desire to go so far. The domain in question is the home of dreamers, and of those who, not able to recognize the limits of the possible, blunder over them in imagination, and wonder why others do not follow in reality. It is a barren region, save when it creates enthusiasts whose example leavens a, mayhap, too practical and matter-of-fact world with a little of their own devotion. I am not, therefore, about to contend—though the contention would be theoretically justified—that when a man has consecrated himself to Art he should, under all circumstances, prefer its interests to his own, and at its command refuse to do or insist upon doing any and everything without reference to personal advantage or loss. What would be the use of preaching such a doctrine, especially now, when the struggle of life is fierce, and every man has to fight, like Hal-o'-the-Wynd, "for his own hand" against a thousand who, if not his personal enemies, would walk over his body to their own goal with the utmost complacency? It would be vain and foolish to look for absolute devotion, and he who would discuss this subject practically, must dismiss the idea. But something is possible, and the realization of it lies in the duty of promoting by every available means the welfare of art, while doing all that circumstances permit to avoid compromising its interests. No artist will object to this as a rule of conduct. Let us see how far its application to certain every-day experiences may be satisfactory.

A is an artist to whom B brings a trumpery song at which, under ordinary conditions, A would not look twice. But B says: "It suits your voice, sing it everywhere for so long a time, and you shall have so much for every copy sold." A jumps at the bait, and forthwith goes among the public lending the influence of his name and gifts to the recommendation of rubbish. Here, in parenthesis, let it be understood that I am not attacking what is usually called the "royalty system." That system may or may not be a bad one, but it is certain that "royalty songs" are not trash of necessity. B might have taken to A a masterpiece, in which case, though it involve the "royalty system," my present argument would not apply. But assuming the conditions laid down above, what rag of defence has A against the charge of sacrificing his art for paltry gain? It is a case of disloyalty, and more—it is a case like that of a soldier who turns against his own colors the weapons given to him for their defence.

> "Treason doth never prosper. What's the reason?
> Why, when it prospers, none dare call it treason."

Let me prove old Sir John Harrington wrong for once, by stigmatizing the practice under review as treason in its worst form.

C is an artist whose help is necessary to the production of a work the influence of which cannot be too greatly strengthened. But the composer has not written with a view to the claims founded by C upon his artistic rank. There are not songs enough, or they come too early or too late, or they are not adapted to show the best points in his voice. C thereupon declines the engagement, and leaves it to a man of humbler pretensions as well as smaller means. The result is damage to the work. Here the first consideration was personal advantage, not duty to art. But something more than this was involved, viz.—inability to recognize the fact that the dignity which the pursuit of art reflects is a truer and nobler thing than that which springs from personal rank and fame. The greatest artist—happily the annals of music illustrate this over and over again—may, without the smallest loss of greatness, minister in a humble capacity. "Those also serve" says Milton, speaking of the angels, "who only stand and wait." So before the majesty of high art all its followers are equal, though by comparison amongst themselves there are ranks and orders. Could this exalted truth be more generally recognized we should see less of a contemptible self-assertion which assumes that individual aggrandizement is the ultimate end, and the gratification of individual feeling the highest good of artistic life. There is nothing more pitiful or more hopeless than the condition of one who is given over to such a form of selfishness. An old theologian has said: "Thou must be emptied of self before thou canst be filled with the Spirit," and, in like manner, until the follower of art is emptied of self he cannot be an artist. He is the Iscariot among disciples, and thinks more of dipping his hand into the store-bag than of furthering the cause which unites his companions.

D is an artist who scorns to make money by playing or singing bad music, and is indifferent about asserting his precedence over others, but suffers nevertheless from a consuming ambition. He wants to make a noise in the world; to be talked of in society; to see long articles concerning himself in the public journals, and to find his name the battle-cry of a musical faction. To this end he works by cultivating what is called individuality. He has odd ways in public, which simple souls connect with genius in the blundering fashion of people who speculate upon what they know nothing at all about. Perhaps he wears long hair, and achieves the abstracted look of a man able to see more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in the philosophy of common folk. Perhaps he has eccentric notions of dress, or he may assume an air of *abandon* on the platform as of one "possessed," or he may, as is most in fashion now-a-days, sacrifice the music he performs to "new readings" such as a gullible public takes in with very long ears and much asinine wonder. It is hard to define what a musician afflicted in this mode may or may not do, so wide is the field in which, by a mysterious dispensation of liberty, folly or conceit, or—worst of all—deliberate calculation, disports itself. There are many such people calling themselves artists, and some of them are men who, but for their weakness on this point, would be artists in deed and in truth. Their case is the worst of all. He whose object is gain can, at least, be understood. Money is power; the world worships it; and the desire for wealth is a perfectly intelligible, if vulgar, weakness. He, again, who stands up for his dignity to the disregard of art, enjoys a natural, though unworthy, triumph. But the man who uses ability and opportunity to make art the means of a sensational display intended solely for his own glorification—he is an offender *sui generis*; one who sins against light, and is beyond the reach of forgiveness. As well as living to himself, art, as he can make it, lives for him too, and is kept in his stable, that at any moment he may bestride it and witch a foolish world with most ignoble horsemanship.

Other examples might be brought forward, but the limits of this paper are reached, and those already cited will suggest many more to every observant mind. And now the question may be asked *Cui bono?* What can come of this preachment against the wind, of which every man can hear the sound and that is all? Well, that is exactly what I don't know. But an old book of wisdom says, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days." I remember, when a boy, putting the advice to a literal test, and wasting a slice of excellent provender. Nevertheless, I have faith in it still as a figure, and it may be that the words now drawing to a close will nourish somewhere or other the seed out of which a true artist springs, helping it to bring forth the fruit of high aims, noble devotion, unselfish feeling, everything, in point of fact, that distinguishes an artist from a mere trader upon art.

Obituary.

CHARLES EDWARD HORSLEY. The *American Art Journal* contains the following notice of the sudden death of one of the ripest and soundest of English musicians, who came to this country about four years ago, and who contributed to our own Journal, at that time, a series of very interesting personal reminiscences of Mendelssohn.

It becomes our painful duty to record the death of this talented musician and composer, which took place on Monday, Feb. 28th rather unexpectedly, the immediate cause being heart disease. Mr. Horsley came from a musical race, his father being the celebrated glee composer, H. Wm Horsley. He was born in London, Dec. 17, 1825, and studied in Germany under Mendelssohn, Hauptmann, and Spohr; with the former he was on the most intimate terms of friendship. Among Mr. Horsley's many successful works, we may mention his oratorios of *Joseph* and *David*; cantatas: *Comus*, and *Wedding Cantata* in addition to many pieces of church music, both vocal and instrumental, symphonies, etc. Mr Horsley arrived in America in 1872, and has been the organist and choir master of St John's Chapel, in addition to directing that once splendid choral organization founded by Dr James Peck, the Church Music Association, during the latter period of its existence. Mr Horsley's last work was performed at the Martha Washington Reception on the 22 inst., and is entitle l The Patriot Flag, being written for solo and chorus, and a highly effective composition. He had countless warm friends in musical circles who will deeply mourn his early decease.

—WE had just read the melancholy news of Mr. Horsley's death, when the London *Figaro*, of Feb. 23, came to hand, in which we find the following:

> I wonder that none of our entrepreneurs ever think of producing some of the works of Charles Horsley. At the time that shamefully neglected composer worked in England, English music held a very different position in popular estimation from that which it does now. Ten years ago he went to Australia, where his name, and that of his cantata, "Enterpe," written for the Town Hall, Melbourne, are household words. He is now earning his bread in America, a country which I regret to say, has hitherto looked far more favorably upon English musicians than we have ourselves done. The time has gone by when foreigners who happened to be patronized by royalty and aristocracy could take the food from the mouths of our own men of talent, and the cry is loud for good English music. Why, then, does not some one produce Mr. Horsley's "Comus," or "Gideon," or "Enterpe?" English music-lovers know their merits, and choral works are now highly popular. What says Mr Manns, or Mr Weist Hill, who have both done a great deal for English music? The Albert Hall is still in the possession of the aristocracy, the Sacred Harmonic Society is intent upon their old repertory, and the Philharmonic Society, with its English Board of Directors, looks with scorn upon English works. But we have many choral societies in London, and dozens in the provinces, by whom English music of the true sort is in request, and if the opinion of such men as Macfarren, Smart, and Benedict be of any worth, Charles Horsley should not be forgotten, even though he be in America, waiting anxiously for an opportunity to return to his native land.

HORATIO HARRIS. The following touching tribute is to the memory of one, who, although not a musician in any professional or technical sense, was one of the truest and most liberal "friends of Music" in this community. He was a member of the Harvard Music Association, and one who could always be relied on for hearty and substantial aid in all good works in the true cause of Art, as well as of humanity.

IN MEMORIAM

BOSTON, March 3, 1876.

To the Editor of the Sonntagblatt Gazette:

As you suggested, I will write some incidents of my business and social intercourse with our dear friend, Horatio Harris, now extending back nearly forty years. In 1838 he, as clerk of the auctioneers, and I of the importers, often stood together on Commercial Wharf, delivering Malaga fruit which had been sold. He was a healthy, energetic boy, courteous to his superiors, and firm, but quiet, civil, and determined, with the truest men, who in those days were our richest population. He showed the future merchant by his systematic mode of bringing order out of what almost seemed chaos. At night, although thousands of packages had been received from the vessel and delivered to very many parties, all our accounts agreed, to a package. He early became his employers' partner, and by the senior's death took *his* place, while he was still a young man, and later formed the firm, with which he retained his connection. As you know, his attention of late years has been one of toil and work, and I need hardly dwell upon, what everyone who knew him easily saw in his business life, a well-balanced mind, always cheerful, his laugh was a benison, but never elated when business was most prosperous, and as free from despondency during the crises which periodically visited us. In 1857, I well remember how his duties were very heavy, and how well he carried them, always calm and cheerful, and domestic to help others bear their too heavy loads. But it was the social side of his life which always charmed me. So soon as his work was finished, he went to his beautiful place at Roxbury, wholly the work of his good taste, and as we often walked about the grounds, he would point out the finished or projected improvements. He was a lover of nature, and also a natural musician, when we went into the house, he would seat his piano and play wholesale airs from opera or selections from overture and symphony which we had before heard when together. There was much truth in what some one once said to him, hearing him play: "What is the use of practicing the piano and practice sing for weeks over what Mr Harris will play after once hearing?" He had the possession of [illegible] hearing and repeating almost anything he had heard. He enjoyed nature's beauties, [illegible] on his way to Roxbury, as greenhouse. He [illegible] each morning on his way to Boston. As we [illegible] he would often say that if I had a moment to spare he would like to go and see some pretty place which was being improved.

This strong [illegible] tender heart, and one susceptible to all that was beautiful. His charities were most ample, and his [illegible] young persons of either sex were helped by him in their musical education, while many were enabled through his assistance to procure their musical instruments. He was sorely tried, and more than once, but bore his grief heroically. His eldest son died at the moment when his father had carefully educated him to help him with his business cares, while after consumed watching, days and nights, over a sick bed another son was saved but at such what deprivation! The affliction of this young man, however, seemed to open wider his own soul, for scarcely can one entering the house of Hiss the cheery voice of Leach, or else sweet music came from the piano. He inherited his father's musical talent. Our friend has gone, his

work well done, and to us of his age he seems to have finished his share here, although taken away in the fulness of his strength. He has gone to render his account of the talents lent him, and which he neither buried nor misused. God rest his soul! We will all keep his memory green, and remember his many good deeds.

J. S.

RUBINSTEIN'S CONCERTO IN G. Here is what the London *Academy* says of it. What words would it have found for another Rubinstein Concerto which bored a Boston audience in a recent concert of Theodore Thomas!

There are few more thoroughly disappointing composers than the great Russian pianist. That he possesses considerable talent and is by no means destitute of inventive power it would be most unjust to deny; yet his larger works never, as a whole, create a satisfactory impression. There are two reasons for this; first that the composer in his anxiety to produce something entirely original occasionally succeeds in producing something abominably and hideously ugly; and secondly (and much more frequently) that he seems to be almost wholly destitute of the faculty of self-criticism. The chief themes of his movements are often, as in the concerto played on Saturday, pleasing enough; but, having selected them, one is almost tempted to imagine that Rubinstein leaves the rest of the movement to take care of itself, and literally puts down on paper the first notes that occur to him. Hence his thematic developments, on the proper management of which the organic unity of the whole movement very largely depends are too often diffuse, wild, and incoherent; side by side with passages of true power and beauty we find pages of the most dreary "padding;" and, just as the composer has enlisted the hearer's sympathies by some beautiful phrase, he flies off at a tangent, and raves and storms wildly over the orchestra, till the interest previously excited is succeeded by a feeling of weariness, if not of disgust. The third concerto is an instance of this. There is not one of the three movements of which it consists that does not contain good ideas, which, with judicious treatment, might have been worked into a most excellent whole; this is especially the case with the finale, the themes of which are really attractive. But in each movement there is so much that is vague and incoherent, so much mere straining after effect, that listening to the whole work was a severe trial to the patience. I must in justice add that I am recording my impressions on a first hearing, as the work was previously unknown to me; and I was told that if I heard it half-a-dozen times I should think very differently of it. It may be so: I will merely say that, if conversion is only to be purchased at such a cost, I prefer to remain in my present faith.

Liszt's Oratorio "Christus."

[*From the New York Sun, Feb.* 28.]

At their concert last evening, the Oratorio Society of New York, under Dr. Damrosch's direction, performed two works which were in as sharp contrast to each other as two musical compositions could very well be.

The first was a portion of Liszt's Christmas oratorio "Christus," the latter Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night."

Liszt's composition was partly for orchestra alone and partly for chorus with accompaniment of orchestra and organ. It related to the story of Christ's birth, and consisted of an introduction, a pastorale, and annunciation [chorus], the Latin hymn, *Stabat Mater speciosa*, the song of the Shepherds at the Cradle, and the March of the Kings of the East, the last two numbers being for orchestra.

Here certainly was an opportunity for some devotional writing if any devotion Liszt had in him that he was capable of expressing through the medium of music. Apparently he had none, for certainly he expressed none. In fact he masquerades with religion as with other things. It is mere matter of costuming as much as his Abbé's dress is, and the impression given by so much of the work as was heard last evening [for happily only one-third of it was given] was of emptiness of thought striving for little worthless effects and general insincerity of purpose. It was long and tedious, unrelieved by any indication of genius or by any phrase of genuine and original melody. The attention of the hearer goes wandering wearily out over the chaos of sound that Liszt conjures up, seeking, like the dove, for some olive branch of melody, but searching in vain. Liszt is a man who pieces together little fragments of musical expression, here a bit for the oboe, there a little phrase for the violoncello, occasionally a tinkle from the harp. When he wishes to express a broad and grand thought, he becomes simply noisy. Everything is patchwork—a confused medley of tones and phrases, without symmetry, relation, logical development or sequence. And yet it is all put together with the consummate skill of a man who understands perfectly the whole technique of music the art of effect the capabilities of every instrument, and how to combine those instruments so as to produce all manner of startling, curious, and quaint effects.

If heaven to all those talents had been pleased to add a spark of true genius and a little nobility and sincerity of life and purpose, we might have had a great composer in Liszt. As it is, we have only this strange compound of talent and charlatanry, who, when he tires of the good things of this world and of the adulation with which he is surfeited, turns his mind to dressing up some of his fancies in an ecclesiastical garb, and is pleased to believe that in his "Christus" he is giving to the world a devotional work.

After his insincerity the downright earnest, bright music of Mendelssohn's Walpurgis night came like a true refreshment.

The Oratorio Society rendered both the works in a praiseworthy manner, the latter naturally with more spirit and accuracy than the former.

At their next concert they sing Schumann's Paradise and the Peri.

Bach's Work in Leipzig.*

Bach now became choir-master of the Thomas School, and musical director of the two principal churches at Leipzig, St. Nicholas and St. Thomas, as well as of the two smaller ones, St. Peter's and the new church. He undertook this position in the year 1723, at the age of thirty-eight, and remained there twenty-seven years, till his death.

Leipzig, one of the great centres of German commerce, full of life and movement, as Goethe says "a miniature Paris, that formed its own people," was also one of the principal seats of scientific learning. The university and its professors enjoyed a wide reputation. The city itself, though subject to the elector of Saxony, was very independent in the management of its internal affairs, and had an almost republican constitution. The proud independence of its whole character stamped itself on every phase of its life. It was therefore natural that a man of Bach's genius and lofty aims should develop his full powers in such an atmosphere.

Besides directing the music in the four churches we have named, it was Bach's duty to teach the Thomas scholars music. A certain number of these boys were provided by legacies with food and lodging, in consideration of which they were required to perform the church music, attend funerals, and go through the streets singing three times a week, on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, for which the owners of the houses gave them some money towards their maintenance.

The convent of St. Thomas, out of which the school had grown, had such an "Alumneum," or charity school, the pupils of which had been required to sing at religious ceremonies. When the magistracy of Leipzig took possession of the convent, A.D. 1531, this custom was retained. Luther had done away with all that was formal and mechanical in the Roman Catholic ritual, but he wished music to be preserved in the Church, and had, therefore, urged that singing should be taught in schools, and "would not look at a schoolmaster who could not sing." Thus the musical functions of the Alumneum were substantially connected with the constitution of the Thomas School, and were quite compatible with its importance as a seat of general learning.

The choir which Bach had to lead, was thus under his own constant instruction and superintendence, and he could now control the singing in church, which he had never been able to do in the places where it was led by the ordinary school children, without any regular instruction or direction. How particular the governors of the school were as to having a full, well-ordered choir, appears from the rules of the institution, A.D. 1723, chapters vi. and vii., by which the admission of boys to the benefits of the institution, and their continuance in the same, were made dependent on their musical powers, and they were required to stay from five to six years that the music might not suffer from too frequent changes.

The number of charity children, or "Alumni," as they were called, amounted to twenty-two in the year 1552, and had risen at the time of Bach's appointment to fifty-five. They were provided with dinners, suppers, and lodging in the school-house, and received allowances of money besides.

The singing-school of St. Thomas had had an excellent succession of masters for a long time, and under them the institution had risen to such a height of excellence that many boys out of foreign, especially Protestant, countries—Prussia, Hungary, Poland, Denmark, and Sweden—came there.

Bach's duties here included the inspection of the school every third week (the rector, or head-master, and con-rector, or assistant-master, taking their turns the other two weeks), which occupied him from 5 A.M. in summer, and from 6 A.M. in winter.

*From *The Life of* J. SEBASTIAN BACH. An Abridged Translation from the German of C. H. BITTER, by JANET E. KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH, London, 1873.

Besides this he taught the first class music (the second class was taught under his directions by an inferior master), arranged how the singing was to be performed at every service in the four churches already mentioned, dividing his pupils so as to form choirs in each of them, and went with them to every funeral, superintending the singing of the funeral hymns introduced by Luther. If at a funeral any one wished a cantata or motet to be sung instead of the ordinary hymns, he might not consent in every case, but only if the person to be buried was of distinguished position or a benefactor of the church or schools. He was to keep an inventory of the music and instruments, and see to their being well taken care of; also to superintend the organists and other musicians of the two principal churches, and to see that the boys wasted no time when they went in procession through the town, so that they might lose none of their studies.

It is difficult to state with precision what pay Bach received at Leipzig, as he derived most of his income from occasional sources. He had lodging and firewood free, and his fixed salary was 87 thalers 12 groschen (about £13) per annum, besides 16 scheffel of corn—13 thalers 3 groschen (about £2) for wood and candles, and 1 thaler 8 groschen (3s. 10d.) interest on a legacy. The rest of the income was made up by fees from 1 thaler (3 shillings) upwards, for the performances of the choir at funerals, weddings, concerts, etc. He was thus much better off than he had ever been before; he had not enough to grow rich, but quite sufficient to live very comfortably, even with his large family, in those days when provisions were cheap.

Before entering on his office he was required to sign a paper with fourteen conditions, one of which bound him not to make the music in church too long, and not "operatic," but rather "such as to encourage the hearers to devotion."

There was music on alternate Sundays at the two principal churches under Bach's direction, and the order of services in them was as follows:—

On Sunday, early service at 6.30 A.M., at which the "horæ," retained from the Roman Catholic church, were sung.

Full service at 7.30 as follows:—

(1) A prelude.
(2) A motet or anthem on festivals.
(3) Kyrie.
(4) Gloria in excelsis.
(5) Prelude.
(6) The Lord be with you.
(7) A prelude and hymn.
(8) The epistle.
(9) Prelude and hymn.
(10) The gospel.
(11) Prelude and creed.
(12) Sermon and hymn.
(13) Prayer and announcements.
(14) Prelude and hymn.
(15) Communion.
(16) Offertory and blessing.
(17) Closing hymn.

Noonday service at 11.30 A. M.:—

(1) Prelude.
(2) Motet, or, on feast days, Cantata.
(3) Prelude and hymn.
(4) Psalm and prayers.
(5) Prelude and hymn.
(6) Sermon and hymn.
(7) Prayers.
(8) Prelude and hymn.
(9) Offertory and blessing.
(10) Hymn.

Afternoon service began at 1.30 P.M., and after that, about 4 P.M., came christenings and weddings.

Besides this there was a short service every day of the week at each of the churches, in the morning at the one, and in the afternoon at the other alternately, and the choristers of the Thomas School sang at each.

Bach composed many of the motets, preludes, cantatas, etc., for these services himself. He worked hard, but he had the satisfaction of seeing the good result of his labors, and he much enjoyed playing on the great organ of St. Thomas's Church, an instrument which was really worthy of so great a master. There were two organs in this church, a large and a small one; both were used when the Matthäus Passion was performed A.D. 1729.

In the midst of his manifold occupations Bach still found time to study the works of his contemporaries. Copies exist in his handwriting of a Mass by Palestrina, parts of two Masses by Lotti, a Magnificat by Caldara, and one by Zelenka, an Oratorio by Handel, a Passionsmusik by Kaiser, and one by

cres.

sweetheart not at home! Whither can the loved one roam?

cres.

sweetheart not at home, can the

cres. *f*

not at home? can the loved one, Whith-er

cres. *f*

at home, Whither can the loved one roam? the

cres.

f *p*

Whither can the loved one roam? With her blos - soms,

p

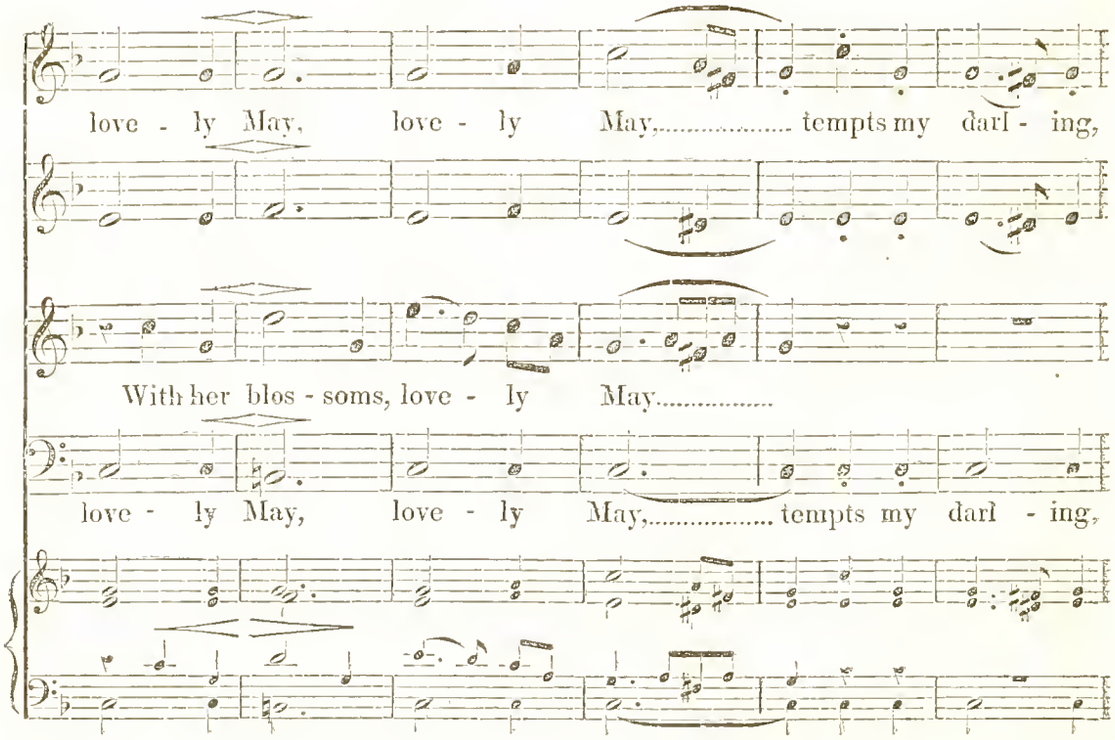
loved one, can the loved one roam?

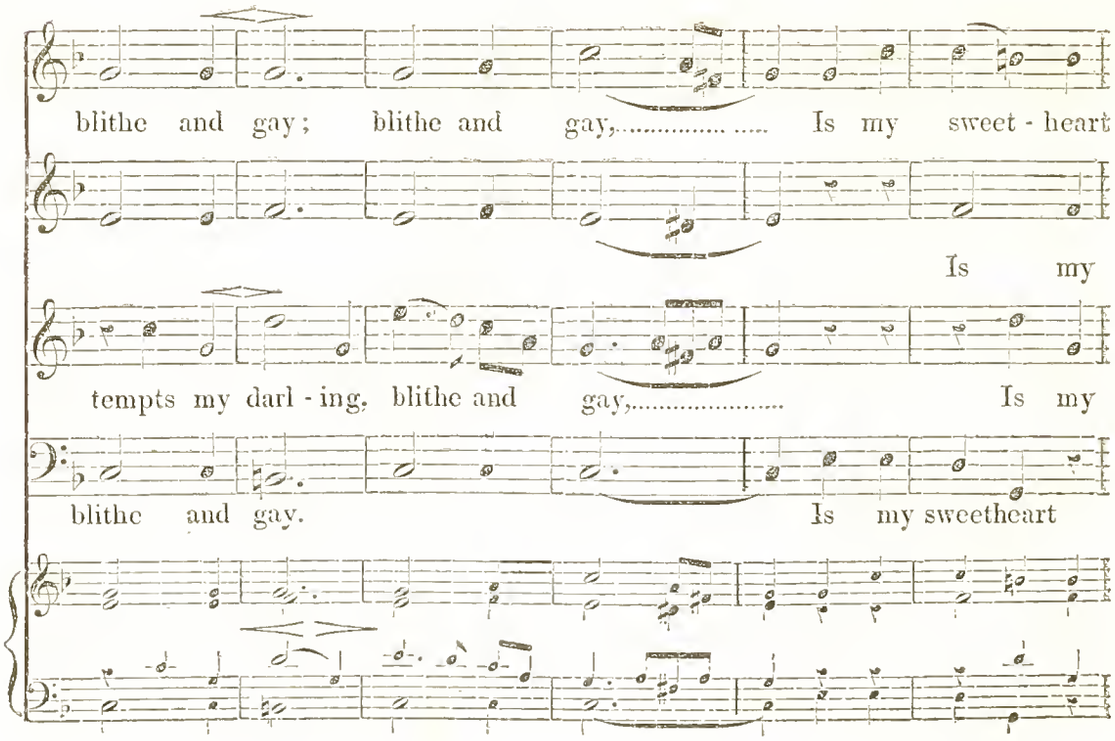
p dim.

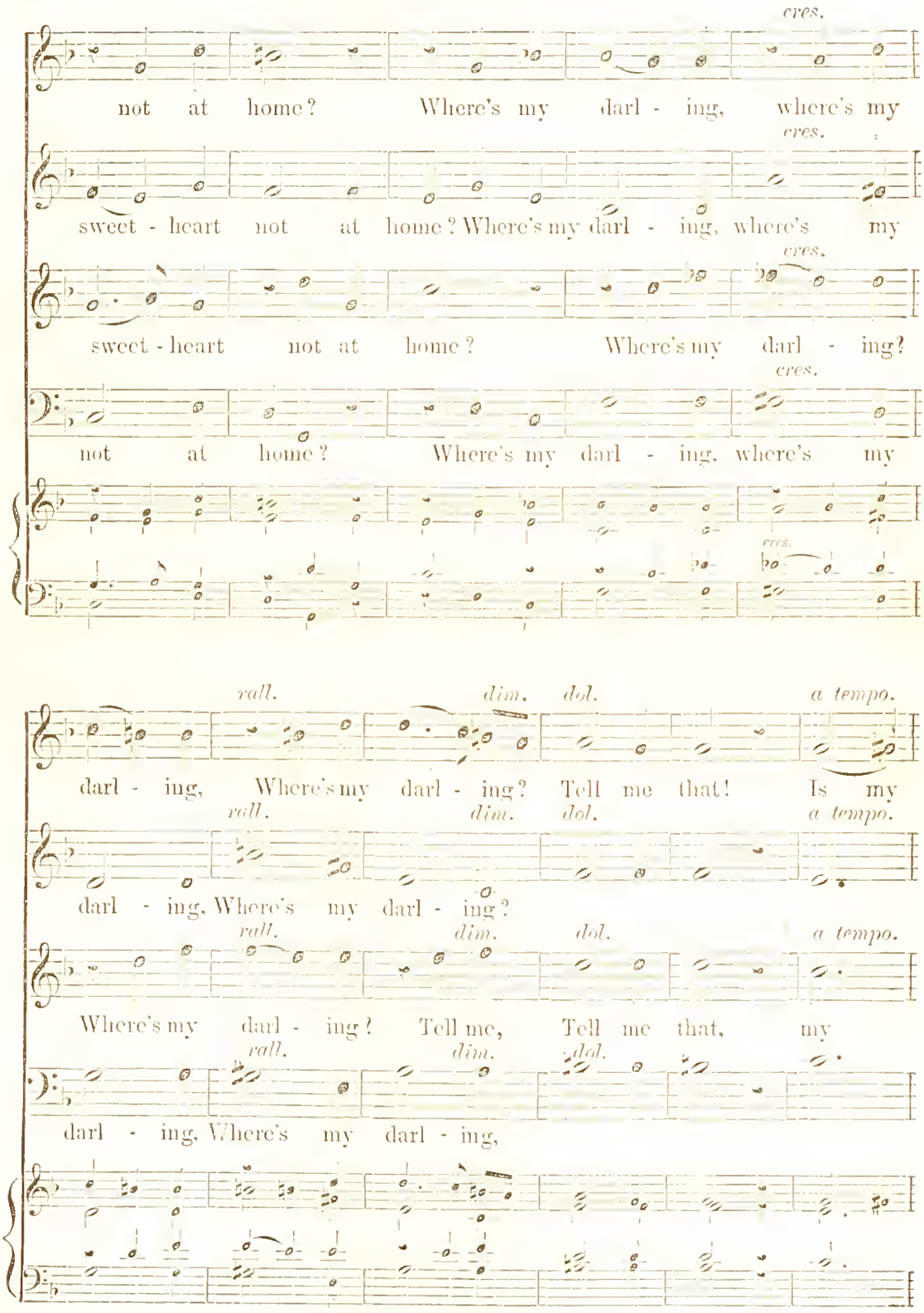
can the loved one roam, loved one roam!

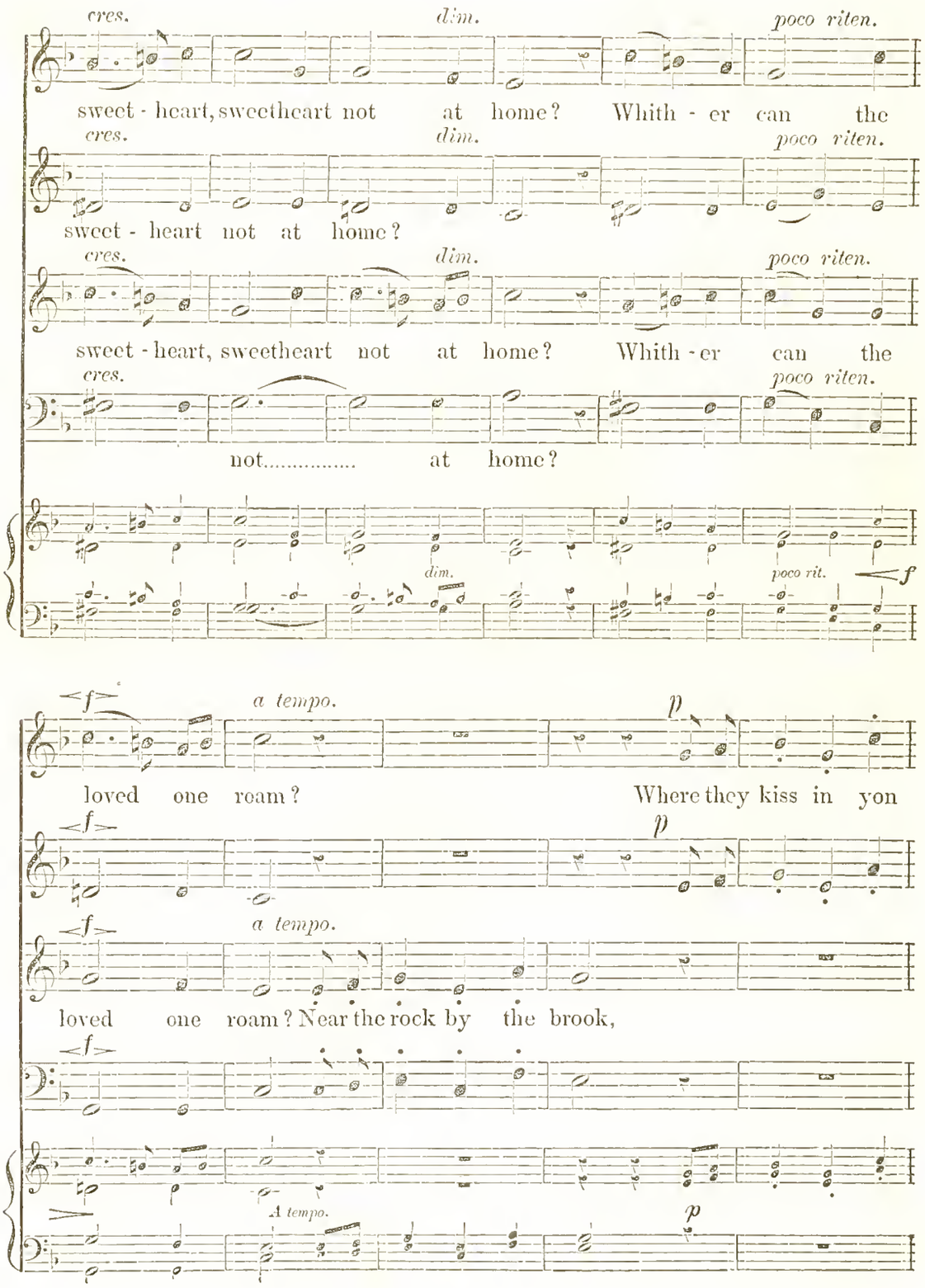
p

loved one, can the loved one roam? With her blos - soms,


love - ly May, love - ly May,..... tempts my darl - ing,
With her blos - soms, love - ly May.....
love - ly May, love - ly May,..... tempts my darl - ing,


blithe and gay; blithe and gay,..... Is my sweet - heart
Is my
tempts my darl - ing, blithe and gay,..... Is my
blithe and gay. Is my sweetheart


cres.
not at home? Where's my darl - ing, where's my
cres.
sweet - heart not at home? Where's my darl - ing, where's my
cres.
sweet - heart not at home? Where's my darl - ing?
cres.
not at home? Where's my darl - ing, where's my
cres.
rall. dim. dol. a tempo.
darl - ing, Where's my darl - ing? Tell me that! Is my
rall. dim. dol. a tempo.
darl - ing, Where's my darl - ing?
rall. dim. dol. a tempo.
Where's my darl - ing? Tell me, Tell me that, my
rall. dim. dol.
darl - ing, Where's my darl - ing,


cres.
dim.
poco riten.
sweet - heart, sweetheart not at home? Whith - er can the
sweet - heart not at home?
sweet - heart, sweetheart not at home? Whith - er can the
not..... at home?
dim.
poco rit.
f
a tempo.
p
loved one roam? Where they kiss in yon
loved one roam? Near the rock by the brook,
A tempo.

Graun, a short Mass by Wilderer, sixteen Cantatas by J. Ludwig Bach, a Concerto by Telemann, and several pieces for the piano by W. Friedemann Bach.

The works he composed at Leipzig are perfect specimens of his riper style. One of their characteristics is the perfection of each part as an independent melody, while at the same time all the parts together make a perfect harmony. For instance, in his double choruses with instrumental accompaniment each voice has a melodious part to sing, each chorus is beautiful by itself, the accompaniment alone is a perfect piece of music, and the whole together constitutes a grand harmony.

The original manuscripts of his works are full of corrections and alterations, showing that their production cost him no small amount of labor.

The directors who preceded Bach at Leipzig used to choose the cantatas or motets to be sung in the churches quite arbitrarily, without any regard to their connection with the rest of the service. But Bach felt that, unless these elaborate pieces of music were really made a means of edification, they were mere intellectual pastimes, suitable for a concert, but an interruption to divine worship; and he thought that they could best edify the congregation if their subject were the themes to which attention was specially directed in the service and sermon of the day. He therefore made it a rule to ascertain from the clergymen of the four churches the texts of the sermons for the following Sunday, and to choose Cantatas on the same or corresponding texts. As most of the clergy were in the habit of preaching on the gospel of the day the service thus became a harmonious whole, and the attention of the congregation was not divided between a variety of subjects. The clergyman of highest standing at Leipzig, Superintendent Deyling, a preacher of great eloquence and theological learning, co-operated heartily with Bach in this scheme. A series of Cantatas* for every Sunday and festival for five years —about 380 in all- was composed by Bach, chiefly during the first years of his stay at Leipzig. Unfortunately many of these are lost, but 186 for particular days, and 32 without any days specified, still remain. Their music is so completely in character with the subject of the words as to form a perfect exposition of the text. In some the orchestral introductions and accompaniments are made illustrative of the scene of the text, as for instance in one on Christ's appearing to his disciples in the evening after his resurrection, the introduction is of a soft calming character, representing the peacefulness of evening and of the whole scene. Another, on the text, "Like as the rain and snow fall from heaven," is introduced by a symphony in which the sound of gently falling rain is imitated. In others the instrumental parts and some of the voices express the feelings excited by meditation on the words. Sometimes, in the midst of a chorus in which the words of the text are repeated and as it were commented on, a single voice, with the accompaniment of a few instruments, breaks off into some well known hymn in a similar strain of thought or feeling.

The form of the Cantata was generally as follows:—

An orchestral introduction;

A chorus, usually the most impressive part of the whole, intended to tune the minds of the hearers to the spirit of the text;

Recitations and solo airs, models of musical painting, more calculated to occupy the intellect and illustrate the meaning of the words than to catch the ear by their melody;

Lastly, a chorale, or hymn tune in four parts, with elaborate instrumental accompaniment.

But Bach frequently departed from this general order of succession; in some cantatas he begins with a chorale, in others with a recitative or solo air, etc.

The words are adaptations of texts of scripture and of hymns; the scripture texts often altered so as to suit the music; in many, a rhyming comment, generally abstract and dogmatical, with awkward rhymes and unpoetical forms of expression, is sung to the airs; and as Bach's music is generally a faithful exposition of the words, the character of these rhymes is one reason why many of his airs sound unmelodious to modern ears.

The independence of the orchestral accompaniment from the singing, and of the part of each instrument from the others, makes this music extremely difficult to play. The introductions to the cantatas, often important enough to deserve the name of symphonies, were among the earliest pieces written for purely orchestral performance.

It is curious to remember that the sacred cantatas were not composed for universal fame or for a musical public, but for the use of congregations who probably looked on them as a necessary part of the service, and thought little about the merits of their composition. In those days art criticism was in its infancy, and they were scarcely noticed beyond the walls of Leipzig till after the composer's death.

Some critics, Zelter, Von Winterfeld, and others, have found fault with the *operatic* character of Bach's cantatas, and their unfitness for Divine service. It is true there are few choirs or orchestras capable of performing them without much study, and the congregation joins in no part of them except in the chorales; perhaps also there are few congregations sufficiently musical to appreciate them. But the real difference between sacred and secular music lies in the frame of mind produced in the hearers; and Bach's cantatas, whether performed in a church or a concert hall—with or without sacred words—inspire purely devotional feelings; whereas there is much music set to solemn words and performed in churches that leaves the hearers worldly, morbid, or frivolous. Bach borrowed some forms from the newest and best operatic compositions of his time, as he was perfectly justified in doing; for art makes progress by each artist availing himself of the discoveries and inventions of his predecessors, in other branches as well as his own. The mere use of *forms* which were also used in the opera could not make the spirit of his music theatrical.

By other critics, on the contrary, Bach has been called a "pietist." He was in truth a sincere Christian; and his deep religious feeling is shown throughout his life. He was a zealous Lutheran; his healthy mind was not troubled with doubts, but he had not, like so many, passively remained in the church in which he was brought up; he had made its creed his own by faithful study and mature reflection; had embraced it with his understanding, and impressed it on his heart, and his life was shaped in conformity to it. But with all this he was very unlike the so called Pietists.

Akin to Bach's attachment to the Lutheran Church was his loyalty to its founder. When he made a chorale of Luther's the groundwork of one of his cantatas, he altered not a note of the old Reformer's composition, but only enriched it by varying instrumental and vocal accompaniments.

Besides the Cantatas, eighteen Motets by Bach exist. He composed at least ten more, as we know from old catalogues, but they have been lost. In 1798, when Mozart visited Leipzig, Doles, then musical director of the Thomas School, played one of Bach's motets, "Singet dem Herrn ein neues Lied." Mozart was enchanted with it, asked to see more motets by the composer, and spent some hours looking through them.

Bach also wrote several secular pieces during his first years at Leipzig; a cantata for the birthday of the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfeld, afterwards used on the respective birthdays of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar and the King of Saxony; another for the birthday of the Princess Charlotte Friederike, who had just married his former patron and friend, Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Cothen; and all the music, a cantata and other pieces, performed when King Frederick Augustus visited Leipzig in 1727.

The next occasion for which he wrote was a sad one, a solemn service to the memory of Queen Christine Eberhardine, who died on the 5th September, 1727, at her castle at Pretzsch, whither she had retired after having declined to renounce the Lutheran faith for the sake of the Polish crown. She was beloved and respected throughout Saxony for this act of devotion to her church, and for her many other virtues.

Almost all Bach's pupils at Leipzig became excellent organists, and have no doubt helped to spread his improved style of church music throughout Germany. He was very particular about touch and fingering, and the position of the hand in playing, and made his pupils practise five-finger exercises for several months before he would allow them to play anything else. If they grew tired of this after a few months, he composed easy pieces, equally intended to exercise the fingers, for them. The six easy preludes and fifteen inventions mentioned in Chapter V. were composed for this purpose.

He would not teach any to compose who did not shows signs of talent, or the power of thinking musical thoughts.

Among his most distinguished pupils, besides his three sons and his son-in-law, Johann Christoph Altnikol, organist at Naumburg, were the following:—

J. Ludwig Krebs, son of his Weimar pupil, J. Tobias Krebs, who studied under him nine years, and became one of the best organists and composers of his time. Bach himself says of him, "I have only caught one craw-fish (Krebs) in my stream (Bach)."

J. Friedrich Doles, already mentioned as musical director at the Thomas School at the time of Mozart's visit.

J. Friedrich Agricola, pianist and composer at the court of Frederick the Great, and Graun's successor as conductor of the orchestra at Berlin.

Carl Friedrich Abel, a celebrated performer on the *viola di gamba* at the court of Queen Charlotte in England.

J. Schneider, afterwards organist at St. Nicholas, Leipzig; said to have played the best preludes ever heard in that town next to Bach's.

J. Philip Kirnberger, the best musical theorist of the eighteenth century, author of a book on Bach's method of teaching, and theory of composition, entitled, "Kunst des reinen Satzes."

J. Christian Kittel, who made Bach's art of organ-playing known to posterity in a work entitled "Angehender praktische Organist."

Lorenz Christoph Mizler, Bach's earliest biographer, and founder of the musical society at Leipzig.

Kirnberger, when he began to take lessons of Bach, worked so hard that he fell ill of an intermittent fever, and was confined to his room eighteen weeks. In the intervals, when he was free from fever, he continued to work with extraordinary diligence, and Bach, remarking this, offered to come to his house, as it was bad for him to go out, and inconvenient to send his manuscripts backwards and forwards. Kirnberger said to his master one day he could never be grateful enough for his kindness, and the pains he took. "Say nothing about gratitude, my dear Kirnberger," Bach replied; "I am glad you wish to study music thoroughly, and it only depends on yourself to make all I have learnt your own. I ask nothing of you but the assurance that you will in time hand this small knowledge on to other good pupils, who may not be content with the ordinary Lirum larum."

Besides all his duties at Leipzig, Bach was frequently sent for to examine organs at distant places, and to test the proficiency of candidates for positions as organists. His contemporaries duly valued his knowledge and his skill in playing, however they may have estimated his compositions.

It is wonderful that during these busy years Bach wrote his greatest works, the Passionmusiken. They were finished in 1729. According to his two biographers, Mizler and Forkel, he wrote five of these works, but only two remain, the Matthäus-Passion, and the Johannes-Passion. They were primarily intended to be performed in churches, and one feature in which they differ from other oratorios is the introduction of chorales in which the congregation were intended to join.

Similar half-dramatic compositions on sacred themes had existed long before Bach's time. It had been the custom in many parts of Germany, from ancient times (as it is in some places still), to give dramatic representations of our Lord's passion in the churches in Holy Week and at Easter. In these old "Passionsspielen," as they were called, the chorale in which the congregation joined had always formed an important part.

The Johannes-Passion, or Passion according to St. John's Gospel, was composed first, and is the simpler of the two. Its words were arranged either by Bach himself, or under his direction, and resemble those arranged by Brocke, of Hamburgh, and set to Handel's, Telemann's, Kaiser's, and Mattheson's Passionsmusiken.

Originally the Johannes-Passion began with the chorale "O Mensch, bewein' dein' Sünde gross," which Bach afterwards transposed to the close of the first part of the Matthaus Passion, when he wrote the present introductory chorus for the older work.

The Matthäus-Passion, or Passion according to St. Matthew's Gospel, is richer and fuller, and more generally admired than the other. It was first performed at afternoon service on Good Friday, 1729, at St. Thomas's Church, Leipzig, the first part before, the second after the sermon. Bach was so much in advance of his age, that this great masterpiece was merely valued by its hearers as a religious exercise, till a later generation had been educated by other great composers to understand its beauty. It was not heard in public again for one

* What these Cantatas were could be judged by the specimen given in last Thursday's Symphony Concert — And he composed one for every Sunday!—ED.

hundred years after its first appearance, till Mendelssohn incited the Berlin Academy to perform it on the 1st of March, 1829.

The words are partly taken from the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh chapters of St. Matthew, and from hymns, partly verses written by C. F. Henrici, commonly called Picander. The gospel narrative is interpreted by the reflections of the ideal Christian Church, forming two choruses, "The Daughter of Zion," and "The Faithful," as they are called by Picander. These perform the same part as the chorus of a Greek tragedy, following and commenting on the narrative, but Picander's words are not always poetical; in many parts they offend modern taste.

Not so the music. What has already been said of Bach's style of composition—the perfect harmonies into which a number of independent melodious parts are interwoven, the dramatic character of recitatives and airs, the independent beauty of accompaniments—applies in a higher degree to this, his greatest work.

The instrumental parts are written for two organs and a double orchestra, consisting of oboes, flutes, and stringed instruments; drums and brass instruments are excluded as being out of character with the solemnity of the subject.

The words spoken by the different persons of the sacred drama, including the Evangelist who relates the history, are given as recitatives. The parts of the Evangelist and subordinate persons are highly declamatory, with very simple accompaniments, but our Savior's words are set to expressive melodies, still keeping the form of recitatives, with a fuller accompaniment of stringed instruments.

In the choruses representing the Jewish people, the stormy passions of the multitude are given most vividly. When we consider the quiet times in which Bach lived, and the peaceableness of the populations that surrounded him, we are struck with the powerful imagination that enabled him to paint so truly what he had never seen—the furies of an excited mob.

The impression of horror produced by these scenes is softened by the airs and choruses sung by the ideal church, the most beautiful part of the whole.

Fifteen chorales are introduced; the melody of one, "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden," is repeated five times to different words. The secondary parts, the contralto and tenor voices, are so varied as to give it a different character each time to suit the different words.

On this, his masterpiece, as on all his other works, Bach inscribed the initials S. D. G., *Soli Deo gloria.*

Music in London.

Joachim at the Monday "Pops." (From the *Musical World, Feb.* 26).

In Herr Joachim, perfect mechanism and perfect intelligence go hand in hand; his reading and execution of "classical" music—and, to his credit be it said, he condescends to nothing less—are on a par. With his accustomed modesty and indifference to self display, the pieces selected for his first appearance were exclusively such as fellow-artists might take part in. He introduced no solo, though there was probably not one among the immense audience assembled who would not have been delighted to hear him give something in which he might shine unaided. He led Mendelssohn's second quintet [B flat], and Beethoven's fourth trio for stringed instruments [C minor]—in the former his associates being MM. L. Ries, Straus, Zerbini, and Piatti; in the latter, Herr Straus and Signor Piatti. He also played, with Mdlle. Marie Krebs, Beethoven's sonata for pianoforte and violin, No. 3, Op. 30 [G major]. In the magnificent *adagio* of Mendelssohn's quintet Herr Joachim may, in familiar phrase, be said to have "surpassed himself." We can remember nothing more pathetic than his delivery of the opening subject, or more eloquently touching than his reading of the second theme, which shines out so brightly in contrast with what precedes it. The simple, quaint, and unaffected *scherzo* was rendered in perfection; and the *finale*, one of Mendelssohn's most impetuous and irresistible quick movements, brought out in strong relief all the fire and vivacity which Herr Joachim can put forth with such true effect when called upon. How admirably he was supported by Signor Piatti on the violoncello may be easily credited. The entire performance was irreproachable, and deserved all the enthusiastic applause bestowed upon it. That the trio in which Beethoven proved himself worthiest rival of Mozart [who died only seven years before it was composed] was equally well given it is scarcely requisite to state, or that the familiar sonata of the same composer, in the hands of Herr Joachim and his accomplished partner, Mdlle. Marie Krebs, was all that could be wished. Mdlle. Krebs chose for her solo the trying and difficult *Toccata* in C of Robert Schumann, her facile and brilliant execution of which has more than once been recorded. Being twice called back, she played the "*Traumeswirren*"—one of those fantasy pieces which Schumann's highly endowed widow has made familiar to the English public. Two *Lieder* by Schubert, and two by Herr Brahms, were sung with great intelligence and charm by Mdlle. Sophie Lowe, who was ably accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Zerbini.

At the concert on Monday next Herr Joachim is to lead Schubert's quartet in D minor, and to perform the well-known *Chaconne*, with variations, of J. S. Bach.

The Bach Revival. Lovers of Bach's music will be pleased to learn that two performances of his great Mass in B minor, will take place at St. James's Hall, in the last week of April, and the first week of May respectively. A fine amateur chorus has had rehearsals, for a long time past at the residence of Mr. Freake, under the direction of Herr Otto Goldschmidt, who will conduct the public concerts. Among the members of this chorus are "Jenny Lind," Florence Marshall, and other distinguished votaries of the art. The thanks of all music-lovers are due to Herr Goldschmidt, for taking the initiative in this important matter.—*Concordia.*

"St. John Passion Music" is to be given on the Fridays in Lent at the church of St. Anne's, Soho, on a plan similar to that adopted last year, namely, with a full chorus and small complete orchestra.—*The Musical Standard.*

Concordia states that in consequence of the illness of Dr. Stainer, the performance of Bach's "Matthew Passion" in St. Paul's Cathedral will this year be conducted by Mr. Barnby.

A Purcell Society. On Monday last a meeting was convened at the house of the Royal Society of Musicians for the purpose of taking into consideration the desirableness of establishing a Purcell Society, with the object of publishing and performing the many works of our great English master which are still in MS. The initiative had been taken by Mr. W. H. Cummings, in response to whose call the following gentlemen assembled:—Sir John Goss and Mr. Hopkins [who represented the old Purcell Club], Mr. Julian Marshall, Mr. Joseph Bennett, and Mr. Alfred Littleton. Letters of apology for non-attendance, and expressing sympathy with the object of the meeting, had been received by Mr. Cummings, from Sir F. Gore Ouseley, Professor Macfarren, Mr. Henry Leslie, Mr. Arthur Sullivan, Dr. Stainer, Mr. Henry Smart, Mr. William Chappell, and many others. The reading of these was followed by the election of Sir John Goss to the chair—Mr. Alfred Littleton acting as secretary—and the consideration of the rules upon which the proposed Society shall be based. As the results of the deliberation will have to be formulated and submitted to an adjourned meeting, particulars respecting them would be premature. Enough, that there is reason to anticipate the establishment of a Society competent to do justice to the memory and achievements of a man whom it has been the fashion to praise without the zeal that springs from knowledge, but who is worthy of a better kind of honor.—*Concordia, Feb.* 26.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 18, 1876.

Our Music Pages. The Part Song by Hauptmann, continued in this number, is taken by permission from "German Part Songs," edited by N. H. Allen, published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

Concerts.

The sixth and last of Theodore Thomas' series of Six Symphony Concerts took place on Wednesday evening March 1. The audience was very large. The programme offered simply two great works: the *Magnificat* in D, by Bach, of which we translated an analysis by Robert Franz in our last number, and the great Schubert Symphony (of "the heavenly length") in C, so lately given in a Harvard Concert.

The *Magnificat* was heard in Boston for the first time; it had been given in this country only once before, and under the same leadership, namely at the Cincinnati Festival last Spring. The choruses were sung by the Sharland Choral Society, numbering about 300 mixed voices. The orchestral score was given as completed by Franz, including an Organ part, which was intrusted to our most competent of organists, Mr. John K. Paine. The vocal solos, divided like the choruses, into first and second Soprano, Contralto, Tenor and Bass, were sung by Mrs. H. M. Smith, Mrs. G. H. Oakes, Mrs. E. Flora Barry, and Messrs. Wm. J., and John F. Winch. Here certainly were ample means for an effective and complete performance.

But the result was disappointing; the audience did not get a clear perception of the significance and beauty of the work, and it fell far short of making a profound impression. The reasons are obvious. In the first place, if we may venture an opinion, the *Magnificat* (although we have studied it enough to feel and know that it is a great work) was not precisely the fittest work to choose for the initiation of a public into the glories of this to them new world of Bach. It is, in the nature of the case, with its ecclesiastical Latin text, a more formal composition than his sacred Cantatas (as a general rule), or his Motets and Passions. Then the performance fell far short of what had been expected. It was crude, cold, constrained, uneasy; no one seemed at home in the music, or to have caught its spirit. And why? Partly no doubt from want of more rehearsal, both of soloists and chorus; partly because the solos were (for the most part) not in the hands of singers who could be said to have much of the Bach culture or the Bach feeling, or into whom that warm and quickening sun had yet penetrated more than skin deep; but more and primarily because that spirit seemed not to possess the soul of the conductor of the whole. Else how can we account for the absurdly rapid tempo at which he started the opening chorus, making the brilliant complication of its five real parts, all so florid and running in roulades, seem utterly confused,—a dazzling confusion at the best? Or for the hurried movement that prevailed, almost without exception, throughout the entire work? There was no sense of repose from first to last—repose which characterizes all great Art, however animated or even impassioned, and most especially the Art of Bach. It seemed as if there were an uneasy and uncomfortable anxiety to get quickly through it and come to the Schubert Symphony. That might have found excuse in the desire to make it seem short to an untried audience; but the moment that the listeners become aware of that desire, the thing, however short, is long to them; what is not done with freedom and repose fatigues from the start. It has always seemed to us that there is but one sure law for musical tempo, which may be briefly stated thus: Every piece of music ought to be allowed to set its own time. The will of player or conductor must not try to govern it; it only grieves the spirit of the composition if you try to force it forward or to drag it back; in either case the performance is wearisome. It all rests then with the right instinct of the conductor: does the music possess him? If so, through him it beats time for itself.

There is much to be said in excuse, we understand, for the chorus itself. Under Mr. Sharland they had rehearsed the music, zealously and carefully, and at reasonable tempos; it was only when they came to the performance with orchestra that they found themselves startled out of the habitual and easy gait and forced to scramble through the best they could. Nor were their efforts altogether unsuccessful, nor undeserving credit; the wonder was that it went no worse; Some points took effect: for instance the superb, startling chord (diminished seventh) on "dispersit su*perbos;*" and the broad and noble Adagio of a few bars immediately following ("mente cordis sui.") a most refreshing moment of repose for once. The final *Gloria Patri*, too, was exceedingly grand.

Of the soloists the most successful were Mrs. Barry and Mr. J. F. Winch. The former sang the beautiful Air: "Esurientes implevit," with its exquisitely delicate accompaniment of two flutes, with feeling and with grace, wanting only weight of voice for such a hall; and the latter made the Bass air: "Quia fecit mihi magna" quite effective. But

probably the numbers which most generally found favor were the Duet for Alto and Tenor: "Et misericordia," and the very lovely Terzet for two Soprani and Alto; "Suscepit Israel." Of course the orchestra was all that could be desired.

The great Schubert Symphony was indeed superbly and most beautifully played. Fresh from the very spirited rendering by our less practised local orchestra, it was impossible not to recognize the superior precision, finish, delicacy of light and shade, and clearer, finer phrasing of the last performance. In all these respects at least it was wonderfully perfect. And yet in parts we found it less inspiring; more of the beauty than the grandeur of the work was realized. For instance in the Trio of the Schezro we craved more of the breadth and majesty we have been wont to feel in that uplifting strain which might well serve for the swelling (Centennial) hymn of a great people. But anyhow it was a rare treat to listen to such a performance of so magnificent a work, and more than made up for what was wanting in the interpretation of the *Magnificat*.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. The ninth Symphony Concert, (Thursday, March 2) offered the following programme:

1. Symphony, No. 1, in C, Op. 21. [Comp. 1800], Beethoven
   Adagio an l Allegro con brio—Andante con moto—Minuetto. Allegro vivace.
2. **Aria, "Che pur aspro" [" Martern aller Arten,"] from Act II of "Il Seraglio," or "Belmonte e Costanza,"..... Mozart
   Miss Emma C. Thursby
3. **Phaëton: Poeme Symphonique, Op. 39, Saint-Saëns

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1. Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn
2. * Songs, with Piano-forte:
   a. "Du bist die Ruh'."..... Schubert
   b. Nightingale's Song..... Taubert
   Miss Emma C. Thursby.
3. First Movement [Allegro Maestoso], from the "Ocean" Symphony, in C, Op. 42..Rubinstein

Here was variety and piquancy enough, it must be owned; the contrasts were happy ones; and all within the sphere of beautiful and noble Art,—allowing only for some natural diversity of tastes about that brilliant and audacious novelty by the French composer who has so suddenly come almost into fashion here. By the audience at large the whole concert seemed to be remarkably well relished; there was no mistaking the frequent symptoms of delight both visible and audible.

The orchestra were in uncommonly good trim, and the Mozart-like early Symphony of Beethoven was beautifully played; Mozart-like, and also Haydn-like at times, as for example in the Trio, while in the Minuetto that precedes it the genius of the Beethoven Scherzo already peeps out. There is the same irrepressible free humor in the manner in which the Finale is begun; the violins steal up to the theme as a cat pounces upon a mouse.—The unfamiliar Aria from Mozart's fresh young love opera, *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*—so full alike of the delicious true *vis comica* and of sincere and tender passion,—he composed it while he was courting Constance Weber—is a fine one, very brilliant and spirited. The Constance of the play, faithful to her true lover, resists the advances of the Moslem prince who holds them in captivity; no tortures shall shake her; she will only tremble when she feels she is unfaithful; for a moment only she pleads for mercy, and then bursts out into a heroic strain of defiance, and welcomes the relief of death. We cannot, we confess, see much affinity between the music and the words she sings; it is mostly brilliant, difficult bravura, taxing the whole compass of the voice, and calling for great execution and expression. We were sorry that so much of the rather long orchestral introduction was cut out, though all its themes and figures occur afterwards, for the instrumention is of Mozart's finest; besides the full orchestra there are four solo instruments in the accompaniment. Miss THURSBY's fresh, pure, sympathetic voice was at its best; the high tones (running up to D *in alt*) were pure and bird-like; the liquid runs and the staccatos were given with exquisite precision; and in the expressive passage: "By heaven thy kindness be rewarded" (sung, however, in Italian), where the voice descends in long tones to B below the staff, and suddenly glides up to G above, the intonation and the quality of tone were admirable, and so was the expression. She had caught the spirit of the piece completely; for a singer of so short experience, she already has the style of a true artist; she evidently has the gift of quick apprehension, and an instinct for seizing the spirit and intention of a piece of music. She sang Schubert's "Du bist die Ruh'."—that exquisitely pure, serene and heavenly bit of melody, to Rückert's mystical and untranslateable little poem—with the chaste and quiet fervor and simplicity of style which it requires; and in the song by Taubert her voice revelled in the highest tones and bird-like imitations in a delightful manner, recalling Jenny Lind and Nilsson; indeed we are not sure that we have ever before heard tones quite so sweet and pure up in those highest regions of the voice. The audience were delighted.

And now for the sensation of the day, the Symphonic Poem by Saint-Saëns. It is an attempt to portray in tones the rash, calamitous adventure of Phaeton, who obtained leave for a day to drive the chariot of the Sun, his father, across the heavens. The start, the whirling, glorious motion as all goes swimmingly on for a time, the sudden freaks and plunges of the restless horses, things growing more and more exciting and desperate;—all this is vividly suggested, and in a musical point of view consistently and cleverly worked out, so as to be interesting independently of any programme. Then comes a period of rest, a gentle lapsing, as if yielding to necessity and to fatigue, with a pathetic theme as if expressive of the sympathy of one who reads the story; and then the infuriated steeds grow more and more rebellious, the excitement becomes painful, the car is evidently sinking to the earth and threatening to set the world on fire, when to cap the climax down comes Jove's own thunderbolt with a tremendous crash of drums, gong, cymbals and what not, and the piece dies to an end through a short dirgelike passage. It is extremely ingenious; the motives are wrought through with a master hand; the instrumentation is wonderful; the whole thing is full of life and vivid fancy; there are no *ugly* passages, to which the modern music is so prone; but it is sensuous in the highest degree and it is very French. It is not the kind of music we should like to hear too often; and we must count it at the best as a clever extravaganza, felicitous and short, with a streak of fresh, original genius in it if you please, and better than some huge "programme music" we have heard of late by Liszt, Raff, Rubinstein, etc., in that it does not attempt too much, is not elaborated and drawn out to a fatiguing length, but simply tells its story and then makes its bow; you seem to see a smile upon the face of the narrator, as if he did not take it much too seriously himself. The orchestra performance was indeed brilliant, and left nothing to be desired, unless it were a couple of harp parts, which had to be supplied by two pianos very imperfectly heard. "Phaeton" was enthusiastically applauded and had to be repeated; if that crash of gong and cymbals did it, it is a queer comment upon the musical appreciation of the public.

Mendelssohn's fairy Overture could not have been heard to better advantage than directly after such a work as "Phaeton." By contrast it came out renewed in youth and freshness; and it is seldom we have heard it more delicately and beautifully played; our only doubt was whether the fluttering fairy theme was not taken just a trifle too fast.—Rubinstein's "Ocean" Symphony made another refreshing contrast. That first movement is very vigorous and noble music, only marred now and then for an instant by a few coarse and ugly measures; it is the best part of the Symphony, the one rewarding part; and to our taste, of all the orchestral compositions we have heard by Rubinstein, it is by far the best.

HERE is the programme of the sixth THOMAS MATINEE, (March 1):

1. Symphony, No. 6, in C, Manuscript, [First time], Schubert
   1. Adagio—Allegro. 2. Andante. 3. Presto [Scherzo]. 4. Allegro moderato.
2. Aria, "O, Fatima," Abu Hassan..... Weber
   Miss Anna Drasdil.
3. Overture, William Tell..... Rossini

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4. Concertstueck, Orchestra and Horn Quartet, Dudley Buck
   Messrs. Schmitz, Pieper, Küstenmacher and Eller.
5. Aria, "O mio Fernando," Favorita..... Donizetti
   Miss Anna Drasdil
6. Symphonic Poem, Op. 40, Danse Macabre, Saint-Saëns
7. Introduction, Nuptial Chorus, March Tempo, } 3 Act, Lohengrin .. ...Wagner

The new Schubert Symphony proved a tame and trifling affair after those great works to which we owe our chief impression of his genius. It was composed in 1818, when he was 21 years old,—ten years before the great Symphony in C, which in Mr. George Grove's list [who cites the themes of all, some of them very incomplete] is No. 9. This No. 6, was evidently written when Rossini was in the ascendant at Vienna; it is light and pretty and commonplace; Auber might have written parts of it. It is more suggestive of promenade or dinner party music than of a Symphony, being that in form and structure only. The Andante, to be sure, opens with a lovely melody, but soon grows vague and wearisome; and there is playful fancy in the Scherzo, wherein you catch a hint of the real Schubert genius; but the Finale is a tame and tedious Rondo. The Symphony which Joachim arranged out of the Grand Duo, Op. 140, is worth a thousand of it. Miss DRASDIL sang the Aria by Weber very finely; but "O mio Fernando" was less well suited to her powers. The *Concertstück* for four horns showed the skill of the performers to advantage; but the composition, though ingeniously and learnedly constructed, did not prove very edifying.

Opera.—Titjens as Donna Anna.

Yielding to the general desire to see and hear the great prima donna on the lyric stage, the sphere in which she has so long reigned pre-eminent in London, Manager Strakosch has made up a company of the best artists who chanced to be available at such short notice, and has given here, as in New York, a few performances. In the fortnight ending last Saturday afternoon they gave here, at the Boston Theatre, two representations of *Norma*, three of *Il Trovatore*, and one each of *La Favorita*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, and *Don Giovanni*;—truly, with the exception of the last, a very hackneyed and, to a refined and earnest musical taste, uninteresting list of operas; it would seem as if it were quite time that the *Trovatore* and the *Favorita* were consigned to that oblivion that has swallowed up so many better things. But these were pieces for which the materials could be collected and the performance improvised most readily. And the great public was not squeamish; it went to hear Titjens, and it went in crowds every night. It was our lot to witness only one performance. Of the *Norma* we have copied a report, which should have appeared in our last, but by some accident was crowded out.

Don Giovanni is always welcome, even in an imperfect representation; Mozart's music saves it. It was in truth badly given as a whole. The part of the Don [Signor ORLANDINI] was without grace or refinement, and without charm or power of voice; there was none of the fascination or the magnetism of presence, on which the whole depends. The Leporello of Sig. BARILI was more respectable, at least in intention; but the voice was dry and feeble, and the humor forced. The Commendatore was only effective in the last scene, and poor Masetto was a dumb show and a very awkward one. But veteran BRIGNOLI after three years abroad, comes back with the sweetness of his tenor voice not much impaired, and was welcomed warmly. He put all his best power into "Il mio tesoro," which he sang like a young man of twenty five, with such fervor and such beauty, and such wealth of tone, that he was enthusiastically recalled and obliged to repeat it. Titjens as Donna Anna was indeed superb; in action and in song it was very near the ideal excellence that all had expected. Her voice was in better condition [it was said] than on any previous evening; there were only a few signs of fatigue or of a cold in one or two of the most exacting scenes; while in intonation it was always true. She gave all the recitative of the first scene in the noblest style of pathos; indeed we never heard the music of that part more finely realized. Nor have we ever heard her delivery of the grand recitative in which she relates the outrage, and the Aria that follows: "Or sai chi l'onore," surpassed or even equalled. And the great "Letter Aria" was sung in the purest and most finished style of art. In the masked Trio: "Protegga il ciel," her voice was purity itself and liquid sweetness. All the intense and noble passion of the character, its womanly pride and dignity, its pathos, was consistently expressed throughout.

Miss BEAUMONT won great favor as Elvira. With a fresh pure, well trained voice, she sang its difficult music, including "Mi tradi," so commonly omitted, beautifully, and her action accorded well. The debutante of the evening, the beautiful Mme CARRENO SAURET, in the part of Zerlina, acted with grace and spirit, and in spite of the indulgence asked for her on the ground of health sang most of the music well, showing herself the possessor of a clear, rich, telling voice, which seems to promise a career.

Orchestra and chorus were but indifferent. Some of the finest musical scenes were spoilt or quite inadequate; for instance that where Leporello invites the statue to supper, so wonderfully beautiful when well done; and the Sextet of course; that almost never is well done. But the masked Trio was indeed exquisitely sung and repeated; and the Quartet: "Non ti fidar" needed only a better Don Giovanni to make it a success.

CORRECTION. In our last number we were made to speak of the 'Cello Concerto of Saint Saëns as "more like a Reverie, a *Drama*, a Rhapsody, etc., than like a Concerto." For "Drama" read *Dream*.

Musical Hyper-Criticism.

"That was a very fine concert, but one or two false notes were made, and that spoiled the whole for me."

Such was the remark of a gentleman the other day, and I set him down at once as a hyper-critic. It is largely the fashion for those who know something of music, whose education has brought them into familiarity with compositions of high order, whose practical skill enables them to detect the inaccuracies of a performance, to ventilate their superior knowledge by proclaiming the blemishes rather than searching for the excellencies which may be discovered. Consequently, any one who is unfortunate enough to sit near such a person at any concert, be it private or public, complimentary or paid, by amateurs or by professionals, will be regaled by semi-suppressed "ohs!" and "ahs!" or an occasional whispered remark, drawing attention to the fact that the orator has perceived some defect unperceivable and incomprehensible to the "ordinary" citizen, and frequent shrugs and grimaces expressive of the extreme torture being endured by the patient sufferer in the interests of his or her beloved art, which, forsooth, is *patronized* on principle, and not by any means, you know, because any pure pleasure is derived from that particular rendering. The style of the latter is too far below the ideal standard of perfection for that.

A player is waking from the piano-forte showers of harmonious melody which hold the audience under a spell. "Just look at his hands, how he holds them! Then he accented the first note and should have emphasized the second in that measure." All who are within hearing are thus apprised of their error in supposing that they were pleased with what they heard.

"Notice that bassoon player. He misses the fifth in that arpeggio every time—the dolt!" Well, what if he does? To be sure his playing has so far fallen short of perfection, but does this fact spoil the effect of the piece, necessarily? Even the worse fault of actual discord for an instant, by some slip to which all musicians, even the best, are at any time liable—need that at once quench all of the fire waked in our souls by the genius of the composer?

"The best of a book is not the thought which it contains, but the thought which it suggests. The charm of music dwells not in the tones, but in the echo of our hearts." So writes one with large experience, as the result of close observation. Let a truly enthusiastic orator, one gifted with the soul of eloquence, come before his audience with a stirring subject, and even if an illustration fail when tested by the strict laws of rhetoric, even though his speech may not be faultlessly smooth, he arouses the assembly to the same pitch of enthusiam with himself, and one and all are ready at once for action. They say, not "how he speaks!" but "Let us march against Philip."

So ought it to be in the soul-language, the only one common to all nations, music.

The fault is in this, that the great desire of the time is not to be a musician, but a critic. Your true musician is of necessity a poor critic. The latter demands qualities of the head, the former of the heart. Musical appreciation finds its culmination in strong emotion; criticism holds this quality in contempt; it must rise above the possibility of being carried away by any enthusiasm, and, like the surgeon, must take the knife and coldly dissect for the benefit of others. Deliver me from a critic as a companion in the presence of fine art. The soul of the true musician catches the inspiration of the composer, and as he listens the heart responds in sympathy to every beating of his pulse, so that by means of that subtle language their feelings are, for the time being, one. It is therefore possible for any one, even in the midst of a very poor performance, to catch the ideal and be affected by that rather than by the merely material tones that pass through the sense of hearing.

I know not if I make my meaning plain. All I would say I sum up in a word; Let us be musical *lovers*, not *critics*.—*The Amphion*, (*Detroit*).

Tietjens in Norma.

[Crowded out from our last number.]

The announcement of a fort-night of Opera, at the Boston Theatre, (beginning on Monday evening, Feb. 28) has been hailed with enthusiasm; and a few poor hacknied Italian pieces, indifferently presented, with one star of the first magnitude, and a company hastily got together to gratify the public desire of witnessing that one, has been drawing crowded houses. Mlle. Teresa Tietjens, of course, is the principal attraction, and there was great eagerness to see and hear her in the imposing rôle of Norma. We were not present, and therefore, not entirely to disappoint our readers, we will draw upon the columns of the *Advertiser* for a report which we know very well *a priori* must be essentially a true one,—at all events so far as it relates to the great prima donna.

The Boston Theatre was filled last evening with an audience which, considering both its numbers and its character, has not been equalled during the present season, and not surpassed for several years. The opera of Norma, in which Mlle. Titiens made her operatic debut here on th's occasion, has almost passed in America from the region of the hackneyed and overworn to that of the unfamiliar and forgotten. And in spite of its affluent melodiousness it is not likely to hold its own as a musical work in competition with the dramatic intensities of the modern school of writing. The "queens of song" in a former generation, however, won some of their proudest laurels in its chief character; when Madame Grisi, twenty-one years ago this winter, made her first appearance in Boston as the Druid High-priestess, it was thought that the force of her genius could no further go than in the interpretation of the part; and for a long time to come it will probably afford such opportunity to an occasional artiste of commanding powers as to secure its place upon the stage. Mlle. Titiens is such an artiste; and the triumph which she achieved last night was of no common order. No appreciative person who heard Mlle. Titiens in the concert-room could doubt her possession of dramatic ability; but few even of her warmer admirers were quite prepared, we think, for the fulness, richness and splendor of her entertainment. Mlle. Titiens proves to be a great actress,—possessing a style so large, so expressive and so finished as to satisfy the demands of taste, imagination and feeling. Even her face, under the potent compulsion of her mind, becomes by turns beautiful and awesome, while always justly reflecting the sentiments of the situation; her action is always free, graceful and striking, and often it is magnificent and telling in the extreme. It need not be said that Mlle. Titiens is a great dramatic singer, but the dramatic qualities of her singing had no full chance of display until her appearance in opera. Here the remarkable sympathetic quality of her noble voice is called upon, not only for its utmost, but for its most rapid, delicate and subtile manifestations; and the excellence of her mere vocalization, great as it is, dwindles into insignificance beside that wondrous property of holding and transmitting alike the faintest and the strongest shades of feeling, with unerring and magnetic skill. In her opening scene Mlle. Titiens's voice showed some traces of wear and tear in a slight tendency to false intonation, and in "Casta Diva"—though the grace and finish of the effort were beyond praise—the artiste's nicest management was acquired for the veiling or softening of certain inaccuracies in tone. As the prima donna warmed to her work, however, almost all traces of this weakness disappeared, and all through the middle and later scenes of the opera—except for a few moments during the solo and chorus just preceding the final—her voice rang out with the sweetness, certainty and power of a silver trumpet. Her delivery of her music of the terzetto, "*Oh di qual sei tu vittima*," was especially wonderful, for the intensity of the anguish and scorn conveyed, as well as for its vocal splendor. The duo with *Adalgisa*, "*Si fino alore*," displayed the flexibility and elegance of her vocalization in their fulness; and in her last duet with *Pollio* her tones were surcharged with a yearning tenderness. In action the effect was, as we have said, so grand and so perfectly proportioned that it seems an injustice to the whole to select any portion for special praise. But we cannot refrain from uttering a word of strong admiration for her admirable "asides" in the first interview with *Adalgisa* where she rehearses her own love experience through the lips of another; for the passionate tenderness, alternately graceful and tigerish, of her scenes of maternal love; and for the intense concentrated bitterness and scorn with which she gazes upon *Pollio's* open attempts to persuade *Adalgisa* to his will. Of the action and tone accompanying the word "*tutti*," when, in the frenzy of her wrath she threatens to spare no one of her foes, and of those with which, in a swift-agonized whisper, she conveys her shame to *Oroveso* "*Son madre*" we can simply say that they were worthy of Ristori, and not unlike her in method.

The support given to Mlle. Titiens by the company proved on the whole to be very good. The best of it was supplied by Miss Beaumont, who as *Adalgisa*, sang with delightful sweetness and admirable, steady accuracy and brilliancy. Miss Beaumont's acting was always elegant and appropriate, and in the most difficult scenes it was highly expressive and pleasing. The young artiste's grace of person also proved peculiarly acceptable. Mr. Tom Karl, as *Pollio*, though not always as polished and finished in style as could be desired, on the whole acquitted himself very creditably, acting and singing with a zeal, devotion and vivacity which would have covered the faults of a much worse performer, and using his sonorous and serviceable voice in his best style. Signor Reina's intonations are never very trustworthy, but as *Oroveso* he was remarkably free from his usual faults of vocalization, and his ponderously vigorous style found a most suitable part for its expression. The chorus in "Norma" have but little to do, but that little, for an Italian opera chorus, was unusually well done, several of the most difficult choral numbers being capitally given. The orchestra needs much training yet to bring it anywhere near to perfection, but under Mr. Maretzek's experienced direction they acquitted themselves without any fatal blunders and with a generally animated style.

The audience was very enthusiastic and the principals were repeatedly called before the curtain, Mlle. Titiens herself receiving some seven or eight calls.

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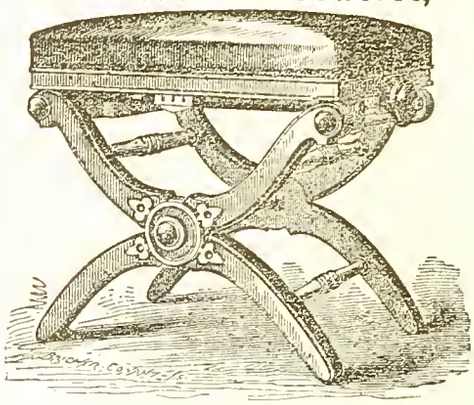

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 912. BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1876. VOL. XXXV. No. 26.

Wagner and Schopenhauer.

(From *Concordia*, Feb. 26.)

Readers of Mr. Dannreuther's and Dr. Hueffer's volumes on the subject of Herr Wagner's music will be familiar with the name of Schopenhauer, between whose genius and that of Herr Wagner some mysterious affinity is supposed to exist. An instructive and entertaining book has just been published by a very clever and agreeable young writer, Miss Helen Zimmern, on Schopenhauer's life, which, as he lived only for his work, includes some account of his philosophy. Herr Wagner's rather one-sided relations with Schopenhauer are also touched upon; and Miss Zimmern assures us that, according to some of the most fanatical adherents of Herr Wagner, the doctrines of the Wagner-like philosopher must be mastered before the theories of the Schopenhauer-like composer can be perfectly understood. As Miss Zimmern does not name these dangerous zealots—from whose support Herr Wagner himself should pray to be defended—and as she gives us no indication as to their probable numbers, we may hope, for the sake of humanity, that they do not abound, and, above all, that they will not multiply. But, without going to the length of maintaining that Schopenhauer is the necessary precursor and indispensable guide to Wagner's mystic strains, the partisans of Wagnerism hold, very generally, as if at the dictation of the Master, that Schopenhauer and Wagner have much in common; and so convinced would Dr. Hueffer seem to be of the connection between Schopenhauerism and Wagnerism that, in the midst of other labors on behalf of his musical idol, he has undertaken a translation of Schopenhauer's most important work. Lovers of the curious in literature may hope that Dr. Hueffer will publish, with his English version of *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*, a parallel between the genius of Schopenhauer and that of Herr Wagner. Already, in his "Music of the Future," Dr. Hueffer has pointed out a certain not very strongly-marked likeness between Schopenhauer's attitude towards all previous philosophers with the exception of Kant, and Wagner's attitude towards all previous composers with the exception of Beethoven. But this insignificant Monmouth-cum-Macedon resemblance proves nothing as to the alleged identity of purpose in the philosophical works of Schopenhauer and the musical works of Wagner; nor, whatever fancies may be entertained on the subject, would it be possible to trace the alleged resemblance in plain and definite lines.

It may be complimentary to Herr Wagner, as showing a lively interest in the man, but it is scarcely complimentary to his music, that his admirers should be perpetually looking for its supposed equivalents or analogies in poetry, painting, and philosophy. Often, however, it must be admitted, the unnatural comparisons proceed from the other side. Starting from the assumption that Herr Wagner has discovered new means of musical expression, and that by boldly disregarding received traditions he has been able to extend in various ways the limits of his art, eccentric workers of all kinds proclaim themselves, or are proclaimed by thoughtless friends, the "Wagners" of whatever their particular line may be. We have heard a brilliant novelist, who is not so highly, or rather not so widely appreciated as he ought to be, described on his own authority as the "Wagner of literature." As far as we can divine, the signification of this dubious eulogium is, that the writer to whom it is applied contrives to give subtle expression to his thoughts by a use of words so happy that it can be compared to nothing less than the use which it is imagined Herr Wagner makes of musical sounds. There is however, more than one "Wagner of literature;" and it is to be observed that the "Wagners of literature" in no way resemble one another. Mr. Browning, perhaps because he is now and then unintelligible, as Herr Wagner is now and then confused, or because he loves to kick over the metrical traces as Herr Wagner takes pleasure in disregarding "the tyranny of the tone family," is sometimes styled "the Wagner of poetry." That unkempt savage, Walt Whitman, is another "Wagner of poetry"—a most unfair designation in this case, though some Wagnerians do not seem so to regard it. Oddly enough, it has never occurred to Herr Wagner himself, in any of his very numerous volumes of history, reminiscences and criticism, to apply to literature the principles of his own musical system. If there could be a "Wagner of literature" one would think that Herr Wagner himself ought to be the man? The meaning, however, of writers who style themselves, or who style others "Wagners of literature," is, of course, that in poetry, or in highly artistic prose, the effects of Herr Wagner's music can be, and are reproduced. The "Wagners of painting" are found where we at least should never have looked for them: among those who were once known as "Pre-Raphaelites," and who, in their early days, undervalued Raphael even as Wagner undervalues Mozart.

We believe that the prose writers, the poets and the painters who are likened to Herr Wagner, have, for the most part, started the idea of the resemblance themselves; whereas in the case of the philosopher Schopenhauer, it is he who is claimed by Herr Wagner and by the Wagnerites in their master's name. Schopenhauer himself was a devoted lover of music, and entertained the highest admiration for Beethoven. But he had also a great liking for the music of Rossini: and Dr. Hueffer, in the before-cited *Music of the Future* has quoted a long and eloquent passage in which Schopenhauer extols Rossini's system of subordinating words to music, and treating the words, in fact, as little more than the index to the musical situation. One cannot but infer from this that Schopenhauer would have cared very little for the Wagnerian method of dramatic composition, in which, theoretically at least, every shade of meaning expressed by the words is followed and intensified by the music. "Beethoven," says Miss Zimmern, "was his favorite composer; and if a symphony of his was followed by the work of another musician, he left the concert-room, rather than allow his pleasure to be distracted. The music of the future he condemned after the first hearing of the *Flying Dutchman*. 'Wagner does not know what music is,' was his verdict; the more interesting, because it happens that Wagner is one of Schopenhauer's most ardent followers, and Wagner's disciples contend that Schopenhauer's theories of music are the only ones that adequately explain their master's idea."

Herr Wagner seems to have made at least one endeavor to convert Schopenhauer to the musical creed which the philosopher is now represented as having really held. "This was followed by a book of Richard Wagner's," writes Schopenhauer, in a letter of the year 1854, "which was not printed for the trade, but only for friends, on beautiful thick paper and neatly bound. It is called *Der Ring der Niebelungen*, and is the first of a series of four operas which he means to compose some day. I suppose they are to be the real art-work of the future. It seems very phantastic. I have as yet only read the prelude; shall see further on. He sent no letter, only wrote in the book 'with reverence and gratitude.'"

Schopenhauer does remind one of Wagner now and then in the contempt he expresses for contemporaries and rivals. "There is no philosophy," he wrote, "in the period between Kant and myself; only mere university charlatanism. Whoever reads these scribblers has lost so much time as he has spent over them." And again: "I have lifted the veil of truth higher than any mortal before me. But I should like to see the man who could boast of a more miserable set of contemporaries than mine." Haydon wrote in much the same style of contemporary painters. But it would be poor classification to bracket together all intellectual workers who have assigned to themselves the highest eminence, without regard to the opinion of others; and because a man of profound genius like Schopenhauer remained for some time unappreciated, it by no means follows that all writers, painters and musicians, who are not taken at their own valuation, are also men of genius. Herr Wagner has explained, in his own modest way, that by applying Schopenhauer's pessimistic views to operatic performances he has sometimes been able to derive pleasure from the works of his contemporaries. Go, in fact, to hear no matter what opera, expecting to find everything in it detestable, and it is quite possible that you may, here and there, be agreeably surprised. Thus, Herr Wagner may be said to look upon the world of music as Schopenhauer contemplated the "tragedy of existence." But that does not help us to understand the analogy said to exist between the musical system of the one, and the philosophical system of the other. If, however, the prevalent delusion on the subject among Wagnerites induces them to translate Schopenhauer's works, so much the better for English readers. We shall welcome the translation long promised to us of the principal work left by the melancholy philosopher and admirable writer whom the Wagnerites with characteristic audacity claim as their own.

Listening to Music.

A paper under this title was read at the Tonic Sol-fa College meetings, Christmas, 1875, by Mr. W. G. McNAUGHT. Its principal portions were as follows:—

Listening to music, especially of the higher sort, demands so much education, concentrated attention, and power of observation, that to attempt to fully teach it would involve my traversing the whole range of musical art. Of course in the narrow limits of this paper I can do no more than suggest lines of study, and leave such as may be interested to follow out my plans more elaborately. I am convinced that a great many persons affect great interest in music who, whether from cultivation of ear, or from natural incapacity, or from too exclusive familiarity with common music, or from whatever cause, fail to enjoy many of the best things in the finest music. My remarks will take the form of a narration of personal experience of difficulties not yet, I am sorry to say, fully met. But I have derived so much pleasure and profit in pursuing my ideal thus far that I am tempted to try to assist others. Some of you may have already reached the position of the ideal listener, but most of us, I expect,

fairly represent the average listener, and it is to such I address myself, as one of themselves, and not to the cultivated musician.

For many years in my youth I attended the finest musical performances in the metropolis. At first I listened, as I used to think, with due and proper attention; but gradually I became too conscious of the fact that execution and vivid coloring were absorbing nearly all my attention, and when I turned from the Scylla of the score to the Charybdis of the analytical programme, I knew that far too many things were escaping my ears. Later on, when happily brought into contact with men of fine musical culture, possessing the most searching discrimination, I was startled to find that they had the faculty of noticing points and beauties that I strove in vain to catch. I sat through performances with eminent musicians who with extraordinary skill could probe every detail of a complex work, and who afterwards would confound me by remarking on an alarming number of things that had completely eluded my attention. I determined to try to listen more carefully and systematically.

From my study of harmony and composition I knew, of course, that design, form, rhythm, modulation, instrumentation, etc., were elements of any elaborate piece of music, but I had thought that in order to fully appreciate such music it was altogether unnecessary to analyze these elements. Beauty was said to defy analysis, so it appeared to me vain to attempt the task. I innocently thought that the beauties of an orchestral symphony should be as plain to my ear as were to my eye the beauties of a glorious sunset, and inwardly I held it a fault of the composer that it was undoubtedly otherwise. Further, I incontinently insisted on enjoying music that my superiors condemned. After a frank examination I ascertained that indolence or confirmed habit had a larger share in my failure than I was at first willing to admit; for when on many occasions, in the composition class at the Royal Academy of Music and elsewhere, circumstances sharply stimulated my ears, I found myself able to hear things which certainly I did not perceive on other occasions when my natural repugnance to take trouble to listen allowed me to relapse into the old passive way. I thought what an excellent thing it would be musically, whatever the effect morally, if when a young musical student failed to observe a transition of four removes, or that the bassoon doubled the viola, he was severely thrashed for the neglect. I feel sure that many of us would have sharper ears now if we had enjoyed the advantage of some such powerful stimulant in a musical Dotheboys' Hall.

Having at least partially overcome my indolent habit of listening, I examined the necessities of the situation, and found that there were many more worlds to conquer than I had thought. I felt as a young beginner at whist feels when all the rules and recommendations for playing are placed before him. The important truth dawned on me, that in order to succeed I must resolutely ignore a great deal of what there was to hear, so that I might be able to fix my whole attention on some one thing I wished to acquire the habit of observing. For instance, modulation I knew to be one of the most subtle of musical effects. I knew that while one could run and hear a purposely bold, remote modulation, on the other hand, many changes equally remote were made with such masterly insidiousness as to leave the average listener totally unconscious of change of tonality. I found that when practicable it was an immense help to analyze a piece before hearing it. Then it was comparatively easy to follow the course of modulations, and by degrees to individualize the various removes much in the same fashion as we all do the tones of the scale. For instance, the features of a transition of one remove are as distinctly recognizable as the mental effect of the notes Te (the seventh of the scale) or Fah (the fourth of the scale), and just as with those notes we find that surroundings modify or intensify their effects, so with transition, let the means or road be ever so various, the change can be traced by its effect. And so with other changes. The effect of a fourth flat remove is as easy or as difficult to observe as are the notes La (the flat sixth) and Ma (the flat third). Minor keys are far more difficult to trace than major keys. You can tell that you are listening to the minor mode, but its characteristic vagueness and uncertainty render it at times more than difficult to trace its incoming and outgoing.

It is not my intention here to dwell upon all the possible modulations to be looked for. Certain it is that by steadily listening for this one thing I increased my power of observation. I can now wax enthusiastic over a change of five removes that formerly would not have quickened my pulse, for the simple reason that I should have never observed it. And now I was gratified to find that my new power of observation, although apparently engrossing my whole attention, did not shut out my former pleasure; for by some process of unconscious celebration I was able to notice and remember all the things that formerly occupied my whole attention.

Another of the points I found it necessary to set myself to observe specially was the Bass, and I must confess that often this is extremely difficult. I knew full well that unless I could observe the lowest part in the harmony, I must not expect to be able to analyze many other matters implying such observation. It was imperative, therefore, to sacrifice for a time at least the pleasure of noticing more obvious things, in order to concentrate attention on the Bass. It was not always sacrifice, however, for I was doomed—as we all are sometimes—to a forced hearing of the driest of dry-as-dust compositions, and then it was a satisfaction and a relief to know that nothing was lost by listening only to the Bass. Many amateur pianists whom we all meet, whose muscles are as strong as their execution is uncertain, constantly supply us with useful if difficult ear exercises of this kind.

Next I tried to follow chords. I schooled myself, or rather, I should say, was schooled, by playing over and over on the pianoforte a number of the most frequently occurring diatonic and chromatic chords, and in so doing derived the greatest help from Macfarren's "Rudiments," working and playing, with the advantage of the author's help, the numerous exercises contained therein. I am free to confess that I cannot yet analyze by ear all or nearly all the multitude of combinations used in modern music, but it appears to me that every time I strive I grasp some combination more clearly, and only narrowly miss others. Altogether, this chase has been to me a source of the liveliest gratification.

After the same fashion I have tried to observe the instrumentation of a symphony, or the voicing of parts in a choral piece. What incredible knowledge, taste, and skill are needed to effectively instrument a symphony, only those who have tried to write for an orchestra are aware. Yet how much of this sweetness and beauty is wasted on the majority of listeners! Some time ago I gave up in sheer desperation the Herculean task of tracing by ear the chords, modulations, and design of Wagner's music. But eventually I settled down with something like pleasure to observe the rich, masterly instrumentation, and found it quite convenient to ignore what appears to me to be the frequent inherent dryness of the music. And so on with Form, on which I must forbear to dilate. Obviously it is as important to know that a glee, a part-song, a chorus, or a madrigal differ from one another, as that a sonata differs from a fugue. In listening to any of these forms, to know what one is listening *to* is a help to know what to listen *for*. His interest in a fugue must be small who regards the first few measures as a sort of tuning up to which it is superfluous to attend, and who waits in vain for that clean-cut cadence, that repose, it is the very business of the composer to avoid. If you wish to listen to a fugue, take pains to remember the subject, and watch for it always. If you wish to enjoy the first movements of a good symphony, hold the two or more subjects well in your mind, and strive to trace their transformations, and be ready for their return. A score of other matters crowd upon my thoughts, many of them less technical and more æsthetical, a branch of things to listen to I have not touched upon, but I must be satisfied with the inadequate suggestions I have made.

In conclusion, I would ask how many of us could give an intelligent account of an elaborate instrumental or vocal work on a single hearing? How many could describe noticeable modulation, harmony, rhythm, or even form without a laborious examination of the printed copy? To what end do many give hours of study to the mastery of details on paper and from books, and generally to the cultivation of the eye and faculty of calculation if but little of this knowledge is applied to listening? It is very little use to study and analyze the Sonata Form, if when listening we cannot distinguish the subjects, and follow the modulation and development. I know very well that many of you have limited opportunities of listening to much and good music, but surely all are periodically called upon to listen to music of some sort. My short paper is a plea to you to make the most of your opportunities. If you wish to be a musician and to enjoy listening to fine music, do not neglect a single opportunity offered to you. Make up your mind to listen for and to something. Don't listen to music and drink it in without an attempt at discrimination. I daresay some will be dismayed at the task I have ventured to set. I ask more from the humble musical student than is required by the literary world from many gentlemen who, combining a minimum power of musical discrimination with a maximum of sounding diction, contrive to be considered musical critics.

Music in Paris.

Growing Popularity of Berlioz.—Last Quartets of Beethoven.

Paris, 22nd Feb., 1876.

Anyone following the course of the Paris Concert Season cannot but be struck by the sudden popularity, posthumous and tardy, which has been conquered by Hector Berlioz. For many long years the man passed for a wild dreamer, a dangerous inventor of insensate theories and false doctrine. He was thrust away, hidden out of sight, and if any of his works were performed—and very few were—they rarely had adequate care bestowed upon their execution, and failed to fix public attention. How this has been changed I need hardly say. We have heard "Romeo and Juliette" at the Chatelet, "Harold," at the Cirque, and finally the lion's part in the two last concerts of the Conservatoire has been given to the "Damnation de Faust," perhaps the greatest of the master's works, unless indeed we consider "Romeo" as superior, which is doubtful.

Like the fine setting of Shakespeare's play, the "Damnation de Faust" was written rather for the concert-room than the opera, and has no need of scenery or costumes to render it complete. It is divided into three parts, the first two of which only were executed at the Conservatoire, and contain music for three soloists, Mephistopheles (baritone), Faust (tenor), and Brander (bass). Marguerite has no direct share in the action of the first two parts, a sufficiently strange arrangement, and one which might perhaps be taken exception to. There are thus, as it will be at once seen, very broadly marked differences between Berlioz's, "Faust" and Gounod's better-known masterpiece. The two great musicians have, however, not a little in common; indeed I would even say they have much, so much that at certain modulations, at particular passages, one might almost mistake Berlioz for Gounod. It would be going too far to impute the charge of imitation to the later composer, but nobody can help perceiving how considerably he is indebted to his half-forgotten predecessor, and how similarly certain points of Goethe's story have inspired both. Part I. commences with a long, rather wearisome, scene

for tenor. Faust is in the fields at daybreak alone. This, though powerful, suffers from the heaviness of the accompaaiment, against which the voice has some difficulty in contending, and it is also marred by one or two vulgarities of instrumentation. We pass from this to a fine, a very fine Dance and Chorus of Peasants, glowing with color, vivid as life, full of open, fresh melody, and admirably accompanied. A marked impression was made by this number, but the climax of enthusiasm was reached with the next, the grand "Marche Hongroise." This wonderful production carried all sympathies by storm, and, throwing aside every trace of its usual correct reserve, the audience rose with a great spontaneous movement of admiration, and literally shouted its delight. The number was repeated. Again the same applause, the same tumult of enthusiasm. It is a noble page of music, this march. From the opening notes to the very end, it hurries you along with resistless force, making the pulse beat quickly and the breath come short and heavy with emotion. The whole thing is a genuine inspiration, intensely, painfully stirring, overwhelming; a work to excite the dullest, and make the poorest-spirited feel a hero for the nonce. From end to end it goes with a mighty swing. Towards the finish the drums give a suggestion of guns firing, at first dull and distant, then growing louder and louder, till we are verily in the midst of a grand battle scene, and, notwithstanding the difficulty of avoiding commonplace in "descriptive" music of this sort, the composer at no moment sinks below the heroic. Berlioz has scored the number in a marvellous way. The cymbals, drums, and trumpets are of course called into continual request, but the heavy instrumentation is managed with such consummate skill that it never impresses one disagreeably. Above all else, there is no sign of effort. M. Deldevez's band executed this number in a masterly fashion, attacking it with incomparable dash and boldness. I may remark here, by the bye, that an accurate idea of this "Marche Hongroise" can only be afforded by a very full and finely-trained orchestra. A small band spoils it. I heard it a few years ago, at one of the old concerts—Danbé of the Grand Hotel, and, more lately, at the Chatelet. It had hitherto always struck me as merely noisy, and to some extent vulgar, but I frankly confess that the rendition at the Conservatoire has brought about a considerable change in my opinion, and I willingly render my weak tribute of homage to the genius of the man who could conceive so stupendous a work. Any musician might be proud of it, and perhaps none but a Berlioz could have written it.

The opening of Part II. corresponds with the first scene in Gounod's opera. We find Faust in his mysterious workshop, surrounded by all the grim symbols of his dangerous lore. Then comes a fine "Easter Hymn" for chorus, to which justice was scarcely done by the audience, and we are at length introduced to our old friend Mephistopheles, whose advent is heralded by a sudden stagey burst of music, smacking sadly too much of the trap-door, and sadly too much of his demoniac Majesty. Passing on, after a scene between Faust and Mephistopheles, and another for the same and Brander, Berlioz takes us to the Kermesse, with a spirited drinking chorus.

A quaint song of three stanzas for Brander follows, notable for its singular and uncommon accompaniment. A pause ensues, and the Chorus repeats Brander's air in the form of a mock-serious fugue. The effect of the basses breaking in abruptly after the strained silence is divertingly grotesque. From this we are hurried, something rudely, to another scene, between Faust and Mephistopheles (containing a fine air for the latter), and to a Chorus of Gnomes and Sylphs. And now ensues a very beautiful piece of composition. Faust sleeps, and Mephistopheles commands the obedient spirits to charm his slumber.

"Berceez, berceez son sommeil!"

Here again Berlioz has been happily inspired. The "Ballet des Sylphes" is one of the most elf-like, delicate bits of fancy conceivable. It is played by the muted strings, and the few short bars of which it consists have a strange, weird grace, wholly charming. With yet one more abrupt transition, we reach the final number of the Second Part, an astoundingly bold chorus of Students and Soldiers. The selections executed at the Conservatoire did not extend further.

Speaking generally, I might say that the "Damnation de Faust" is a broad, vigorous, noble work. From the elimination of the female parts, it has of necessity a want of sweetness, an occasional excess of richness, and perhaps a little monotony; but setting its failures against its beauties, the balance in favor of the last is so enormous that it seems incredible the work should be so rarely heard.

Sunday's concert at the Chatelet was highly interesting. The novelty, M. Duvernoy's "Fragments Symphoniques" (Romance; Scherzetto), is a creditable production. The Romance, finely harmonized, is, may be, a shade too uniform in tone. Of M. Lalo's Concerto for Violin, another item, mention was made on its first performance. M. Sarasati made a sensation at rehearsal by his admirable rendering of the composition, which he executed with all his accustomed refinement and charm. "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," by Lulli, was lately revived with great success at the Gaité, and the minuet was an exceedingly welcome feature in the Chatelet scheme. Wonderfully simple, it is marked by that mournful grace which appears so generally in the music of the older masters. We find repeated evidences of it in the writings of Lulli, Rameau, Boccherini, and others, all of whom possessed a peculiar beauty of their own which the moderns but seldom attain. Increased powers of instrumentation have killed the old simple art.

M. Maurel continues to win golden opinions at the Populaires. I must chronicle the success of a capital quartette company, the "Société des Derniers grands Quatuors de Beethoven" (1st violin, M. Maurin, of the Conservatoire; 2nd violin, M. Coblain; alto, M. Masset; and violoncello, M. Tolbecque). These four artists play admirably together, and without losing their respective individualities, succeed perfectly in subordinating them to the requirements of the execution. In conclusion, M. A. M. Auzende, a pianist of no little talent, gave a soirée musicale on the 12th inst., at which he performed one or two of his own compositions with happy effect. M. Auzende's playing is very bold, his touch good, and in bold music of the Brahms and Rubinstein school he is highly successful.—*Correspondence of London Musical Standard.*

History of Music by F. L. Ritter.

[From the London *Guardian* of Feb. 9.]

Though dedicated to the "young artists of America," we have good hopes that this volume will gain a wide circulation among the constantly increasing numbers of those in this country who have the best interests of music at heart. Voluminous as is the Continental literature which has gathered round the subject, we cannot recall to our minds any work in the English language, with the exception of Mr. Hullah's very interesting Lectures, which even attempts to occupy the ground over which Professor Ritter conducts us. Burney's *General History of Music*, published now nearly a century ago, and extending over four volumes, is valuable rather as a work of reference than as a text-book for students. Professor Ritter, who writes not merely as a historian, or as a theorist with some favorite ideas for which he seeks support, but who unites in himself the qualifications, so rarely found together, of a philosophical historian, a professional artist, and a large-minded critic, has succeeded in comprising within the limit of same 400 small pages of large print an account of the growth and progress of music in all its forms and branches from the Christian era to our own day. In this survey we find included a general sketch of the first beginnings of music in the Gregorian chant, the Folk-song, and the Troubabour song, the nationalization of the art, from the close of the fourteenth century onwards, in the Netherlands, in Germany, in Italy, and to some degree also in Spain and in England; the rise of the oratorio, and its history from the twelfth century to the nineteenth; the gradual development of the opera from its first invention in Italy to its treatment by Richard Wagner; the course of Catholic Church music from the austere simplicity of its infancy to its secularization under the influences of modern ideas; and, finally, the progress of instrumental music from the sixteenth century to the times of Berlioz and of Liszt. "My book," we quote from the author's Introduction, p. 11, "does not pretend to be an exhaustive history of music, but rather a friendly, and, I trust, a thoroughly reliable guide to incite and direct those musical students who feel the desire, the want of a deeper and more general knowledge of the growth and progress of their art that is common; to encourage and strengthen the talented striving one, in his unavoidably arduous labors and struggles; to point out to the timid and undecided the imperative and necessary duties of the true artist; to hold up a faithful mirror of art-life to the inexperienced, impatient aspirant for artistic fame."

In accordance with the design thus unfolded, we find appended to these lectures a carefully compiled index to the literature of the subject under various heads, of which the following are some:—Ancient music; the general history of music; Church music; the Opera; Scientific, Æsthetic, and Critical works; Biographies, Dictionaries, and Periodicals. Professor Ritter has therefore done his readers a twofold service. Not only has he brought within a small compass and skilfully arranged a vast amount of information which is of the greatest value and interest to all who care to understand how, and under what influences, and through whose labors, music, in the wildest sense, has come to be what it is, but being well aware how, in the attempt to give an intelligible and comprehensive view of each important epoch, much must be sacrificed that nevertheless has a great scientific, or critical, or biographical interest of its own, he has placed within every one's reach a table of all the books that have been written upon the numerous branches into which the subject of music ramifies, so that unavoidable imperfections in point of fulness and of detail may be supplied and corrected according to the individual judgment and taste of the student. That this should have been done, and done so well, is much; and when we remember that the author is under the disadvantage, as he reminds us of writing in a foreign language, we shall not be careful to go minutely into little blemishes in the style, such as occur for example, on page 52, in the use of "feudalic" for "feudal," or on page 291, where "was" is inadvertently written for "were," or in the repetition of the Americanism of "quite a number," where we might be content to read "many." Such small matters, however, in no way detract from the real worth and merit of the book, and we only allude to their existence in case Professor Ritter may think it well in the event of a second edition, to clear it of such microscopic blots. That, however, for which we feel grateful above all the rest, and to which we attach more importance than to all the merits of detail in which this *History of Music* abounds, is the noble and elevating spirit in which the position of music among the arts is vindicated. It would be difficult to decide whether music has been more insulted by her open enemies or by her self-constituted patrons and so-called friends. We can feel a certain respect for a man who dislikes music, and who says so. We cannot indeed sympathize with him; and we may think that he has missed one of the purest of life's pleasures; but we thank him, at any rate, that he is honest. But patience gives place to disgust when we hear the indignities to which at the hands of many who conceived themselves to be musically minded, the nobility of music is but too often made subject. It really passes our comprehension altogether how an art which engrossed the whole energies of giants like Handel, Sabastian Bach, and Beethoven, into which they and others, their not unworthy fellow-laborers, breathed their highest and deepest thoughts, infused their sublimest aspirations, poured the changeful tide of their hopes and fears, their sorrows and their joys, how such an art can be seriously conceived of as being for the most part a natural and a pretty accomplishment for girls (who will remember to put it aside when they marry), as a drawing room plaything, as a convenience to fill up the interstices of social vacuity and dulness! And to crown all, heaven save the mark! we find Offenbach throned high among "musicians," and all that is most vulgar and degraded in conception, most licentious and profligate in association and suggestion, most meagre and miserable in form, comprehended in one loud paean of praise and exulting upon every passer by from the pipes of the remorseless barrel, that, with the ape who so worthily attends upon it, mocks us from every street corner.

We fear that those who look upon music as a trick or a trade, a question of supply and demand, so many times for so much money, or, soaring a little higher, as a useful social accomplishment, within the call of any one who can afford a master, will hardly be at the pains to spend much time on Professor Ritter's volume. No one, we venture to think, could read his introductory remarks on the real nature of music as an art without being the better for them, and without gaining ever so faint a glimpse of the fact that art, born of religion, however she may be secularized by the influences among which she grows up to her full stature, yet tends ever to recall us to her parent source, and that it is at her springs that we best may slake that thirst, to which no mind is wholly a stranger, for something purer and lovelier and nobler than can be found along the dusty paths of conventional everyday life. To return, however, to the book itself, there are one or two points we should like briefly to notice before we conclude. Professor Ritter begins his history with the Christian era, merely adding a few remarks on the music of the old world by way of an Appendix. In this we quite agree with him. It is true that the Gregorian chant, which is the basis of all the older Catholic Church music, is of pagan origin, and that St. Ambrose, and St. Gregory after him built on a Greek foundation. But the fact that harmony as distinguished from melody *i. e.*, a combination of notes as distinguished from succession of notes, was unknown before Christianity, and the further consideration that the freedom and variety and subtle power of expression which music has gained during its development are but the reflection, in the history of art, of the so-called modern spirit that has been working around us since the Renaissence, sufficiently justify the treatment of music as being as essentially a modern art as sculpture was essentially a Greek art. But even so music has, as it were, its ancient and modern history. Up to the end of the sixteenth century it retained, under the almost exclusive patronage of the Church, a grand austere simplicity. But the revival of the theatre in Europe, beginning with the religious plays, led the way for the gradual secularization of that music which had always played so prominent a part in the drama, and the invention about 1600 A.D. of recitative [p. 129 *et seq.*], which forthwith gave birth to the opera, transferred the sceptre from St. Cecilia to Apollo. The history of this change, and of the taking up of music into the many-sided, many-colored life of the modern world is admirably giv-

en by Professor Ritter, but we have no space to follow him; nor can we do more than call attention to what seem us his just and discernible criticisms on Haydn, *Gluck* [whom, by the way, he always calls Gluck.*] Mozart, Meyerbeer, and Mendelssohn, his excellent remarks on the degeneracy of Church music, especially in Italy, and his suggestions for its improvement. There are many tempting passages which we should like to extract for the benefit of our readers; but if by omitting them we send those interested to the book itself, we shall not regret the omission. In conclusion, we commend to the consideration of amateur critics the following remarks, which may be found on p. 429:—

"A good ear and a general literary education are not guarantees enough to stamp a person as a competent critic, especially when the critic does not know how to compose, play, or sing. Placed between the artist and the public, the critic's office is to interpret to the latter those laws of beauty and poetical truth which govern the artist, and by this means to awaken a genuine interest for art, and with this a higher degree of intellectual art enjoyment."

* In regard to this criticism to which his attention has been called, Professor Ritter replies [in the *Poughkeepsie News*] as follows:

While I gladly accept the above hints by an able, courteous, and appreciative reviewer, respecting my Alsatianisms and Americanisms, I must at the same time observe, that the manner in which I have spelt the name of Gluck [without the accent over the letter u] is the correct one. The Paris and Vienna editions of his operas, published under his own supervision, invariably give the name as Gluck [not as in the German word Glueck or *Glück*, happiness],—as do also those facsimiles of his compositions which I possess, and all his autographs which have fallen under my observation.

F. L. RITTER.

Dr. Gauntlett.

Before this obituary notice is published most of our readers will have heard of the death of Dr. Gauntlett. He had entered his seventy-first year, but was still to all appearances full of life and health up to Monday last, when he returned from his afternoon walk, sat down in his study at Kensington, and passed quietly and suddenly from the world. The short biographical notice of Henry John Gauntlett which appears in *Men of the Time* is in every respect authentic. It reveals the strong and striving life making its mark in the musical history of the century. His birth and parentage, his many years' practice in the law, his later adoption of music as a profession, are the facts in his biography which give the key to his subsequent career.

The son of an English country vicar of the old school, he would naturally imbibe, with his first impressions of music, those scholastic tendencies, and that soundness and solidity which at least directed the literary efforts of Dr. Gauntlett. The business modes of thought he afterwards acquired in the law only confirmed his inborn English sentiments in favor of the morally genuine and human. He had a natural aversion to ultra-æ-theticism and artificial forms of feeling. With him feeling had no source but in the plain heart of man; no true issue but in domestic and social affections. He was intolerant of the ecstatic, and barely tolerant of fancy in natures more delicate and effeminate than his own. The sorrows of Hagar would move him too deeply to allow his attention to be divided by the scenery of the wilderness. In that respect he at once parted from the poetical and picturesque aspirations of the newer generation of musicians. The intense Protestant feeling, rather than the realistic poetry, of Sebastian Bach was the attraction which led him early to the study of that master, the fibre of whose choral songs he worked up in his own psalmody.

But apart from sympathies and models, the ingrained characteristic of Dr. Gauntlett's writings in literature or music is strength. He was one of the few now remaining examples of the old type of British worthies, full of learning, common sense, vehemence, and dogmatism. It was a favorite scientific maxim of Dr. Gauntlett that "the big phrase went with the big pulse." He felt his own vigor and his natural responsiveness of feeling to the broad conceptions of the great masters in music. Just as he was impatient as a musician of the small refinements in the sentimental school, he as a man morally elbowed his way through adverse criticism, utterly unconscious that in pressing a strong opinion he was offending delicate susceptibilities. If some were offended by a vehemence of manner, others who knew him better found out what lay beneath the intellectual dogmatism which was on the surface; and that this was less a trait of character than a habit peculiar to the ancient type and branch of the church militant from which he seems to have sprung.

At the age of nine, young Gauntlett was organist at his father's church at Olney, Bucks, when our ancestors were celebrating the final victories of Wellington. Many years afterwards, at a period which to most of us is still ancient history, Gauntlett was admittedly at the head of his noble profession as an organist. It was in 1836 he first turned attention to the improvement of the English organ. What, he achieved in that direction is a matter of history; and some of the finest of Hill's instruments remain as monuments of Dr. Gauntlett's energy and scientific skill in supervising their construction. It was in reference to the organs of St. Peter's, Cornhill, and Christ church, Newgate, that Mendelssohn made his well-known observation, that "but for him—Dr. Gauntlett—I should have had no organ to play upon. He ought to have a statue." Of the high opinion which Mendelssohn entertained of Dr. Gauntlett's abilities and learning there is abundant evidence in carefully preserved autograph letters of the composer.

The "Mr. Gauntlett" of Mendelssohn's letters was made Dr. Gauntlett by Dr. Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1842. About that time Dr. Gauntlett gave up the practice of the law, which he had followed since 1831, having been articled in 1826. As a musical critic and theorist, Dr. Gauntlett's strong hand is manifest in serried columns of printer's type from the heyday of the *Sun* newspaper to within the last few weeks.

But it is perhaps in the pages of the *Church Musician*, a paper he established himself in 1850, and seems to have mostly filled with his own pen, that we must look for the innermost opinions of Dr. Gauntlett in the zenith of his vigor. He had studied church music, and especially English church music, profoundly. It was his own chosen ground; and whatever differences may exist in our several notions on so broad and grand a topic, we must acknowledge him to have been a guide and an authority in that section of musical literature; and we think there are few who will deny him a place as a composer of church music amongst the two or three in this century who have worthily continued the traditions of the school which dates from three centuries back, and is still our greatest glory as a musical nation. Almost at the hour of his death Dr. Gauntlett was officially engaged in furthering a scheme for attaching a chapel and choir to the new Training School for Music. The happy idea was his own, and when realized its author will be remembered.

Dr. Gauntlett was buried yesterday. Literary enmities his ardent nature may have excited are already forgotten.—*Lond. Mus. Standard, Feb.* 26.

Where Wagner has Failed.

[From the *New York Arcadian*.

Wagner states his object to be to create a school of opera which shall be entirely free from the absurdities and incongruities which have marked all previous productions in that line. Instead of, like other composers, making his drama subservient to music, Wagner sacrifices music to what he calls a poem; his object is to express as nearly as he can, in musical sounds, the impressions that would be formed in the mind of a musician who read a certain story; and each phase of feeling is desired to be appropriately expressed by a corresponding musical phrase. The principle is false to everything that we know of the powers of music: it was never recognized by any of the great classical composers. True, some of them sought to picture in sound the effects of Nature, but none ever attempted to make music express words. This, indeed, it cannot do. Its limitations end with the suggestions of emotions. Any person can prove this for himself by playing one of the most strongly characteristic phrases from *Lohengrin*, and asking half a dozen different people to give their ideas as to what the composer meant to express; the diversity of the views will be found to be something quite extraordinary.

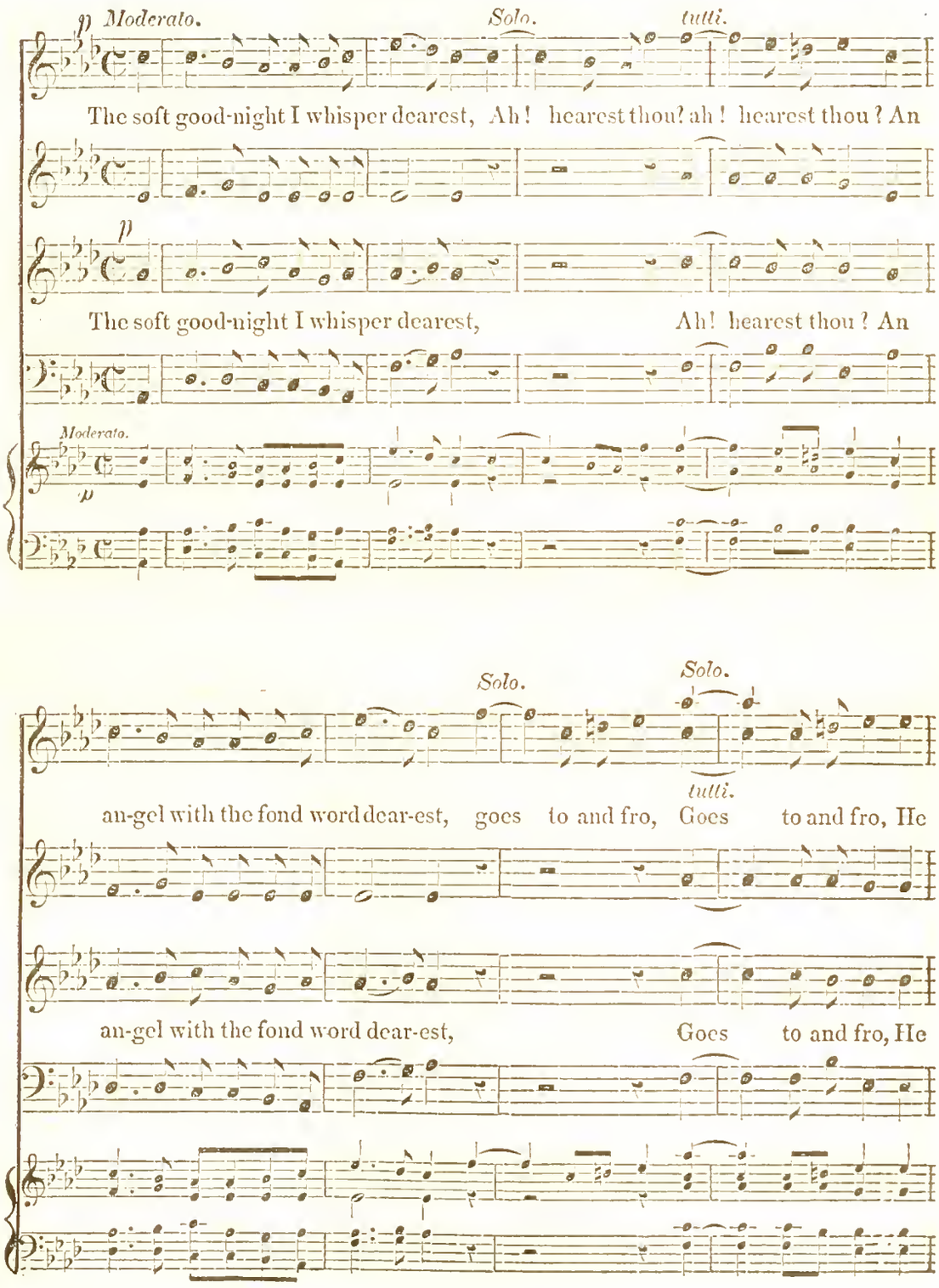
The germ of Wagner's theory is not new. Gluck was the first man to rebel against the absurdities of the "Italian Opera," but while he sought to reconcile, as far as possible, the character of the music with the sense of the words, he never made the former subservient to the latter. Wagner asserts that Beethoven, towards the end of his career, recognized the fact that instrumental music was incapable of the highest form of expression, and that when he wished to attain the culmination of his grandest thoughts, in the Ninth Symphony, he was obliged to weld with his music the words of Schiller's "Ode to Joy." But this union of choral with instrumental music was no new thing with Beethoven. His Choral Fantasia, written at a comparatively early period of his life, was constructed on precisely similar principles, yet, until the "Ninth Symphony," he never again began work on the same plan. Moreover, after the completion of the "Ninth Symphony" he wrote some stringed quartets, and had laid out the plan of another purely instrumental symphony. This does not seem as though the great master had recognized the incompleteness of what Wagner calls "music for the soul's sake of sonorous beauty."

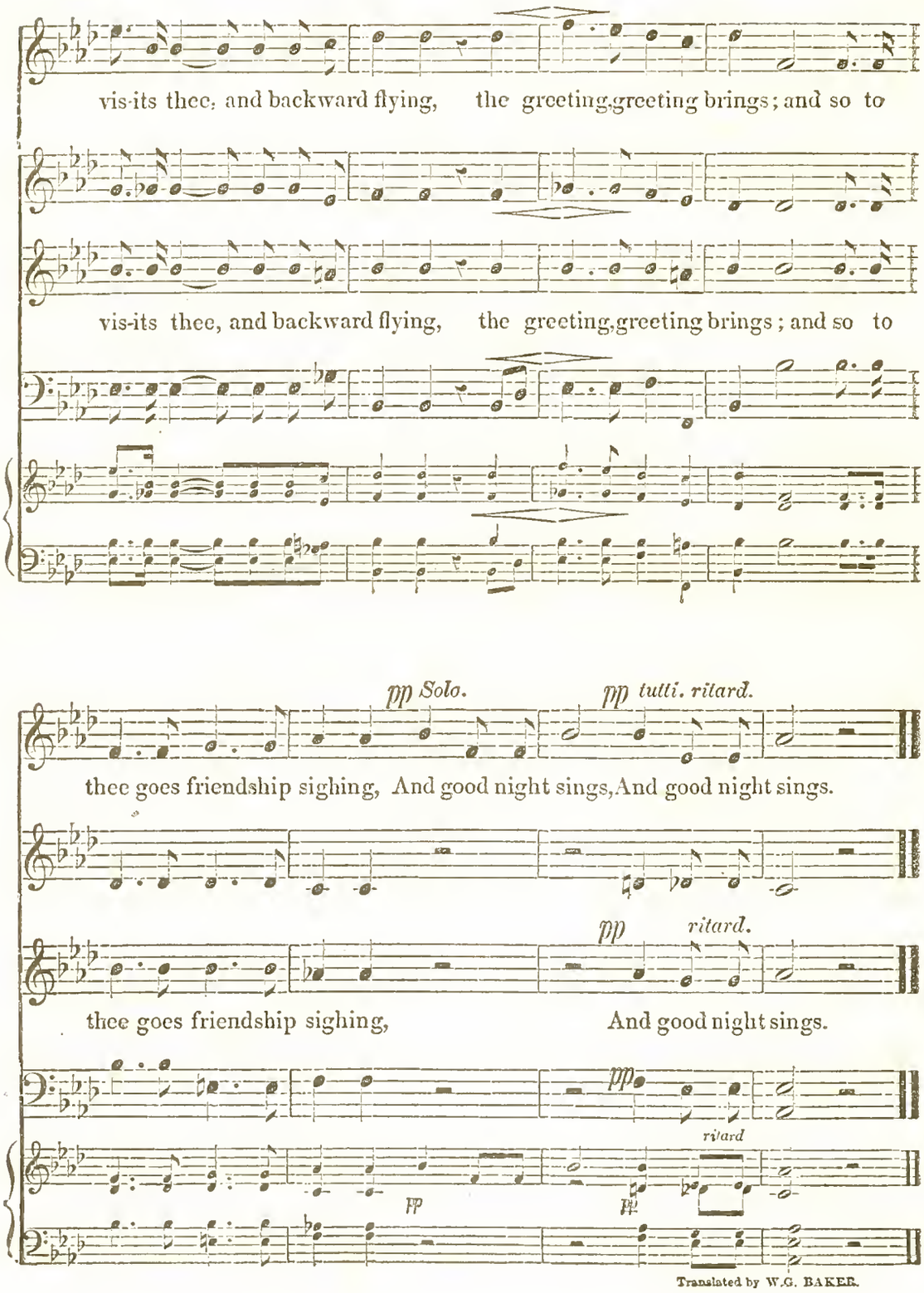
Opera is the union of two arts, music and drama—each more or less complete in itself. In fact, music as an art must be considered as almost perfect. The auditor is not called upon to close his eyes to any absurdities or incompleteness, as he must in looking at a dramatic representation or at a picture. No one, we think, will deny that, as an art, the drama is far less perfect than music. Now a union between two arts, one of which is perfect, and the other very nearly so, can only be effected by a considerable sacrifice on the part of one or both. The question in operatic music is, which art shall be predominant? In the Italian school the drama was made entirely subservient to music which, was often ridiculously incongruous. The warmest supporters of Italian opera never denied this; but to them music was the chief point, and they never stopped to consider the absurdities of the dramatic situations—the violations of what we have been pleased to term the "unities." Wagner claims, and, of course, correctly, that for a man or woman to sing a long and tender love song when in the agonies of death is absurd; therefore he asserts, the nearer music is brought to the singer's actual feelings, the more perfect the composer's art. This sounds plausible, but if we push the argument to its logical sequence what follows? That he would be the most successful composer of opera who would dispense with music altogether. At no period in the world's history have men and women gone about singing their conversation to the accompaniment of an orchestra. If, therefore, operatic music is to be but an imitation of real life, it will cease to be music. The absurdities of opera cannot be obviated, and the world has for generations been contented to accept operas, because of the beautiful music which has been written in them, and because the union of acting, with music—no matter how inherently ridiculous—always awakens pleasurable emotions. Wagner has thought to do away with these absurdities by throwing his stories back into the myths of the German legends; consequently, his plots are, to a great extent, devoid of human interest, and utterly wearisome in the mangled version to which the necessities of the hours of representation, allotted to operatic performances in England and America, reduce them. What he has endeavored to do is, in his own words, to construct a tone-poem, composed of "music wedded to immortal verse." As he supplies his own verse, this expression is a fair specimen of Wagner's native modesty. But when we hear one of his operas, do we recognize this perfect wedding? We miss melody, form, and incident. In the place of these, we have an orchestra playing music of most involved, and, at times, of an ear-torturing character. That Wagner is, as far as power of orchestral scoring goes, one of the greatest, if not *the* greatest composer who ever lived, no sensible musician can deny. [*Fudge.*] His knowledge of the effects of combinations of instruments is wonderful; and, much as we may object to his chromatic progressions, and his violation of recognized harmonic laws, we cannot refuse our admiration to the ingenuity of his counterpoint (!) One reason why his music, clever as it is, fails to be agreeable to the ear, is that he does not write for the best parts of the compass of various instruments, but usually keeps them for the most part at one or other extreme of their registers. He pursues the same system in writing the vocal parts, and the consequence is, that while, like Verdi, he does not ruin voices by writing occasional exceptionally high notes, he does much more damage by keeping the voice continually on the strain. He has sought, also, to give to his orchestra the chief interest of the music, and has made the voices accompaniments to the instruments. Voices are, unfortunately, not instruments, and they will not stand, nor is it pleasant to hear them attempting to do so, being strained to sing subservient parts against the power of a very large body of instrumentalists.

If we call to mind the points of Wagner's *Lohengrin* that gained most applause when played here, we shall find a few simple melodies and the unisonal termination of duets constructed after the fashion of Italian opera, which, much as Wagner affects to

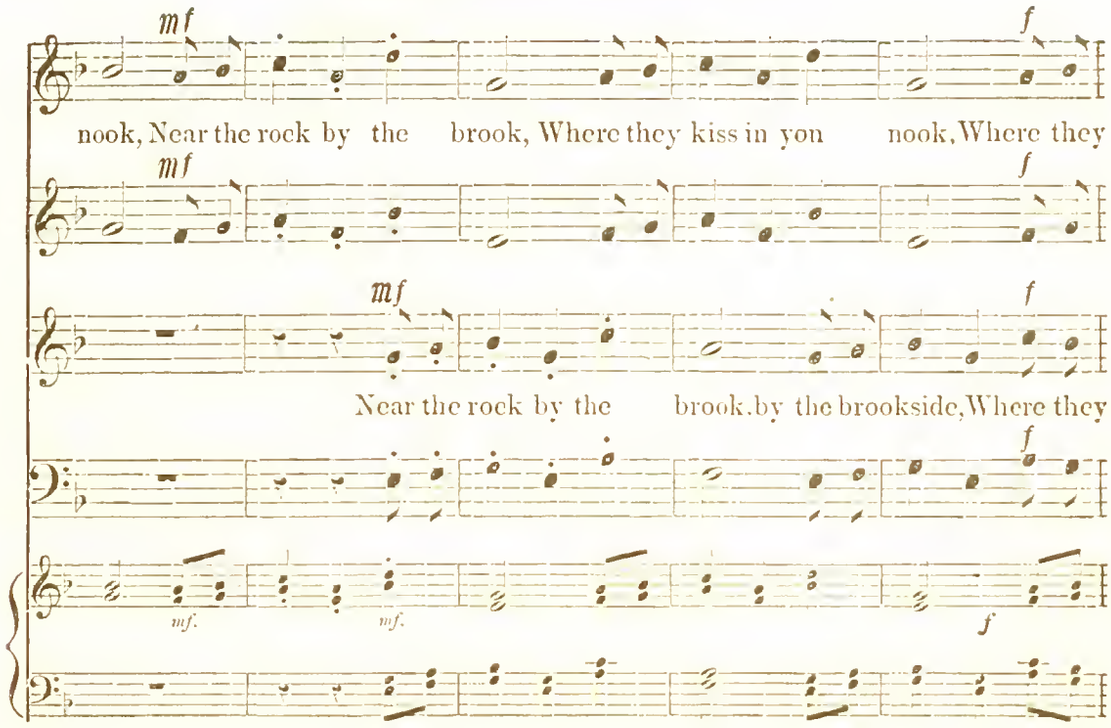
GOOD NIGHT.

Robert Schumann.





Translated by W.G. BAKER.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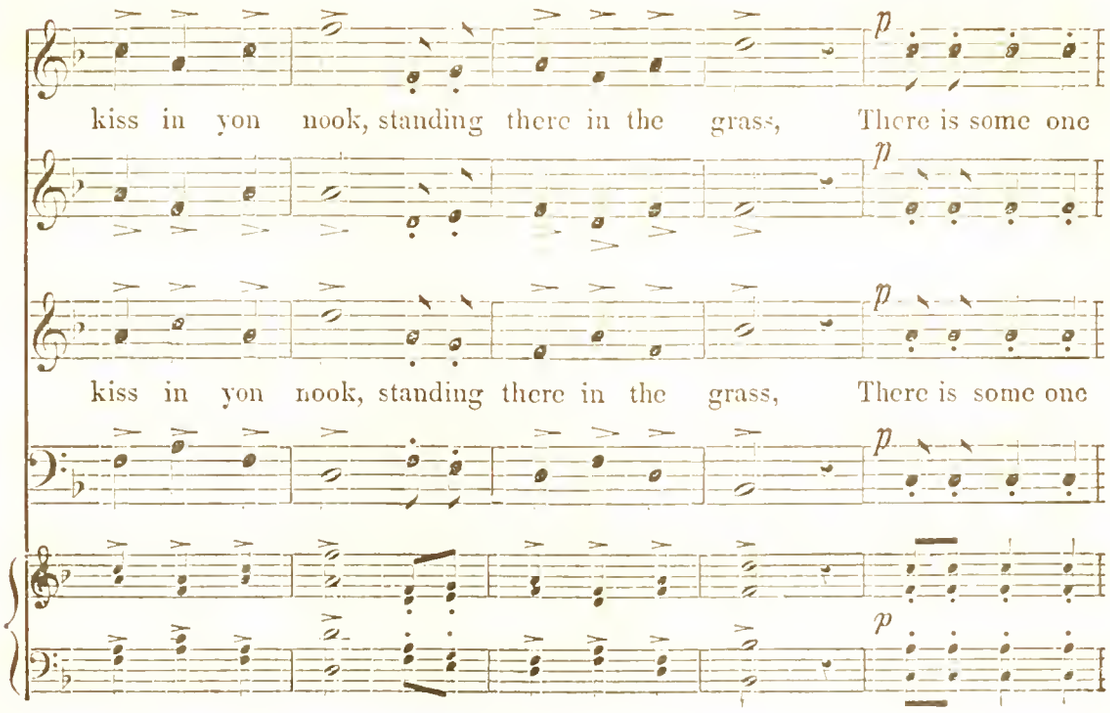
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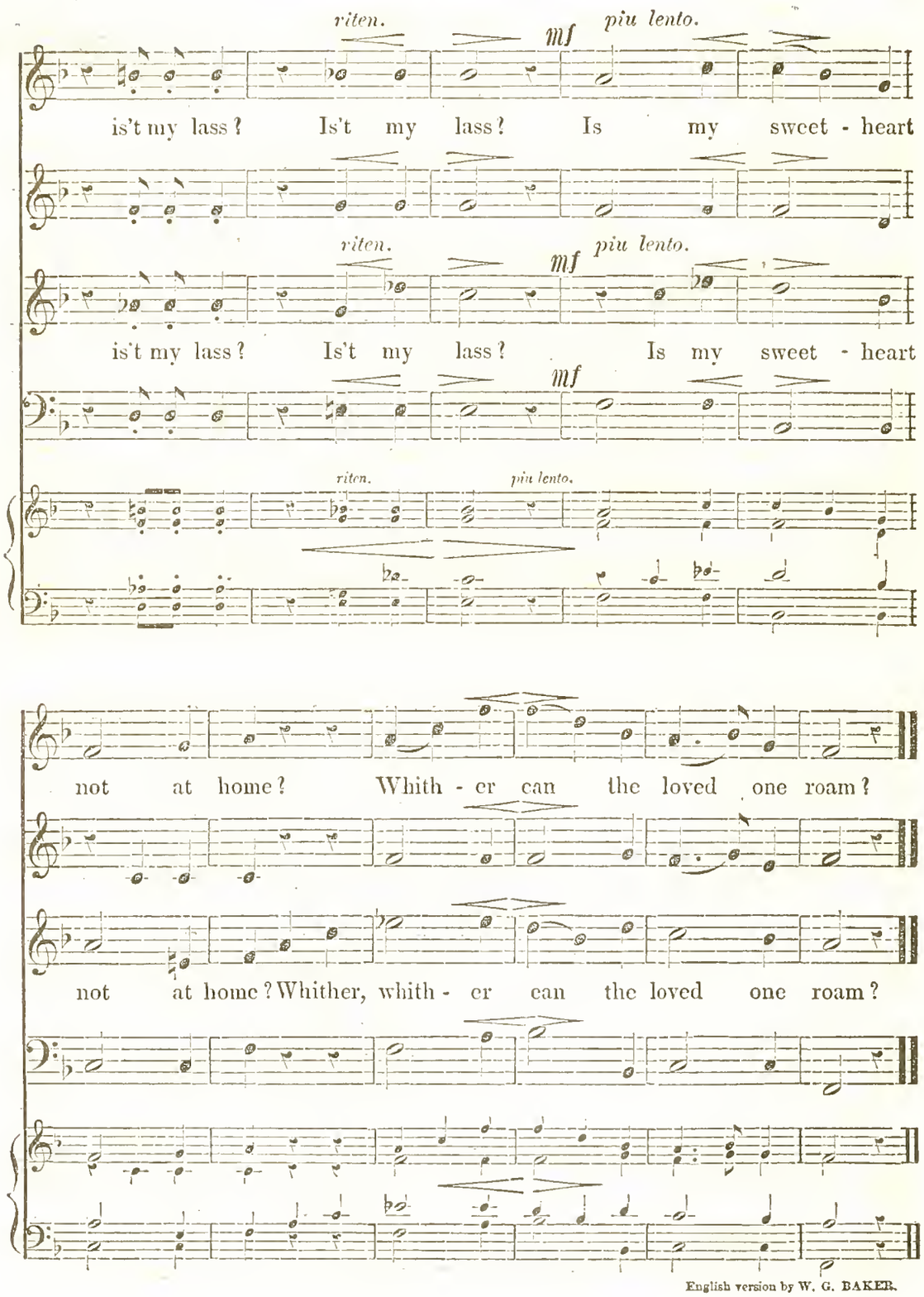

English version by W. G. BAKER.

despise, he frequently employs. But these few glimpses of sunshine through the storm were only remarkable from force of contrast. After having had our ears continually strained by Wagner's peculiar harmonies, even the smallest and commonest piece of tune was delightful. How deficient Wagner is in melodic beauty anyone may easily see by playing on the pianoforte the "Swan Song" and the "Bridal Chorus," which were the most applauded numbers in *Lohengrin*; the latter will be found to be a commonplace "jiggy" kind of tune, which would not be at all unsuitable to a pantomime overture. Simplification is one of the best tests of the real value of music. Take any one of the symphonies of Beethoven, arranged for the pianoforte, and, though necessarily much of the gorgeous coloring will be lost, the inherent beauty of thought and form remains undiminished. Attempt to arrange one of Wagner's preludes or Titanic choruses for the pianoforte, and we see at once that whatever effect they produce upon us, as scored by him, is due to the intricacy of treatment, and not to any originality or beauty of fundamental conception. They are like a book written in the purest literary style (!) by one possessing an unsurpassed command of language, but who, unfortunately, has no thoughts of value to communicate.

Wagner's music has been forced into notoriety as much by his writings, as by his having obtained the patronage of the King of Bavaria. As an author, he has certainly great talent; but when his powerful pen is no longer wielded in attacking his critics and in defending his compositions, they probably will not be found to possess any great vitality of their own. There is scarcely an art which some enthusiasts have not tried to force beyond its proper limits. Many of them have found followers for a time, but their deaths have always been the signal for the gradual dispersion of their disciples. Within the last twenty years, we have seen in pictorial art pre-Raffaelism dawn, flourish, and decay. We have not forgotten the many attempts that have been made to tint or color statuary. In this, Gibson, one of the best English sculptors, was very successful, and for a time his novel ideas met with great encouragement and support. But even for years before his death he recognized that the attempt to transcend the restrictions of his art, by imitating the color as well as producing the form of nature, was false and unhealthy in principle, and he had the good sense to abandon it. That Wagner will become convinced that his efforts are not based upon sound principles we do not believe; he is the god of a small clique, and every one who does not recognize his powerful genius is, in his opinion, actuated by some religious or interested motive.

Lohengrin, as far as the story goes, is infinitely inferior to many of the German operas; and none will deny that, for melody alone, there are, we might say, hundreds that surpass it. What value, then, it should have, is as an exemplar of Wagner's theory of the perfect union of poetry and music. The test of the meaning of a musical phrase, to which we have alluded above, will prove conclusively how unsuccessful it has been in this respect. That Wagner has in Germany, and in this country, a large number of adherents is undoubtedly true; but of these, probably not more than one fourth really admire his composition, or would be able to give a satisfactory reason for so doing; while the remaining three-fourths pretend to like his music because they imagine that, by so doing, they prove their superiority in musical knowledge and subtlety of appreciation to those who fail to discover truth in his theories or beauty in his works.

JULIAN MAGNUS.

Music in London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. Mr. Gye has issued his prospectus for the coming season, and we are glad to observe that he continues the new fashion of making that erstwhile vain-glorious and deceptive document as moderate in tone and business-like in character as possible. The director first of all announces that his establishment will open on Tuesday, March 28, with a performance, as on several previous occasions, of *Guillaume Tell*. No one will object to the choice of a masterpiece which combines with good music, scenic and other effect of the highest order, while the comparative insignificance of the principal female part evades all difficulty with *prime donne*, none of whom like to head a procession the honorable place in which seems to be behind. As regards the list of engagements, *habitués* will, no doubt, rejoice to find that most of the artists who have done good service lately are still members of Mr. Gye's company. Mdme. Adelina Patti, the absence of whom nothing could make up for, returns to the scene of familiar triumphs, and with her come Mdlle. Albani, Mdlle. Thalberg, the youthful *débutante* of last year. Mdlle. Bianchi, Mdlle. Marimon, Mdlle. D'Angeri, Mdlle. Smeroschi, and Mdlle. Scalchi. These names demand no comment, because their value in the prospectus every one can estimate. Passing to the gentlemen, we find among old acquaintances Signori Nicolini, Bolis, De Sanctis, Pavani, Piazza, Sabater, Bettini, Rossi, Marino, Graziani, Maurel, Cotogni, Bagagiolo, Capponi, Ciampi, Tagliafico, Fallar' and Raguer—a strong band, and perfectly able, in conjunction with their sister artists already named, to carry the season through. Nevertheless, we are sorry to miss M. Faure from the *troupe* of which he has so long been a distinguished ornament. It is true that M. Faure has engaged to appear under the auspices of Mr. Mapleson; and that his pupil, M. Maurel, will succeed him, but the change can hardly fail to be looked upon as regrettable. There will not, however, be one Frenchman the less at Covent Garden, M. Capoul having left the "other house" to go over to its rival. How far this event may compensate in public esteem for the withdrawal of M. Faure depends on the value attached to M. Capoul's services as a dramatic singer, about which curiously diverse opinions are entertained. Mr. Gye does heavy work during the season, and it is not surprising that he seeks to strengthen, from time to time, his normally powerful company. On this occasion he promises seven *débuts*, and holds out hopes of an eighth—that of Signor Gayarre, respecting whom rumor says much that is favorable. The new comers whom we are told to expect confidently are Mdlle. Rosavalle, Miss Emma Abbott, an American lady of whom report speaks highly, Mdlle. Proch, Mdlle. der Synnerberg, Signor Conti, Signor Monti, and Signor Tamagno. About none of these does Mr. Gye say either a biographical or laudatory word, and we shall imitate his example by abstaining from any speculation as to their merits while hoping that there may be good cause to give each and all a hearty welcome. With regard to the remaining *personnel* of the establishment, Signor Vianesi and Signor Bevignani will again be joint-conductors; a new dancer, Mdlle. Bertha, will appear; Mr. Carrodus continues to act as *chef d'attaque*, Mr. Betjemann, as leader of the ballet, and Mr. Pittmann as organist.

As no present and absolute necessity existed for the addition of new members to the company, so it may be a repertory of forty-eight operas made it needless to bring out unfamiliar works. But Italian Opera, even in its present condition, is not beyond the range and influence of musical opinion, and the director finds it politic to humor that opinion by offering a modicum of novelty. This year he mentions four works, Verdi's *Aida*, Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore*, and Rossini's *Mosè*; three of which he pledges himself to produce. We fail to see the reason for classing *L'Elisir d'Amore* among novelties; but, as that work is almost certain to be heard, one of the remaining operas stands a poor chance. Let us hope it is not *Aida*, which, for very shame, ought no longer to suffer neglect; while *Tannhäuser* has claims deserving consideration. Should these two be put upon the stage, Mr. Gye will have done his duty, and conferred no small lustre upon the season, especially as Madame Patti is promised in *Aida* and Mdlle. Albani in *Tannhäuser*. With regard to *Mosè*, that opera, announced last year, is used to waiting, and may again be put off without serious injury. On the whole, there is ground for anticipating a busy and by no means uninteresting season at Covent Garden.—*Times.*

CRYSTAL PALACE. The feature at the sixteenth concert was a very striking performance of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, the opening piece being a dry "Introduction and Fugue," from one of the orchestral *Suites* of Lachner—why brought forward at all it is difficult to guess. The *Te Deum* No. 1 composed by Handel for the Duke of Chandos [that in B flat], supplied with additional accompaniments by Mr. Ebenezer Prout, at once discreet and effective, was also a novelty to the audience; but the execution generally left much to desire, and the work, although here and there exhibiting Handel at his best, failed to make any strong impression. Professor Oakeley's "Edinburgh March" composed on the occasion of the Royal Marriage, was the last instrumental piece; songs by Mes'mes Patey and Blanche Cole, which call for no particular remark, completing the selection. At the 17th concert [on Saturday] every amateur was pleased to hear once again Mr. Arthur Sullivan's Symphony in E minor. This, which had not been played at the Crystal Palace since 1866, would, it was hoped, be merely the precursor of other compositions of magnitude and importance from the same pen. Surely so beautiful a work, and the cordial reception it met with, should have urged on our young and gifted musician to fresh efforts in a similar direction. If Mr. Sullivan is apathetic, or indifferent, to whom may we now look for music of a high order, to do honor to our native school of art? Mr. Manns took every pains with the execution of the symphony, which, in all respects satisfactory, was welcomed with genuine enthusiasm. Among the remaining interesting features were the MS., *Intermezzo* and *Scherzo* by another of our cleverest and most rising composers, Mr. Henry Gadsby, written expressly for the "British Orchestral Society," and first introduced to the public in the spring of 1875. We heard it again with unalloyed satisfaction, and were glad to find it so thoroughly liked and understood.—*Mus. World, Feb.* 19.

HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR. The first concert of the present season took place at St. James's Hall on Thursday evening, the 17th instant, commencing loyally with Mr. Leslie's arrangement of the National Anthem. The programme contained a good and varied selection of unaccompanied part-music, in which the choir always appear to the greatest advantage, and though there may be good reason for occasionally varying the style of music performed, we always go to these concerts with some regret that Mr. Leslie should find such a course necessary. The programme of the 27th comprised [besides more modern things] four fine specimens of the old madrigals, viz:—Wilbye's "The Lady Oriana;" Weelkes's "As Vesta was from Latmos' hill descending;" Mannin's "O hear me, love;" and Savile's well known "Waits," with which the concert ended. The performance of these madrigals, excellent as it was in many points, did not give us that complete satisfaction which we had expected; in fact it was *over-refined* [Query: "Dead perfect."—ED.]; we had beautiful pianos and crescendos, but no vigor, and not a single real forte, the nearest approach to one being at the conclusion of Weelkes's "As Vesta," where the basses gave out the augmented subject, "Long live fair Oriana," with a power which set a good example to the rest of the choir, but unfortunately did not obtain a response from them. In addition to the above the choir sang a madrigal by Mr. Henry Leslie, "Charm me asleep," which is a beautiful specimen of part-writing, and being throughout in a quiet, dreamy style, was exquisitely sung; another madrigal by Pearsall, "Allan-a-Dale," of whose good and vigorous music we cannot hear too much, and we hope the first time of performance of this week by the choir will not be the last; and another madrigal, and one of the most beautiful, "Sweete flowers, ye were too faire," composed by the Thomas Attwood Walmisley of Cambridge.—*Mus. Standard.*

Music in New York.

MARCH 27.—At the fourth Symphony concert given by Theo. Thomas, at Steinway Hall, Feb. 26, the orchestra played Haydn's Symphony in G, (No. 15 of Breitkopf's and Haertel's edition),—a fresh and charming composition, which was given with all the perfection of ensemble in which this band is unsurpassed. Something of the naive and beautiful character of the work seemed to inspire the musicians, for they played as if they loved the music. Besides this they played Beethoven's overture "Coriolan," and a new Suite (No. 2, in F, op. 194), by Raff, which was received with great interest. The new Suite is remarkably well scored, and its execution was refined and spirited. It is divided as follows:

1. An der Grenze—[*Overture*].
2. Auf der Puszta—*Traumerei*].
3. Bei einem Aufzug der Honved—*Marsch*.
4. Volkshed mit Variationen.
5. Vor der Czarda—*Finale*.

Mr. Wm. Mason, whose reappearance in the concert hall we note with pleasure, gave an admirable rendering of Mozart's Concerto in C, (Koechel 467), for piano and orchestra. A better performance could hardly be imagined. Mr. Mason played with precision and good taste, which was supplemented by a faultless orchestral accompaniment.

Saturday evening March 11, Fifth Soirée of the New York Quartette. The first selection was Mendelssohn's Sonata for Piano and Violoncello, op. 45, performed by Master Rietzel and Mr. F. Bergner. The pianist, to all appearances, is not more than twelve years of age and certainly showed unusual talent, getting through the piece very creditably and showing some insight into its meaning; but he had not the requisite digital force for its performance, which was, therefore, somewhat strained. The violoncello part was of course faultlessly rendered, Mr. Bergner being an artist unequalled in America.

Mr. E. Mollenhauer gave a careful performance of Tartini's *Chaconne*, for violin. He is an earnest and conscientious player, but he never succeeds in getting a good tone from his instrument. The programme ended with Beethoven's Quartet in E flat, op. 74. Miss E. F. Richmond was announced to sing Rossini's Aria, "O Patria" from *Tancredi*, and Handel's "Semele;" but, owing to indisposition, she did not appear, and another lady took her place.

During the past week we have been favored with three pianoforte recitals by Dr. Von Buelow, at only one of which was it my good fortune to be present. The Dr. has devoted the entire week to Beethoven, giving three evening recitals.

The programmes were as follows:

Monday, March 20.

Sonata Patetica, op. 13.
Adagio con variazioni, op. 34.
Sonata quasi fantasia, op. 27, No. 1, in E flat.
Sonata quasi fantasia, op. 27, No. 2, in C sharp minor.
Sonata, op. 110 in A flat.
Fantasia, op. 77.
Fifteen variations, fugue and andante finale on a theme from the Eroica Symphony.

Wednesday, March 22.

Sonata, op. 31, No. 2, in D minor.
Sonata, op. 109, in E.
Three Sketches from op. 119 and 126.
Rondo Capriccioso, op. 129.
Sonata appassionata, op. 57, in F minor.
Thirty-two variations on an original theme in C minor.
"Les Adieux, L'Absence et Le Retour:" Sonata Caracteristique, op. 81.

This was an evening of pure, unalloyed delight. Every one knows how Von Buelow interprets Beethoven's music. In rendering a Sonata he follows no traditions, accepts no rule, but is himself the rule and the standard. It would be useless to particularize respecting his performance on Wednesday evening. Every one of the selections was given in the best possible manner. The *Sonata Appassionata* which he has already played several times in New York, is a splendid example of his remarkable skill in crescendo effects and his wonderful use of the pedal. The programme on Friday evening, March 24, was as follows:

Sonata, op. 101, in A.
Grand Sonata, op. 106, in B flat.
Thirty-three variations on a Waltz of Diabelli, op. 120.
To which Dr. Von Buelow added the Sonata in E flat, op. 31, No. 3.

A matinée recital was announced to take place on Saturday afternoon, but owing to the illness of Dr. von Buelow it was postponed. Next week one evening will be devoted to Chopin, one to Schumann and Mendelssohn, and one to Schubert and Liszt.

At Theodore Thomas's fifth Symphony Concert, Saturday evening, March 25, the following selections were performed:

Suite No. 1, in C, [first time].....J. S. Bach
Aria: "O Fatima! from "Abu Hassan,".....Weber
Miss Anna Drasdil.
Symphony, No 3—Eroica—.....Beethoven
Concert Aria: "Heeuba," new.....Rubinstein
Miss Anna Drasdil.
Eine Faust Overture.....Wagner

The suite by Bach consists of an Overture, Forlane, Bourrée and Passepied, and is in no way inferior to the Suites Nos. 2 and 3, which have already been produced by Mr. Thomas. It was played with marvellous fire and precision. The performance of the *Eroica* Symphony was one of the best I ever heard. Miss Drasdil made an an excellent impression in both Arias—particularly in that by Weber. The house was well filled, notwithstanding the stormy weather which prevailed. A.A.C.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 1, 1876.

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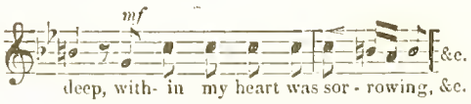
"Ich hatte viel Bekuemmerniss."

This is the title of the Cantata by Sebastian Bach—the first specimen of its kind yet given in this country—which was performed at the last Harvard Symphony Concert. It is one of some 380 Cantatas which he composed for every Sunday and church festival for five years, mostly in the earlier period of his residence in Leipzig. This one, however, although it is one of the most elaborate and most beautiful, was an earlier composition, and dates back to the year 1714, when he lived in Weimar. It was composed for the third Sunday after Trinity, June 17; and the text has reference to the Epistle of that Sunday; nevertheless Bach wrote over it: "*Per ogni tempo*" (good for any time). These opening words: "Ich hatte viel Bekümmerniss," might be translated, with some resemblance to the sound of the original, "My heart was full of heaviness;" but the Leipzig Leuckart edition, from which it was here sung, has it: "Deep, within my heart was sorrowing," etc. The additional accompaniments of Robert Franz were used, consisting chiefly of two clarinets and two bassoons, besides an Organ part, whereas Bach's score has, besides the string quartet, only a single oboe, except in one number a horn, in another four trombones in unison with other parts, and in the concluding chorus three trumpets. It is of course impossible to give a satisfactory description of the work without musical citations; but we may briefly characterize its contents, which consist of eleven numbers: an instrumental prelude; four choruses set to words from the Bible, one of which has a Chorel melody intermittently running through it; three Arias, two Recitatives, and a Duet.

1. A short *Sinfonia* in C minor, of a very tranquil, delicate and serious character, at once impassioned and resigned. The oboe and first violin alternate and imitate each other in liquid, long-drawn, florid passages, enriched by Franz with clarinets and bassoons, while the other strings and organ move below in broad, expressive harmonies; but it is the oboe that catches the ear as the chief singer in the mingled melody.

2. Chorus: *Deep within my heart was sorrowing and great affliction.* So it begins, Andante con moto, 4-4 measure; first the word "deep" is thrice exclaimed (in the German, "*Ich*,") and then the following motive:



is taken up, first by the Sopranos, then answered on the last eighth of the first bar by the Tenors one note higher, while the Sopranos carry it up to E, the Tenors again to F; then it drops in the Alto to A, the Bass echoes it in B flat, and so the marked and pregnant theme climbs and floats upward and downward by degrees of the scale, the four parts mingling in harmonious complexity, the instruments besides, developing into a rich and strangely fascinating web of melodies. Then the movement is arrested; two long chords on "*But*," followed by an animated Vivace, "*Thou dost comfort me with all thy mercies*," etc. Here the character is mostly Major; voices and instruments imitate and blend in long roulade passages of sixteenth notes, running in thirds and sixths, with very brilliant effect, ending with a quiet Andante, and with the major chord of C. This chorus is sure to win its way upon acquaintance; and none can sing it together long enough to feel at home in it without learning to love it.

3. A most beautiful and touching Soprano Aria (Andantino con moto), in which the melody is first sung through by the Oboe, with quartet accompaniment; in the original score there is nothing but oboe and figured Basso Continuo. The words are: *Sighing, mourning, sorrow, tears, etc., waste away my troubled heart.* The contrite and afflicted heart pours out its lamentations and its fears in a series of short, detached phrases, almost recitative-like, and yet so balanced, so symmetrical, so connected, that the melody is perfect. *De profundis clamavi.* The deep religious sadness of the strain, its thrilling tender pathos, is only equalled by its divine beauty. It gives the singer scope for most expressive accent, and admits of being sung somewhat *ad libitum*: at least the instruments should wait upon the singer. And yet it is all chaste, and healthy feeling, nothing morbid in it, as is ever the case with Bach.

4. The anguish and distress is carried to still more intensity of utterance in the Tenor Recitative and Aria which follows: *Why hast thou, O my God, in my sore need, in my great fear and trembling, so turn'd thy face from me? etc.* One of a thousand fine instances of Bach's eloquent recitative, (still in C-minor), leading into the Aria in F minor (Largo): *Rivers of salt tears are flowing, floods are rushing evermore: o'er me waves and waters going, seas of grief that have no shore, whelm me, soul and body taking; mast and anchor all are breaking; I am sinking 'neath the tide; yond'r hell is gaping wide, etc.* These images suggest the movement to the string quartet, to which Franz has added clarinets and bassoons. Listen to these as they flow along with the voice in sympathetic sweet companionship, all pursuing the one persistent weeping melodic figure. But to appreciate the beauty of the song, which is wonderful in its way, requires something more than an amusement seeking hearer. One who listens in a light mood, not having studied the music and become penetrated with its spirit, will find it monotonously mournful and perhaps passing long as well as strange. But if you, too, need the sweet relief of tears, if you seek music out of the same inward need which with Bach found expression in this Air, you will the rather crave continuance of so heavenly a comforter. We can hardly expect that of audiences. We only know that no one who has any of the religion of music in his soul, can by study or repeated hearing become familiar with this Aria without feeling and acknowledging its beauty.

5. Chorus, in C minor. It begins with a few measures of *Adagio*, full of pathos, by the quartet of soli, repeated by the *tutti* on a higher degree, with more intense expression: *Why, my soul, art thou vexed?* Then a livelier movement (*Spirituoso*) starts off to the words: *and art so unquiet in me?* Four strong motives, rhythmically contrasted, are assigned to the voices, which with the instruments, forming so many "real" parts, pursue each other in Canon, or blend together, forming a most ingenious and most impressive web of polyphonic harmony. The unquiet hopes and fears of the human heart could hardly be more vividly expressed. Then follows a more tranquil movement for a few bars: *For I shall yet praise Him*, in which the soul seems to gather up new life and strength; and then (Andante con moto, C minor) a splendid closing Fugue: *For He is my glory and the rock of my salvation.*

Here ends the First Part, which is mostly sad and mournful, the music of a crushed and bleeding heart, yet finding hope in grief. The Second Part is full of assurance and of heavenly hope. It begins with:

6. Recitative and Duet for Soprano and Bass, which allegorically represent the Soul and Christ. Here, as in the Alto solo or chorus which open the second part of the Matthew Passion Music, and elsewhere, we meet a certain vein of the romantic which is characteristic now and then of Bach. The opening dialogue is most tender and expressive. S. *Ah Jesus, light divine, my sun, when wilt thou shine?*—B. *Fear not, soul, I am with thee.*—S. *With me? around is darkest night!* And so on. With the first words the violins climb slowly a whole octave from B flat, the dominant of the key, which is E flat major; at the allusion to *darkest night* they suddenly drop an octave and a half,—a marked and beautiful effect. Then follows one of the loveliest of duets, with long-drawn flowing melody, in 4-4 measure. Bach's score has only the Organ and *Continuo* for accompaniment; but out of these mystical figures Franz has deciphered a full quartet with four reed parts. Words: S. *Come, my Jesus, with thy blessing.*—B. *Yea, I come, etc.*, fear yielding slowly and misgivingly to reassurance, until the rhythm changes to a lively Allegretto in 3-8, on the words: *Ah Jesus, thy peace to my soul is returning*, answered by: *Away now, ye troubles, fly, sorrow and mourning*, and then Da Capo.

7. A Chorus of wonderful artistic subtlety and beauty, rich in harmony and rich in comfort. The movement is *con moto*, 3-4, the key G minor. A single Soprano begins: *O my soul, be content and be thou peaceful*, soon joined by a single Bass, a single Alto, which pursue their even way, when presently all the Tenors in dotted half notes begin to sing the first line of a Choral (*Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt*

walten), which Mendelssohn has introduced in his *St. Paul*. Intermittently, first a line and then a pause (as in the Organ *Vorspiele*) the choral is heard while the solo voices steadily pursue their way. Then the *tutti* swell the rich harmonious stream, and the Sopranos take the Choral. Finally four trombones reinforce the quartet; the Sopranos keep the Choral; the other parts still pursue the strain with which they began; but a new motive, a descending phrase of four eighth notes, continually appears in one voice or another, or in some instrument, lending a wonderful richness and exhaustless charm to the whole. Such a chorus, broad, deep, limpid and transparent, fills the soul with peace. What a delight it must be to sing in it when it all goes well!

10. Tenor Aria, F major, 3-8, Andantino con moto: *Rejoice, O my soul - - - Change weeping to smiling, etc.* A buoyant, peaceful, blissful melody, with a delicate flowing accompaniment. As the instruments begin, you may be reminded of a song by Franz: "*Marie, am Fenster sitzend.*"

11. The splendid final Chorus, upon the same text with that of Handel's *Messiah*. Here Bach's three trumpets come in with stirring effect. It is in C major. The words: *The Lamb, that for us is slain, to Him will we render power and glory, etc.*, are declaimed by all the voices with stupendous and startling modulations. Nothing could be more exciting and full of grand presentiment. As each deliberate phrase rings out, you seem to hear the echoes in the pause that follows. Then the time changes to Allegro. A solo Bass voice declaims: *Power, and glory and praise be unto Him forevermore*, lengthening out the *Amen, Alleluja* in florid roulades, while voice after voice (*soli*) take up the theme and pursue the Fugue. Presently the *tutti* join them, first in one part, then another, until the whole mass is drawn into the harmonious vortex, and amid stirring trumpet calls, it surges on to a higher and a higher climax, and the whole ends in a blaze of glory, almost too suddenly, you think, although the musical matter has been fully treated and exhausted. It is truly a sublime conclusion to a noble work.

Concerts.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. The tenth and last Symphony Concert of the eleventh series, which took place on the afternoon of Thursday, March 16, had the most interesting programme of the season, and the largest audience. It was unusually long, to be sure, but, with comparatively few exceptions, the audience sat through it more than patiently. Seldom have we heard so much satisfaction so generally expressed.

1. Passacaglia, in C minor, Organ work, arranged for the Orchestra by H. Esser.....J. S. Bach
2. Canons, for three Soprano voices (*repeated by request*).....Hauptmann
   a. "Tu sei gelosa." *b.* "O cari boschi."
   c. "Su, cantiamo." *d.* "Ah, tu sai."
3. Symphony, No. 1, in B flat, op. 38 ....Schumann

VOCAL, BY THE CECILIA.

1. **Cantata per Ogni Tempo. "Ich hatte viel Bekümmerniss," for four Solo voices, Chorus, Orchestra and Organ. .....J. S. Bach
2. **Motet: "Laudate pueri," for Female Choir, with Organ ... .Mendelssohn
3. Finale to the First Act of "Euryanthe" (second time).....Weber

This division of the programme was suggested in order that the chorus might be off the stage during the performance of the first part (conducted by CARL ZERRAHN) and allow a more convenient seating of the orchestra. The two orchestral works were well performed, especially the B-flat Symphony by Schumann, which promises to hold its place as one of the great Symphonies of the great classical period, and which we have seldom heard interpreted by any orchestra with more fire and precision. The three little Canons by Hauptmann formed an agreeable *entremet* between the Passacaglia and Symphony. They were sung, as before, by Miss CLARA DORIA, Mrs. F. P. WHITNEY, and Miss ITA WELSH, and made a very charming impression, though they were hardly given with the same exquisite nicety as before, particularly the first one.

In the second part Mr. LANG took the baton, and the members of the Cecilia, who had carefully rehearsed with him, were grouped together more compactly in the centre of the platform than before. The tenors and basses, still inferior in number and in volume to the sopranos and contraltos, were not so widely separated, and in consequence they were more distinctly heard. We think the best success achieved by the Cecilia as yet was in their rendering of the Bach Cantata, of which we have given a very inadequate description above. The orchestra was well subdued, so as not to overpower the voices, the *tempi* were well taken, and the instrumentation for the most part was delicately and effectively produced. The choruses had been carefully studied, and in spite of the strangeness of the task to many in the first rehearsals, were sung *con amore*, with precision, spirit, and good light and shade. This was particularly the case with the third chorus, which contains the Choral, and with the brilliant and inspiring Finale. The quartet of soli, which occurs in two of them, was satisfactorily given by Miss DORIA, Mrs JENNY NOYES, Mr. GEORGE L. OSGOOD, all of the Cecilia, and Mr. JOHN F. WINCH. In the solo arias and recitatives the place of honor belongs to Miss Doria, who sang the pathetic Air with oboe obligato in the true Bach style and feeling, with fine artistic execution, clear, pure, telling voice, and heartfelt, chaste expression. Still more enjoyed, apparently, was the Duet with Mr. Winch, in which both sang admirably. Mr. Osgood had the most difficult and, under the circumstances, in such a place, before so large an audience, so unaccustomed to such music, the most thankless task of all. But he is probably much more at home in Bach's music than any other of our tenors, and he understood the work. The recitative: *Why hast thou, O my God*, was well declaimed; and the long Aria itself was sung with fervor, and in passages requiring the best part of his voice with beauty and intensity; the indistinctness of his low tones was the chief drawback; nor was his organ generally at its best; continual teaching and a succession of colds impaired its freshness and its free loin. The second Air: *Rejoice, O my soul!* was more successful. Mr. G. W. SUMNER did good service at the Organ.

And what impression did the Cantata make? Good enough upon the whole, we think, to justify the risk of introducing it, and to give promise of better yet in this sort for the future. Yet of course there will be all shades of conflicting testimony, from those who found it mournful, slow and tedious, to those whose deepest sensibilities, both musical and spiritual, were strongly drawn to it and charmed with it. We safely say that it was enjoyed precisely in the degree (1) of each individual listener's acquaintance with the music and with Bach in general, and (2) in proportion to each one's depth of nature and of moral experience. There were many in whose hearts those serious, yet serene, sustaining harmonies found warmest welcome; and there are many among cultivated music lovers, and even some uncultivated, who, the more they become acquainted with Bach, the more do they enjoy it, love it, and find peace and health and comfort in it beyond any other music. It is the music that will *wear* best of all. All true musicians come to this acknowledgment. Certainly it is the farthest possible from all that we call sensational music; and it can hardly be expected that it will be much enjoyed by those who are taken off their feet by the dynamical excitements of the works of Wagner, Berlioz, Liszt, etc., whatever incense each of these, in one way or another, may have seen fit to burn before the shrine of good St. John Sebastian, not to be ignored by aspirants in Art, however different the crown they seek.

The Motet by Mendelssohn—one of the three he composed for the nuns of Trinità de Monti in Rome, is a pure and pleasing composition, which served well to show the beautiful ensemble of the female voices in the Cecilia, and their refined, expressive execution. It has a second movement, a Terzetto (adagio): *Beati omnes*, in which the three solo voices are presently joined by the three-part chorus.—The fresh, bright, charming finale from *Euryanthe*, with its buoyant, simple choruses of peasants, answered by manlier strains of knights, proved as delightful as before; Miss WHINNERY sang the blissful florid soprano solo very beautifully, and the brief quartet was finely sung by Miss Whinnery, Miss Morse, Dr. Langmaid and Dr. Bullard.—So ended one of the richest and most varied concerts of our winter. We have yet to sum up the whole season.

THE THOMAS ORCHESTRA. The two extra concerts given in the Music Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday evening, March 14 and 15, were but moderately well attended, especially the first, the "Liszt and Wagner Night," which fact goes some way to show that the "new music" has not after all the most attraction. The first part of that concert consisted of Liszt's "Prometheus," a Symphonic Poem, followed by a series of choruses, solos and quartet to words from Herder's poem. The Symphonic Poem, or Overture, was about the most thankless music we have listened to for many years. As for beauty we could find none in it, nor any meaning. The only thing it seemed to suggest, in connection with its title, was the gnawing vulture and the groaning victim, and this seemed helpless, hopeless, endless. The vocal portion contained more variety, some tantalizing signs of promise here and there, and some even beautiful effects, many which were very curious and striking, such as the chorus of the Dryads, and that of the Gleaners and Wine-dressers. The opening chorus of Oceanides excited hopes continually baffled. But most of the others,—Tritons, Spirits of the Lower Regions, chorus of the Invisibles, and the concluding chorus of the Muses, were for the most bizarre, extravagant and straining for effects unheard of, sometimes positively unmusical and disagreeable. There was no fault to find, that we are aware, with the singers; the Sharland Choral Society, the soloists (Miss E. E. KENDRICK, Alto, and Mr. REMMERTZ), and the Temple Quartette, all did their part as well as could be expected. But we are sure that Music would lose all its charm for us if all music should become like that.

The second part of the programme comprised the Introduction and Finale to *Tristan and Isolde*, and "Wotan's Farewell" (Mr. REMMERTZ) and the "Magic Fire Scene," from the Walkuere, works of Wagner which have become somewhat familiar here.

The second concert was in refreshing contrast to the first. Beethoven never fails and this was purely a Beethoven Night. First came an altogether beautiful and admirable performance of his first Symphony, heard here for the third time this winter. Then, —after a good rendering of his dramatic Trio: *Tremate, empi*, by Mrs. H. M. SMITH, Mr. W. J. WINCH, and Mr. REMMERTZ—Mr. Thomas gave us, in contrast with the earliest Symphony, the last, the Ninth with Chorus. Both orchestrally and chorally it was one of the most finished performances of that great work that we have ever had here; and yet there have been one or two occasions (Handel and Haydn Festivals) when some parts of it have come out more inspiringly and grandly. Mrs. FLORA E. BARRY completed the Quartet of solo singers.

HERE, by some strange miscalculation of space, we are suddenly cut short, and must reserve the rest, including Mr Lang's two interesting concerts, for future notice.

WELLESLEY, MASS.—The new female College in this place appears determined from the start to establish for itself a high musical character. Mr. Charles H Morse is the Musical Professor, who has two assistant teachers: Miss E. Randall [Piano], and Miss Louise Gage [Vocal music]. They have one of Chickering's best grands for concert use, and expect soon to have an excellent three-manual Organ. A series of six classical Piano-Forte Recitals, by the best Boston artists, was most successfully initiated on the 11th of February by Mr. Hugo Leonhard, whose interpretations of the following programme were enthusiastically received:

Aria and Gavotte.....Bach
Sonata Appassionata. Op. 57 .....Beethoven
"Kinderscenen," [Scenes of Childhood]..Schumann
Preludes. Op. 28, Nos. 17 16, }
Etude. Op 25, in A flat, No. 1, } .....Chopin
Capriccio. Op. 33-2 .....Mendelssohn
From "Kreisleriana" Op. 16, Nos. 6-1...Schumann
Songs without Words. Nos. 29 48.....Mendelssohn
Scherzo, in B minor, Op. 20.....Chopin

The programme of a concert by the pupils [March 3] is remarkable for the absence of all trashy music.

Overture to Lodoiska. [4 hands].....Cherubini
Sonata in E. Op. 14-1 .....Beethoven
{ Air a la Bourrée .....Handel
{ Albumleaf .....Kirchner
Souvenir for Elise .....Beethoven
Duet: "I would that my Love,".....Mendelssohn
Rondo in A .....Haydn
Sonata in A.....Mozart
Song without words. No. 48 .....Mendelssohn
Song: "Across the far blue hills, Marie,"...Marston
Scenes from Childhood.....Schumann

Overture to Egmont. [4 hands] .....Beethoven
"In the Woods".....Gade
Song. "A Bird Sang in a Hawthorn Tree"...Hatton
Kinderstuecke. Op. 72-5.....Mendelssohn
{ Prelude. No. 1.....Bach
{ Sicilian.....Schumann
Versteckens Op. 85-10.....Schumann
Air: "O, rest in the Lord".....Mendelssohn
Waltz, in D flat .....Chopin
Choruses:
a. "The Joy of Youth." [Euryanthe].....Weber
b. Evening Song.....Rink

FARMINGTON, CONN. The 75th and 76th concerts at Miss Porter's Young Ladies' School took place, under the direction of Mr. Karl Klauser, on the 9th and 10th of March. The executants were: Dr. Leopold Damrosch, violin; Mr. Frederick Bergner, violoncello; and Mr. F. von Inten, piano. These were the programmes:

I.

Trio—Piano, Violin and 'Cello, G, op. 112.....Raff
1. Rasch, froh bewegt. 2 Sehr rasch 3. Maessig langsam 4 Rasch durchaus belebt.
Etudes Symphoniques—Piano, C Sharp Minor, op. 13, Schumann
Sonata—Piano and Violin, G, op. 30, No. 2. Beethoven
Elegie—Violoncello Solo .....Rehling
Trio—Piano, Violin and Violoncello, C Minor, op. 66, Mendelssohn

II.

Suite—Piano and Violin E op. 11.....Goldmark
1. Allegro. 2. Andante sostenuto. 3. Allegro ma non troppo. 4. Allegro moderato quasi Allegretto. 5. Allegro molto
Prelude and Fugue—Piano E minor, Notre temps, No. 7.....Mendelssohn
Dolorosa—Sonata quasi Fantasia, Violin Solo with Piano accompaniment..... Pietro Locatelli, [1702-1764].
1. Molto Largo, Lento, Allegro ma non troppo. 2 Aria
Sonata—Piano and Violoncello, G minor, op.5, No 2, Beethoven
1. Adagio sostenuto e espressivo, Allegro molto piu tosto Presto 2. Allegro
Trio—Piano Violin and Violoncello, E, No 4 Haydn
1. Allegro moderato. 2. Allegretto. 3. Finale, Allegro.

Musical Libraries.

Of circulating musical libraries,—like Schuberth's or Schirmer's in New York, Flaxland's in Paris, Novello's in London, and many others, where anybody can subscribe by the month or the quarter, and take out two or more volumes, according to the amount of his subscription,—we have as yet none in Boston. We have not heard of a circulating musical library on the Mudie-Loring principle being undertaken anywhere. It would be a great blessing to many of our music-lovers, especially to those who devote themselves to four or eight hand piano-forte playing, or to part singing, if some such establishment could be set on foot in Boston. But what Boston—and if we mistake not, most of our great American cities—still more needs is a good library of reference; a place where the musical student can find trustworthy editions of the works of the great masters, both classic and modern. The institution that ought to take this matter in hand would seem to be the Public Library. The Harvard Musical Association has a fine library of over two thousand volumes, which is kept in the association's rooms in Pemberton Square; this collection [which is one of the finest, if not the finest, in the country] is rich in works of the old Italian and English masters, and almost complete in the works of German masters of the classic period, but it is very poor in works of the post-classic period. Besides, it is a private collection, open only to members of the association. The Boston Public Library has some few volumes of music: the scores of Sebastian Bach's works in the great Breitkopf und Haertel edition, some few of Handel's scores, the scores of some of Mozart's symphonies, and one volume of Carissimi's oratorios; other full scores we have not been able to find; there are also some piano-forte scores of choral and dramatic works of Beethoven, Bennett, Gluck, Gounod, Haydn, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, and Weber [notably the French edition of the Freischütz with Berlioz's recitatives, which is a curiosity], and some few piano-forte and organ works of Liszt, Chopin, Schubert, Schumann, and one or two others, but the merest scattered collection, in no way approaching to completeness. Of Allegri, Astorga, Baltazzarini, Cavalli, Durante, Frescobaldi, Graun, Guglielmi, Adam de la Hale, Hasse, Hans Leo Hassler, Jomelli, Josquin des Prés, Lulli, Marcello, Monteverde, Palestrina, Pergolese, Rameau, the two Scarlattis, Stradella, Spontini, Cherubini, Halévy, Auber, Boieldieu, Hérold, Bargiel, Brahms, Berlioz, Max Bruch, Gade, Goldmark, Félicien David, Massenet, Raff, Reyer, Rheinberger, Saint-Saëns, and Wagner, there is not a note in either form. For the Boston Public Library to keep a collection of piano-forte music, or piano-forte arrangements of choral or orchestral works, for public circulation would be ridiculous. Also the wear and tear that piano-forte music, either bound or in sheet form, is liable to, is immense. But the case is very different with a standard library of reference, a collection of the full orchestral and choral scores of the principal ancient and modern masters. As such works are, in general, very costly, these scores should not be allowed to go out of the library, though everybody should be free to consult them there. In cases of urgency, for instance, if any one should wish to make a piano-forte or organ transcription from some work, he might be allowed to take it home, "by special permission," as is the case with books marked with an asterisk in the Bates Hall catalogue. Now that our public schools are giving so much attention to music, and that conservatories and special music-schools are springing up on every hand, it is more than probable that the number of music students will largely increase. As matters now stand, there is no opportunity for the music student, especially for the student of musical history, to pursue his studies otherwise than by the aid of text-books. Such a thing as studying the great masters [either old or new] through their works is out of the question. This is to a great extent true with the other arts, but there there is more excuse for it. The works of the great painters cannot be reduplicated and really fine plaster casts are not so easily obtained; but orchestral scores are just as easy to get and keep as any other books are. And be it remembered that it is only through their full scores that composers can be really studied to any purpose; piano-forte transcriptions are extremely useful in their way, indeed to the special pianist they may be technically interesting, but they are of little value to the general music-student. Would it not be well for those who have the needful powers to take this question of a musical library into consideration?—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Composer and Publisher.

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Well, Dr. Slim, what have you brought me?

DR. SLIM.—I have brought you a symphony, Sir.

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Symphonies don't pay. What key?

DR. SLIM.—C sharp minor, Sir.

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—C sharp minor don't pay. Why not major? Why the lesser third?

DR. SLIM.—I have arranged it, Sir, for four hands, Sir, on one pianoforte.

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Four hands on one pianoforte don't pay. Can't you arrange it for two hands on four pianofortes?

DR. SLIM.—No, Sir—not without transposing it half a tone lower; and then it would be difficult for the two hands, unless one hand was Arabella Goddard's and the other Hans von Buelow's.

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—That's out of the question. Hans says Arabella plays like a wax automaton; and Arabella says Hans plays wrong notes by the wax dozen. That won't pay.

DR. SLIM.—Will you print the full score, Sir?

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Full scores don't pay. What have you got in your left hand?

DR. SLIM.—A cantata, Sir.

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Cantatas don't pay. The subject, if you please?

DR. SLIM.—A martyrdom, Sir.

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Martyrdoms don't pay. Can't you write a ballad, like Arthur Sullivan, or Diehl, or Cowen, or Frederick Clay?

DR. SLIM.—No, Sir; but I could try and write one like Dishley Peters.

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Oh! That would never pay, because nobody would sing it.

DR. SLIM.—Then, Sir, what am I to do with my symphony and cantata?

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Bonfire!—they won't pay.

[*Exit Dr. Slim.*]—*London Musical World.*

Aesthetic Publisher and Commercial Composer.

[From the Same, March 11.]

PUBLISHER.—I shall be glad, my dear Sir, to bring out some work that will tend to elevate your reputation, and maintain the character of my house.

COMPOSER.—Blow my reputation!

PUBLISHER.—Fye, my dear Sir; remember your promise to compose a new symphony for the directors of the Crystal Palace.

COMPOSER.—Blow the directors of the Crystal Palace!

PUBLISHER.—Softly, my dear Sir; you surely have not forgotten your undertaking to compose a new dramatic cantata, on Lady Godiva, for the approaching Birmingham Festival?

COMPOSER.—Blow the Birmingham Festival!

PUBLISHER.—Let me remind you, my esteemed Sir, that you must do something to redeem the promises of your youth.

COMPOSER.—Blow the promises of my youth!

PUBLISHER.—Then I despair of you, my respected master. I would never have entered into an agreement to take all your compositions, had I known that you intended to abandon works of high art.

COMPOSER.—Blow works of high art!

PUBLISHER.—Your object may be to make money. Mine is to publish for posterity.

COMPOSER.—Blow posterity!

PUBLISHER.—Then I fear we must part. I have a duty towards the musical world to perform, and I must relinquish you to the care of my more commercial brethren.

COMPOSER.—Blow your duty to the musical world, and bless your more commercial brethren!

[*Exit Composer, indignantly;—Publisher sighs, and returns to the study of the score of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.*

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Must we then meet as Strangers? For Alto. 3. F to d. *Thomas.* 40

"Can we then meet, as strangers,
When we recall the past?"

A great success is this fine song, which is in this form accessible to Alto or Baritone Singers.

Beware! Take Care! 4. Eb to g. *Gilbert.* 35

"She is fooling thee."

Always,—always,—when she pleases. Longfellow's "warning" with yet another fine musical rendering.

I had a Dream last night, Maggie. Song and Cho. 3. G to e. *Knight.* 30

"She gently rests: She gently rests."

These soft words constitute the chorus, and the whole is placid, sweet, soothing music. Words by Sophie May.

Faintly flows the falling River. 3. Db to f. *Rexford.* 30

Percival's well-known words, with a new musical setting.

Punch! Brothers, Punch! Song and Cho. 2. F to f. 30

"A blue trip-slip for an eight cent fare.
Punch in the presence of the passengare."

Here it comes! Buy it while its hot and let the cheerful conductare take his varied fare, 'mid the chorus of the passengare. The composare, (modest merit) does not reveal his name.

Come back to de Ole Plantation. Song and Cho. 2. F to f. *Danks.* 30

Easy and pretty serio-comic song.

Daintiest Lass of Tralee. Song and Cho. 3. Bb to d. *Christie.* 30

"Fairy one with the sweet rosebud mouth,
As the breezes that blow from the south."

A dainty and taking song in popular style.

Sacred and Secular Quartets for Male Voices. By *H. M. Dow.*

No. 1. Te Deum Laudamus. 30
2. I cannot always trace the way. 35
3. Consolation. 30
4. Beware! 35
5. Vocal March: The Trumpet calls. 60
6. Drinking Song: Fill your glasses. 40

These are some of the "successes" of the famous Temple Quartette, and sure to be effective. Of about the 3d or possibly for finest effect, the 4th degree of difficulty. Nos. 2 and 3 are also arranged for mixed voices.

Instrumental.

Belle Grace Galop. 3. Eb. *Brown.* 30

Another "boat club" galop. A fine piece.

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A stately and elegant Schottisch.

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Pure classical music.

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A powerful bright thing to which the "Guard" must march, march, march with the greatest satisfaction.

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For 4 hands. 3. E.
For 2 " 4. E.

Elegant and graceful, as Spindler's music must be.

Cuban Dance. 4. Db and Gb. *G. D. Wilson.* 50

Skilful adaptation of the weird Cuban airs.

Maple Leaf Waltzes. 3. *M'Adam.* 50

A tasteful name for attractive music.

Invitation a la Polka. 4. Eb. *Bendel.* 2 hands 60
4 " 80

In Polka form, and is a brilliant and elegant piece, in either form. Suitable for an exhibition piece.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked 1 to 7. The *key* is marked with a capital letter: as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

Oliver Ditson & Co., in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia.

Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston, beg to inform their customers and the musical public that they have recently purchased, at large expense, the entire stock of Engraved and Stereotyped Music Plates, Sheet Music, Music Books, Pianos, Instruments and good will of the old and well-known house of LEE & WALKER, of Philadelphia, and have established a branch house in that city, under the firm name of J. E. DITSON & CO. For several years the firm has had a large and successful branch house in New York city, under the firm name of CHARLES H. DITSON & Co.

The Lee & Walker catalogue embraced over 50,000 music and book plates, and among the most valuable copyrights now added to their former immense catalogue, Messrs. DITSON & Co. call attention to the following: —

VOCAL.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The *key* is denoted by a capital letter, as C, B♭, etc. A large Roman letter marks the highest and lowest notes if on the staff, a small letter if above or below the staff.

Alone and from home. S'g and Cho. B♭. 2. F to F. *Frank Stanley.* 40
And eyes will watch for thee. A♭. 3. d to F♭.....*Albt. H. Hassler.* 30
Angels whisper sweet goodnight. S'g and Cho. A♭. 2. d to E♭. *Danks.* 40
Beautiful Blue Danube. D. 4. c sharp to A.....*F. Branson.* 50
Arranged from the popular Danube Waltzes by Strauss.
Birdie's Ball. D. 1. d to D.....*A. Street.* 25
Blind Girl's dream. A. 3. E to g.....*F. Branson.* 40
Blue-eyed darling, whisper yes. D. 2. d to E.....*H. P. Danks.* 30
'Cause Birdie told me so. G. 2. d to E.....*E. Mack.* 30
Columbia the Gem of the Ocean. A. 3. d sh to F sharp....*Shaw.* 30
Come when you will I've a welcome. A. 3. e sharp to E. *Lansdon.* 40
Died in the streets. Song and Chorus. B♭. 2. F to F...*Eastburn.* 30
Dance me, papa, on your knee. B♭. 3. d to E.....*H. P. Danks.* 30
Don't forget to write me, darling. G. 2. d to D.....*Launder.* 40
Dying Nun. Alto. E♭. 2. B♭ to C.....*Brewster.* 25
Ellie Rhee, or Carry me back to Tenn. S'g & Cho. G. 2. d to D. *Winner.* 35
Farewell song of Enoch Arden. S'g and Cho. G. 2. d to E. *Winner.* 35
Gates are ever open. S'g and Cho. F. 2. d to F. *Alice Hawthorne.* 30
A companion song to "Gates ajar."
Good-bye Liza Jane. Comic. D. 3. d to F sharp.....*Eddie Fox.* 35
Guess who? F. 3. d to F.....*Frank Howard.* 35
Sung with great success by Lotta.
Great Centennial Song. C. 2. G to E.....*Howard Paul.* 30
Happy Hours. Song and Chorus, G. 3. d to E..... *H. Millard.* 40
He's going away to leave me. G. 2. d to g.....*C. J. Miers.* 30
How sweet are the roses. D. 2. d to D.....*Alice Hawthorne.* 35
I am dreaming of the loved ones. E♭. 2. E♭ to C. *Alice Hawthorne.* 35
I want to see mamma once more. S'g and Cho. B♭. 2. F to E♭. *Mack.* 40
The words of poor little Charlie Ross.
In my swift boat. A♭. 3. d to F.....*Concone.* 35
Just as of old. Song and Cho. G. 2. d to E.....*A. Hawthorne.* 35
Katy Avourneen. D. 3. D to F sharp.....*J. E. Johnson.* 30
Kissing thro' the bars. G. 2. d to D.....*J. Wood, Jr.* 35
Listen to the mocking bird. S'g and Cho. G. 3. d to E. *A. Hawthorne.* 35
Little Brown Jug. Song and Chorus. C. 2. E to E....*Eastburn.* 30
Little Bud loveliness. C. 3. c sharp to E.....*Mack.* 30
Loved and lost. E♭. 2. E♭ to F.....*A. H. Rosewig.* 40
Make yourself at home. Song and Cho. G. 2. d to E. *A. Hawthorne.* 35
Nellie's secret. Song and Chorus. E♭. 3. E♭ to F....*H. Millard.* 30
No one to love. A♭. 3. c to F.....*W. B. Harvey.* 35
Not a Crust; or, the Beggar Boy. S'g and Cho. F. 2. c to F. *Persley.* 35
Only waiting. E♭. 3. E♭ to F.....*G. Kunkle.* 50
Open the gates as high as the sky. S'g and Cho. B♭. 2. F to F. *Mack.* 40
Our good old friends. Song and Chorus. G. 2. d to E. *A. Hawthorne.* 30
Our mother in heaven. Song and Chorus. A♭. 3. E♭. to F. *Millard.* 30
Our sweethearts at home. Song and Cho. G. 2. d to E... *Winner.* 35
Pretty as a picture. Song and dance. A. 3. F to F sharp. *Bishop.* 35
Sung with great success by Mlle. Aimee.
Robin, pretty Robin. E♭. 3. F to g.....*M. Loesch.* 50
Rock beside the sea. A♭. 3. E♭ to F.....*C. C. Converse.* 40
Slumber not darling. Song and Cho. A. 3. E to F sharp. *Persley.* 35
Somebody's darling slumbers here. C. 4. c to E.....*J. M Muller.* 30
Song of Jokes. Medley. D. 2. d to F sharp.....*Sep. Winner.* 35
Sweet Ethel May. Song and Chorus. A. 2. d to F sharp. *Butterfield.* 35
Ten little Injuns. Comic Song and Cho. G. 2. d to E. *Sep. Winner.* 30
Trust to Luck. D. 2. d to F sharp.....*W. P. Cunnington.* 35
We have met, loved, and parted. S'g and Cho. B♭. 2. d to E. *Eastburn.* 35
What care I. G. 2. b to E.....*Alice Hawthorne.* 35
What do Birdies dream of. E♭. 2. c to E♭.....*Theo. T. Crane.* 30
What is home without a mother. D. c sharp to D...*A. Hawthorne.* 30
What the candle told me was true. S'g & Cho. D. 2. d to F sh. *Merton.* 35
Answer to "Letter in the Candle."
When mother married pap. Comic S'g and Cho. A. 2. E to E. *Eastburn.* 30
When the purple lilacs blossom. S'g and Cho. E♭. 3. d to E♭. *Huntley.* 30
Whispering Hope. Duet. E♭. 3.....*Alice Hawthorne.* 40
Whisper softly, tell me darling. F. 3. c to g.....*V. Keratry.* 35
Would I were with thee. F. 3. c to F.....*C. Bosetti.* 35
You musn't fool with Cupid. Song and Cho. E♭. 2. E♭ to E♭. *Staub.* 35

INSTRUMENTAL.

Ada. Meditation. A♭. 4.....*Meininger.* 75
April Shower Mazurka. F. 4.....*E. Mack.* 50
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Birdie's Waltz. F. 1.....*E. Mack.* 20
Black Swan set of Cotillions. G. 2.....*Sep. Winner.* 35
Blue Bird Polka Mazurka. C. 3.....*F. Brandis.* 30
Blue Bird Echo Polka. E♭. 4.....*Mary Morrison.* 30
Blushing Morn Polka. E♭. 4.....*Carl Meyer.* 50
Centennial March. Illustrated. E♭. 4.....*E. Mack.* 50
Introducing National Airs of United States.
Centennial Gallop. C. 3.....*John Solan.* 30
Charity. Variations on Glover's Song. E♭. 4.....*C. Grobe.* 50
Chasseur Grand March. E♭. 3.....*E. Mack.* 75
Chesney Wold Quadrille. F. 3.....*F. Green.* 50
Chicago Fire Bells. Fantasia. A♭. 4.....*Clara H. Saylor.* 40
Chick Waltz. G. 2.....*E. Mack.* 40
Cinderella. Descriptive fantasia. C. 4..... " 60
Come Along Scottisch. E♭. 3..... " 35
Contraband Scottisch. G. 2.....*S. Winner.* 40
Cracovienne. Fantasia. E♭. 6.....*W. V. Wallace.* 1.50
Dance of May Queen. D♭. 5.....*Theo. Moelling.* 60
Emma Mazurka. F. 3.....*C. J. Miers.* 35
Empire March. G. 2.....*Converse.* 30
Evening Song to Virgin. Variations. E♭. 4.....*Grobe.* 50
Fairies' Carol. Reverie. F. 3.....*A. H. Rosewig.* 35
Five Finger March. C. 1.....*E. Mack.* 20
Five Finger Waltz. F. 1..... " 20
Florence Galop. G. 3.....*C. J. Miers.* 30
Fortification Storm March. B♭. 3.....*G. Piefke.* 35
Freeburg Grand March. E♭. 3.....*W. T. Meyer.* 30
Grant's (General) Grand March. F. 2.....*E. Mack.* 40
Grains of Gold. Morceau. A♭. 3.....*Carl Meyer.* 60
Hancock's (General) Grand March. B♭. 3.....*S. Winner.* 40
Hawthorne Scottische. F. 3.....*J. T. Quigg.* 30
Heidelberg March. F. 2.....*C. C. Converse.* 30
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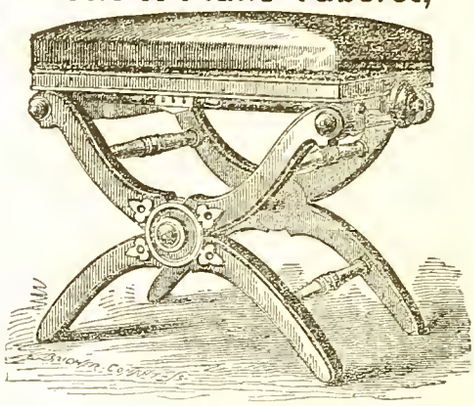

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WHOLE No. 913. BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1876. VOL. XXXVI. No. 1.

Wagner and his Farce.

[From *Concordia*, March 4.]

On one of those fine summer afternoons such as you sometimes see on the borders of the Tsar, in the year 1865, I, accompanied by a professor of the University of Munich, went for a stroll beyond the gates of the Propylæum. As we found ourselves in front of a villa, built after a fanciful style of architecture and surrounded by high walls, the professor suddenly halted, and, turning to me, said, "Shall we go and see Wagner?" "With all my heart," I replied, my anxiety being prompted rather by curiosity than sympathy.

He rang the bell. The door was opened to us by a mulatto, wearing a fez. We presented our cards, and, two minutes afterwards, we were shown into a delicious little sitting-room opening on to a verandah, which led down to a garden full of roses and butterflies. A lady was reclining lazily on a cane-chair, fanning herself with a Chinese fan, and by her side, with his elbows on the piano, was a gentleman in spectacles, turning over the leaves of a manuscript score. In the middle of the room was a marble bust of the young King of Bavaria. The lady, in a most gracious manner, asked us to be seated, and commenced speaking to me in the purest French. Our conversation was suddenly interrupted by the slamming of a side-door, from which emerged a demon-like figure, his long hair hanging over his shoulders and his spindleshanks terminating in huge felt shoes. This was Wagner. He introduced us to M. and Mdme. Buelow.

Out of friendship and admiration for Wagner, Bülow had acted as the *chef d'orchestre* of his operas. It was the night before *Tristan and Isolde* was to be produced, and the *maestro*, full of feverish impatience, could scarcely keep himself quiet. He jumped and fidgeted about in his slippers; he threw his restless spider-arms from one side to the other; the words rushed from his mouth in discordant sounds; it seemed like a torrent swollen with heavy rain.

Such was Wagner in 1865, at Munich. Such we find him, after a lapse of ten years, at Bayreuth. The only change is in the hair, which is now slightly grizzled. The head is the same, as resolute in expression as ever; as strongly marked in outline — the head of a knight of old. His gestures are still as brusque as the thrusts of a rapier, and his tongue has still the volubility of a windmill. The man is highly nervous and passionate. He is a musical Orlando. He is always furious, as though he were going to fight a duel or preach a crusade. He is a perfect volcano. In all he does, in all he says, there is a mixture of lava, of flame and of fire. When first you approach this volcano, you seem to smell burning, and you feel tempted to call the fire brigade. He is haughty and violent in his sublime extravagance. If ever he became Prince of Lippe or of Anhalt he would have all his subjects led to the opera by the police; he would forbid, on penalty of death, people to play on clarinets, zithers, pianos or harmonicas of the principality any compositions but his own; and he would introduce by decree into private houses musical coffee-grinders, musical beds and sofas, and musical soup-tureens and water-bottles. If ever he obtains the favor of the King of Prussia, he will condemn the Parisians to thirty years of *Tannhäuser*. Despotism and love of power are the basis of this contradictory and warm nature.

He must tyrannize, he must abuse. He beats his players, and then afterwards, with tears in his eyes, begs their pardon. One moment he insults his singers, the next flatters them and heaps presents on them. In one word, he is impossible. He has quarrelled with all his friends, he has never been able to agree with any theatrical manager, and, at last, determined to reign as absolute monarch, he has been obliged to build himself a theatre. Louis II. himself was obliged to have a draw-bridge built to his own castle; as soon as the Knight Lohengrin is seen throwing up the dust on the distant road the bridge is raised. He was in a very fair way to eat up all Bavaria out of the King's hand.

This northern German has Eastern tastes and Sardanapalian desires. He has scattered about gold by the shovelful; he has thrown fortunes out of window.

When he travels he must have his special train, his servants, his waiting-maids, his bed-hangings of yellow silk worked in gold, his silver and his wine. He hires entire hotels, and asks for the bedroom in which princes have slept. At Bayreuth he holds a real court, and at this moment I do not know of any other so brilliant in Germany. He has his equipages, his comedians, his courtiers, his lacqueys and his favorites. From the four corners of the world people come to solicit an audience, and to prostrate themselves before the pontiff of the music of the future.

His villa has the sacred aspect of a temple. The façade from the roadway is adorned with a large fresco, representing Wotan, the Goddess of Music, and Siegfried. Wotan and Siegfried are the two principal characters of the *Nibelungen-ring*, the opera in three days, for the performance of which the theatre at Bayreuth has been built. Wagner has given Wotan the features of the tenor, Schnorr von Carolsfeld, who was to sing the part, but who died young. The Goddess of Music is represented by Mdme. Bülow (I should say, Mdme. Cosima Wagner), and Siegfried by his son of six years of age. Above these allegorical pictures appears, in gold letters, the name of another person belonging to the *Nibelungenring*, he who gave the house its name—Wahnfried. If the exterior is a church, the interior is a pagoda. The large reception-room, surrounded by a circular gallery, is lighted by a cupola. The busts of Wagner and Mdme. Cosima are displayed for the veneration of the faithful on a sort of altar, round which are ranged, like Brahmins, the statues of Lohengrin, Tannhäuser, Siegfried, Tristan and Walter von der Vogelweide, draped in marble.

From this sanctuary, where Vichnou-Wagner only shows himself to his worshippers, and only in his unpublished works, you go into another room, the window of which looks on to a terrace. A bookcase fills three sides of the room, and a grand piano, half-hidden by a drapery, opens its ivory mouth like the familiar monster of the place. The walls are ornamented with medallions of Schiller, Goethe, Louis II., and of Schopenhauer, the Pantheist philosopher. The splendor of this room is somewhat theatrical. Everything in it is brilliant and dazzling, and the picturesque disorder is possibly the result. It is here that Wagner ascends his tripod.

He works in the morning. According to the German motto, "Morgenstunde ist goldenstunde." In the winter an immense fire is lighted, the rose-colored candles, burning in silver candlesticks, emit voluptuous odors; in the summer the windows are open, and the room is filled with the sweet scent of the dawn. Before setting to work, Wagner takes a bath, and in a cup of black coffee, brought to him in a gold cup, pours forth libations to the goddess of music. What care he takes of his body and mind! When the great naturalist, Buffon, wrote the works the style of which answers so well to the majesty of the subject, he was satisfied to wear a decent coat, a shirt-frill and ruffles of lace: when Wagner begins to work, he must needs have the curtains and the hangings of his room in harmony with the subject upon which he is engaged: he even insists on his dressing gown, trowsers, cap and slippers being in harmony with his musical subject. It is not easy to comply with all these requirements. When the object has been attained the *maestro* exhibits his inspiration by strange antics and small exclamations of joy. Wagner can only work in complete silence. As soon as he is heard to caper and to cry, no one is allowed to move: at the slightest noise his music takes immediate flight, and the world loses a *chef d'œuvre*. When Wagner, owing to the kindness of Meyerbeer and Maurice Schlesinger, lived in Paris, he required neither this ridiculous luxury nor this stupid affectation to inspire him. It was in the year 1840, and at this time Wagner, who set himself up as a mortal enemy of kings, knew what it was to suffer hunger nobly. He did not then present his works to the world as though they were sybilline leaves; his music was not incomprehensible, it had some charming oases. At 11 o'clock Wagner crosses Bayreuth in a carriage and goes to his theatre, which is at the other extremity of the town. The rehearsals generally last three hours. Upon his return he breakfasts alone, taking oysters, cold meat and wine. Two hours later he dines with his family. His dinner consists invariably of six *entrées*. He has an inordinate passion for thrushes, and he manages to get them all the year round. Cheese, likewise, is a favorite relish of his. In his cellar he has a special compartment which is called "The Cheese Museum;" here Brie ripens gently, Gruyère becomes a deeper gold, Roquefort becomes stronger, and Camenbert melts into tenderness. Wagner only drinks beer from a patriotic motive. Every evening he goes to Ankerman's, the general rendezvous of all the singers and musicians, and drinks his beer. In the midst of the smoke of pipes which envelopes him, he resembles a god of Walhalla who has descended, *incognito*, into the country of potatoes. At his own house the author of *Tannhäuser* only moistens his divinity with champagne. His little suppers are reputed as being very lively, *Les grives les rendent grivois*. His jokes make the ladies present turn as red as peonies. He is a man emphatically full of contrasts, for if he finds his friends a little too jovial, he has an easy method of damping their spirits. Mysteriously he brings forth a dark lantern and invites his friends to follow him. You go down into the garden, passing through a door half-hidden by a curtain of ivy, and you suddenly find yourself in the midst of a sombre forest surrounded by strange fantastic sounds. At first you are puzzled, then you begin to get anxious, and at length silence roots you to the spot. Wagner suddenly darts his lantern upon a huge block of granite, and in a sepulchral voice says—"My friends, this is my tomb; think of death!" This announcement acts as a *douche*—you return to the drawing room to talk of death, the plurality of worlds, the soul, and virtue; but you always finish up with Bismarck and France.

Wagner has always thought himself a great politician. In 1849 he was at the head of the insurgents of Dresden, and he threatened to burn and pillage all within his reach. To

him a revolution, with its volley of musketry, discharges of cannon, wild cries and streams of blood was as fine as a great tragic opera. He was compelled to take refuge in Switzerland. From Zurich he fired off incendiary pamphlets against the German despots. But since then the Parisians have had the bad taste to hiss his *Tannhäuser*, and it is not Germany but France which he now attacks.

The defeat of the French army, the bombardment of Paris, naturally put this musical Luther into a state of savage delight. In these disasters he saw the just punishment of a nation who had failed to appreciate his genius, and who had pushed their sacrilege so far as to hiss one of his operas. In his gratitude to the representative of the decrees of God, he composed his hymn to the Emperor with an accompaniment of cannon, and he was anxious to celebrate threefold—in prose, in verse and in music—the fall of modern Babylon. In the preface of the ninth volume of his complete works, Wagner writes—"At the close of the glorious year 1870 I thought that our comic authors would, in their popular pieces, use their satirical *verve* at the expense of their enemies, and that they would turn the Parisian mishaps into ridicule." But the *verve* was wanting, it seems, and Wagner—not seeing anything forthcoming—put his own shoulder to the wheel. He informs us that he wrote in a few days the comedy—*à la manière antique*—entitled, *A Capitulation*, which is to be found in the beginning of this ninth volume. In these pages Wagner shows himself in quite a new light. Wagner, the poet—Wagner, the solemn and the envious, imitating the racy and incisive Aristophanes—a goose waddling after a wasp and trying to imitate its flight! In the thrilling drama of the fall of Paris, Wagner saw nothing but the subject for a comedy. And what a comedy! A vulgar, silly, senseless farce, without taste and without a spark of wit. It is not even like one of those common squibs which country boys let off on holidays under the noses of passers-by; it is a series of idiotic jokes, a farrago of French and German words so utterly stupid that, instead of making you angry, it makes you wonder if M. Gagne is not greater than Wagner.

In this extravaganza, Trochu rhymes with *parapluie*, Turcos with sauce, Macmahon with Sedan, and Wagner changes Blondin into Blondel in order that it should rhyme with *gondel* (gondola).

The following is the list of French people at whose expense the author of *Tannhäuser* amuses himself:—

Victor Hugo;
Chœur des gardes nationaux;
Mottu, commandant de bataillon;
Perrin, directeur de l'Opéra;
Lefèvre, conseiller de légation;
Keller, Dollfus, } Alsaciens;
Diedenhofer, Lorrain;
Vefour, Chevet, Vachette;
Jules Favre, Jules Ferry, Jules Simon, Gambetta; } members du Governement;
Nadar;
Flourens, Mégy et des Turcos;
Rats de Paris.

The theatre represents the exterior of the Hôtel de Ville. In the middle is an altar dedicated to the Republic; underneath is an opening resembling the prompter's box. The "ancient" staircase which goes up at the back forms the balcony belonging to the Hôtel de Ville. The tower of Notre Dâme and the cupola of the Pantheon are seen in the distance. Right and left are the statues of Metz and Strasbourg, crowned with flowers.

Victor Hugo is the first to appear; he puts his head out of the opening below the altar and attempts to get out; the perspiration pours off his forehead. "At last," he exclaims, "I breathe again the air of this blessed country—Paris! oh my Paris, which has so much need of me! I come, yes, I am come; I am really here. I am going to write a book relating how it all happened. I have enough matter for 120 volumes. My God! I am speaking in Alexandrine lines!" etc.

After a monologue, which lasts an hour, the poet asks himself where he is. "What is it that's above my head? Is it the gallows? perhaps a blessed guillotine? Hum! is it the Place de Grêve? No. I do not know myself. The Hôtel de Ville ought to have more stories. At this juncture subterranean voices are heard, "Victor! Victor! come back to us."

"Hugo—What's that? I am being called to from the bottom of the sewers [turning his head]. Who is down there?

"Voices—We are the spirits of the protectors of Paris."

Victor hesitates, not feeling sure if he will go up or down, when suddenly the melody of the "Marseillaise" breaks forth. "Oh, what delicious strains!" exclaims Victor Hugo. "I am no musician, but I should recognize the tune of the 'Marseillaise' ten miles off. I must go out—I must show myself." A chorus of National Guards appears on the scene; they walk round the altar of the Republic, singing:

"Republick, Republick, Republick! blick! blick!
Repubel! repubel, repubel! blick! blick! blick!
Repubel, pubel, purpubel, purpubel, re plick.

"Mottu—Stop! homage to Strasbourg! [The chorus approaches the statue of Strasbourg].

"Mottu—Present arms! where is the Alsatian who sings the hymn?

"Keller [dressed as corporal]—Here.

"Mottu—Stand forward and sing!"

Keller advances and sings in Alsatian dialect—

"O Strasbourg, ô Strasbourg."

During these strains the National Guards throw the bouquets they have been carrying on the point of their guns on to the knees of the statue of Strasbourg. The same business in front of the statue of Metz. They then march round the altar singing, "Republick, republick, blick," etc. MM. Dollfus, Victor Hugo, Flourens, Lefèvre, Mottu, speak in turn; Jules Simon and Ferry appear, M. Jules Favre is heard sobbing. At last the chorus announces the arrival of M. Perrin:—

"Voyez, bourgeois, Perrin
Qui monte sur le perron;
Perron, Perrin,
Mirliton, ton ton,
Prenons-le au lieu de Plon-plon, plon!"

A chorus of Parisians set out to find the Government. We will just quote the verse, which, though in French, savors of German grace:

"Etes-vous au rocher de Cancale?
Paris souffre d'une soif de Tantale.
Général Trochu, le galérien,
Fais donc parler le Mont-Valérien!
Faut canonner, canonner!
Gouvernement, bombardement
Bombardement, gouvernement,
Gouvernement, gouvernement, gouvernement, ment, ment!

The people of Paris, getting tired of the siege, prevail upon M. Perrin to give them something fresh in the way of music and of dancing. Suddenly appear upon the scene rats, which soon change into "rats" of another kind, in the form of ballet-dancers, most airily dressed. At the entrance of the author of *Orphée aux Enfers*, the chorus begins singing

"Krak! krak! krakerakrak!
C'est le sire Jack Offenback!
Krak! krak! krakerakrak!
O splendide Jack Offenback!
Qui veut qu'on chante et qu'on danse!

The chorus of the National Guards dance the *Cancan* with the ballet girls, whilst the Turcos give themselves up to all kinds of capers. Jules Favre attempts to make a speech, but only a few words are heard, such as "Eternal shame! never! not one stone!"

Offenbach conducts the orchestra and the chorus recommences:—

"Dansons, chantons,
Mirliton! ton! ton!
C'est le génie de la France,
Qui veut qu'on chante et qu'on danse!

Victor Hugo seizes his lyre, and, advancing in front of the stage, accompanies himself as he sings as follows:—

"Mirliton; flon, flon,
A la bataille de Sedon
Ils ont battu Mac-Mahon!
Cependant toute l'armée,
Général Trochée,
Troché,—Trochu,
Laladrons—Ledru!
S'enferme dans les forts de Paris
En l'an mil huit cent soixante-dix.
. . . . . .
Cafés, restaurants,
Diners de gourmands,
Garde mobile
Et bal Mabille,
Mystère de Paris,
Et poudre de riz,
Chignons et pommade,
Théâtre et promenade,
Cirque, hippodrome,
La colonne Vendôme;
Concerts populaires
Was wollt ih noch mehr
Et toi, peuple de penseurs,
Que te fais de pareils malheurs?"

Whilst Victor Hugo is reciting the verses of Wagner, attachés of the embassies are seen coming out of the prompter's box followed by the managers of the great German theatres, whom the author cannot forgive for looking for their principal singers in Paris. Attachés and managers dance in the most grotesque manner and, as the piece says, are laughed at by the chorus. At this point, Victor Hugo is illuminated by Bengal lights and the curtain falls.

This extravaganza by the musicsan of kings, who styles himself the king of musicians, is no less than forty-eight pages long, without counting the prologue in verse, which is dedicated to the German army before Paris, and the preface, which is a real declaration of war to the Latin races.

To analyze this last work of Richard Wagner is to do it sufficient justice. The German theatres have already, however, avenged the Parisians; no one theatre has dared bring out this caricature—the work of a rhinoceros who has tried to dance on the tight-rope.

A. X.

Lady Students at Milan.

[From *The Chronicle of the Continent*, Geneva.]

Milan, Feb. 28.

The name Milan, to English and American ears, suggests music; and the musical student dreams of Italy and its musical centre, as the point to which all energies must be bent, in order to secure its superior advantages in the study of opera.

Students come from all parts of the globe, some with great ambitions, others with more modest ones; and again others who have adopted the musical profession for lack of any better opening. The latter are to be pitied; for the greatest fanatic of music is often cured of his fanaticism when admitted to the circle of artists, and allowed a glimpse at artist-life, as it presents itself "behind the scenes."

The great number of students who come here are not sufficiently aware of the expenses they must meet, the great length of time it requires to perfect one-self in the art of singing, and, in general, the difficulties they must contend with to gain success. Even though they carefully study such information as may reach them through letters upon the subject, there is much that can be learned only by experience.

The fact that so many come unprepared with adequate means, has in many instances been the cause of their ruin. They found difficulty in coming at all, and estimated expenses at the lowest figure possible (the most economical student *must* average about 3,000 francs per year) which, was, perhaps, the greatest amount that could be provided by friends. Finding their allowance insufficient, and too proud to return to their homes, they have become unworthy the name they bore, and brought upon their families disgrace and shame. It is a matter not to be treated lightly, and, if parents and brothers were fully aware of the difference between their own countrymen and those among whom their sisters or daughters must be thrown—men

who, while lacking the nobility, the strong sense of honor, which characterizes Englishmen and Americans, are, when men of talent and culture, the most fascinating in the world—if, I repeat, they realized this, nothing would be omitted by them to further the safety of those dear to them, against the snare laid for innocent or unwatchful feet.

Again, students come without a fixed idea as to who are the best *maestri*, and being advised differently by every person they meet, lose time, money, and often voice, in their search for the best *maestro*. It is a question on which, in each individual case, no conscientious person, unless blinded by prejudice, will hastily decide. A method that makes an artist of one student may, through failure in comprehending or applying it, prove a failure to a second; a student must therefore study the matter carefully, possess himself of patience, choose a *maestro*, and say, "This man has made artists, and surely the blame is with myself if I fail to accomplish something."

The expenses of living in Milan have increased within the past few years, and are not very different from the expenses of student life in Boston.

Boarding in *pensione* costs for one person, from 150 to 165 francs per month. If a young lady is accompanied by an elderly lady, apartments can be taken and expenses lessened. Apartments, and usually the *pensione*, are in the third or fourth story, with stair-ways dark and gloomy, and pervaded with odors that present to the practical mind suggestions of possible disease, and of the need of a Sanitary Commission.

A number of ladies of London, aided by Americans as well, have started what they have been preparing for at least four years, and after four months trial it has proved itself far more successful than could have been expected in so short a time. It is a household for the benefit of young ladies who are in Milan alone as students. A household, termed *Casa Vocalizia*, which offers the comforts of home if not the luxuries, at a moderate expense.

The ladies selected a house that is devoid of the mould, dirt, and damp that haunts most Milan houses, and engaged the *primo piano*. The cost per month is placed at £5 in gold (usually amounting to 135frs. Italian currency) per four weeks, which includes three Italian lessons per week, the use of the public pianos, and the privilege of the occupancy of a box at the opera, which belongs to the house. The latter, to girls who are here alone, and to whom listening to good music is a necessity, is of inestimable value; for in Milan two young ladies, or even three, be they ever so earnest and good of intention, cannot attend the opera without the chaperonage of an elderly married lady, unless they are willing to brave public opinion and the remarks of men who feel themselves justified in addressing ladies who are without proper attendance.

The prices of the best teachers vary from 96 to 150 francs per month, according to the number of lessons per week. One teacher charges ten francs per lesson, giving but two or three lessons per week. Another, 130 francs per month, a lesson every day, or three lessons each week, eight francs an hour. A third receives 150 francs per month, giving a lesson each day.

When lessons are not taken every day, it is necessary to have an accompanist at least twice each week, her charge being from 2½ to 3 francs per hour.

The rent of pianos is but ten francs per month.

In winter, there is the additional expense of heating rooms. It is a serious matter, as well as an expensive one. Take warning therefore, ye who are yet to be residents of Milan during one of its short but severe winters! Be a very tyrant in the matter of choosing a room or rooms, that can be heated; and be not deceived by a room whose lofty ceiling seems matched by the immensity of its fireplace. 'Tis a delusion, a snare, a fraud!

You will sit during the winter days that ought to be spent in vigorous study, smoking the tips of your fingers in the vain attempt to warm them, and feel the while, playful breezes waiting about your ears in a manner that is trying, not to say exasperating.

Believe the words of a sufferer, it does not give the countenance an expression of supreme happiness.

Madame Masse, the efficient directress of *Casa Vocalizia*, has made her receptions on Friday evening very popular and agreeable by their lack of formality. Pupils of Maestri Lamperti, Basili, and others are always well represented.

Upon the last occasion, Mr. R. Froelich, and daughter, of New York City, were among the guests, the English Consul, the American Consul and son, Rev. Mr. Menge and family, the venerable Maestro Basilio' Basili, and Signor Del Lorenzo, the well-known *maestro* of languages, and Signorina Teresa Sarmanni, the authoress of *Emancipazione e Famiglia*, and of a new drama which will probably be given at the *Teatro Manzoni* this spring. There were songs in Russian, Danish, Italian, German, and English, a violin solo by the young daughter of Madame Scholl, and piano solos by Mme. Scholl, herself, as well as by other dilettanti.

FRAT MILLE.

Employment for the Blind.—Piano Tuners.

A few weeks ago the community was called to mourn the loss of one of her most valuable members and still more recently the memorial services at Music Hall in honor of the late Dr. Samuel G. Howe have fastened upon his memory the noble title of "*the Massachusetts Philanthropist*." These events have attracted public attention and interest to the life and labors of this great man, and the Institution for the Blind, which now mourns the loss of a father, has been thronged with visitors, whose interest is more than mere idle curiosity, whose sympathies have been awakened by the story of a life of devotion to the good of others, and who are silently asking what good work they can do. It is in answer to this unspoken query that the writer now seeks to bring before the public an urgent need of this institution, which the public alone can supply, and a means of paying tribute to the memory of the deceased by helping to fruition the seed which he has sown in faith.

Those who are acquainted with the condition of the blind well know that in this, as well as in other countries, one of the hardest trials which they have to encounter is the distrust of their ability, which is almost universally felt by strangers, and the consequent difficulty in obtaining employment when their education is completed. The musical art has been so long and so successfully studied by the blind both here and abroad that the public in general has yielded its scruples, and the graduates of this department of the South Boston institution are enjoying their hard-won right to compete on equal terms with the seeing musician. Piano-tuning is a newer field of labor for the blind, and is now, by earnest and patient efforts, seeking to win its way to public confidence. It was started some years ago in the *Institution des Jeunes Aveugles*, in Paris, by a young man, Claude Montal, a pupil of the institution, who, annoyed by the frequent neglect of the seeing tuner of the establishment, conferred with one of his companions, and the two friends determined to try to tune the piano which they used. The tuner complained to the director, and they were forbidden to touch the instruments.

But their first attempt had convinced them that here was a new occupation which they could learn, and only they whose resources are few can fully appreciate how great a blessing this discovery was to them. Not disheartened, they contrived to purchase an old piano, and obtained permission to have it brought to the institution, where they took it apart, repaired and tuned it successfully. The director saw them at their work, and was thus convinced that the tuning of pianofortes could be successfully accomplished by the blind. Montal, already a skilful musician, was allowed to pursue his studies in tuning, and received an appointment as professor in the institution, which he afterwards left for the more lucrative business of manufacturing pianos. He made some valuable improvements in the construction of these instruments, and to him the profession is indebted for the most valuable and scientific treatise on the art of tuning which has ever been published. From this beginning the tuning of pianofortes has become widely and favorably known in France as a suitable and remunerative employment for the blind.

In England, where it has been but recently introduced into institutions for the blind, there has been the same incredulity of the public to overcome, which Montal met in the institution where he was being educated; but this doubt and hesitation are gradually yielding, and in addition to the patronage which they are receiving from schools and families, several of the leading piano manufacturers of London are now employing as regular tuners a large number of the pupils of the Royal Normal College for the Blind. The tuning department of the institution at South Boston is now suffering from this feeling of doubt and scepticism which makes both families and manufacturers hesitate to employ a blind tuner. This department has now a larger and better educated class than ever before, and its members, who are also students in the musical department, are here thoroughly instructed in the mechanism of the piano, as well as the theory and practice of tuning. As an offset to their misfortune, they bring to their work a greater knowledge and a more finely cultivated ear than the ordinary tuner.

Thus prepared, they eagerly ask the public to test their work, and, if found satisfactory, to give them the employment to which the necessarily limited range of their avocations especially entitles them, and by which they may attain an honorable independence. We trust that they whose hearts have been warmed, and whose better feelings have been quickened by the noble life of the departed philanthropist, will not turn a deaf ear to the cry of his children.—*Daily Advertiser.*

The Fine Art Museum.

[From the *Journal*, March 27.]

The trustees of the Fine Art Museum within a few months, possibly in May, will be able to exhibit to the contributors to the building fund and to the public the result of their labors. The progress of the building at the junction of Huntington avenue and Dartmouth street has been watched with interest by those who see in the section now approaching completion the promise of an institution which will have a most beneficial influence in promoting a love and knowledge of art, and in stimulating among all classes an interest in many kindred branches which have hitherto been neglected in Boston. While the main object is the collection of paintings and statuary, and the opening to students in drawing opportunities to study the models of the most celebrated masters, the scope of the institution will, as it progresses and new sections are added, embrace whatever will promote progress in the industrial arts by furnishing for study and suggestion the skilled productions of the artist and artisan. While it will be a museum where the visitor may find rare paintings and statuary to attract attention, and where the simply curious may pass an hour inspecting the peculiar art products of the ancients, it will have still higher claims to public encouragement by the opportunities it will afford for obtaining a vast amount of information which will be particularly useful in developing taste and raising the standard of production in many pursuits. It has already been shown, since drawing was introduced into our public schools, that our people are not deficient in artistic taste, but that innate taste requires encouragement to secure its full development. As we increase as a nation we want to keep pace with our competitors, seek to meet that craving for something better and higher, and it will be beneath the roof of this institution that those who cannot seek a foreign shore will receive that inspiration which will be a boon to the industrial classes and a blessing to the community.

The present building will not throw open its doors and show a museum of fine arts such as the Old World can exhibit; but its spacious galleries and rooms will contain much that is rich in interest and much that is truly valuable. The architectural ornamentation of the exterior, though somewhat fanciful, certainly designates at a glance the object to which the building is devoted. The bas-reliefs suggest the contents within, and though we may have sympathized, when the thermometer was below zero, with the departed great, as we have seen their heads thrust through the port holes, and may have wondered why they defied the clemency of our climate when doctors' bills are such expensive luxuries, we must admit that on a pleasant afternoon, when the sun is shining and the light strikes upon the façade, there is a bright and cheery tone to the edifice which is inviting. If the exterior be open to the criticism that it is a little too ornate, there is in the interior a soberness which is in pleasing contrast. Nothing could be more severely plain than the finish and coloring. There is nothing in the building to detract from the works of art—no evidence of a mistaken attempt to show what architectural filagree could accomplish. There are indications of thoroughness and durability from the basement to the roof. The treasures which will here be collected demanded a fire proof building, and this has been secured.

In the basement story there are rooms for the

use of pupils in drawing, the business office of the trustees, and the apartments of the janitor. In the two stories above there is the main picture hall, which is admirably lighted; a room for the Gray collection of engravings; the Egyptian room, which will contain the valuable collection given by the late Samuel A. Way; a room which is being finished with an interior bought in London and presented by Mrs. T. Bigelow Lawrence, which is unique in this country, and the "Loan Room," where contributions temporarily in charge of the trustees will be placed. The main stair-case and the areas afford suitable space for the disposition of statues. In Egyptian art, in plaster models of the best production of Grecian and Roman art, and in engravings, the Museum will possess at the start collections which will be noteworthy. As the paintings and statuary of the Boston Atheneum will form a portion of the exhibition, whatever is valuable will add to the newer portions of the collection.

The fact that Boston is to possess an institution of the character we have indicated, has already induced many contributions of genuine value. For the possession of several beautiful pieces the trustees are indebted to the liberality of a few of our townsmen, who have requested Mr. Charles C. Perkins to act as their agent in making such appropriation of their donations as would be most conducive to the wants of the Museum. It will be remembered Senator Sumner made a gift of pictures, paintings, etc., to the trustees, giving to them full power to sell such portion as they wished and employ the money in new purchases. Some four thousand dollars were thus realized, and this contribution has been judiciously expended. Had it not been for a marine disaster which forced a vessel bringing friezes into St. Thomas for repairs, the delay in opening would have been avoided. The Lawrence collection of armor given to the the Museum was destroyed at the great fire. A portion of the insurance was recovered, and this has been devoted to procuring works of great value.

These two have been the only drawbacks which the trustees have encountered since the initiation of the Museum. The land upon which the building stands, and sufficient for the extension, as means may be secured, was given by the city, with no other condition imposed except that four times each month the building shall be opened to the public without an admission fee. The trustees raised the money for the building before they contracted for its erection, and it is creditable to them that they have incurred no debt and have still some fifty thousand dollars in their treasury for contingencies. The money was largely contributed by our merchants. The agreeable series of receptions held four winters since at the residence of Hon. William Gray (who initiated this new method of stimulating public interest), Messrs. Henry P. Kidder, Nathan Matthews, Samuel D. Warren, Alvin Adams, W. E. Baker and the late Francis Dane contributed materially toward that public awakening to the importance of the institution which has been so marked. The great fire and continued depression in business checked the growth of the fund, but with more favorable times we hope to see the merits of the Museum of Fine Arts so fully recognized that wing after wing will be added and the aims of its projectors more than fulfilled. General C. G. Loring has recently been appointed Curator, and Mr. Charles C. Perkins also accepted the position of Honorary Director, thus securing for the work two gentlemen of rare gifts for their respective positions.

Rubinstein's "The Maccabees" in Berlin.

[From the *Monthly Musical Record.*]

The appearance of so eminent a man as Rubinstein in the arena of Musical Drama has not failed to excite the attention of watchful criticism. His ambition soars high, and he undoubtedly possesses in a remarkable degree the characteristics which fit him to embrace the whole range of his art. Moreover, Rubinstein is not one of those "savants" who shut themselves up in their cell; he moves in the very flux of international life; he is almost ubiquitous; for with indomitable energy he lends to the production of his instrumental compositions the weight of his presence and co-operation in most continental cities. And who could hear him without being struck with his talent and marvellous versatility no less than with his powerful individuality? He so rivets our attention, and is himself so completely absorbed by his art, that we might trace his sublime musical eloquence almost to the "inspired Castalian springs." This, then, is the composer of "The Maccabees." Let us now see if this opera verifies the moral of the fable—"A l'œuvre on connait l'artisan." * * * * * *

It is conceded that the revival of the drama as a vital and fundamental part of opera is a merit which belongs almost exclusively to Wagner. Whatever we may think of his school, he has indisputably proved the necessity of building the musical structure of opera upon a solid dramatic foundation, and by the breadth and boldness of his style has clothed it with new vigor. In this respect his standard has found universal acceptance; and Rubinstein has not departed from it in his "Maccabees."

The history of a nation fighting, as the Jews did, for their religion, must always abound in stirring incidents, and bring into prominence alike the best and the worst aspects of human nature. And no period of the history of the Jews could yield better material for a great drama than that of the revolt against the Syrian rule under the Maccabees. The book of Rubinstein's opera is derived from a drama of the same name; and so admirably has Mosenthal succeeded in adapting it to the purposes of a powerful score that the book may truly be pronounced one of the best ever produced. The following may serve as a rapid sketch of its leading features:—

The first act finds Leah, the head of the Hasmonees, in Modin, surrounded by four of her sons—Judas, Eleazar, Joakim and Benjamin—and the Jews and Shimites preparing for the annual feast. She upbraids Judas, her eldest born, for his want of patriotic zeal; not only does he neglect his duty to the sacred cause, but he has brought disgrace on the family by choosing for his wife Noëmi, the daughter of a Shimite; to Eleazar her favorite son she confides a dream in which he appears as king and high priest; for she looks upon him as the hope of Israel. Joakim arrives from Jerusalem with news of the death of the high priest, and calls on Leah to appoint a successor from among her family. Judas refuses; Eleazar eagerly accepts; but he has hardly received Leah's blessing, when the Syrians enter Modin under Gorgias, who announces the capture of Jerusalem, and in the name of Antiochus Epiphanes demands recognition of the Greek gods. An altar is erected, the Syrians offer a sacrifice to Pallas Athenæ, and already the Shimites show signs of submission, when Judas rushes upon the altar, destroys it, and standing on its fragments, vows that none but Jehovah shall be worshipped in Israel. The Jews now attack the Syrians; Gorgias hastily retreats, and Judas sets out to lead the Jews against the enemy.

The second act shows us Judas at the head of his victorious army in pursuit of the Syrians. But the setting sun announces the approaching Sabbath; the Jews, regardless of their leader's remonstrance, kneel down in prayer; but they are surprised by the Syrians, and a general massacre ensues, from which Judas alone escapes. Eleazar, on the other hand, has gone over to Antiochus; under the name of Phaon, he is not only the favorite of the king, but has also won the heart of his daughter Cleopatra; and in the second scene we find him and Cleopatra exchanging ardent professions of love; she tells him of her beautiful gods and goddesses; if he will worship them, he shall be crowned king at Jerusalem; and so they hasten to Antiochus, for to his own ambition Phaon is ready even to sacrifice his faith. The third scene takes us again to Modin. Leah and her people are celebrating their victories with cymbals and dances; but the thanksgiving is interrupted by the Shimites, who bring tidings of the massacre of Emaus. They accuse Leah of having brought all this misery upon the people; she is seized, and tied to a tree; Joakim and Benjamin are torn away from their mother to be handed over to Antiochus as hostages; Leah is forsaken by all but Noëmi, whom she had hated and despised; Noëmi saves her, and she speeds to the Syrian camp, hoping to obtain from Antiochus the release of her children.

The third act finds Judas in the beleaguered city of Jerusalem, a fugitive, unknown, and anxiously avoiding the people, despairing of an all but hopeless cause. But the Jews still believe in him as their leader; and hearing them implore Jehovah for his return, he steps forward; they recognize him; and in an impassioned appeal he enjoins them to make a supreme effort and arm for a sally. It is here that Noëmi finds her husband; from his "Rose of Sharon" he learns that Eleazar has betrayed his people, that Joakim and Benjamin, and even his mother are at the mercy of Antiochus. His soul is in arms; he feels that Jehovah has chosen him to deliver Israel, and sets out to accomplish his sacred task. The second scene shows us Antiochus in his tent, brooding over a terrible dream in which he recognizes an evil omen from the gods. Eleazar and Cleopatra try to dispel his fears by the hope of an easy victory; but Gorgias enters and announces that the Syrians refuse to fight against the Jews; and presently Leah is admitted. She implores Antiochus to release her children; she offers her own life to save them; but the king is immovable; only by renouncing their faith can they escape death by the flames. At this moment Leah recognizes Eleazar, and appeals to him; but even his and Cleopatra's intercession cannot move Antiochus. The children are brought in, and Leah offers to die with them. But Antiochus has reserved a more terrible fate for her; she shall see her children die. Eleazar, obeying a higher influence, voluntarily shares the fate of the martyrs; but suddenly the scene darkens; peals of thunder tell Antiochus that he is pursued by the Eumenides; and he and his followers toke to flight. Judas is approaching with his victorious army; but Leah dies in ecstasy before her son, and Noëmi appears on the scene; and amidst praises to Jehovah, Judas Maccabæus receives the reward of his valor — the crown of Israel.

It will be seen from this brief outline that the book has all the characteristics of a powerful drama; and there are but one or two incidents which seem open to criticism, such as the massacre of the Jews in the second act, and in the third act the somewhat too sudden conversion of Eleazar, followed by the precipitate flight of Antiochus. But all the characters are powerfully drawn. There is Leah, her intense love for her children, combined with her ambition and her almost fanatic religious zeal; there is the noble and upright character of the Jewish hero, as opposed to the weak and vacillating Eleazar; Noëmi's self denying love, and the idyllic charm which surrounds this "Rose of Sharon," as contrasted with the absorbing passion and dazzling beauty of Cleopatra; the Jews, Shimites and Syrians always taking part in the action, and all opposed to each other; and there is, above all, the strong contrast between rigid monotheism and the softness of Greek worship. Surely the most ambitious composer could not have desired a greater variety of material!

The score of "The Maccabees" strikes us at once as a very remarkable work. It was feared that a drama so abounding in great contrasts would tempt the composer into a display of that uneven and often excessive instrumentation which mars the effect of some of his earlier compositions. But in "The Maccabees" Rubinstein shows himself in an entirely new aspect. His individuality strongly asserts itself in this, as it does in most of his works; nor can we fail to notice throughout the opera a touch of that mysterious power inherent in the music of some of the Slavic races. But the opera reveals more; it shows originality and brilliancy backed up by routine and great erudition; there are no signs of the spasmodic efforts of an over-excited genius; dignity and a certain classic repose pervade the whole; and even in the torrent and tempest of passion he shows, to use the poet's language, that temperance which gives it smoothness.

The features which Rubinstein's opera has in common with the advanced modern school are, continuity of action, and an absence of "aria" in the strict acceptation of the term. Its distinctive features, on the other hand, may be summed up as follows:—

(1) The vocal element predominates over the instrumental. (2) Both harmony and instrumentation are marked by great simplicity. (3) A leading part is assigned to the chorus.

It is obvious, then, that as regards the vocal and instrumental treatment of an opera, Rubinstein follows a course diametrically opposed to that marked out by the Wagner school. Wagner, we know, regards the orchestra, and not the voice, as the principal agent of expression; and the chorus but seldom finds a place in such works as the "Nibelungen." And now, in the face of this doctrine, Rubinstein has shown in his "Maccabees"—what indeed the immortal composer of "Fidelio" taught us long ago—that it is quite possible to produce great and genuine effect without transferring the eloquence from the stage to the orchestra, and that it is quite possible for the chorus to take a prominent part in the action. The introduction to the opera rather tends to the oratorio style; the recitative is bold, and may not unjustly be described as a purer form of the Meyerbeer recitative; the few duets which the composer has introduced, such as the love duet of

COMALA,

A

DRAMATIC POEM,

AFTER OSSIAN.

SET TO MUSIC FOR

SOLI, CHORUS, AND ORCHESTRA.

By

NIELS W. GADE.

Op. 12.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, BY

J. C. D. PARKER.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY OLIVER DITSON & COMPANY.

NEW YORK: C. H. DITSON & CO. CHICAGO: LYON & HEALY.

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ARGUMENT.

Comala, the daughter of Sarno, King of Innistore, so says tradition, entertained a violent passion for Fingal, King of Morven. Fingal returned her love; and Comala, clad as a warrior, followed him in an expedition against Caracul, King of Lochlin. On the day of battle, on the shores of the Carun, Fingal leaves her on a height whence she can overlook the fight, and promises, if victorious, to return at evening. Comala, full of anxious forebodings, awaits Fingal's return. Amid the howling of the storm, the spirits of the fathers appear to her, as they move toward the battle-field to conduct to their home the souls of the fallen; she imagines the battle lost, and Fingal slain. Overcome with grief, Comala dies.—Fingal returns victorious, with songs of triumph, and learns from her weeping maidens the death of his beloved; lamenting, he bids the Bards praise her in song, and with her attendants to waft her departing soul with hymns to the abodes of the fathers.

INTRODUCTION.

Chorus of Bards and Warriors.

On! on! the standard upraise,
Fingal to victory leads,
Follow the brave king of Morven.
Fall upon Caracul's armies
Like spirits of upper air;
Follow the king of the lances,
Challenge the foemen to the fight;
Death must ye fear not, fear only flight.
Hear the voices of the fathers!
Loud peals the horn—on to the fight!
Ere morning dawns shall Caracul fall
Before the brave king of Morven.

Fingal.—Yet to day will I destroy this proud King's might; this day his blood shall mingle with Carun's limpid waters; the hills the dreadful shout reëcho, when he and all his host in battle perish. As leaf by the wind, before mine arm the foe shall scatter. Comala! ere yet the night is ended, I will return to thee. Farewell, thou beloved! fear thee not, for I am in league with Victory and with Love. Ere yet the morning dawns shall Caracul fall, and I return to thee.

Comala.—Farewell, thou light of my soul! There is no ray my path to illumine: all around me is veiled in night. O Fingal, may the fathers protect thee! and fall'st thou, then here upon this mountain I die. Farewell!

Chorus of Warriors.

On! on! the standard upraise,
Fingal to victory leads,
Follow the brave king of Morven.
Challenge the foemen, &c., &c.

Comala.—My hopes, my fond dreams are all departed, and nought but peril remains. O, dreadful is the stillness; nothing I hear, nought but the distant stream that yonder murmurs; nothing I see, save dark and frowning clouds that lower in the heavens. My hopes, my fond dreams are all departed.

Dersagrena, Melicoma and Chorus of Virgins.—Sorrow not, why art thou weeping? Fingal yet lives, the brave. O why dost thou tremble for him, who no fear doth know? O sorrow not!

Comala.—My hopes, my fond dreams are all departed!

Dersagrena.—See! yonder sits Comala, and gazes into the vale where they were marching; sorrow and doubt her eye doth sadden. Come, Melicoma, and strive with your song to cheer her spirit.

Melicoma.—So let us then sing her a song of Fingal's exploits, till echo come from the hills of Morven.

BALLAD.—*Dersagrena.*

From Lochlin came to battle
Suaran, the haughty knight,
Over the rolling billow,
On Morven's plain to fight.
For Fingal's life-blood thirsting,
He vowed revenge to take,
And came for land and sceptre
With him the lance to break.

Melicoma and Chorus of Virgins.

O hear'st thou, Comala, what Fingal hath done,
Whom foe ne'er yet hath vanished?

Dersagrena.

The storm raged over the mountain,
The storm raged over the plain;
Suaran, in jewelled armor,
Sought the brave king of Morven.
High on the mountain, all armed,
Stood Fingal, a flash in the night;
Came king Suaran to meet him,
All ready was he to fight.

Chorus.—O hear'st thou, Comala, &c

Dersagrena.

As sinks the moon in the waters,
So sank bereft of life
The king, his blood fast flowing,
And bitterly rued the strife.
They fled like deer o'er the meadow,
Pursued by the huntsman bold;
For there in his jeweled armor
Lay he all dead and cold.

Chorus.—O hear'st thou, Comala, &c.

Comala.—Still, all now is hush'd, no sound is heard, save the roar of the stream; darkness veils the mountain heights. See there, Melicoma, what is't near yonder wood, that so quickly moves? Oh! woe is me! Is it not one of Fingal's warriors?

Melicoma.—O banish thine anxious vision. 'Tis a deer thou seest, swift darting through the vale.

Comala.—See ye the pale moving shadows giant-like? See how they're hovering o'er us. The lightning did reveal their awful forms approaching.

Dersagrena.—O Comala, what thou seest are no spirit forms, but rocky cliffs illumined by the lightning's flash.

Comala.—Where art thou, Fingal? All around me night draweth on. Hear ye not wild distant tumult, the cry of woe, the clash of armor? They fly now, they come in their hurried flight.

Dersagrena and Melicoma.—It is the storm amid the tree-tops howling, and from the distant hills the echoes answer.

Comala.—Say why, O stream, is thy wave crimson'd in blood? Lone are thy shores now and forsaken; slumbers Fingal the brave? O daughter of night, look down from thy throne in the sky, that I may see by thy bright ray the glitter of his corslet. Or else, shalt thou, O death, be welcome. Thou light of the fathers, come and show me the hero in death reposing.

Chorus of Virgins.—Madly rages the storm—come, let us fly, ere death o'ertake us in the lightning's flash. See how the pale shadows of the slain are gliding by; woe to us, when the conquering foe shall approach.

Chorus of Spirits.

We wander in the storm o'er plain,
Thro' cloud and mist our pathway leads us:
We guide them to the fathers' home,
The heroes in the battle fallen.
Where the battle joined
In valley, on height,
There rest we and call them,
There summon and welcome
Each one that falls.

Comala.

Ye spirits of the fathers,
Tell me each one that falls,
But Fingal not!—
What whisper they? what say they?
Oh woe! he hath fallen, he is no more,
O why, ye spirits, appear ye to me?

Chorus of Spirits.

The battle's rage is past and o'er,
In combat fell the warrior prince,
And now his shade is homeward fleeing.

Comala.

O would I were sitting by Carun's waters!
O that I my tears with its wave might mingle!
Full of sorrow, in youth now I follow
Thee to the grave where thou sleepest.
Shade of Fingal, that dwell'st in the clouds,
Hover o'er me! O come!
Comala follows thee!

Chorus of Warriors.

Escaped is the foe's wild tumult,
His steed treads no more on the mountain;
Before Fingal's arm they have fled.
As thunder doth roll in the heavens,
As o'er the plain howls the tempest,
So raged in his fury Morven!
From the hills comes the glad shout of victory!
And armor 'gainst armor is clashing,
All stained in Caracul's blood.

Chorus of Virgins.

O cease your song of triumph now,
Ye knights of Fingal, still, O still!
The foe hath fled before your arm,—
But mourn for us and you!

Fingal.

Why doth your song thus lament?
The foe hath fled before mine arm!
The battle sing by Carun's flood,
Till echo reach yon mountain height
Where Comala waits for me.

Chorus.

O cease thy song of triumph now,
For ne'er shalt thou see Comala!
In grief for thee her spirit fled,
O mourn for us and you!

Fingal.

O Comala!
The foe hath fled before mine arm,
The storm is o'er, the sun breaks forth;
But thou, light of my soul,
O Comala, art lying dead and cold
In the grave.
Let me see now my beloved,
Show me where the fair one sleeps;
Pale and lifeless is she now
Whom I so dearly loved.

Chorus.—O mourn!

Fingal.

O would thou mightst live as once thou didst live!
Would I might hear the gentle tones
Of thy voice, O Comala!

Chorus.—O mourn! mourn Comala!

Fingal.

O'er the mountain must I wander,
Forsaken day and night!
No more thro' the forest shalt thou walk,
No more by the mountain stream.

Chorus.—O mourn!

Fingal.—O would thou mightst live, &c.

Chorus.—O mourn, mourn Comala!

Fingal.

Strike now your harp strings, and raise your song.
Sing, ye maids of Morven, sing, ye bards,
Comala's praise; waft her with song,
Above to the fathers' dwelling.

Chorus of Bards and Virgins.

From their cloud-home above,
Spirits ancestral are watching,
And lightnings around her are flashing.
When resounds o'er the meadow her call?
When comes she for the chase from the mountain?
Moonbeams are bearing aloft
The soul of the maiden.
Send us thine image in visions bright,
And lighten our sorrow;
Comfort our sorrowing hearts.
Borne on the moonbeams now arises
The soul of the maiden departing;
The shades of the fathers are calling.

Eleazar and Cleopatra in the second act, and Judas and Noemi's duet in the third, are remarkable for their lyric beauty; and every act rises with rhetoric precision to its climax, which in every instance is reached by the chorus taking up the subject immediately preceding; thus, in the first act, Judas declaring the glory of Jehovah after destroying the altar of Pallas Athenæ; in the second act Leah's thanksgiving; in the third, the Jews recognizing Maccabæus—all these are scenes which, by the boldness and grandeur of symphonic treatment, tell with irresistible force. There is perhaps but one feature in the opera which seems to invite criticism. Rubinstein has introduced one or two Hebrew melodies, such as Leah's "Adonai Shaddai," in the first, and a kind of thanksgiving strain in the second act. They are unquestionably highly effective; but it has been remarked that, considering how very unreliable is the tradition as to what original Hebrew melodies really were, it was hardly judicious to drag into the opera, as it were *faute de mieux*, strains which he probably discovered among the forgotten lore of some ancient synagogue. That, however, is a question of minor importance, on which diversity of opinion can exist; it does not affect the excellence of this remarkable work as a whole; and the masterly treatment of a grand subject, the boldness of conception, the consistency with which he has avoided mere theatrical effects by rigidly subordinating form to substance;—all these are merits the more to be extolled as he has earned them in a field which is comparatively new to him. His "Maccabees" has been produced in Berlin and Prague; his "Nero" has been accepted, and is reported to be in rehearsal in Vienna; and, what is perhaps the most severe test of all, the doors of the Gewandhaus, of Leipzig, have been thrown open to him and his "Paradise Lost."

But the production of such a work taxes to the utmost the resources even of an opera such as that of Berlin. There were rumors of a hitch at the time, and the great vocal difficulties of the score had probably something to do with it. And Leah's is certainly a part such as probably never before fell to the lot of an alto; it requires an artist of Marie Brandt's exceptional ability and powers of endurance to do it justice. I know of no baritone who surpasses, or even equals Betz; his gigantic voice and powerful figure alike tower above both chorus and orchestra; and there is something sublime in this man, as with fiery eloquence he pours forth those majestic declamatory passages in which the Jewish hero, fighting for a sacred cause, rises to the very summit of his enthusiasm. Truly, this is an ideal Maccabeus! The performance is in every respect exemplary; for the opera is mounted with great magnificence, and with all that artistic care which the managers never fail to bestow on the production of a work likely to add to the lustre of the temple of art *unter den Linden*. Rubinstein superintended personally the first performance, and honors fell thick upon him. The opera has, since then, been repeated regularly almost every month, and it is only quite recently that the composer met with an even more enthusiastic reception in Prague on the first production of "The Maccabees" in that city. C. P. S.

"Joshua."

AN ACCOUNT OF ONE OF HANDEL'S LEAST KNOWN WORKS.

(*From the Courier.*)

The Handel and Haydn Society will perform at its five hundred and ninety-third concert, to be given on Easter Sunday, the concluding concert of its sixty-first season, Handel's oratorio of *Joshua*, this being its first performance in America. It is a little singular that the work, as a whole, has been suffered to remain so long in neglect, as the records of the society show that several of the choruses and solos have been sung from time to time at its concerts, two choruses having been offered as early in its history as 1816, at its second public concert. *Joshua* is, like *Judas Maccabæus*, a military and warlike drama. The text is in verse—it would be akin to flattery to call it poetry—and was supplied by T. Morell, who was also the author of the book of *Judas Maccabæus*, and also of a sort of patchwork made up of airs from Handel's work produced by Smith, Handel's amanuensis, after the death of his great master, in 1769, entitled *Gideon*. Morell, who died in 1784, aged 73 years, was a clergyman, a man of learning, and an industrious writer, his pen having aided him in earning, in addition to the income derived from a small benefice, a respectable livelihood. The words of *Alexander Balus*, *Theodora*, *Jephtha*, *The Triumph of Time*, and, presumably, the *The Occasional Oratorio*, were also from his pen. The name of Morell, recalls the following story illustrative of Handel's violent temper: One day, Morell represented to Handel that the music of an air did not exactly render the sense of the words; whereupon Handel instantly flew into a most foolish passion, and cried out, with the anger of insulted pride: "Vat, you teach me music! De music, sir, ish good music. It is your notes ish bad. Hear de passage again," repeating it vehemently on the harpsichord. "Dere; go you, make words to dat music." Handel wrote *Joshua* July 19 to August 19, 1747, being then in his sixty-third year, and it was first performed during the following year. The following is the argument:

PART I. The children of Israel celebrate their miraculous passage over the river Jordan, and their entrance into the land of Canaan, under the guidance of Joshua. Joshua receives from an angel his commission to go up against Jericho, and prepare the people for the attack. The mutual attachment of Othniel and Achsah, and the departure of Othniel to join in the war against Jericho.

PART II. The destruction of the City of Jericho. The feast of the passover kept. Tidings brought of the defeat of Israel at Ai. Joshua rouses the people to renew the attack. Othniel re-visits Achsah. Her father, Caleb, dismisses him to the war in defence of the Gibeonites, the allies of Israel. Joshua and his army rescue Gibeon from the five confederate kings of the Amorites. The miracle of the sun and moon being stayed in their course during the battle.

PART III. The wars having terminated, the people celebrate the praises of Joshua. He allots to Caleb the portion of the land which has been promised him by Moses. The gratitude of Caleb and the members of his tribe. Caleb promises to bestow his daughter Achsah on whoever shall subdue the city of Debir. The task undertaken by Othniel, for whose success the aid of the Almighty is invoked. Othniel's triumphant return from victory. Receives the reward of his valor. The happy condition of the people, and their grateful ascription of praise to the Almighty.

Joshua abounds in instances of Handel's dramatic power. The gentler passion even is depicted in the song by Othniel in reply to the promise of Caleb to give his daughter, Achsah, to whoever shall take the city of Debir. "The city is thine," cries Othniel:

> Place danger around me,
> The storm I'll despise;
> What arms shall confound me,
> When Achsah's the prize?

A specimen of sound-painting is cited by Hawkins as follows: "He has endeavored, by the harmony of one long, extended note, to impress upon the imagination of his hearers, the idea of the great luminary of the universe arrested in his course; or, in other words, to make them hear the sun stand still." Handel's biographer, Schœlcher, admits that *Joshua* may be reproached with having too many recitatives, but claims that it also contains many supreme beauties. He says: "Achsah's air, 'Hark, 'tis the linnet,' with a simple accompaniment of the violin and flute, is charmingly graceful, and will always be certain of its effect. I am surprised that concert singers do not avail themselves of it. 'Heroes, when with glory burning,' is one of those valiant and heroic inspirations in which Handel excelled. In the march there is an admirable mingling of religious feeling with martial audacity." Shield, one of the veterans of English music, says, in his theoretical book entitled *Introduction of Harmony*: "Travelling from London to Taplow with the father of modern harmony [Haydn], and having, during the preceding evening, observed his countenance expressing rapturous astonishment during the concert of ancient music, I embraced the favorable opportunity of asking him how he estimated the chorus in *Joshua*, 'The nations tremble.' The reply was, he had long been acquainted with music, but never knew half its powers before he heard it, and he was perfectly certain that only one inspired author ever did, or ever would, pen so sublime a composition." To make this wonderful chorus known in foreign cities, where English oratorios are not collected, Mr. Shield has given the score of it in his work but regrets that his limits would not allow the insertion of its impressive introductory air, "Glory to God." Another air in *Joshua*, "Powerful guardians," had an immense and deserved success. It was afterward added, in a detached leaf, to the handbooks of *Judas Maccabæus* and of *Joseph*. * * *

The characters of the oratorio are as follows: Joshua [tenor], leader of the Israelites; Caleb [bass], a ruler of the tribe of Judah; Othniel [tenor or alto] a youthful warrior, betrothed to Achsah; Achsah [soprano], daughter of Caleb; an Angel [soprano], who brings to Joshua his commission. The following are the soloists engaged for the Easter performance: Mrs. Jennie Van Zandt, Miss Adelaide Phillipps, Mr. Joseph Mass, and Mr. Myron W. Whitney. Mr. Zerrahn will direct the performance, and Mr. Lang will be the organist of the occasion.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 15, 1876.

Recent Concerts.

To keep the chain complete one record must go back some weeks, beginning with

MR. B. J. LANG's two concerts at Mechanics Hall, on Thursday afternoons, March 23 and 30. His programmes were unique, the distinctive feature being the great prominence given to the French composer who has excited so much interest here of late, Camille Saint-Saens, organist at the Madeleine in Paris, a musician thoroughly trained in the best classical school, at home in Bach, and with a streak of genius in him. German publishers, like Leuckart of Leipzig, accept his works, although he is not wholly free from French sensationalism. The sensation at all events has been a fresh one, and the individuality seems unaffected. On his visit to Europe last summer Mr. Lang was commissioned by the Harvard Musical Association to procure, for its Library and its Concerts, some of the principal compositions of Saint Saens; and of the collection which he brought there have figured in the Symphony Concerts: 1. the second piano concerto (played by Mr. Lang); 2. the concerto for 'cello (Mr. Wulf Fries); and 3. the most important of his Symphonic poems, "Phaeton." Theodore Thomas also has brought out two of the minor symphonic poems: *Le Rouet d'Omphale* and the *Danse Macabre*. Moreover in Von Buelow's programmes there was an interesting string Quartet by this (to the American public) new composer. So that the musical season of our city has, for better or for worse, had a pronounced flavor of Saint-Saens-ism. And now again, in these two programmes of our very popular pianist, more than the lion's share has been given to compositions and arrangements by Saint-Saens. The first programme was as follows:

Variations for two Piano-Fortes, on a theme by Beethoven, Op. 35 ..... Saint-Saëns
Mr Arthur W Foote and Mr. B. J Lang.
Slumber Song, Op. 1 ..... Robert Franz
Miss Ita Welsh.
Piano-Forte. { Largo from the Fifth Sonata ..... Bach
Overture to the Twenty-Eighth Cantata .... Bach
Air from the Thirtieth Cantata ..... Bach
Gavotte from the Sixth Sonata ..... Bach
Polonaise, March, Waltz, } Op. 6 ..... Saran
Mr. B. J. Lang.
Song, "L'Addie," ..... Mozart
Miss Ita Welsh.
Concerto No. 2, in G minor, Op. 22 ..... Saint-Saëns.
Andante sostenuto Allegro scherzando—Presto.
Mr. B. J. Lang.

The theme of Beethoven, on which Saint-Saëns has made masterly Variations for two pianos, is that of the Trio (after the Minuet), in the Sonata in E flat, Op. 31, No. 3. These Variations seemed to us to be modelled in some respects upon, or suggested by, Beethoven's own remarkable Variations (*his* Op. 35) for one piano on a theme from the *Eroica*. Like them they are developments of ideal contents, character, rather than mere mechanical and ornamental "variations," and abound in rich contrasts both in rhythm, harmony and sentiment, holding up the one theme in the light of shifting moods. Like these, they end with an elaborate fugue. They are difficult, but were exceedingly well executed, and the impression was so good that one would welcome the first opportunity of hearing them again.

The four selections from Bach are transcriptions by Saint-Saëns. The first and fourth are from the Six Sonatas composed by Bach for Violin without accompaniment. Admirable works, full of ideal beauty and consummate art, and still a study for the foremost violinists of the present day. Indeed the Violin melody is so constructed as to be virtually complete in itself, carrying its own harmony along with it. But they are published with a very

beautiful and sympathetic pianoforte accompaniment by Schumann; to hear them in that form, is a far higher pleasure than to listen to the best possible transcription, and no doubt this by Saint-Saëns is a fine one. The *Largo* (in F) has a most lovely flowing melody, gentle, thoughtful and serene, bringing a spell of sweet peace over one who truly listens. The *Gavotte* (in E), in Rondo form, is one of the brightest, freshest, most naive and piquant of the many charming movements in that old dance form which are found in Bach's various Suites, Sonatas, etc., and justified its place at the conclusion of the group. The Overture to the 28th Cantata (the 29th must be the one meant, according to the order of the *Bach-Gesellschaft's* edition) is a brilliant *Presto* movement in D major, of very much the same character with the opening of the *Magnificat*. It is scored originally for three trumpets, two oboes, string quartet, tympani and organ obligato; and was here so arranged and so played as to make a very enlivening piano piece. The Cantata is one of thanksgiving and praise.—The Air from the 30th Cantata is one of those which Robert Franz has arranged with piano accompaniment (No. 1 in the set of nine), preceded by a short recitative: "The herald comes, announcing the King." The Air is in A, *Andante con moto*,—a tender and melodious exhortation, in which a very winning syncopated motive alternates in a curious manner with extended passages in triplets. The first words, which we will not venture to translate, are:

Kommt, ihr angefocht' nen Sünder,
Eilt und lauft, ihr Adamskinder,
Euer Heiland ruft und schreit.
Kommet, ihr verirrten Schafe,
Stehet auf vom Sündenschlafe,
Denn jetzt ist die Gnaden Zeit.

These four little pieces, well contrasted as to key and character, and thoughtfully interpreted with due discrimination of expression, gave general pleasure and helped to increase the growing interest in Bach.

Any new contribution from Saran (Franz's friend and pupil) is sure to be listened to with eagerness; but these three little pieces (Polonaise, March and Waltz, op. 6), although pleasing and not without a certain individual flavor, seem to us slight and commonplace compared to what he has given us before; yet they will have charm for many.

The brilliant and original Concerto by Saint-Saëns lost not a little of its effect in the absence of an orchestra; but on the other hand the pianoforte part, heard in a smaller room, and played with the same consummate mastery as before, with the accompaniments well sketched in upon a second piano by Mr. Foote, was a vivid reminder of the first performance, and was warmly appreciated.

Miss Welsh sang Tieck's "Slumber Song" to Franz's exquisite music, very sweetly, with delicate refined expression, but her voice sounded to us more thin and childlike than it has done at its best. The simplicity of Mozart's melody was lost in the effort to express too much; it became sentimental; a singer of so much promise, and so musical a nature, must be on her guard against that danger; responsive audiences are too apt to mislead in that direction.—The second programme follows:

Trio in F major, Op. 18, for Piano-Forte, Violin and Violoncello.....Saint-Saëns
Mr. August Fries, Mr. Wulf Fries and Mr. B. J. Lang.
Song: "Meine Ruh' ist hin,".....Schubert
Miss Lillian Bailey.
Piano-Forte. Air from the Thirty-Sixth Cantata.....Bach
Chorus from the Thirtieth Cantata.....Bach
Fugue in E major (well tempered clavi'd).Bach
Gavotte from the Second Sonata.....Bach
Andante from Concerto No.1, op.17..Saint-Saëns
Song, "Murmelndes Lüftchen, Blüthenwind," Jensen
Concerto in B flat minor, Op. 23.....Tschaikowsky
Andante non troppo maestoso—Allegro con spirito—Andante semplice—Allegro vivace assai—Allegro con fuoco.

The Trio by Saint-Saëns, of which this was our first and only hearing, is classical in form, free from extravagance, poetic and felicitous in its suggestions, and for the most part light and delicate in treatment. The first movement (Allegro vivace) has an airy, playful theme, a passing breath of air, first caught by the 'cello, then the violin, then the piano takes it, and it develops in a most graceful, genial and artistic manner, showing that the composer has the master faculty of making much out of slight materials. The Andante (in A minor) has a serious, impressive, ballad like character, yielding at length to an episode in the major, of a quicker movement, and in altogether sweeter and more gracious mood,—a continuous legato melody in one or the other of the strings, while the piano furnishes a gentle harp-like figure of accompaniment. The Scherzo (Presto) seems for some measures a mere random touching of a few single notes, careless and impromptu, but growing into a theme, into a consistent movement beautiful and fascinating. The final Allegro still retains the character of lightness and is a fit conclusion to the whole; there are felicitous ideas in it, and we are inclined to call it the most interesting movement in the Trio, which was very finely rendered.

Four more transcriptions from Bach! The Air is from the Advent Cantata: "Schwingt freudig euch empor," a broad and flowing melody for the Soprano, to the words: *Auch mit gedämpften, schwachen Stimmen, etc.* (Even with subdued and feeble voices may God's majesty be honored). It is very beautiful, and it may be interesting to compare this song without words, into which Saint-Saëns has turned it, with the arrangement by Franz for voice with piano accompaniment. The Chorus: *Freue dich, geheil'gte Schaar*, is a quick, exulting movement, with a certain Gavotte-like swagger,- inspiriting and healthy music. The Gavotte from the second Violin Sonata (*Tempo de Bourrée* it is marked) was recognized as a vivacious, quaint old friend,—whether in a new garb entirely we cannot say. These pieces were all gracefully and characteristically rendered; but Mr. Lang's treatment of the noble fugue in E seemed to us a shade too sentimental.—It was a delicate and beautiful Andante which he played to us from the earlier Concerto of Saint-Saëns (we hope our readers are not already weary of so frequent mention of the name).—The Russian Concerto suffered peculiarly by being deprived of its orchestral background; for it is a work conceived in the extreme modern style, dependent upon brilliant accessories and color contrasts for its full effect. Without these, what intrinsically remains, with all its ingenuity and brilliancy, seems poor and uninspired and dull. Mr. Lang had mastered its immense technical difficulties surprisingly well; but it did seem as if, in putting off the gala dress, the soul had also faded from the features. How much of the pretentious music of to-day can bear this test? But Beethoven is Beethoven if you only feel his shadow pass you in the twilight!

A fresh and interesting feature of this concert was the singing of Miss Lillian Bailey,—her first public effort, we believe. She is a bright, enthusiastic maiden of sixteen, with a soprano voice of singular purity and sweetness, and of a sympathetic quality. For one so young she seems to have made careful studies, as well as to possess intelligence beyond her years, and we should say a decidedly musical nature. Certainly it was no slight test for such a child to sing (in German) Schubert's Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel, with good understanding and expression, although of course it lacked intensity. The song by Jensen is a charming one, with a beautiful accompaniment, and was sung gracefully and sweetly. But after all, it is still a child's voice, with childlike feeling, promising much, and hence the greater need of care and patient ripening in private study before coming out in public concert life; there all the danger lies.

The twelfth concert by Pupils of the College of Music of Boston University deserves notice if only for its excellent programme. It certainly indicates a positive advance in our ideas of musical education, and in the best direction, when the ambition of the pupil is engaged in the study and interpretation of such masterworks as these. Of the performances (under the direction of Mr. J. C. D. Parker) we had time to hear only a few; but what we heard was altogether creditable to the teacher and the taught.

1. *a.* Air and Variations [Harmonious Blacksmith], Handel
   b. March from Op. 6.....Saran
   Miss Annie M. Soule.
2. Theme and Variations in C-minor, Op. 1...Saran
   Mr. Fred. H. Lewis.
3. *a.* Two Nocturnes, op. 37.....Chopin
   b. Gavotte in C-minor.....Saint-Saëns
   Mr. J. D. Buckingham.
4. *a.* Andante Favori in F.....Beethoven
   b. Valse, Op. 64, No. 1.....Chopin
   Mr. D. S. Blanpied.
5. *a.* Fairy Tale, Op. 162, No. 4.....Raff
   b. Prelude.....Chopin
   c. Tarantelle.....Thalberg
   Miss Susie A. Pearson.
6. Faschingsschwank [Carnival Pranks] Op. 26, Schumann
   Mr. Allen W. Swan.
7. Concerto in E-minor [accompanied by 2d piano] Chopin
   Allegro maestoso—Larghetto—Rondo.
   Mr. John A. Preston, Jr.

Miss Amy Fay's Concert, at Mechanics' Hall, (Saturday evening, April 1), failed to attract so large an audience as her friends had good right to expect; but it was a musical, appreciative company, and the programme worthy of their best attention:

Concerto, G minor.....Mendelssohn
Miss Amy Fay, Mr. Aug. Fries, Mr. Henry Suck, Mr. Chas. Weinz, Mr. Wulf Fries, Mr. Aug. Stein.
Slumber Song.....Franz
Mr. George L. Osgood.
Phantaisie Stuecke.....Schumann
a. Des Abends. [Evening].
b. Aufschwung. [Soaring].

Quartet in D. [Op. 64].....Haydn
a. Allegro moderato. *c.* Menuetto Allegretto.
b. Adagio cantabile. *d.* Finale, Presto.
Grand Polonaise, E major.....Liszt
a. Thou Sunny Beam.....Schumann
b. Old German Spring Song.....Mendelssohn
Mendelssohn's last Composition.
Mr. George L. Osgood.
Canzonet.....Jensen
Valse Impromptu.....Liszt
Etude, C Sharp Minor, } .....Chopin
Etude, D Flat Major, }

In the rendering of these various selections Miss Fay showed all the brilliancy of execution, the free, bold, sure hand, of which we spoke after her concert at Cambridge. It was also evident that she had studied all the compositions carefully, both as to technique and intention. Yet there was felt a certain hardness and lack of the sympathetic quality in most of her interpretations. Doubtless it was owing in a great measure to embarrassment. The somewhat unfortunate accompaniment to the Concerto (the double bass not making an appearance) may well have disconcerted her; it was a correct, but rather a literal, cold rendering. So too in the Schumann pieces there was too much conscious effort; while in the Polonaise and Waltz by Liszt, the brilliant mastery seemed too much the triumph of determined will; she possessed the music (playing all from memory), but the music hardly possessed her. We can truly say, however, that some of the later pieces, especially the graceful Canzonet by Jensen and the C sharp minor Etude by Chopin, were played with feeling and expression. That this lady, in whom Liszt has taken so much interest, is destined to take a high place among our pianists, we can hardly doubt.

Mr. Osgood's singing was admirable; and the Haydn Quartet formed one of the most genial and refreshing features of the concert.

Von Buelow Recitals.

For real earnest lovers and students of pianoforte music, last week was a long, full festival in Boston. Five rich programmes—two of them entirely from Beethoven, one entirely from Chopin, one from Schumann and Mendelssohn, and one from

Schubert and Liszt,—were played to well nigh absolute perfection by this wonderful artist, who holds all these things in his memory, as well as in his fingers and his brain; nor can we any longer scruple to confess that he has them all too, in the best sense of the phrase, *by heart*. For how else can we account for such an absolute fidelity of memory, such clear conception, sure, discriminating grasp of each composer's individuality, and of the whole intention, even into the minutest detail, of every composition? Could you set a soulless machine to do all that? If not done *con amore*, could it be done at all? This man's whole life and being are absorbed in these interpretations. Yet so true are they, and so complete, in every sense, that they impress you as entirely impersonal; you are not listening to Von Buelow, it it Beethoven, or it is Schumann, Chopin, Mendelssohn; his own individuality never obtrudes itself, never warps, nor even colors what it transmits. You wonder at the quietude, the seemingly impassive coolness of the man who sits there so intensely occupied in working miracles almost. It is the "sleep" of the top, the rest of complete, unobstructed motion? If it was once much a matter of the will, it must now be matter of the heart; in the interpretation of Beethoven it must be something more than practice that makes easy.

We spoke of the interest which these concerts have for students; never before have we seen so many listening with the volume of Sonatas in their hands. And this is the true way to appreciate these masterly interpretations. What you see before you in notes and characters upon the page, is in a marvellous manner taken out of the book and put into the air as living sound; you hear it as you read it; the ideal has become audible and real; and it is done as quietly, as perfectly as the sun takes pictures; you feel no effort, no disturbing intervention of fingers and of mechanism. This may be or may not be genius; surely it is an invaluable help to anyone who must depend upon the sense of hearing mainly for any positive perception of the beauty and the meaning of those ideal and most difficult tone-poems which two or three only in a generation are competent to execute as they should sound.

The only serious obstruction to complete appreciation and enjoyment was the vast size of the Music Hall; such music requires close communion in a a smaller room; Von Buelow, to be sure, has such remarkable distinctness of touch and positive command of tone, even in the finest phrases, that the ear loses less than usual when he plays; but even he is obliged to play some passages not altogether as he would desire, to make them heard. In the present case, too, the audience was seldom larger than could be accommodated in a Chamber Concert hall.

Now think of the intense mental concentration, the unrelaxing muscular and nervous strain, the hidden evermore renewed excitement of the man who has been giving concerts of this exacting kind, night after night, and with no aid from others! (The matinée of Saturday was the 118th performance he has given in this country since his arrival in October). We have only room for a glance at what he has done for musical culture in our city in that single week. The programmes ought to tell the story for themselves; the rest may pass without saying, or be summed up in the general remark, already made, borne out by many witnesses, that everything was rendered with a marvellous perfection. In the first Recital (Monday afternoon, April 3), we heard three important Sonatas, besides other rare and noble works, of Beethoven:

1. Sonata Patetica. Opus 14.
2. Adagio con Variazioni. Op. 34.
3. Sonata quasi Fantasia Op. 27. No. I in E flat.
4. Sonata. Op. 110, in A flat.
   (Moderato cantabile molto espressivo—Allegro molto [Scherzo]—Finale: Recitativo, Arioso e Fuga).
5. Fantasia, Op 77.
6. XV Variations, Fuga ed Andante Finale on a Theme of the Sinfonia eroica, Op. 35, in E flat.

We have never heard the Pathetic Sonata played more entirely as it stands in our mind, after many years of study and familiarity with, in all respects of tempi, accent, phrasing and expression. The Adagio was rich, clear and satisfying, even in some measures which are apt to sound obscurely in the lower portion of the keyboard; and with what an exquisite piquancy and lightness he touched the theme of the Finale! We also thought we knew the *Sonata quasi Fantasia* in E flat before; but this time it had new richness, beauty, vividness of meaning, and new fire. In the great Sonata of the later period in A flat—that deep and passionate dramatic monologue—all the exquisite tenderness and beauty of the Recitative and Arioso were sensitively clear in form and accent; the *Cantabile* was perfect, and so was the Fugue. To know such works rightly, one must be a masterly pianist himself, or wait for one like Bulow to vouchsafe to him a hearing.—The second number of the programme is that remarkable set of Variations of which each one is a new creation, born of the first theme, yet each in a different key and different form, as Minuet, March, etc. A more elaborate series is the *Eroica* Variations, extremely difficult some of them, but not for this interpreter. Perhaps nothing gave us a fresher pleasure than to hear that wonderful *Fantasia*—the perfect type of a Fantasia, which you can imagine to have been improvised at one heat; we have often looked at it, tried easier parts of it, and longed to hear it. This time the longing was fulfilled, even to the perfect realizing of all those fleeting, delicate auroral coruscations and embellishments which we should think no fingers, but only electricity could render.

The other Beethoven programme (third Recital on Thursday) offered *four* Sonatas; thus:

Sonate. Op 31 No. 2 in D minor.
Sonata Op 109, in E major.
[Introduzione—Prestissimo—Andante molto cantabile con Variazioni].
Rondo Capriccioso. Op. 129. [Posthumous work].
Sonata Appassionata Op. 57, in F minor.
32 Variations sur un Theme original in C minor.
Les Adieux l'absence et le retour. Sonate caracteristique, Op. 81, a.

We may not stop to tell how admirably the two "Tempest" Sonatas were given, especially the fairy-like Rondo finale of the first, and indeed all of the *Appassionata*; nor how perfectly the sentiment of "Les Adieux" etc., the yearning and the rapture, were expressed,—one of the loveliest of the Sonatas, very seldom heard in public. The Rondo Capriccio seemed to us commonplace and slight for Beethoven. The 32 Variations on a Theme in C minor were set forth in all their significance of contrast.

The Schumann-Mendelssohn Night (Tuesday) is memorable for the inclement storm without and for the rare feast which rewarded the few faithful ones (barely 200) who braved its fury for the love of noble music. Here is the programme:

1. Robert Schumann:
   Third Grand Sonate in F minor.
   Allegro—Scherzo—Quasi Variazioni—Prestissimo.
2. R. Schumann:
   [a] "Blumenstück." Op 19.
   [b] "Abends" and "Grillen," from Fantasiestück. Op 12
   [c] Marche Nocturne from Op. 23.
   [d] Romance. Op. 28, No. 2.
   [e] Novellette Op 21, No. 7.
3. Felix Mendelssohn:
   [a] Allegro Grazioso. Op. 33, No. 2.
   [b] Prelude and Fugue Op. 35, No 1.
   [c] Scherzo. Op. 7 No 7.
   [d] Variations in E flat Op. 82
   [e] Grand Capriccio. Op. 7, in F sharp minor.
4. R. Schumann:
   "Wiener Fasching," five fancy pieces Op 26.
   Allegro—Romance—Scherzino—Intermezzo—Finale.

The little company made up by closeness of attention and sympathetic, frank applause, for lack of numbers, so that the magnetic *rapport* was complete between the giver and receiver. That Schumann Sonata was quite new here; in the first edition it was entitled a "Concerto without accompaniment,"—a notion of the publisher's, we think. It is full of original, imaginative strength and beauty, with traits here and there of the impetuous young *Davidsbündler* spirit. The theme on which the *quasi Variazioni* are written, was composed by Clara Wieck, and has a solemn, almost tragic grandeur. Some of the smaller Schumann pieces were new to most, and very interesting. So were some of the Mendelssohn selections; the Allegro Grazioso, the Grand Capriccio, and the quaint, bright little Scherzo, are singularly fresh and genial, and were exquisitely played, particularly the Scherzo, which called forth a general murmur of delight.

And now we must bring this to a swift conclusion, simply recording the last two programmes, that of Friday evening, April 7, which claimed our presence elsewhere, and that of Saturday afternoon,—the Chopin feast which was, in some respects, the most remarkable of all, the opening and closing numbers being entirely new to most of us.

IV.

1. Franz Schubert:
   Grand Sonate in A major, (last work but one).
   Allegro—Andantino—Scherzo—Rondo.
2. F. Schubert:
   [a] Impromptu in E flat. Op. 90 No. 2.
   [b] Elegie in G major. Op. 90, No. 3.
   [c] Capriccio. Op. 142, No. 4, in F minor.
3. F. Schubert:
   Two Waltz-Caprices. Illustrated by Franz Liszt.
   [Soirées de Vienne, No. 4 and 3.]
4. Franz Liszt:
   [a] Le lac. } Trilogie Suisse.
   [b] Eclogue. } Trilogie Suisse.
   [c] Au bord d'une source. } Trilogie Suisse.
   [d] Polonaise heroique, in E major.
5. F. Liszt:
   [a] Dans les bois. } Etudes de Concert.
   [b] Danse des Gnomes. } Etudes de Concert.
   [c] Mozourka brillante. } Etudes de Concert.
   [d] Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 12. (Dédié a Jos. Joachim.

V. [CHOPIN].

1. Third Grand Sonata in B minor. Op. 58.
   Allegro maestoso—Scherzo vivace—Largo—Finale.
2. [a] Variations on a Romance of Herold's Opus 12. [b] Nocturne, Opus 27, No. 2. [c] Impromptu, Opus 36. [d] Three Waltzes, Opus 34
3. [a] Ballade, Opus 23, in G minor. [b] Nocturne, Opus 9, No. 3 in B major. [c] Selection of Mazurkas. [d] Berceuse, Opus 57. [e] Polonaise, Opus 53
4. Grand Concert-Allegro in A major, Opus 46.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY. A week of Von Buelow is followed by a week of Oratorios. On Sunday evening the third and most successful presentation in this city, and this country, of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion Music* was given before a very large and deeply impressed audience. We need more room than we have now to speak of it.

—On Wednesday evening,—Mlle. TIETJENS having signified her wish to make her farewell appearance in America in our favored city—Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" and Rossini's *Stabat Mater* were performed.

Next Sunday evening (Easter) an Oratorio entirely new to our public, and of a heroic, joyous character, well suited to the season, Handel's *Joshua*, will be performed; an account of it, from last Sunday's *Courier*, will be found on another page, together with the list of solo artists. The Society has been fortunate in procuring, through the kind intervention of Mr. Dresel, now in Leipzig, the additional accompaniments prepared for it by Julius Rietz, the Dresden Kapellmeister.

And this reminds us of a similar service which Robert Franz has done for our Oratorio society, in completing the orchestral score of those portions of *The Messiah* which Mozart left in the imperfect, sketchy state in which the score came from Handel's hands. The following letter was read at a recent rehearsal of the Society:

To the President of the Handel and Haydn Society.

HALLE, Feb. 17, 1876

Most Honored Sir:—I have received your welcome letter of the 23d of January, through Messrs. Breitkopf and Haertel of Leipsic, and also your enclosure. For both I would convey to you my most grateful thanks, and pray you to transmit the same to the Directors of the H. H. S., in Boston. It has given me great pleasure to be able to show my friends in America how deeply I felt myself indebted to them. In many years nothing but what showed kindness and affection has reached me from them; and that too, at a time when I was struggling in my own country with many hindrances. These tokens of sympathy aided much in my development, and raised my flagging courage, when it otherwise might have failed. For such gifts there can be no return, and I shall always therefore remain deeply in your debt. In the assurance of my deepest respect, I remain,

Your obliged
ROBERT FRANZ.

Music in Chicago.

MARCH 26.—Since my last letter a great many musical events of some interest have taken place here, due notice of which I have been compelled to omit for lack of time to do it properly. Among these were the Von Buelow concerts, of which there were four, all but one of which I had the good fortune to hear. You have already spoken so justly of his playing that nothing remains for me to add save to record the fact that they were extremely well received and had very fair houses, amounting, I am told, to something over five thousand dollars for the four, which was very good for concerts given by two persons only, as these were. For myself I am unable to find Von Buelow lacking in soul. His playing is, of course, first of all intelligent and intellectual; but I

am unable to imagine that he could carry in his memory the immense repertory of pieces always at his command, if they did not exist for him as so much musical imagination. In other words his playing seems to me to indicate that these things exist in his mind as tone-pictures, or dreams remembered, and reproduced for the delight of the audience. Music seems to me a part of his nature, a mode of speech not distinctively his vernacular, but so thoroughly acquired and so habitual in practice as to have become very far from a merely slavish reproduction [however able] of notes set down for him by some greater enchanter. At all events the playing is delightful.

Another affair of no small local interest is the inception of a new choral society for the study of Oratorio. It is a West Side institution, of about a hundred members, working away at "Samson" under the direction of Mr. Blackman. When they appear in public I hope to be there to hear.

The second concert of the Apollo society occurred something over a month ago with a good programme, though perhaps a shade too English, the most trying number of which was Wagner's "Pilgrim Chorus" from "Tannhäuser," which was done remarkably well. Throughout this concert the superior discipline of the Club was very apparent. The piano-playing on this occasion was done by Mrs. Regina Watson, a lady who at one time had some lessons of Tausig, and who played here last winter as I wrote you at the time. Although of considerable attainments she is hardly a good public player, by reason of her great nervousness.

Then again there was a private musical evening given by the Hershey School of Musical Art, at which the programme was as follows:

1. Sonata in C, op 7.....Ludwig Berger
   H. C. Eddy.
2. { *a.* In questa tomba oscura .....Beethoven
   { *b.* "Der Fischer".....Curschman
   Mrs. S. B. Hershey.
3. { The Greeting, / The Maybells and the Flowers, } ..Mendelssohn
4. Sonata in D minor, op. 31, No. 2.....Beethoven
   Mrs. Clara von Klenze.
5. { *a.* "Good Night".....H. Clarence Eddy
   { *b.* Medje.....Gounod
   Mrs. Clara D. Stacey.
6. Capriccio Brilliante in B minor.....Mendelssohn
   Mrs. Clara von Klenze,
   with second piano part by
   Mr. H. Clarence Eddy.

Mr. Eddy is not distinctively a pianist, his touch lacking in the picturesque, though it is always a pleasure to hear so fine a musician; for refined and elegant phrasing and repose and accuracy of execution are not sufficiently common. Mrs. von Klenze is a new comer here from Berlin, a pupil of Kullak, a lady of great refinement and of a very delicate and elegant touch combined with considerable technique. She will devote herself to teaching, and I regard her as a very important accession to our local forces.

Last Thursday night came the third Apollo concert, with this programme:

1. Rhine Song.....Smart
2. Night Winds that so gently flow..Baptiste Calkin
3. Sonata Appassionata, op. 57.....Beethoven
   Miss Julia Rivé.
4. { *a.* Serenade .....Marschner
   { *b.* Miller's Song.....Zöllner
5. "Bel Raggio" [Semiramide].....Rossini
   Miss W. E. Benziger.
6. Latin Drinking Song.....R. Genée
7. Hymn to Music.....Lachner
8. { *a.* Ballade in Ab .....Chopin
   { *b.* Polonaise in E.....Liszt
   Miss Julia Rivé.
9. On the Water [with Baritone solo].....Abt
10. "Staccato Polka," vocal .....Mulder
    Miss Benziger.
11. Waltz [Arion].....Vogel

The most ambitious number was the Hymn to Music by Lachner, wherein he seems to have undertaken more in the line of descriptive illustration than the resources of a male chorus, with its somewhat monotonous timbre, permits of doing well. Throughout the evening the singing of the Club was of the most superior description. In all points they have not only gained, but reached a point of very fine attainment—far beyond any chorus singing ever heard here before. I am very sorry to be unable to send you Mr. Upton's opinion [the *Tribune*]; for the precision, pure tone, intelligent coloration of tone, solid intonation, fine shading, and balance of the parts, are all qualities which would have delighted him, had he not been detained at home by sad domestic affliction.

It is perhaps doubtful whether an abler chorus conductor than Mr. Tomlins can be found in this country. Certainly I have never heard choral work so well done, and I can only regret that such consummate patience and skill should not be applied in a broader field than that of the male chorus. If, for instance, one could hear the "Elijah" choruses performed with the finish this concert evinced, and accompanied by an orchestra like Thomas', with real artists for the solos, *there* would be a performance it would do one good to hear.

The pianist of this concert was Miss Rivé, who has been playing a number of programmes in this vicinity during the last three weeks. The quality of her programmes you can judge from the specimen, which is all I have room for, the programme of a Recital given here last night.

Beethoven—Sonata Appassionata, op. 57.
Schumann—Faschingsschwank, op. 26.
Roechel—"Beside the Sea."
Mrs. S. B. Hershey.
Beethoven—Concerto in C minor.
[Second piano part by W. S. B. Mathews].
Chopin—*a*—Ballade in G minor.
b—Valse in Db.
c—Scherzo in Bb Minor.
Weber—Perpetual Motion.
Raff—Gounod's Waltz in "Romeo and Juliet."
Liszt—Rhapsodie Hongroise. No. 2.

These selections were played before an audience of about four hundred [completely filling the room] and were received with great applause. All the critics agree that Miss Rivé has splendid technique and plays Liszt and that sort of thing in a way that leaves little room for even hyper-criticism. So I pass that and come to speak of her Chopin playing, in which also I think she excels. I could pardon one who disagreed with this verdict at the Apollo concert, where her rendering of the A flat Ballade came after two pieces by the chorus of seventy voices and could not but suffer from the contrast in volume and depth of tone. But last evening her performance of the Ballade in G minor and the Scherzo in B flat was, simply, great. For here we had first of all consummate technique; secondly perfect accuracy to the very last and most minute point; third a conception of the music which made it grand, picturesque, and profoundly significant; and finally the whole combined with a degree of enthusiasm and fire that one seldom hears equalled even in the greatest artists. Here indeed one heard the performance of an artist in her best mood. Equally fine in its way was her version of the lovely third concerto of Beethoven, of which she played only the first movement and Reinecke's cadenza, itself a most elegant piece of composition, and played little if any short of perfection. Having had the opportunity of hearing this concerto several times I am the more confident that the critics underestimate the artistic ability of this most talented young lady. And so I might go on and speak of her version of the great Sonata appassionata and the Schumann pieces, but I forbear. Every musician has his own idea of these great master-works, and the work of any interpreter necessarily runs counter to some favorite notion or other, especially as the great majority of those who hold and express in words their ideas of such pieces labor under an imperfection of technique that disables them from grasping the true climaxes of the piece, and so they labor for certain effects here and there which however excellent in themselves are incompatible with a broad grasp of the piece as a whole; as soon as an artist is able to present the *whole* piece he is obliged to reserve something for those moments where the composer has intended the passion to culminate, and this comes at the expense of many possible effects at less important points.

Miss Rivé played a programme substantially like the one here given before the young ladies in Ferry Hall Seminary at Lake Forest, and so what I here say is the conclusion arrived at after several hearings.

Mrs. S. B. Hershey is also a recent comer here, a contralto, who to a pure tone and irreproachable method adds a broad and noble delivery, and is a singer who in spite of a voice no longer fresh, is an artist of a higher type than we have had here before.

I ought also to speak of Miss J. W. Benziger of New York, who sang at the Apollo concert. The lady is, I am told, young and of considerable accomplishment in music, and on the evening in question made a great success with the audience; in spite of which I am sorry to be obliged to add that her selections were artistically insignificant, and even such as they were, were not justified by the finish of delivery which alone could excuse a singer for offering a large audience of some twenty-five hundred people four selections, all trashy [the Rossini "Bel raggio" being the best of the lot]. She seems to have aimed at the school of Carlotta Patti, but of course in precision of execution she has yet a great deal to learn. I can and do forgive a great deal to singers; they may sing out of tune if they cannot remember the key; they may murder the text as they usually do; but when they presume to offer the best concert audience that can be gathered in this city [be it better or worse] four selections totally wanting in nobility and significance, nothing but perfect execution can absolve them; and even then I must be permitted to have my opinion of their taste.

The Beethoven society is engaged on important works, of which more anon.

Mr. Wolfsohn has commenced a series of Chopin recitals, which are largely attended by those who are able to command a holiday on Saturdays.

I had it in mind to pay my respects to some of the musical criticisms here; but this is a broad [though shallow] subject, and demands more room.

DER FREYSCHUETZ.

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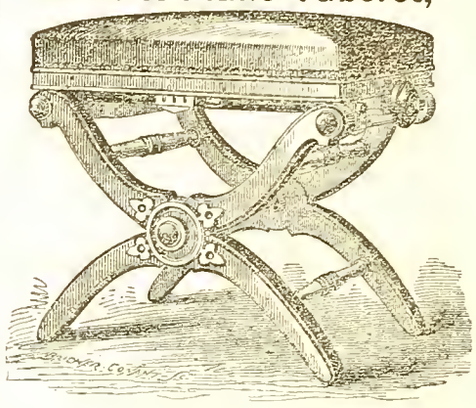

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WHOLE No. 914. BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1876. VOL. XXXVI. No. 2.

Inaudible Sympathy.

[From the *Concordia*, March 11.]

It was said, I think, of Macaulay that, although he was an excellent talker, those who were much in his company could not but be struck with his "extraordinary flashes of silence." Here, indeed, there is proof that it is sometimes wise to hold one's tongue, and that the profoundest sympathy with what is passing at the moment is not always audibly expressed. I have now in my recollection an instance of a man, highly cultivated both in literature and the arts, who prided himself upon the belief that he had educated his daughters to become "good listeners;" and, in truth, I have never met more intelligent guests in an assemblage where anything was said worth hearing. "Sir, if you do not mean anything, do not say anything," was Dr. Johnson's rebuke to a mere talker: but I might go further, and advise such persons not to say anything unless what they "mean" will compensate us for the valuable time they would occupy. When we are in the presence of men endowed with a special gift, it is good to train ourselves to a mute admiration of this gift. It must be remembered that it is a great power to compel an audience to listen, and all who possess this power, as a rule, rank higher than those who are constantly drawing forth expressions of approval: for where the personal obtrudes, the attention is so distracted that the judgment slumbers.

To apply this fact to the drama, it is necessary only to recall to mind those actors who, holding their auditors breathless throughout entire scenes, tacitly forbid applause, and to contrast them with those who, seeking for audible marks of approbation, are perpetually "making points." As there is a grief that lies too deep for tears, there must be an appreciation of sublimity in art too profound to be expressed by noisy demonstrations of gratification; and this feeling it should be the actor's art to reach, if he would win rather an enduring fame than a temporary notoriety. The decline of the stage as a vehicle for the representation of human feelings and actions may be dated from the time when the actor obtruded himself beyond the author, and sought his own glorification at the expense of the drama. An effective speech, a good exit, an exciting situation, became positively necessary when the worship of the executant was the one thing for the management to foster; and "sensation pieces" arose on the ruins of the plays which depended for their success upon carefully-written dialogue, variety of character, and a well-constructed plot. But, although the Drama has thus degenerated, we do not find that when anything good is placed before them, our audiences, as a rule, destroy the effect by undue and indiscriminate applause. Portia, for instance, in the trial-scene of *The Merchant of Venice*, at the conclusion of her speech upon Mercy, is not called forward to the footlights to make a curtsey and pick up bouquets. Hamlet is not made to take up Yorick's skull, after he has thrown it down, and deliver his oration upon life and death to Horatio over again. True it is that, within the recollection of many, an encore was attempted in a tragedy; but this good-humored joke only proved how utterly absurd such a proceeding would be were it intended in earnest. An amateur—known as *Romeo Coates*, from his always acting this part—finding the applause continue, and a demand raised for a repetition of his dying scene, actually believed that this ovation was a compliment to his acting, and would probably have died once more, in obedience to the request, had he not brought down the laughter of the house by innocently saying to the actor who bent over him, "Do you think they mean it?"

It is scarcely in accordance with the prevailing notion that the taste for the greatest musical works is very rapidly spreading, to assert that the audible sympathy which in a theatre is under somewhat reasonable control, should, in the opera house and concert-room, be so recklessly shown as utterly to ruin the poetry of the art. Yet that such is the case can be proved by the experience of all in the habit of attending musical performances. At the Opera it is thoroughly understood that the dramatic action is to be suspended whenever a show-piece has been sung, the vocalist being overwhelmed with applause whilst the rest of the company either look on or help the favorite of the evening to gather up the floral offerings which are showered upon the stage. If an encore should be insisted upon, the absurdity of repeating the expression of feeling I have pointed out as impossible to occur in a play is here enacted without a show of protest, the few intelligent dissenters from such an anomaly being compelled to silence by the majority. Certainly a very decided stand was made against this system by a portion of the audience during the late representation of Wagner's *Lohengrin* at the Royal Italian Opera; but, curiously enough, in spite of such manifestation, in this very Opera occurred one of the most glaring instances of thoughtless encores I have ever witnessed—the assembled warriors in the first act, who express in a highly dramatic chorus their wonder at the distant appearance of Lohengrin, in a skiff, drawn by a swan, being compelled to be astonished over again at his approach, although Lohengrin had in the meanwhile arrived in front of the audience, and was waiting to sing the farewell to his trusty guide.

These interruptions to the continuity of dramatic action by the clamorous demands of the many are of course so obviously absurd as to strike every thoughtful listener in an Opera-house; but we have equal violence offered to art in our concert-rooms. Applause constantly breaks in where an effective passage has been well played or sung; and it appears a recognized fashion to drown the purely orchestral portion of a Concerto by a tumultuous burst of delight at the solo performer, which he or she, despite the enormity of such a proceeding, is expected to acknowledge. It might be imagined that the concertos of Beethoven, Mendelssohn and many others are constructed so as to render such a desecration of a composition impossible; but the glorification of the executant has so far superseded the "inaudible sympathy" which the creation of a great master should inspire, that even those whose better judgment might recoil from such an action in a more artistic atmosphere are often led by custom to join in the applause. During the performance of a Symphony it is certainly not unusual to interrupt the work by marks of satisfaction whenever a particular passage is effectively given, and plaudits are therefore reserved for the conclusion of each movement. Here, however, occurs a dilemma which it is difficult to meet; for it is impossible to say whether the applause is bestowed upon the music or its execution. Somebody, nevertheless, must recognize it, and as the work is often by a deceased composer, and each instrumentalist cannot conveniently make his obeisance to the audience in front of his desk, the conductor usually turns round and bows himself. Surely absurdity can no further go. Solo vocalists, from experience, know perfectly well how to draw forth a solid round of applause; and, even at the sacrifice of the intention of the composer, they make the best use of this knowledge. The encore, although of course not so absolutely ridiculous as when occurring in an Opera, is almost always opposed to the wishes of a minority of the auditors; but, as any expression of dissatisfaction might be interpreted by the artist as a slur upon the manner in which a composition has been rendered, it is seldom that many voices are raised in dissent; sometimes, indeed, an unseemly battle rages between the opposing factions, yet few can doubt on which side the victory will invariably lie.

But it may be said that vocalists and instrumentalists who come before the public require constant applause as a stimulus to their exertions, and that they have no other method of ascertaining what impression they have made upon their audience. To this I would reply that nowhere is one of the grandest forms of musical art—the Oratorio—so thoroughly appreciated as in a Cathedral, where even the faintest murmur of applause is strictly prohibited. Here the eloquence of the music is in no degree deprived of its mighty power by the clapping of hands or the inexorable demands for certain portions of a work to be repeated. The feeling of devotion called forth at the commencement by the sacred character of the composition is never for a moment disturbed; one unbroken sequence of ideas is presented to the audience in a manner so perfect that the execution seems a component portion of the work; and although there is a consciousness with the listeners that every department, both in the orchestra and choir, is thoroughly efficient, the audible expression of this consciousness, even if it were permitted, would seem a sacrilege to all whose thoughts are centred upon the sublimity of the music itself. Will it be asserted, then, by any executant that this "inaudible sympathy" is not fully apparent to all concerned in the performance of the Oratorio? nay, more—that the deep and earnest attention of the audience during a solo, and a half-suppressed emotion at the close, do not convey a higher tribute of admiration to a sensitive vocalist than the ringing plaudits which can only be replied to by bows and curtseys, even if it do not lead to that still more absurd acknowledgment of public favor, the repetition of the entire piece? Surely at the Three Choir Festivals, where perfect silence reigns, the effect produced by a solo singer is as obvious as at the Opera—indeed, even more so, for vehement applause at our lyrical establishments has now so little to do with real success, that the more impassive listener has been taught to regard it, like the cheers of a mob in the streets during the progress of a noted personage, as a necessary noise, but little indicative of the true feeling of the people.

All who have faith in the effect of musical education must feel that the remedy for this evil will grow out of the advanced intelligence of our audiences. The only reason why the most interesting points of a drama are not constantly interrupted by violent applause and demonstrations of delight is that the listeners understand what they are hearing, and will not, in consequence, allow the interest to be broken. When, therefore, they are equally capable of comprehending the meaning and construction of a musical composition, they will repress all attempt to lavish marks of reward upon executants during its progress. "Inau-

dible sympathy" is not only the truest homage to the work, but to the worker; and any audible recognition of an artist's powers should be limited to appropriate times and places. That this desirable reform will gradually be effected there can be no doubt; and we must learn, therefore, patiently to wait. Meantime, however, it is good that these truths should be occasionally spoken, for they may not only assist in helping forward a more healthful appreciation of art in this country, but in proving to the composer that his real duty lies rather in endeavoring to strengthen the judgment of his hearers than in courting their favor by writing down to their weak points.

"Tristan and Isolde" in Berlin.

[Correspondence of the *London Musical World*.]

The long-expected event, the event looked forward to with such extraordinary curiosity, has at length come off. Richard Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* has been performed at the Royal Operahouse before an audience such as is seldom found within the walls of that edifice. Not a seat was empty, though the ordinary "high" prices of admission were doubled by order of the Intendant-General, Herr von Hülsen, while the outside ticket-sellers charged twenty thalers for a place in the pit. So much the better for Wagner and his Grand-National-Festival-Stage-Play-Tetralogical-Trilogy at Bayreuth, to which the Emperor, who was present on the first night, as he had been present at the grand rehearsal, ordered the receipts to be given. The Wagnerites were naturally wild with delight, and picture Wagner giving up the triumphal car which he now uses. After what has happened, they regard it as a one horse affair, and think their master ought to exchange it for a more brilliant vehicle drawn by two crowned heads, an Imperial and a Royal one, instead of by a king only, as hitherto.

It would be presumptuous in me to dilate at length upon the beauties of the piece. I will confine myself to stating that the first act went off satisfactorily. How could it be otherwise with people who had paid heavily for the privilege of witnessing the performance, and who wanted, by "making-believe" very hard, like Dicken's Marchioness with the orange peel, to persuade themselves they had a fair return for their money. It had been rumored about, moreover, that the Emperor was a convert to Wagnerism; and the game of follow-my-leader is played elsewhere than at school. Justice requires me to state, however, that Mdlle. Brandt was a most effective Brangäne, while Mdme. von Voggenhuber as Isolde, and Herr Niemann as Tristan, made love as warmly as the most uncompromising partisan of the Art-Future could possibly desire. But such erotic manifestations tax the artists' resources inconveniently. Though there was a wait of at least half-an-hour between the first and the second act, neither Isolde nor Tristan had sufficiently recovered from their previous amorous efforts to do as much as they might have done for the interminable love duet in the latter act. The public gave unmistakable signs of being bored, and well they might. The third act went off with somewhat more spirit; but, if you ask me whether I regard the performance as a thorough and genuine success, I answer unhesitatingly: I do not. It strikes me that very few, not Wagnerites, do so regard it.

Besides the artists already named, the cast included Herr Betz as König Marke, and Herr Schmitt as Kurvenal; but neither gentleman especially distinguished himself. The chorus was exceedingly shaky from time to time, though it has not very much to do. The orchestra, on the contrary, performed its arduous task with wonderful dash and correctness. At the fall of the curtain, we had applause, recalls, and "ovations" to all concerned. But, this notwithstanding, *Tristan und Isolde* is not a genuine triumph.

To prove that I am not alone in my opinion, I subjoin an article from the Berlin *Echo* of the 23rd March:—

"On the 20th March, Richard Wagner's musical drama of *Tristan und Isolde* was performed for the first time on the royal stage! This significant event compels us, at the last moment before going to press, to take up our pen—the pen which we would so willingly allow to remain quiet on the subject of a work which—nay, really and truly, dear reader, it is a difficult thing to guide the pen against the production of a man from whose head and heart there have sprung genial works, but whom we now behold, in a path far removed from that of human morality, and of Nature, employing the magic tones of music in the service of—grossness! Sublime Music, canst thou suffer that the emotions of love and affection, even of the most passionate kind, of a man for a woman, and of a woman for a man, of that affection which sinks deep into the purest depths of the human breast, and to cherish and develop which in all its purity are the tasks of all humanity—canst thou suffer love to be degraded by furiously bellowing the tones created for thy modest service, and that a degenerate screaming of human voices should convey to us the movements of the human heart? Canst thou suffer that, sprung from a fancy run wild, brainless words should be coupled with disorderly caricatures of thy otherwise so lovely strains? And when thy most favored servants, thy Glucks, Mozarts, Beethovens, Webers, and their splendid creations, their Iphigenias, Paminas, Leonoras, Agathas, and Euryanthes, are all incapable of resisting the tendency to what is common, that stream which is overwhelming thy kingdom, as well as other things, why dost thou not send us thy Messiah, that, with the vigorous words of truth he may purify the temple, and strew about more healthy seed! If, in the second act of this drama, Tristan and Isolde, during an entire hour, writhe here and there about the stage in the wild intoxication of love; if, like lunatics, they shriek forth the most meaningless and stupid verses, perfectly incomprehensible for a healthy brain, and gradually excite each other with an exaggerated amount of strength and effort; if, in the third act, the hero, Tristan, wounded to the death, flings himself here and there incessantly before our eyes upon a bear-skin; if, in addition to all this, an orchestra is let loose, which, beginning with low tone-distortions, keeps continually pulling itself together to indulge in the wildest tumult, that brays down everything else; if this heralds in the Drama of the Future, then, dear reader—then rejoice with us, for out of the dark night there will arise the bright light of day! *One* more victory like the present, and Wagner's belauded works of the Future will be inevitably swallowed up in the abyss of oblivion. It strikes us that the ruddy dawn of due appreciation is already approaching; that a slight twilight is making itself perceptible on the horizon of public opinion. Though the noise-seeking enthusiasts of the Wagnerian Muse took care there should be no want of the usual uproar, though many less interested persons, stunned by the surging waves of the orchestra, were carried away to applause, the calm observer could easily perceive that the largest and best portion of the public were undeceived, as they rose from their seats, and, with sobered feelings, turned their backs on the work they had just heard. There is not the slightest doubt that, after some few representations, *Tristan und Isolde* will undergo the well-merited doom of never again awakening. So the only question remaining is to what end so much useless labor has been expended, and such an amount of artistic efforts sacrificed. This is a question which we shall endeavor to answer in a more comprehensive notice in our next number."

Referring to the production of *Tristan und Isolde*, a correspondent of the *Daily News* says:—

"The dramatic effect of the work is exceedingly powerful; the music is Wagnerian. That is to say, the plot is skilful, and skilfully worked out, and the music is well adapted to illustrate, and even interpret the plot. No mistake is more commonly made than to speak of Wagner's music in an absolute sense. There is no such thing as Wagner's music, which is sometimes called the music of the future, but only Wagner's opera, which may or may not become the opera of the future. Wagner's 'theories' are not theories of music, but theories of the opera. Hence it is impossible to give a correct idea either of the text or of the music separately. The two are inter-dependent; they are so fused together in obedience to a philosophical principle, that they must be studied, not simply together, but simultaneously. Every artist has a right to demand that his work be judged in relation to his object and principles, and no one has suffered more than Richard Wagner from violation of this right. Let me illustrate by this very opera. In the clandestine meeting in the garden between Tristan and Isolde there is a prolonged duet. To many it doubtless seemed an interminable duet. It was a development of Schopenhauer's theory of love, which seems to be some mysterious reconciliation of eternal separation with eternal union. It took the two nearly three quarters of an hour of hard singing to work out the problem. Now, if any portions of this music were rendered alone instrumentally, they would perhaps seem to be an unmelodious jargon. But music, and text, and subject, and surroundings are all harmonious in the opera, and bound together by a philosophical principle of unity. Unless a man can think himself into this principle, or realize it to his mind as applied on the stage, he has no right to criticize Wagner. It would be as absurd for a Frenchman to pronounce Hegel's philosophy false, because to him it was unintelligible. There are men who do understand Hegel, and to them his philosophy is the spring of all intellectual progress."

A correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* gives a very amusing, though occasionally flippant description of *Tristan and Isolde* as performed in Berlin. The following are some of his general remarks:

"In *Tristan and Isolde*, Mr. Wagner has achieved one of the most amazing feats ever attempted by a musical composer—he has produced an opera over four hours in length, which does not contain a single melody of any description whatsoever. There is not an eight-bar tune in any part of the piece, orchestral or vocal. None of this gentleman's works can be truthfully said to overflow with easy melodies- with the sort of tunes that a person endowed with a quick musical ear can pensively whistle as he strolls home from the theatre, or pick out on the pianoforte-keys after having once heard them. Leaving, however, *Rienzi*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin* out of the question, in which numbers that are quite unmistakably songs may be found upon rigorous search, I will merely observe that, compared to *Tristan and Isolde*, the *Flying Dutchman* is a veritable Little Warbler, and the *Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, a choice selection of negro melodies. One phrase, composed of enharmonic modulations, arrived at by semitonic extension at both ends of the initial chord, pervades the whole opera in an inexpressibly tiresome manner. It is intended to be typical of the *Liebestrank* or *Elisir d'Amore*—how better an apothecary's mixture compared to Donizetti's sparkling potion!—upon which the chief dramatic incident of the play turns, and the audience is pitilessly constrained to drink of it, figuratively speaking, until the hardiest stomach turns and the most Spartan endurance breaks miserably down. The opera is one long dose of this sickly cordial, doled out by Mr. Wagner *ad nauseam* in countless spoonfuls. Not only is this crushing performance remarkable in the respect that its author has developed an almost superhuman ingenuity in keeping it void of melody, but in the still more surprising peculiarity that its orchestral accompaniments are contrived to bear such relation to the vocal parts that the audience can never be sure whether or no the singer be emitting the note written for him or her, as the case may be—an arrangement which is not without considerable negative advantages to an executive *personnel*, any member of which, with one conspicuous exception, is constitutionally incapable of singing the simplest music in tune, as is the case in the *corps d'artistes* to whose discordant utterances I had the misfortune of listening yesterday evening. The harmonies of *Tristan and Isolde* are prepared and resolved in such sort that you never know where to have them, and are alternately suspended upon tenterhooks of anticipation—tenterhooks forged out of your musical experiences and reasonings—and hurled into abysses of disappointment. The tricks—some of them diabolically malignant—thus played with the voices and instruments of the executants and with the ears of the listeners are innumerable, and display a weird cleverness on the part of their inventor. There is not an instant's repose in *Tristan and Isolde*, save between the acts; the tension of the oral nerves is unremitted—nothing comes off as it might be expected to "eventuate"—all is confusion, accidentals,

diminished sevenths, minor resolutions when major ones seem to be foregone conclusions and *vice versâ*, horrid discords, false concords, moanings, gruntings, and yells—a very Pandemonium of sound."

The letter concludes thus:—

"It must not be inferred from the tone or substance of the foregoing letter that I undervalue Mr. Wagner's merits as a musician and a poet, or that I am prejudiced against his compositions in either branch of art. I went to hear *Tristan and Isolde*, sincerely hoping and, I may say, over-confidently expecting, to derive extreme gratification from listening to the ripe work of a great master—for such is, or was, Richard Wagner, most unquestionably. I came away from the theatre bitterly disappointed, having undergone real suffering where I anticipated keen delight. The truth is that *Tristan and Isolde* is as bad a work as *Lohengrin* is a good one—radically bad, vicious, unrighteous, without a redeeming feature of any genuine significance. In it every canon of musical art is violated—above all, that crowning one which decrees that music shall be beautiful *avant tout*. Its very skeleton is at once monstrous and deformed, and the outer case in which the bones are enwrapped is full of subtle diseases, and defaced by every imaginable blotch, stain, and excrescence. It is a circumstance to be mourned by every true musician that the author of so noble a production as the *Fliegende Holländer* should have inflicted such an insult upon the divine art as *Tristan and Isolde*."

Noticing Ferdinand Hiller's comparison of Wagner and Napoleon III., the *Pall Mall Gazette* observes:—

"Is there not, again, something Napoleonic—as the word was used up to the year 1849—in Herr Wagner's compelling the musicians and musical amateurs of Europe to take tickets for his Baireuth performances at the rate of £15 for the entire series, or £15 for a series of four? In economical Germany £15 is a good deal of money to lay out on four days' operatic representations; and £45 is more than it would cost a rich amateur to go to the opera every night for a year. When Balzac, in inflated moments, called himself the 'Napoleon of the pen,' it is not quite clear what he meant. But it is certain that Balzac once conceived, more as a dream than as a reality, the notion of having his own drama of *Vautrin* played before such an audience as Napoleon I. assembled at Erfurt, and as Herr Wagner will bring together—for the first time since Erfurt—at Baireuth. Napoleon I., at his great theatrical festival, is said to have had 'a parterre of Kings;' which seems improbable, since, if all the Kings had been placed in the pit, there would have been no Royal personages worthy of the position to occupy the dress-circle—supposing the private boxes to have been reserved exclusively for the Emperors and their suites. Herr Wagner expects not a royal and military, but a royal and musical audience to hear his trilogy; and the Generals of Erfurt will be replaced at Baireuth by eminent composers and distinguished *virtuosi*. Those strangely constituted persons who, like Ferdinand Hiller, derive little or no pleasure from Wagner's music say that it is not as an operatic composer nor as a theatrical manager, but as a manager of men, that he has succeeded in inducing so many of the great personages of the earth to promise their attendance next autumn at Baireuth. Such may be the case; but that is not the question. The question is whether the Baireuth gathering is worthy of being considered Napoleonic, as in the style of the first Napoleon, or only Napoleonic as in the style of the third."

Old Dance Forms.—Herr Pauer's Lecture on the Piano Music of Sebastian and Emanuel Bach.

[Reported in the *London Musical Standard*, April 1.]

Herr Ernst Pauer devoted his second lecture at the South Kensington Museum to "The Freer Style of Pianoforte Music as illustrated by the works of Sebastian and Emanuel Bach, and their now almost-forgotten contemporaries." The lecturer said:—

It will be remembered that we spoke in the first lecture of the different kinds of instruments, the Clavichord, Virginal, Spinet, etc.; it is now necessary to glance at the different musical forms, Allemande, Sarabande, Bourrée, Gigue, etc. Of the dance, nothing was retained but the charateristic expression, the time not being regulated by the dance. Great attention was bestowed on the working out; Counterpoint was used for the part writing, the Double Equiration was added to give brilliancy; and the Suite was thus installed as expressive of the dance. No composers brought this form to such perfection as Handel and Bach; they understood how to preserve the characteristic expression of Allemande, Bourrée, Chaconne, Courante, Gigue, Hornpipe, Passepied, Polonaise, Minuet, Sarabande, etc. The characteristic expression of these forms will be perceived more completely by arranging them under the measures 3-4, 6-8, and Common Time. In 3-4 time are the slower forms: the Sarabande, Chaconne, Courante, Minuet, and Polonaise; in 6-8 time are the Siciliano and Gigue, which resembles the modern Tarentelle, and the Saltarello; the Gigue is written also in common time, but it is best in 6-8 time; it was first used in Ireland, and the melodies of that country still retain its characteristic expression; it is said also to have been played for rope dancing, which seems likely to be correct, in so far as the balance would be more easily maintained to a duple than a triple measure. In Common Time are the Allemande, Bourrée, Hornpipe, Gigue, and Rigaudon. Bach, however, wrote the Bourrée, which is the same as the Hornpipe, in 3-4 time. A cursory glance at the old dance forms shows how important they were in Clavecin music; each had its charm, and by them composers learnt how to invent more fascinating tunes. We see then how important the people's music, the dance, was to instrumental music generally; and in this widening and consolidating of popular forms, we see, also, why music has such a great hold on the public, which is, because it keeps up a connection with the lowest ranks of society, and refines the popular airs and dance tunes, thus attaining a popularity which painting and poetry could not have, although the latter can do a great deal in the form of popular songs. We may point out, *en passant*, the difference between the cyclical and the simple forms; the former contains the suite, sonata, and any piece having three or four movements; the latter, any piece having a single movement only, as the nocturne and fantasia. The partita—a form used by Bach—was the same as the suite, being in several parts. In the tocceta, as used in old music, from *toccare*, to touch, certain passages were repeated over and over, and in a freer style; the capriccio has now taken its place. The ricercata, from *ricercare*, to seek, was like a prelude, preparing the hearer for the principal piece; another explanation of it is that it is an art fugue containing all sorts of contrapuntal devices. Fugue, from *fuga*, flight, is a composition in the strictest style, in which a subject is introduced by one part, and repeated by the others according to fixed laws. Symphony was not used for such forms as Haydn and Beethoven wrote, but was an overture or anything coming before the aria. In all Italian operas in which there was no overture, a sinfonia was written by the old composers. We see that the sonata is an abridgment of the suite, which first contained an allemande, courante, sarabande, gavotte or bourrée, fugue and gigue. Scarlatti, Couperin, and Rameau showed how these forms could be used, Bach perfected and idealized them. The peculiar strength of Bach consists in the suffusion of intellectual force, and an amalgamation of the profoundest science with the most charming and refined art, which was hitherto unknown. It is acknowledged that he owed much of this power to his severe study of contemporary composers. The works of Scarlatti, Couperin, and Rameau were then very difficult to procure, but his energy of will overcame all obstacles. He perused Italian and French works, not copying their form, but penetrating into their intellect and spirit; and now, after 127 years, his fugues and suites have the same charm as when the venerable master first put them on paper. The first stage of Clavecin literature thus came to a triumphal conclusion with Bach, who gave it the last finishing touch. The smaller forms were rendered so perfect as to become models. Our admiration and interest in Bach is not therefore merely historical, but excited by the beauties of his style, which we do not find antiquated. He was so thorough an expression of the spirit of his times, that in playing his compositions we are transported one hundred and twenty years back, forget our modern feelings, and what we call *rococo* in others, we never feel with him. He worked out his figures with more logic than others, gave them greater significance and a higher meaning, which resulted from his power of intellect; and we find in him a link with the present, for although we have attained to a richer expression and have better instruments, no progress in harmonization has been made since Bach. It is no exaggeration to say that in his works may be found every chord and harmony used by composers after him; and we may go so far as to maintain that the modern composers, such as Brahms, adopt the system of Bach, and in listening to their music we feel nearer to that of the old composers, than when we hear Beethoven, Weber, or Schubert. With Scarlatti and Couperin we feel at once that it is old music; it sounds strange, cold, and old fashioned, and excites curiosity rather than sympathy; the heart is not warmed by it. Bach is also popular as being one of the main sources of pianoforte playing and practice for all who would become efficient executants. It may be said that through the mastery which Bach attained, it is to him that we owe the initiative to the free style and the consolidation of rules. Although the basis of the free style rests in scientific treatment, still there were boundaries that prevented a free treatment. All was objective or outward; the form was still supreme, and kept intact with almost religious care. Bach's works, in the order of their difficulty, would be, beginning with the easy, the duets, inventiones, symphonies, six French suites, six English suites, six partitas, which may be played with real pleasure, the toccatas, which are interesting, the concertos, the chromatic fantasia; a mine of noble harmonies; and the "Wohl Temperirte Clavier," the forty-eight preludes and fugues, which are a monument of the highest art. "Wohl temperirte" means well tuned. Before Bach tuning was not sufficiently advanced to enable the performer to play in all the keys; and Bach, who not only had genius, but also mechanical skill, found out how to perpetuate his achievement when he wrote his "Wohl temperirte Clavier," which is, indeed, not only a monument of art, but a triumph of human intellect, a veritable book of wisdom.

As specimens of the great Sebastian Bach, Herr Pauer played: Inventiones Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4; Suite Anglaise, No. 2, in D minor; Prelude and Fugue in C sharp major, from the first book; and Air and Gavotte in D major. The lecturer continued—

Before passing to Emanuel Bach we must mention Friedemann Bach (1713-1780), some of whose Polonaises anticipate that romantic feeling which played so important a part in the later Clavecin literature. He was rather a dissipated man, and either too careless or too idle to write his compositions, so that we have only fifteen or eighteen preserved. The Polonaises are the most finished, and deserve to be well-known; they are, of course, not like the modern ones, but when we think how old they are, we find them astonishingly full of sweet harmony.

The lecturer having played two of Friedemann Bach's Polonaises, continued: Emanuel Bach, the second son of Sebastian, declared that German music was especially adapted to unite the qualities of the French and Italian styles. He was more a man of the world than his father, and anxious to regard all that was most pleasing. With all the difference between him and his father, we perceive the same order and clearness in the works of both, although in loftiness of ideas Sebastian was far superior. Although nearer to us in point of time, and, indeed, forming the connecting link between old and modern music, yet Emanuel Bach's music sounds more antique than that of his father. While Sebastian was a stranger to fashion, Emanuel was much influenced by the taste of his time, and showed a desire for ornament and elegance which, compared with the dignity of his father's style, appears of less importance. Emanuel was more honored by his public, than Sebastian was by his; his music was more easy, but it is undeniable that Sebastian will always stand higher than his gifted son. Emanuel rendered important service in introducing a freer and more independent style, and endeavoring to sing on the instrument; he possessed refinement, elegance, and pleasantness, rather than grandeur. He largely developed the sonata form, and was the predecessor of Haydn. Another of his merits is his essay, "Die wahre Kunst Clavier zu spielen," published in 1753, which Haydn declared to be the school of schools, and from which Clementi said that he had formed his style of playing. Its merit lies in subjecting practical playing to a strict analysis.

As an illustration, Herr Pauer played Emanuel Bach's concerto in A major, from the first set for connoisseurs. Before concluding, said the lecturer,

er, it will be well to summarize what has been said:—

Sebastian Bach consolidated the forms then in fashion, rounded and improved the Suite, containing all the dances then in fashion, and for a similar application of science in the pleasantest forms we seek in vain among his contemporaries. In harmonization we have not made much progress since his time; but we have improved in melody. Bach's melodies have a certain modesty, they lack boldness and nervous force; nor is this any reproach to him, but a result of the insufficiency of his means, and it is a sign of genius that he could write such works for such instruments. He excelled especially in sacred compositions. He concludes the first period of Clavecin literature. Emanuel Bach consulted the public taste more, and wrote in a lighter style. He developed the Sonata form, and gave the first indications of that lyrical style which made Haydn and Mozart so charming. A transformation was effected; the scholastic style disappeared before a more natural one, which with Haydn and Mozart attained greater importance, Emanuel's form becoming rounder and more plastic. The latter used the pianoforte, and from this capacity of the instrument for loud and soft playing resulted in part the difference between Sebastian and Emanuel. To complete the subject, the contemporaries of these composers should be mentioned; among these were Francesco Durante, Baldassaro Galuppi, Padre G. B. Martini and Domenico Paradies in Italy, Schubert in France, and Graun in Germany.

Herr Pauer concluded his interesting address by playing, as specimens of these composers: Studio in A, by Durante; Sonata in D major, by Galuppi; Gavotte and Ballet by Father Martini; Sonata, by Paradies; and Minuetto and Allegro molto, by Schubert.

Prof. Paine's Symphony.

[From the New York *Nation*.]

The symphony is, indeed, one which well repays careful study. For while it cannot be said to indicate a "new departure" in the art of symphonic writing, it illustrates forcibly how much can be achieved without overstraining the mould elaborated by Beethoven for this form of music. It serves to support the opinion of those who hold that in many respects the extravagances of modern instrumental music are due to insufficient mastery of the technique of contrapuntal and thematic treatment. For want of skill in the use of the legitimate means of developing a fundamental melody, modern composers have too often resorted to the excessive multiplication of themes, or to ill-organized modulations, or to sensuous effects of rhythm or of instrumentation, surprising for the moment, but in the long run tedious and unsatisfactory. Schubert and Schumann, and among second-rate composers Liszt, are all in some degree amenable to this criticism; while Mendelssohn, on the other hand—the one modern symphonist who in mastery of form rivals the older masters—with all his Virgilian elegance and majesty, is lacking in the deeper emotional qualities to which Mozart and Beethoven gave expression. Hence the inference has been frequently drawn that further progress in the path marked out by Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven is impracticable, and that the greatest wealth of musical expressiveness can only be attained at the present day by partially or wholly discarding the strict sonata-form in which these masters developed their greatest thoughts. Without seeking to decide so far-reaching a question, we think one may safely cite Mr. Paine's symphony as valuable testimony to the unsoundness of this inference. Mr. Paine's easy mastery of the whole technique of musical form is so conspicuous that no competent listener can fail to be struck with it. As a contrapuntist he has few rivals, and of the various resources of thematic development he has acquired such thorough control that the art is ever concealed by its own perfection. A musical critic will soon be struck with this on studying the score of the first movement of this new symphony or of some of the principal choruses in "St. Peter." The listening public, which does not understand the technical secret of such effects, will still recognize the masterly comprehension which foresees the end from the beginning, which never gropes or fumbles for a decisive chord or leading turn of melody, but promptly strikes it as if its position were fore-ordained and could admit of no doubt or misgiving. This mastery of form is still further exemplified in the clearness with which the musical themes assert themselves amid the sweeping current of subordinate sounds, so that they are easily carried away from the concert-room and dwelt upon in memory. A thorough master of form never loses sight of the fact that the most complicated symphony is but a highly-developed song, and this fact Mr. Paine has not lost sight of.

Now, along with this formal power, which enables the composer to make two or three bright phrases tell a long and consistent musical story, we think it may be fairly conceded that the new symphony shows marked originality in invention of themes. It is not easy to decide such a point upon technical considerations, but every one accustomed to hearing music knows the characteristic turns of melody which distinguish the works of original composers—the ear-marks, as it were, by which their style of thought is betrayed. One would no more hesitate between the melodic phrases of Chopin and Mendelssohn than between the literary phrases of Carlyle and Macaulay. In this respect, if Mr. Paine sometimes recalls to us the tones of Bach and again of Schumann, yet on the whole there is a freshness and novelty about his themes which awakens interest, while it is saved from provoking us by the formal skill which elucidates each motive, until on its final recurrence it compels our assent and causes all our mind and heart to go along with it.

Such an interesting combination of melodic fertility with classical form should be enough to make us reconsider some of the questions which there has lately been a disposition to let go by default. Such a work as Mr. Paine's symphony is in itself a protest against the inferences which might be too hastily drawn from the recent prevalence of compositions in the various styles of Raff, Rubinstein, and Liszt. Indirectly, it is a protest against unreserved acquiescence in the methods of composition of which Wagner is the great representative; although, with its close adherence to classical form, Mr. Paine has drawn upon modern sensuous resources of instrumentation to no less an extent than Wagner, and in so doing the sympathetic skill with which he has considered the idiosyncrasies of every instrument is by no means the least of his merits. Both in melodic development and in orchestration the significance of Mr. Paine's work lies in its attempt to attain originality of musical expression without deserting classical form, and by its success in this will its permanent value be estimated. For the present, we think its favorable reception augurs well for the success of future attempts which, with wider experience and in yet bolder mood, its composer is likely to make in this direction.

Joachim and his Detractors at Berlin.

The High School for Music, which, in connection with the Royal Academy of Arts, can, under Joachim's admirable management, boast of continuous success, has, for a considerable period, been the object of attacks as unwarranted by fact as they are spiteful. These attacks have found characteristic utterance in a small publication, which has recently appeared, from the pen of a Herr August Reissmann, of Berlin. The said publication, both as regards form and contents, can be designated only as a pamphlet. The author (who makes no secret of the fact that the appointment of artists, not natives of Prussia, to the High School, very sensibly wounds his strongly developed local patriotism) discusses, in a strikingly partial tone, the work done by Joachim and the masters under him; overwhelms other artists, nearly related intellectually to the master, with unjustifiable invectives, and, finally, allows himself to be carried so far by his blind zeal as to call the attention of the Lower House to the alleged abuses in the Royal High School. With regard to the value and the justice of these attacks, especially in so far as they are directed against Joachim *personally*, the Chamber of Deputies fully enlightened the general public at the sitting of the 16th March. During the consideration of the several items in the estimates of Public Worship and Education, the subject was brought under discussion. An honorable member, Dr. Loewe [Calbe], who began by stating that he regarded as well-founded some of the complaints against the *institution*, took Joachim's part in the most energetic manner. He said that: "The persons who made the complaints had injured their cause extremely by giving the complaints so *personal* a character, and, more particularly, by directing them against the *Director* of the High School for Music individually, an artist of the first rank, whose genuine artistic disposition is proved most strikingly by the fact that, as executant, he presents the public with the masterpieces of our classical period in the best way—a perfect manner; doing so with rare *self-abnegation*, for he does not exhibit the pretension of other executants, who come before the public merely to shine by means of their technical skill, their dexterity, or their own compositions."

Immediately afterwards, Dr. Schöne, Government Commissary and Privy Councillor, spoke as follows:—"The honorable member who has just sat down informed us that he wished and expected the Government to state what was their position with regard to the very violent attacks of which the Academy of Art, and especially the High School for Music, had been the objects. Gentlemen, the Government really desires nothing better than to do so; not, however, on the ground that they consider it their duty to act as the representatives of literary productions, for the discussion of which this is not the place, but because they hold themselves justified in declaring that, in the present and in all similar instances, they have adhered to the principle, which will certainly meet with the approbation of this honorable House, of conscientiously investigating every criticism, no matter how bitter and inimical it might be, directed against any matter and its requirements, and of appropriating and turning to account whatever in such a criticism was justified by the fact; but attacks which have nothing to do with *fact* nor with *truth*, and which *bear the stamp of impure motives upon their front*, such attacks, gentlemen, it is our principle simply to despise."

Thus have been repulsed the attacks against one of our best and most disinterested artists, who, to the glory of German art, has, in so short a time, raised the Music School of the capital to a most flourishing condition. The blow intended for Joachim has recoiled with double force upon him who aimed it.—*German Paper.*

Handel's Oratorio, 'Susanna.'

M. Schœlcher, in his Life of Handel, records that the oratorio 'Susanna' was composed when Handel was sixty-three years old, and was written between the 11th of July and the 12th of August, 1748, having followed 'Solomon,' which was composed in the same year, between the 5th of May and the 19th of June. Both works were performed at Covent Garden Theatre during the season of 1749, and such was the popularity of 'Susanna' that it was given the same number of times as 'Samson' and the 'Messiah' that is, four times, whereas 'Solomon' and 'Hercules' were only performed twice. 'Susanna' was revived with new additions and alterations, at Covent Garden on the 9th, 14th, 16th, and 21st of March, 1759—a year to be remembered, for on the 6th of April the 'Messiah' was given under Handel's direction, for the last time. And everybody knows he died on Good Friday, the 13th of April following. The only other reference to 'Susanna' in M. Schœlcher's book is this: "The couplets in 'Susanna,' 'Ask if yon damask Rose,' were worth a fortune. They were engraved in every form. *The Lady's Magazine* gave them to its subscribers even as late as 1793. They were sung with other words, 'Let rakes and libertines,' in 'Love in a Village,' a comic opera, produced in 1762." Now this transfer of one of the principal airs in 'Susanna,' that sung by her attendant in the second part, when the former is sighing for the return of her "dearest youth, Joachim," from a sacred to a secular work is indicative of the nature of the book, as well as of the style of the music. 'Susanna' is no more an oratorio than 'Acis and Galatea;' it is essentially a serious opera; there are no antagonistic elements of sects and believers to call forth the composer's powers of contrast. 'Susanna' is a stage story of a girl persecuted by two villains, whose titles are those of "Elders;" Joachim, her husband, is the tender alto; Chelsias is the fond father of the heroine, who has a faithful friend in the attendant, who has been crossed in love; Daniel is the righteous and sagacious judge, who cleverly cross-examines the two prosecutors, and convicts them of perjury, and thus the *dénoûement* is reached, with the voices of the people, who have acted throughout the work as a Greek chorus, singing—

> A virtuous wife shall soften fortune's frown,
> She's far more precious than a golden crown.

Instead of being sung in the concert-hall, 'Susanna' should be acted and sung in the theatre of the Alexandra Palace with a *mise en scène*, the words, of course, being modified and brought within the approval of our dramatic licenser, for it seems as if situations and dialogue will pass muster in an oratorio which would not be permitted in an opera.

Setting aside, however, the consideration of the drama and poetry of 'Susanna,' unqualified admiration must be expressed for the dramatic attributes displayed by the composer in setting the story; the most remarkable skill is exhibited in individualizing the characters, each one having musically a special physiognomy, so to speak,—hence the marked contrast in the music allotted to the first Elder (the tenor) and to the second Elder (the bass), the former sly and insinuating, the latter reckless and fiery. Susanna's strains have a type of their own, affec-

INTRODUCTION.

Niels W. Gade, Op. 12.

Molto moderato.

Piano-Forte.

pp

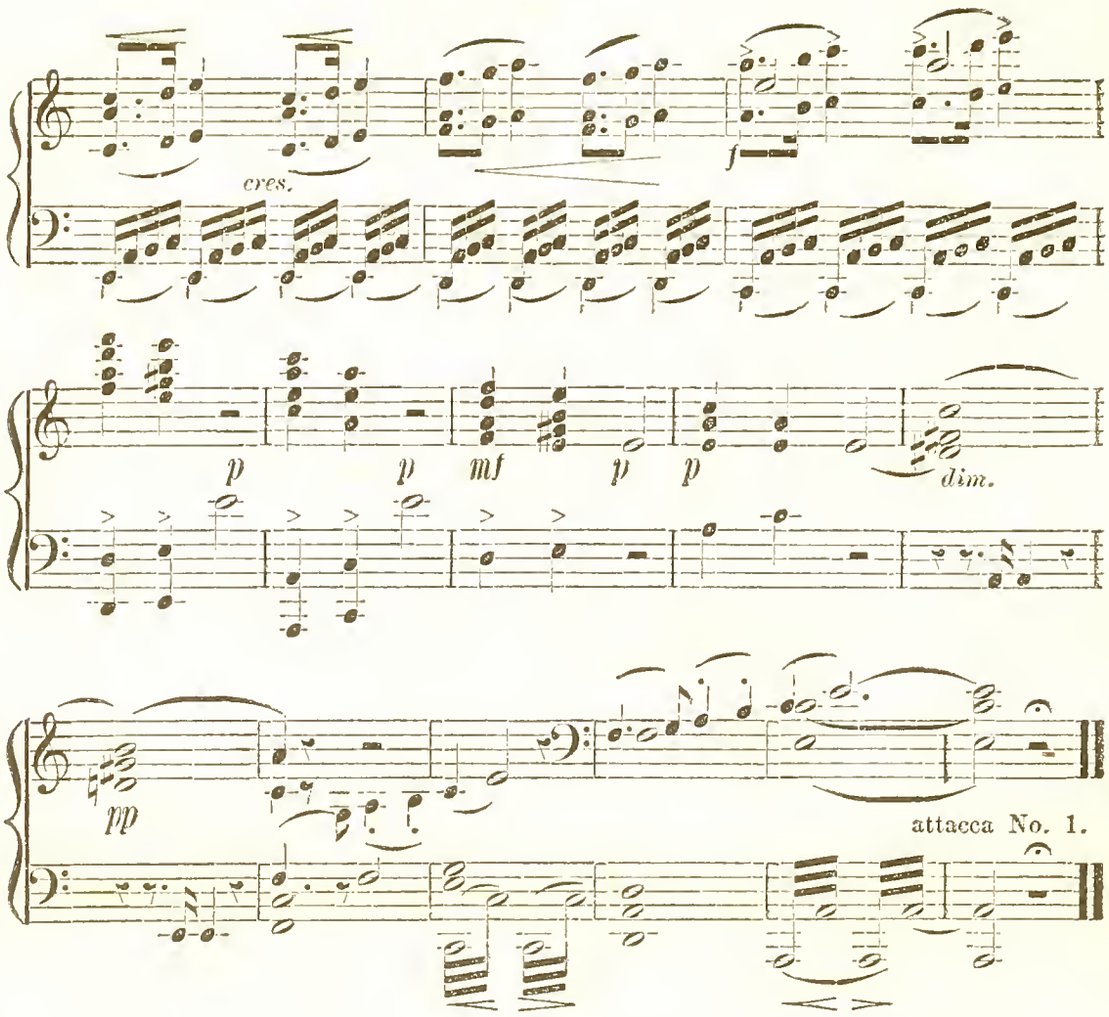
cres.

fz

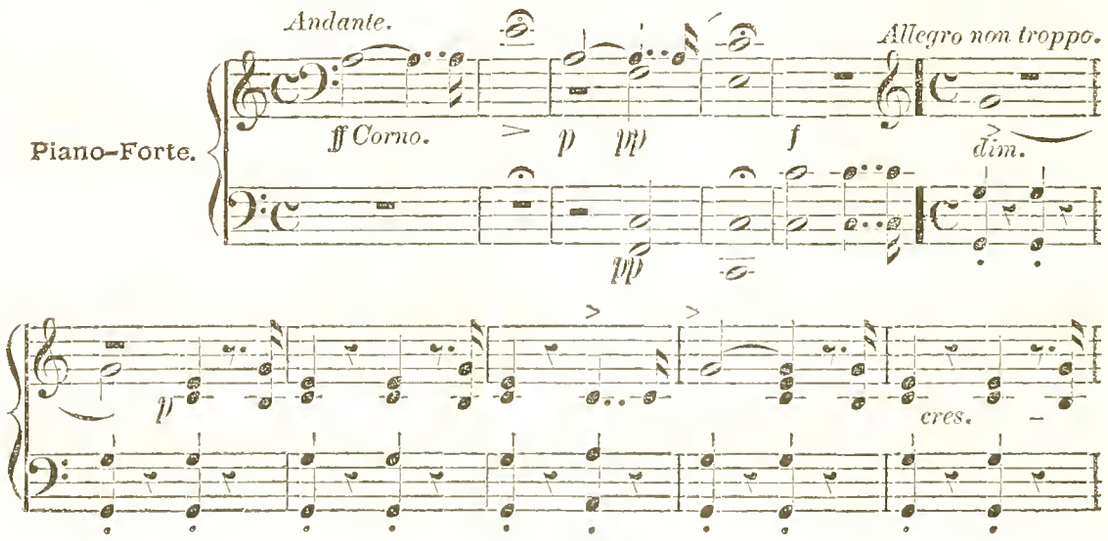
pp

dim.

p



No. 1. CHORUS OF BARDS AND WARRIORS.



TENOR.

mf

On! on!

mf BASS.

On! on! on! loud peals the horn, loud peals the

cen - *do.*

f

on! The standard upraise, the standard upraise! On to the fight!

f

horn, on! on! on to the fight!

f

ff

Fin - - gal to vic - t'ry leads. Fin - gal

ff

tr

to vic-t'ry leads; Fol-low the brave king of

Mor - ven. On! loud pealeth the horn, On,

On! the standard upraise, the standard upraise, On,

on to the fight, . . on to the fight, . . . on to the

tionate, devotional, resigned in sorrow, and joyful when truth triumphs. Chelsias and Joachim have distinctive settings; but it may be presumed that in assigning Daniel to a soprano Handel had in view a singer of the period. This distinction in the parts the composer strongly manifests in the air of lament of the attendant, "Beneath the cypress' gloomy shade." As for the great air of 'Susanna,' "If guiltless blood be your intent," from the days of Handel it has been the *cheval de bataille* of our leading sopranos at musical festivals and concerts; it requires power and pathos of the highest dramatic order of expression. In no other oratorio is Handel greater in his solos than in 'Susanna.' It may be as well to quote the two bass airs, forcibly sung by Signor Foli, "The oak that for a thousand years" and the "Torrent that sweeps," with its orchestral undercurrent; the airs for the tenor, nicely sung by Mr. Shakespeare, "Ye verdant hills" and "Blooming as the face of spring;" the three airs of the contralto (Joachim), excellently delivered by Miss Julia Elton, "Clouds overtake the brightest," "On the rapid whirlwind's wing" (finely scored), and the gem "Gold within the furnace tried" (encored). The three soprano parts were steadily sung by Miss Anna Williams (Susanna), Miss Marie Arthur, who doubled the Attendant and David. The choruses have not the breadth and grandeur which Handel has displayed in his other works; they are few and far between—all in four parts, the best of which are the "How long, O Lord," "Righteous Heaven," in the first part, the "O Joachim, thy wedded truth," ending the second section; but nothing can approach in impetuosity and exciting interest the opening choruss of the third part, "The cause is decided,"—it is a graphic picture of a mass of people exclaiming, in alternate passages, that "the cause is decided, and the sentence decreed." The trio, "Away, away, ye tempt me both in vain," by Susanna and the two Elders, would tell powerfully on the stage.

As the score stands originally, its performance would have occupied over four hours; but it has been prudently reduced by some twenty numbers, and, even with this shortening, the recitatives are too long and tedious; the judicious accompaniment on the organ by Mr. F. Archer contrasted advantageously with the monotonous chords of the violoncello and double bass usually employed. Mr. H. Weist Hill conducted with tact and discretion, and kept the orchestra well subdued in sustaining the soloists. The additional accompaniments have been made by M. Halberstadt, whose only fault is that he has been much too abstemious, as the songs were susceptible of more free use of the wind band than he has employed. No apology was required of the conductor for the extra accompaniments, added by M. Halberstadt; but Mr. Hill might have requested indulgence from the hearers of 'Susanna' for inflicting on them a dull and dreary analysis of the music, the only relief to it being the introductory facts as to Handel's career, taken from M. Schœlcher's valuable work without acknowledgment, while credit is given to Dr. Chrysander, who had Handel's MSS. from the former, for some particulars as to the "cuts."

Whatever may be the ultimate position taken by these Handelian revivals at the Alexandra Palace, professors and amateurs must be grateful to the directors for the production of works so long ignored: the mine is rich enough to warrant further exploration.—*Athenæum, April 8.*

New Life of Haydn. The London *Athenæum* says:—

The 144th anniversary of the birth of Joseph Francis Haydn, affectionately called Papa Haydn, was celebrated last night [March 31st] in Exeter Hall by the Sacred Harmonic Society. Sir Michael Costa was the conductor, and Miss Blanche Lucas, Mr. Cummings, and Signor Foli the principal solo singers of the masterpiece by Haydn—his oratorio, 'The Creation.' We gladly avail ourselves of this celebration to draw the attention of the musical world to the biography, now in progress, of the composer, by Herr Pohl, the first volume of which has been published in Berlin. In this work, Herr Pohl bids fair to produce an account of Haydn's career as exhaustive as Herr Philipp Spitta's 'Johann Sebastian Bach.' These two biographies will, it is to be hoped, be translated into English. We do not propose to notice specially Herr Pohl's opening volume,—it will be better to wait for the work in its entirety; but there has not been, as yet, a complete memoir of Haydn. The notices of J. S. Mayer, A. C. Dies, G. A. Griesinger, J. F. Arnold, N. E. Framery, J. Lebreton, and J. F. Linker, which appeared in 1809-10, were published too soon after the death of Haydn to enable the authors to search for authentic details; while the subsequent books of Carpani, Bayle, and Grosser contained little fresh information. The articles in the musical dictionaries have been necessarily brief. Haydn's life was not an eventful one, although it extended from 1732 to 1809: his two oratorios, 'The Creation' and 'The Seasons,' were written after he had reached his sixtieth year. Next to his early struggles in Vienna, and his having the Esterhazys as his patrons, it will be Haydn's visit to London in 1791 which will prove of paramount interest to readers in this country. But, setting aside the particulars of Haydn's everyday life, Herr Pohl has prodigious labor before him, as he must pass in review four oratorios, operas [19], symphonies [nearly 125], masses, 'Stabat Mater,' 'Te Deum,' offertoriums, motets [31], quartets [83], sonatas [44], cantatas, dance-music, fantasias for divers instruments;—in short, without anticipating the correct numbers which Herr Pohl will eventually supply, there will be over 800 compositions to comprehend in the thematic chronological catalogue which the biographer proposes to supply. No wonder Herr Pohl, indefatigably industrious as he is, feels dismay at the labor before him. Haydn was a creative genius, a reformer and an originator; he was the pioneer for the creations of Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, Mendelssohn, etc. It has been affirmed that there is not a point in modern orchestration the germ of which cannot be traced to Haydn; and yet his inventions, his innovations, and his novelties have the type of such a seeming simplicity, his style being so clear and lucid. One striking proof of the vitality of Haydn's music is that, whether in a programme of chamber compositions or in a scheme of orchestral works, no matter where a quartet or a symphony be placed in rotation, not even the inspirations of a Beethoven can militate against the impression produced on any auditory by the melodious strains of Haydn, which remain an everlasting protest against ugliness and absence of time.

Fetis, in his 'Biographie Universelle des Musiciens,' has, in a few words, justly described the genius of Haydn: "Compositeur illustre, dont le nom revéillera toujours le souvenir de la perfection dans toutes les parties de l'art qu'il a cultivé. Grand homme qui figure dans l'histoire de cet art comme le type impérissable d'un ordre de beautés régulières, pures et brillantes, admirables produits des plus admirables proportions dont le développement de la pensée artistique soit susceptible!"

Wagner's Centennial March.

The manuscript of the $5,000 march, written for the Centennial celebration, by Richard Wagner, consists of 33 closely written pages, and is all in the composer's own hand. A more beautiful musical autograph is rarely seen. Every note is as clear and elegant and symmetrical as print. The characters are fine, but distinct and regular, and the expression marks are made with extreme care. The mere manual labor of transcribing such a score must have filled seven or eight long days of steady application. The title runs:

Grand Festival March, for the opening of the Centennial commemorative of the Declaration of Independence of the United States of America. Composed and dedicated to the Women's Centennial Committees by Richard Wagner.

At the head of the score are placed, as a motto, the following lines of Goethe:

"Nur der verdient sich Freiheit wie das Leben
Der täglich sie erobern muss."

(He only earns the right to freedom and to life
Who daily is compelled to conquer them.)

The scoring is extremely massive, as might have been expected from Wagner on such an occasion. Besides the usual stringed instruments, the music calls for three flutes (one of which alternates with the piccolo), three hautboys, three clarinets, three bassoons, one contrabassoon, four horns, three trumpets, one bass trumpet, three trombones, one bass tuba, three kettledrums, great and military drums, cymbals, gong and triangle. The demand for a bass trumpet is singular, for the instrument is practically obsolete—unless it may have been recently revived in Germany—and a substitute may readily be found for it. A recent telegram from Europe stated that artillery, etc., had been introduced in the finale; it is hardly necessary to say that the report is entirely untrue. Although the March abounds in striking effects, they are obtained only by musical means.

Wagner adds to the score the following note: "The proper tempo is to be governed by the triplet which, employed throughout thematically, is always to be executed with marked accent, and consequently must never be hurried." It is this triplet which characterizes the whole March and gives it an individuality quite its own.

The key is in G major. The opening is bold, announcing the thematic triplet (which is to play such an important *role* in the work) with the full force of the orchestra.

The themes he has selected for mutual contrast on the one hand and for novel effects in combination on the other, are the first theme and the Fanfare. As this proceeds, the original triplet-motive begins to assert itself more and more, gradually leading back to a recapitulation of the opening subject. Musical examples would be of no avail here to illustrate the treatment which the various motives receive at Wagner's hands. The effects are produced by the *interweaving* of subjects, rather than by the individual character of the subjects themselves. Judged from this point of view, the work is a masterpiece. To the recapitulation, above referred to, a broad and fiery coda is appended, made almost exclusively from the original "thematic-triplet," and bringing the work to a brilliant and satisfactory close.

The full score will not be published here, and Herr Wagner has agreed that it shall not appear in Europe for at least six months after its performance in Philadelphia. Mr. Thomas, however, is making a piano-forte arrangement which will be copy-righted. The March, of course, will not be played by the orchestra until the 10th of May. It will not even be rehearsed until after the band is collected and settled in Philadelphia.—*Bulletin, [Philadelphia.]*

Music Abroad.

Leipzig. Verdi in the Gewandhaus! Verdi's *Requiem* was given twice there, in the 19th and 20th concerts of the regular subscription series. On the first occasion, we read, there was an immense attendance, and although opinions differed as to the merits of the composition, the applauders formed a decided majority. On the second, the hall was half empty. Mme. Peschka Leutner was the principal soprano.

Wiesbaden. A striking proof of the admirable performances here is the fact that, for instance, Schumann's *Genovera* (produced in February, 1874) has been, up to the present moment, performed twenty *one* times before houses invariably crowded; that operas like *Euryanthe* have for years been great attractions, and that Wagner's operas (with scarcely any cuts) are, according to the opinion of the local and other papers, given in an absolutely perfect manner. Last year, one hundred and twenty-four operas, by twenty-eight different composers, were performed. There were, also, six Symphony Concerts. Among the works played for the first time here were *Aida*, *Le Roi l'a dit*, *Melusine*, and *Manfred*, with Schumann's music. There were, likewise, a large number of revivals. Although the present year is not far advanced, the management—says the *Theaterbrief*—has already given two new works, Mozart's *Cosi fan Tutte* and Verdi's *Requiem*, besides twenty-four operas and two Symphony Concerts; and is preparing *Die Bergermeisterwald*, a new opera by Jean Grimm, and *Das goldene Kreuz*, by J. Bruil. Among the revivals will be Gluck's *Orpheus* and Lortzing's *Wildschütz* and *Opern-Probe*.

Cologne. Dr. Ferdinand Hiller has composed a new grand choral work, entitled *Prometheus*, which has been performed with great applause at the Gürzenich Concerts.

Paris. At the Grand Opera they have been ringing the changes on the *Huguenots* and *Faust*; while at the Opéra-Comique there are no less than twelve standard works, continually varying the representations. The fact is that people are still not tired of gazing at the marvels of the colossal new building, and are yet to offer a fair judgment as to the operatic performances in the *salle*. The Parisians have built a theatre, about the splendor of which they are conceited; but, when surfeited with sight-seeing, another tale will have to be told, a more delicate task to achieve. Meanwhile we must wait and see what *Jeanne d'Arc* will do. The Choral Symphony of Beethoven was given at M. Pasdeloup's last concert.—*Graphic.*

London.

Royal Italian Opera. Mr. Gye's prospectus of arrangements for the season is issued without any comment whatever. He awaits public opinion, and forbears from extolling his own wares in advance. In this he shows wisdom, because public opinion is never, or, at least, very rarely, influenced by a preamble of official criticisms, in which everything is warranted good. Moreover, he has quite enough to rely upon in the exhaustive repertory he already commands—six operas by Meyerbeer, five by Rossini, seven by Donizetti, three by Bellini, seven by Verdi, one each by Flotow, Gomez, Poniatowski, Ricci, A. Thomas, Campana, Cimarosa, Weber, Beethoven, and Wagner, two by Gounod, four by Auber, and three by Mozart—48 in all. From these he intends to draw as expediency may suggest, and

there is small difficulty in guessing to which among them most frequent prominence will be awarded. Many amateurs, remembering the success of *Lohengrin* last summer, looked forward with eager expectancy to Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, and would have been disappointed had it not figured at least among the probabilities of the season. Poor *Tannhäuser*, which was promised before *Lohengrin*, has been rather shabbily treated. However, better late than never; *Tannhäuser* is the second in a list of four operas, "three of which at least" are to be given. The others are Verdi's *Aida*, (which, since its production by the Khedive in Cairo, at an enormous outlay, has been travelling over Europe, and even paid a visit to America), *L'Elisir d'Amore*, and *Mosè in Egitto*. *L'Elisir* can only be looked upon as a novelty, inasmuch as Mdlle. Zare Thalberg is for the first time to essay the part of Adina. If *Tannhäuser* and *Aida* (which Mr. Gye claims the exclusive right of performing in England) are both given, it is to be feared there will be little chance for Rossini's *Mosè*, the production of which, in 1849, at the old theatre, under the direction of Sir Michael (then Mr.) Costa, is still remembered with satisfaction. It is, moreover, one of Rossini's grandest works. There is the more likelihood of *Tannhäuser* and *Aida*, seeing that Madame Adelina Patti is cast for the leading woman's part in one, and Mdlle. Emma Albani enjoys a similar distinction in the other. If these two, or either of them, combined with *Mosè*, are forthcoming, there can be no valid cause for grumbling. To turn to the catalogue of engagements, we find eight new names—Mdlles. Rosavalle, Emma Abbott, Proch, and Eva de Synneberg; Signors Conti, Monti, Tamagno, and Gayarre. The four ladies are, we believe, sopranos; two of the gentlemen are tenors, and two of them basses. Mdlle. Abbott, if we are rightly informed, has won some distinction in the United States; but about the other ladies, except Mdlle. Proch (daughter of the popular composer of that name), knowing nothing, we can say nothing. The name of Signor Tamagna, first among the new tenors, has spread abroad; and Signor Gayarre is reported to have earned golden opinions at Milan and other Italian cities, where he seems to enjoy equal favor with the public and the press. It is, therefore, with some disappointment that we read in a foot note how, though pledged to Mr. Gye for several seasons, having previously contracted certain engagements abroad, the arrival of Signor Gayarre during the present year is "not certain." But the director has 13 tenors without him, and among these stand conspicuous M. Capoul, the Frenchman, who won so much favor at Her Majesty's Opera a short time since; the rest including Signors Nicolini, Bolis, De Sanctis, Marini, and others whose names we need not cite. Among the baritones, besides M. Maurel, we find that old favorite Signor Graziani, Signor Cotogni, and Signor Medica (his first appearance) —only missing the honored name of M. Faure; while at the head of the basses are Signors Bagagiolo, Capponi, Ciampi (*buffo*), and Tagliatico. Madame Patti, Mdlle. Albani, Mdlles. Marimon, D'Angeri, Smeroschi, and Scalchi will, as might have been expected, occupy their accustomed posts; but to go further into the list of "prima donnas," "contraltos," "comprimarios," etc., is out of the question.—*Times.*

Crystal Palace Concerts. The directors have fulfilled their promise of giving all the symphonies of Beethoven during the present series of concerts. The 9th, the great choral symphony, the *Colossus*, was produced on Saturday — *Finis coronat opus.* The difficult task of rendering the vocal solo parts was entrusted to Mdlle. Johanna Levier, Miss Annie Butterworth, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Signor Foli. The choruses, scarcely less difficult to master, were, of course, undertaken by the Crystal Palace choir, whose steady advance towards excellence has been the subject of general remark. How the orchestral movements are executed, under the direction of Mr. Manns, our readers need scarcely be told. Each time the Choral Symphony is heard at these concerts the better it is understood, and the firmer hold it takes. The programme also included an overture, *Euterpe* (not *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, as originally advertised), and two vocal pieces by the late C. E. Horsley. *Euterpe*, an "Ode to Music," was composed expressly for the Inauguration Festival, in 1870, of the Town Hall, Melbourne. Of the two vocal pieces referred to, one was a song, "The night shades gather," from *Euterpe*, the other a recitative and air from *Gideon*, last of three oratorios which Mr. Horsley composed, the other two being *David* and *Joseph*. But about *Euterpe* generally we shall have an opportunity of speaking when the Ode is produced entire, which it is to be hoped may be not long hence. After songs from *Der Freischütz* and *Le Nozze* (Signor Foli and Mdlle. Levier), the concert was brought to an end with the overture to *Guillaume Tell*.—*Musical World.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 29, 1876.

The Oratorio Week.

Our old Handel and Haydn Society gave three notable performances on the evenings of Palm and Easter Sunday and the intervening Wednesday. The most important was that of

Bach's Passion Music, according to the gospel of St. Matthew. This was the third time this wonderful work has been attempted in Boston or this country. The Society began with giving barely half of it in their triennial festival of 1871. At the following festival (1874) they filled an evening's programme with nearly two thirds of it, including for the first time the stupendous and immensely difficult opening Chorus, and deepened the impression which in many listeners was deep at first. This time the omissions were fewer, and yet they must have amounted to more than a fourth part of the work. The selections on the whole were more judicious, and in their connection more effective. The most important additions were a considerable number of those short, vindictive and excited choruses of Jews, taunting and clamoring for crucifixion, which, as representing that many-headed and many-voiced monster, the populace or mob, were formerly called *turbæ*. These are wonderfully constructed, double choruses, in eight real parts, with independent orchestral parts besides. They are sudden gusts, whirlwinds of harmony, gone in a moment, but their effect is marvellous, and they enliven the serious sentimental progress of the work with most vivid dramatic representations of the excited crowd. They are so quickly gone that the hearer has no time to consider the consummate art implied in the intricate yet clearly expressive polyphonic texture of each little piece; hours seem concentrated in an intense moment. Such are (all in the Second Part): "He guilty is of death;" "Tell us, thou Christ, who gave the blow;" "What is that to us?" "Let him be crucified;" "He saved others, himself he cannot save, etc.;" and the startling, appalling shout (diminished seventh chord) upon the word "Barabbas," in answer to the question: "Whether of the twain will ye that I release unto you?" This chord was struck with surprising accuracy and unanimity by the whole chorus of five hundred, considering that they had no leading notes. And all these little choruses, requiring the utmost vigilance and self-possession for the attack, were given with spirit and precision, although with not quite the snap of the preceding evening's rehearsal in the smaller hall. The conductor (Carl Zerrahn) had bestowed especial pains on them, impressing all the necessary cautions.—Nor should we omit to mention the curious little chorus, in the First Part, where the Twelve mingle their eager exclamations: "Lord, is it I? is it I?"

Several Arias and Recitatives, before omitted, enriched this performance, namely: for Soprano (No. 12), "Only bleed, thou dearest Heart;" the recitatives relating to Peter's denial; the Tenor recitative: "He will not speak; he heareth and is silent," but *not* the beautiful Aria which follows; "*Geduld!*" ("Behold how still, how calm!"); the Alto recitative: "Great Lord of heaven, here stands the blessed Saviour bound;" but not the Aria to which it leads; the Alto recitative: "Ah, Golgotha" (No. 69), and Aria (with ejaculations of chorus): "Look where Jesus beckoning stands;" finally, that most beautiful Bass recitative: "At eventide, cool hour of rest," not, however, completed by the equally beautiful Aria; "Cleanse thee, O my soul."

On the other hand to make room for these fresh numbers, there were omitted; the Soprano Aria (19), "Never will my heart refuse thee;" the Bass Aria: "Come, blessed cross," with Rec. (65 and 66); several short pieces of the narrative Recitative, whose place was more than supplied by fresh ones; and, what is more important, several of the Chorals sung before. Indeed only four, out of the fifteen, were sung this time; this is to be regretted for the grand repose they bring at proper moments; their broad, rich, chaste harmonies are so tranquilizing, strengthening and uplifting to the soul. It is a kind of all-pervading harmony, which seems to flow in (as it were silently) on all sides, from around you and below, like a full tide, to buoy you up to higher life. The same remark may be made of some of the larger choruses, the opening one especially.—There still remain to be given, for the first time, besides some arias, recitatives and chorals, at least two of the most important numbers in the work, to-wit: the magnificent, long, profoundly solemn chorus (figurated Choral) which forms the conclusion of the First Part: "O Man, bewail thy sins so great;" and the opening number of Part II, the Alto Aria, with Chorus: "Whither has thy friend departed?" which by its romantic, pastoral vein forms a fine contrast with the rest.—But it was impossible to give all in a single evening; as it was, it lasted very nearly three hours—hours of intense enjoyment to most of the vast audience apparently, if irksome more or less to not a few; for people differ in their natures and mental conditions, and it is simply a question of experience and time as to Bach's music; ask the singers, now that they have studied it and in a measure learned it, whether *they* find it dry or tedious! Certain it is, that that whole crowd, with very few exceptions, listened attentively until the last chord was sung. To give the Passion Music entire will require two performances, either in the morning and evening of a single day, like Good Friday, or on two successive evenings; and we have great hope that another year will bring us that.

Of the performance on the whole, considering all the circumstances, we can hardly say too much in praise. It was a great advance upon the previous renderings. Mr. Zerrahn covered himself with credit by the zeal, the energy, the judgment with which he had worked the whole matter up; the rehearsals had been urged through with great tact and efficiency, and he conducted as one who had come really to love and feel the music; there was genuine enthusiasm in it. The Choruses, almost without exception, were remarkably well sung. We have already spoken of the turbulent choruses of Jews; the short choruses of the disciples, in the First Part, also went well,—better than before; the Chorals so well that one only wanted more of them. The *great* double choruses, at the beginning and the end, and the exciting "Ye lightnings, ye thunders," made a profound impression. We have described them so fully on former occasions that we need add nothing here. In the sublime opening: "Come ye daughters," the questions and responses between first and second chorus were prompt and distinct, and the intermittent verses of the Choral "O Lamb of God," for the *Soprano ripieno*, rang out from the clear voices of some sixty boys in the gallery, supported by clarinet and cornet in unison, with telling power; the ensemble of all the voices and the instruments was overwhelming. We only question whether the movement both of this, and the concluding chorus: "Around thy tomb here sit we

weeping," was not taken a little too fast for the best effect; nor can we help still feeling that the latter is sung for the most part, particularly at the start, too loud to suit so tender a hymn of parting at the tomb; the words say: "murmur low in tones suppress;"—not that it should be all *too* low, sunk to a whisper, to guard against which sentimental weakness we suppose to be the meaning of the *forte* sign at the beginning, and to leave a chance for *pianissimo* contrast at the words: "Rest thee softly, softly rest."

Also in the single (four-part) choruses the great mass of voices were beautifully blended and subdued to light and shade. We refer to those soft, refreshing Chorals, wonderfully harmonized, which ever and anon relieve the agonized Tenor recitative: "O grief," and the lovely Aria, with Oboe obligato, "So slumber shall our sins befall" comes in again and again, each time with a new harmony and an enhanced expression. And the short questions: "O where?" etc., which interrupt the Alto solo: "Look where Jesus beckoning stands;" and again: "My Jesu, good night," which form the choral burden to the several sentences of Bass, Tenor, Alto and Soprano solo, near the end, ("The Lord hath lain him down to rest,")—were given with delicate precision.

Here we may as well speak of the instrumentation, which was that of Robert Franz, and in the rendering of which throughout, alike in the accompaniment of choruses and solos, our Boston orchestra won for itself sincere praise. It was a difficult and an unwonted task, and, under the circumstances, many must have been surprised at the zeal and readiness with which the musicians, who had but a single full rehearsal, seemed to take to it, and at the satisfactory manner in which it was accomplished. The solo instruments which are made *obligato* in several of the Arias the oboe (Mr. JASPER), the flute (Mr. GOERING), and twice the violin (Mr. A. FRIES and Mr. MULLALY),—were very nicely played. We do not say that there was no room for improvement, but we think we safely may point to this approach to excellence in the orchestral service of the Passion Music as one of the fruits of careful drill in the winter's Symphony concerts, and as an illustration of the importance of keeping such an orchestra together by giving it all possible employment upon these higher tasks.

The solos, of course, offer the greatest difficulties. They are all difficult to unaccustomed singers, though they be artists in more modern styles of music; and many of them are difficult to unaccustomed hearers. Our Bach culture is but half begun. The Bach melody is peculiar; one has to become gradually familiar with its forms and steeped in its spirit. It is too serious, too quiet, too sincere, too religiously musical and too musically religious, too devoid of modern effects, and it demands too entire a self-surrender of the singer, to make it readily appreciable to all, to any who have not something in their nature that draws them to it by innate affinity. Among our excellent vocalists hardly any have been nurtured upon Bach; those who have will never find in music more unfailing bread of life.—But this time the solo efforts were all creditable, some of them successful in a high degree. It seems a pity, while we have among us a singer who is so eminently in the best sense an artist and musician, and so at home in Bach as Miss Clara Doria (have we not recently had evidence?), that she should not have been called to take part in the performance. Miss BEEBE had many qualifications for the Soprano portion, but no, all. She has a clear, pure, evenly developed voice, a finished style of execution, and she had studied the music faithfully, approaching the task with reverence and no doubt with diffidence, and yet with courage and determination. It was a conscientious effort, and there can be no denying that she sang well. It is only that neither the character of voice, nor her previous musical atmosphere and culture were much in sympathy with Bach; the Bach feeling was not there. And yet there is much to be said in praise of the chaste style and discretion with which she sang the Air: "Only bleed;" and in the plaintive Duet which precedes the outburst of the Lightning Chorus; and the exquisite Aria with the flute solo: "From love unbounded."

To Mme RUDERSDORFF were assigned the important Alto solos in the second part; and here we had an artist of long experience in the Bach school, as well as in all the great schools of vocal art; one who thoroughly knew and understood the music, and who came back to it with strong enthusiasm and with desire to signify her undiminished faith in it, with zeal to convert to it new listeners. Of course her rendering of the great Aria: "O pardon me, my God" (*Erbarme dich*), in spite of some unpleasant tones, was a fine lesson for our singers. There was perhaps some occasional exaggeration of the pathetic accent in the recitatives: "Here stands the blessed Saviour bound!" and "Ah, Golgotha!" but it was very grand, impressive declamation; and the Aria: "Look where Jesus beck'ning stands" was most artistically given, with due tenderness and fervor.—The Alto solos in the first part were fairly sung by Mrs. LAURA HASTINGS GOODWIN, whose low tones are rich and large, but her delivery somewhat constrained and cold.

Mr. M. W. WHITNEY was unable, on account of hoarseness, to appear, which was a general disappointment. But all were surprised at the excellent manner in which Mr J. F. RUDOLPHSEN, who took his place at a few hours notice, delivered the beautiful and holy recitative which falls to the part of Jesus. It was most creditable to his musicianship, his quick intelligence and taste. The other Bass solos (including the recitative of Peter and of the High Priest, the Aria (with Recitative:) "Gladly will I, all resigning," the Aria "Give me back my dearest Master," and the beautiful Recitative: "At eventide," were sung by Mr. J. F. WINCH, all in his best voice, and in a tasteful, noble style. Bach evidently has begun to gain possession of him.—But the difficult task of all, and on the whole most laudable achievement, was that of Mr. WM. J. WINCH, who took upon him not only all the frequent and most trying recitative in the connecting narrative of the *Evangelist*, but all the Tenor solos that were sung besides,—a most exacting and exhaustive task. And on the whole he did it admirably, making slight modifications in now and then a high and fatiguing phrase of the recitative, but giving it for the most part with sweet, clear voice, and with distinct enunciation. In the solo with chorus; "I'll watch with my dear Jesu," his voice was sometimes so subdued at the re-entrance of the theme, that we could not hear it until he had been singing several measures; that was the only drawback to an otherwise artistic, pleasing, beautiful performance.—Mr. LANG presided ably at the Organ.

FAREWELL OF MLLE. TIETJENS. The great prima donna having expressed her wish to sing her farewell in this city, and with our oratorio Society, Boston was ready to avail herself of the honor, and it was arranged (at very short notice, with small chance for rehearsal between the *Passion Music* and *Joshua*) to give the "Hymn of Praise" and Rossini's *Stabat Mater* on Wednesday evening, April 12. The Music Hall was crammed, and the reception of the noble singer was most cordial. In the necessary absence of Mr. Zerrahn, Mr. LANG conducted. It was difficult on a theatre night to collect all the desirable musicians for an orchestra; yet the opening Symphony movements and most of the accompaniments to Mendelssohn's beautiful *Lobgesang* were quite well rendered, and the chorus singing was with slight exceptions excellent. Mlle. TIETJENS delivered the first solo: "Praise thou the Lord, O my Soul" with great energy and fervor, and in her noble and commanding style, with full, sweet, penetrating tones. In the Duet; "I waited for the Lord," which she sang with Miss CLARA SHART, a light but pleasing Soprano, her tones seemed not so sympathetic as they are sometimes; but the sentence announcing: "The night is departing, departing!" rang out with thrilling and inspiring splendor; it seemed to inspire the whole mass of singers, for never have we heard them sing the extremely difficult chorus which immediately follows with such spirit and precision. Mr. TOM KARL's voice was sweet, but hardly equal to the dramatic intensity of the tenor solo; "Watchman, will the night soon pass?"

The *Stabat Mater* showed more signs of hasty and imperfect preparation, not having recently been sung by the Society. Mr. Tom Karl sang *Cujus animam* very acceptably, and all the other tenor solo parts. Miss DRASDIL, with her powerful and telling, but ambiguous voice (at times you would take it for a tenor) achieved one of the great successes of the evening in the Alto Air; *Fac ut portem;* but in the duet; *Quis est homo*, her voice and that of Tietjens did not seem well matched in quality. Indeed all the concerted pieces, including the beautiful quartet; *Quando corpus*, suffered from the imperfect blending of the voices. Mr T. F. SULLIVAN sang the bass solos with a good solid voice, but in rather a dry style, and not always in perfect tune. Mlle. TIETJENS was admirable throughout, but seemed to reserve her full power for her incomparably magnificent rendering of the *Inflammatus*, which brought the concert to a splendid climax, the weak fugue, with which Rossini terminates his *Stabat*, being wisely left off. The enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds; and it was long before they ceased to recall the noble singer, overwhelming her with plaudits. All took leave with regret of one whom all felt to be the noblest living representative of the grand school of vocal art.

"JOSHUA" (performed on Easter Sunday) must lie over.

ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS IN OPERA. The *Transcript* has the following announcement of

The Coming Season of Italian Opera. The brief series of operatic representations to be given at the Boston Theatre, next week, will be under the direction of a distinguished artistic combination consisting of Signora Palmieri Miss Adelaide Phillipps, Signor Palmieri and Signor Tagliapietra. Signora Maria Palmieri is a soprano of high European reputation. In "Norma," "Il Trovatore," "Semiramide," "Faust," "Lucia," "Un Ballo in Maschera" and a host of other operas she has won great distinction at the principal opera houses, including La Scala at Milan, the San Carlos at Naples, and the Ca'd'oro Fenice at Venice. She has also made a very successful professional tour through South America and Mexico, and was on her way from Mexico to Europe via New York, when Miss Phillipps succeeded in prevailing upon her to appear in Boston. She has never yet sung in the United States. Signor Tito Palmieri is a tenor of excellent ability, well known to all the leading Italian theatres, and also to the opera houses of Paris and London. Of Miss Phillipps and Signor Tagliapietra it is unnecessary to speak at length. The latter has within the past two seasons established an enviable reputation, and counts in Boston a large circle of admirers. In addition to this admirable quartette of artists, the troupe will include a magnificent array of talent. Of the abilities of Miss Matilda Phillipps, sister of Miss Adelaide, the public have reason to anticipate much. This artiste will probably make her debut in the true rôle of Arsace, in "Semiramide." Signorina Persiani, *soprano leggiero*, Mr. Tom Karl, tenor, M. Gaston Gottschalk, brother of the celebrated pianist, baritone and Signor Baccili, basso, will also be members of the company. The conductor will be Signor Tomasi, and there will be a full orchestra and a full chorus. The season will open Monday evening, next, probably with "Norma."

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM SHERWOOD, both Americans, (the latter will be pleasantly remembered in this city as Miss Mary Fay) have lately given a concert in the Sing-Akademie at Berlin, of which the entire Press there speaks in terms of highest praise. Two passages translated in the *Advertiser* are a fair specimen of the notices which lie before us in a large roll of German newspapers.

The *Freimüthiger* speaks as follows:—

"Mr. Sherwood is one of the most talented of the numerous pianists who have been educated by Professor Kullak. It is superfluous to speak of an admirable developed *technique* in connection with a pupil of Kullak, and equally needless to say what influence the master's taste has had upon the pupil's, as manifested both in the choice of a programme and in the thoroughly artistic comprehension of the pieces selected. In both respects Mr. Sherwood has satisfied a high standard of refinement. We have seldom heard so good a playing of Bach's fugue in C moll, in the transcription by Liszt. The quietness and calmness with which the great technical difficulties of this work were managed, the plastic presentation of its themes, the clearness with which its significance was interpreted, marked this performance as one of prominent artistic value."

The *Montags-Zeitung* remarks: "A touch which gives the fullest range in shading, presenting extreme delicacy as well as the greatest force, a brilliant technique and a depth of feeling, prove Mr Sherwood to possess an individuality in the treatment of the piano which, in the directness of its expression, has clearly the marks of blood-relationship with that of the Titan Rubinstein." Mrs. Sherwood is spoken of in the Deutscher Reichs-Anzeiger as "an excellent mistress of the piano full of power and of artistic execution." She has spent the past three years in musical study in Berlin, Cassel and Weimar. Our people will have the opportunity to judge for themselves as Mr and Mrs Sherwood intend to appear before a Boston audience about the middle of May.

Music in New York.

NEW YORK, APRIL 10, 1876. In my last letter I inadvertently omitted mention of the fifth concert of the New York Philharmonic Society, at the Academy of Music, on Saturday evening March 17th. At this concert and at the general rehearsal preceding it, Mr. Geo. Matzka took the place at the conductor's stand usually occupied by Mr. Bergmann, and the fact that Mr. Matzka was able to do this creditably, at very short notice, speaks volumes for his ability as a musician, as any one having an idea of the nature of a conductor's duties can readily understand.

The programme was one of the best which the Society has offered this season. It began with a Symphony by Raff, No. 2, in C, which, although it does not approach the "Lenore" and "Im Walde" symphony, is nevertheless sufficiently interesting to merit a place on the programme. Part Second opened with that transcendently-beautiful symphony of Schubert's, unfinished, like the window in Aladdin's tower; and Spohr's overture "Faust," Op. 60 ended the list.

The solo performer was Mr. Joseph White, who has already appeared at one of the Philharmonic Concerts earlier in the season. The policy of securing a good instrumental soloist, even though the same name shall appear on the bills more than once in a season, is a very great improvement upon the course too long pursued by the society of making the stage of the Academy an asylum for broken down vocalists to whom 'twere charity to listen. The most conspicuous merits of Sig. White's playing are the accuracy of his stopping and the perfect purity of his intonation. His defects are a want of power in bowing and a lack of breadth in his style, which is sometimes felt in his conception of classical music. In him are lacking just those traits which bring Wieniawski into the front ranks of the interpreters of such music,—the nerve power, and broad sweeping bow. Too frequently, however, Wieniawski, like Ole Bull's Irishman, plays "by main strength be jabbers," and his rapid passages are often rasping.

Sig. White's playing is characterized by refinement rather than by power; although his remarkable intonation makes every note from his violin distinct and penetrating. Being recalled after his first piece, a *Ballade* by Vieuxtemps, he played a graceful composition which we understand is his own. The second piece allotted him on the programme was Bach's magnificent *Ciaconna* in D minor, and, for encore, a *Gavotte*, also by Bach. Both of these pieces were well played and elicited great applause from the audience.

With regard to the orchestral performance we have noticed, for many years past, that it is always better towards the end of the winter than at the beginning; the improvement being due to the practice of the players together in the concerts and frequent rehearsals. Altogether this concert was the most satisfactory of those which have taken place in the Academy this season.

March 28th to April 1st, was a memorable week. Three evening concerts and two matinées by Dr. Von Buelow, at Chickering Hall, with programmes, as in the week preceding, of solid pianoforte music with no distracting elements. [They were the same which he gave in Boston a few weeks since.]

The audience was larger than during the Beethoven week. The variety of selections performed made the bill more attractive to the public, but at no time was the hall filled, the usual ceremony of dead-heading the "profession" being omitted by the management.

From Beethoven to Chopin is a long leap; and the programme of Monday evening demanded very different qualities from those hitherto displayed by the performer; yet the Chopin recital was to us the most interesting of the series. We do not go to the length of believing that Dr. Von Buelow really is inspired by the fitful and erratic genius of the Chopin music; but the companionship of Liszt, who is a player after Chopin's own heart, must have left its mark on his performance. We do not mean to say that Dr. Von Buelow merely imitates Liszt, but rather that he is so much an artist that he could hardly fail of profiting by such valuable hints as were thus thrown in his way. We felt therefore that, by his playing, we should be drawn nearer to Chopin and the result justified the anticipation.

The programme included a number of those pieces which are continually played *at* in our concert rooms by pianists great and small; and we wonder how many of these gentlemen, having listened to Dr. Von Buelow, would again attempt the familiar Nocturne op. 27, No 2, the *Ballade* in G minor, the three Waltzes op. 34, or the *Berceuse*. The latter Dr. Von Buelow plays as we are told that Chopin himself always did, with only a very slight accentuation of the bass, while the delicacy of his touch is something indescribable. In the bold heroic measures and martial coloring of the *Polonaise* he was no less striking.

On Saturday evening, April 8, the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society gave the last concert of an unusually brilliant season. The selections performed were the first and the ninth Symphonies, and the Trio "Tremate empi tremate," all by Beethoven. The New York Oratorio society did the vocal part of the Symphony, and the Quartet comprised Miss Clementine Lasar, Miss Henne, Mr. H. A. Bischoff and Mr. Franz Remmertz. The trio was sung by Miss Lasar and Messrs. Bischoff and Remmertz. A. A. C.

From a Homesick Absentee.

PHILADELPHIA, April 19, 1876.

For Dwight's Journal of Music:

The Boston Handel and Haydn Society has made a great gain in public estimation by their recent performances, [almost in the nature of a festival], and musicians here and elsewhere are not slow in acknowledging it. The performance of that stupendous creation of Bach, the St. Matthew Passion, for the first time in this country with any degree of completeness, is an event worthy of note; and though some may have gone to listen in the expectation of being simply *pleased*, and were, as a natural consequence, disappointed in their expectations, we say to such, you must make yourself acquainted with the work, and then, and *only* then, you will be gratified, your soul will be elevated while listening to that wondrous story of our Savior's trials and death as told to us through the medium of song; and *such* song as the world never heard before nor since.

Let no discouraging reports deter the Handel and Haydn Society from giving the public occasional opportunities, say once in each season if possible, of listening to that most sublime creation of musical art.

And then the Joshua of Handel for the first time likewise! It really makes the blood tingle in one's veins to read of such things and to be deprived, for the first time in many years, of the pleasure of listening to them.

You may well ask what has all this to do with Philadelphia? I answer it has much to do with this place, for if the parent society sets a high standard, all others will seek to emulate it, and if the contrary were the custom how soon we should sink to meaner work! The Handel and Haydn Society of Boston is acknowledged by all as standing at the head of all similar organizations in this country, and a thrill of just pride is experienced whenever the name of the society is spoken in the presence of any one who has ever been associated with it.

The great Centennial chorus inaugurated for the opening day, numbering some eight or nine hundred, are holding their weekly rehearsals under Mr. Buck and Mr. Thomas alternately, and a successful musical opening of the great exposition is anticipated; but your regular correspondent will tell your readers all about that and I will not enlarge upon it. L. B. B.

MERMET'S "JOAN OF ARC." The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* telegraphs to that journal on April 5: "The first performance of Mermet's opera of *Joan of Arc* was given this evening. It is scarcely possible for any pen to do justice to the brilliant aspect of the audience which crowded the Grand Opera to-night. Fourteen thousand requests for places had been sent to the Director. The wildest attempts were made to secure a stall a chair, a stool, or even standing room. It is now ten years since any new grand opera written for the Paris stage was brought out, and that, too, was one of M. Mermet's entitled *Roland at Roncevaux*. *Joan of Arc*, of which M. Mermet wrote not only the music but also the words, was to have been brought out at the old opera-house just when that building was destroyed by fire. That was a lucky accident for M. Mermet, for his opera will have a longer run under present circumstances. There is not much to be said of the libretto. It is a succession of tableaux rather than a drama in which one act is bound to another. The first tableau represents the hamlet of Vancouleurs, where Joan was born, and the arrival of Joan at the court. The second tableaux, the Court of Charles VII. at Chinon and the arrival of Joan and her departure for the battle-field. The third tableaux, the Camp at Bois, an orgie in the camp, appearance of Joan and her departure for the combat. The fourth tableaux, the Siege of Orleans and Joan's tent under the walls of the city. The fifth tableau, the coronation of the King in the Cathedral of Rheims. There the composer has closed the series of his tableaux and Joan's biography. I shall not say much of the music. His learned harmonious composition, from which melody is banished, has neither the sweet and charming music of Rossini, nor has it the grave, strong, anxious *élan* of Meyerbeer. It is something between the great Italian and the great German school. There is more labor than inspiration and more conviction than enthusiasm in it. Mdlle. Krauss and Faure were cheered as warmly and as frequently as opportunity offered. The latter plays the part of the King, the former that of Joan. In the house praise was scanty, and the author excited but small applause. I think it will be well not to trust to the first impression and that the opera will be better liked when it is better known. What really excited genuine enthusiasm to-night was the scenery."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Where the sweet Arbutus grows. Song and Chorus. D. 3. d to D. *Prior.* 30

"Then I'll meet you, Rosalinda,
Where the silver streamlet flows."

A very sweet song and chorus in popular style.

Love Dews linger on the Grass. E. 3. d to F. *Boott.* 30

"Yet only Love can bring
Their glory to our feet,"

Shows a pure and elegant taste in all the words, —in all the music.

Sleep, dearest, sleep. Serenade. A♭. 3. E to F. *Waud.* 35

"Only the night winds free
Around thy door are sighing."

An unusually good serenade, neither too lulling nor too startling.

My Cross of Moss. D♭. 4. d to F. *Muller.* 30

"Thou oft shalt speak of Jesus crucified."

A religious song of great pathos and beauty.

If. G. 3 d to E. *Keens.* 35

"I'd give my love a cross of pearls,
And make her always wear it."

A very playful and pretty love song.

Walk at Sunset. Duet. Soprano Voices. G. 4. b to g. *Fiori.* 50

"See, the setting sun is glowing
To yon sparkling sands away!"

The lower voice may well be an Alto or Mezzo-Soprano. A bright, sparkling duet.

Instrumental.

The Little Shepherdess. A Summer Idyl for Piano. Lithographic Title. G. 3. *Wilson.* 60

Of the same general style as "The Little Wanderer," and "The Shepherd Boy," by the same composer, and is a charming composition.

La Petite Mariee Galop. (The Little Bride). G. 2. *Aronsen.* 40

Neat little French airs, prettily combined.

Forest Scenes. 9 Piano Pieces by R. Schumann. each 30

No. 1. Entrance. (Eintritt). B♭. 3.
" 2. Hunters in Ambush. (Jager auf der Lauer). D minor. 4.

The 9 "scenes" which these commence, without being purely descriptive music, correspond admirably to the "moods" excited in the mind by the situations indicated by the titles. The remaining ones, "Flower," "Haunted Nook," "Prophet Bird," etc. have their own peculiarities and beauties.

Hard Pan March. C. 3. *Catlin.* 30

There's nothing like good hard pan to march on, and this is a brisk air to step to.

Flower Festival Polka. E♭. 4. *Strauss.* 30

A pretty name for a brilliant Strauss piece.

Boulangere a des Ecus. Valse. 3. *Aronsen.* 60

Bright airs from an Opera Bouffe, by Offenbach.

Princess Wunderhold. C. 4. *Biehl.* 40

"Princess" Wondrous—fair," is here celebrated in successions of bright, crisp, staccato passages, with others to contrast. General effect very pleasing.

Brilliancy. Medley Quadrille. 3. *Schacht.* 40

The airs are "Pretty as a Picture," "Put my little Shoes away," "Tommy make room," "One little sweet Kiss," "The day when you'll forget me," "If I only knew," and "No harm in kissing."

Valse des Perles. 3. *Lamothe.* 65

A set of 4 waltzes, with introduction and Coda, full of rich melody.

Eleanoren Waltz. 3. *Parlow.* 50

Melodies rather smooth, gliding and tranquil than brilliant, but very satisfying and tasteful.

Valses der Amoureuses. 3. *Lamothe.* 60

Lovers' (Amoureuses) Waltzes, should be the most agreeable of any, and these cannot fail to please.

My Sweet Pollywog. Galop. Lithograph Title. D. 3. *Tissington.* 50

Pollywog takes to a gallop more naturally than to singing. A lively galop for dogs or men.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 4. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, B♭, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C 5, c to E" means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter, c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space.

DITSON & CO'S BULLETIN OF NEW MUSIC.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Must we then meet as Strangers? For Alto. 3. F to d. *Thomas.* 40

"Can we then meet, as strangers,
When we recall the past?"

A great success is this fine song, which is in this form accessible to Alto or Baritone Singers.

Beware! Take Care! 4. *Eb* to *g*. *Gilbert.* 35

"She is fooling thee."

Always,—always, when she pleases. Longfellow's "warning" with yet another fine musical rendering.

I had a Dream last night, Maggie. Song and Cho. 3. G to e. *Knight.* 30

"She gently rests: She gently rests."

These soft words constitute the chorus, and the whole is placid, sweet, soothing music. Words by Sophie May.

Faintly flows the falling River. 3. *Db* to f. *Rexford.* 30

Percival's well-known words, with a new musical setting.

Punch! Brothers, Punch! Song and Cho. 2. F to f. 30

"A blue trip-slip for an eight cent fare,
Punch in the presence of the passengare."

Here it comes! Buy it while its hot, and let the cheerful conductare take his varied fare, 'mid the chorus of the passengare. The composare, (modest merit) does not reveal his name.

Come back to de Ole Plantation. Song and Cho. 2. F to f. *Danks.* 30

Easy and pretty serio-comic song.

Daintiest Lass of Tralee. Song and Cho. 3. *Bb* to d. *Christie.* 30

"Fairy one with the sweet rosebud mouth,
As the breezes that blow from the south."

A dainty and taking song in popular style.

Sacred and Secular Quartets for Male Voices. By *H. M. Dow.*

No. 1. Te Deum Laudamus. 30
2. I cannot always trace the way. 35
3. Consolation. 30
4. Beware! 35
5. Vocal March: The Trumpet calls. 60
6. Drinking Song. Fill your glasses. 40

These are some of the "successes" of the famous Temple Quartette, and sure to be effective. Of about the 3 1, or possibly, for finest effect, the 4th degree of difficulty. Nos. 2 and 3 are also arranged for mixed voices.

Adaptations from Select Authors, by *Clouston.*
No. 3. Easter Hymn, by *Bendel.* 25

"A hope, with comfort fraught,
Triumphant over death and time."

Quartet and Solo, and a really beautiful adaptation.

Hildebrand Montrose. 2. D to f. *Harrigan.* 40

Miss Jennie Hughes sings it, and "the boys" like to hear it.

Flower of the Alps. (Fleur des Alps.) 4. *Eb* to *b*. *Wekerlin.* 40

"Echo mocks my mournful sighs."
"Echo plaintif viens reculhr."

A Swiss air of considerable variety, with the customary harmonies to provoke the echoes.

Hunting Four-Leaved Clover. 3. C to *g*. *Bishoff.* 35

"Sang the birds as only birds
Sing in sweet June weather."

Words by Beth Day. One of the most charming of simple ballads.

Spirit of Peace. Quartet and Tenor Solo. 4. E to f. *Buffington.* 35

One of Buffington's "Four Hymns," and is a good anthem in choral style, with a neat solo.

Centennial Bells. S'g and Cho. 3. *Bb* to f. *Danks.* 30

"Ring the bells centennial bells,
The bells of Liberty!"

One of the sweet chimes that rings in the festal season. Get it early and sing it often.

Loved and Lost. Monody. 4. F to *a*. *Johnson.* 35

"Thy vision greets the heavenly land,
Where sighs and tears are o'er."

Words by Judge Fletcher, who like the composer, has just and classic taste.

Home below and Heaven above. 3. *Bb* to f. *J. R. Thomas.* 40

"Here, the bright and loving faces
There, the loved ones gone before."

Perfectly sweet and satisfactory.

Tit-tat-toe. 3. *Eb* to e. *J. R. Thomas.* 40

"Roguish little heads together
Bending o'er the slate."

Very pretty poem on a childish game.

Two Sacred Quartets. *H. M. Dow, ea.* 30

No. 1. Consolation. 3. *Bb* to e.

"Come unto me, when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart is weary and distrest."

No. 2. I cannot always trace the Way. 3. *Eb* to b.

"Yes, God is Love: a word like this,
Can every gloomy thought remove."

Two easy, smooth and melodious quartets, not noisy, and of a compass practicable to all voices.

An old Story. 4. D to f. *Zavestal.* 40

"Alice with the golden hair,
Little Alice, passing fair."

Not old by any means, but charmingly new and musical.

Angel Voices sweet and fair. Song and Cho. 3. *Ab* to e. *Brooks.* 30

"And they take me by the hand,
Pointing to the better Land."

The old, sweet, sad story of the dying child.

Five short Sacred pieces. By *N. H. Allen.*

1. The Lord's Prayer. 4. *Db* to d. 35
2. When the worn Spirit. 4. *Ab* to e. 40

"The sabbath dawn that needs no sun,
That day that fades no more."

3. Out of the Depths. 4. F to f. 30
4. Remember me, my God. 4. *Bb* to f. 30
5. The Lord is my Shepherd. 4. *Ab* to *a*. 40

Five Four-part Sacred pieces of classical beauty, intended to be sung without accompaniment. This, however is printed, and will be needed, except by skilful singers.

Blest Comforter. 4. *Ab* to *g*. *Buffington.* 35

"Turn us, with gentle voice
From every sinful way."

One of Buffington's "Four Hymns," and is artistically made with curious involved harmony, like an organ piece.

To the Breeze. (A la Brise). Madrigal. 4. *Eb* to *g*. *Gounod.* 35

"Aura gentil che mormori."
"O breeze so lightly blowing."

Can there be a madrigal in part? Gounod has made one, and we forgive him, since it is so exceptionably elegant.

Easter Anthem. Day of Resurrection. Q'tet or Chorus. 3. G to *g*. *Thomas.* 60

"Jesus met them, saying: 'All hail!'"

An unusually fresh, bright Easter song.

I know my Love loves me. 4. F to *a*. *Sturmeck.* 35

"There is such glory on thy face,
What can the matter be?"

A splendid effective piece for a full, rich, high Soprano or Tenor voice.

Sweet June Roses. Song and Dance. 3. G to e. *Henderson.* 30

A song notable as being sung by the "One Legged Dancers" who are a couple of disabled soldiers, and make use of their one leg apiece in a marvellous manner. Good, simple song.

My little dear one. (Mia piccirella.) Canzonetta, from "Salvator Rosa." 5. *Eb*, f to c. *Gomer.* 40

"Deh! vieni allo mare."
"O, come to the ocean."

A sparkling Italian-English song of pretty sentiment.

The great Centennial. (A new view). 2. C. g to e. *Paul.* 30

"A friend who writes from Kalamazoo,
Just hints he'll stop a month or two."

Philadelphia people who have country cousins should circulate this funny song. It will save money and annoyance.

Songs of "Gus Phillips." (Oofty Gooft). each. 40

No. 2. Susannah M'Manus. 2. D d to d.

Comic song for the "boys."

No. 1. Little old Cottage Gate. Song. 3. C e to e, and Chorus.

Very neat ballad.

Otto Lob's Sacred Trios. each. 35

No. 5. Savior breathe an Evening Blessing. (Sopr. Ten. Bass). 4. *Ab* to *a*.

No. 6. Praise the great Creator. (Sopr. Mez.-Sop. Alt. or Ten). 4. *Bb* to *g*.

No. 7. Sweet Peace. (Sop. Ten. and Bass). 4. *Eb* to *a*.

There are 8 of these beautiful Trios, the material of which is extracted from the works of great composers, and skilfully arranged for the use of competent singers, such as are found in quartet choirs.

Song of Love. (Canto d'Amore). Duet. 5. *Db* to *a*. *Hackensollner.* 40

"Posa il tua capo sopra il mio cor."
"Let thy head gently rest."

Almost too difficult for the 5th degree. Effective duet for good singers.

Triumphantly the Morning dawned. Centennial S'g and Cho. 3. *Ab* e to e. *Heine.* 35

"Those hearts beat strong, those hearts beat true,
One hundred years ago."

A centennial song with the true ring to it.

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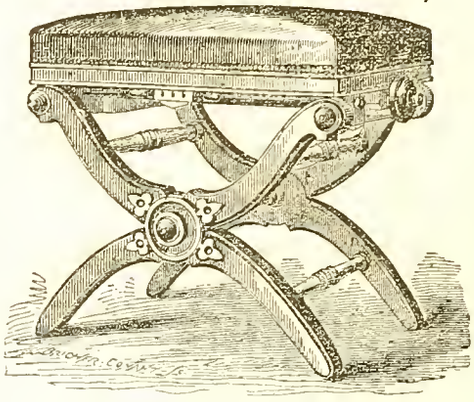

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WHOLE No. 915. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1876. VOL. XXXVI. No. 3.

Haydn with the Esterhazys.

(Translated for this Journal from the new Biography of Haydn, by C. F. POHL. Berlin, 1875.)

The Hungarian free town of Eisenstadt (Hungarian Kis Marton, or Little Martin) served for Haydn's only dwelling place, during the years 1761–66. From that time until the year 1790 he lived there only in the winter months; and after his first and second journey to London he visited the royal town annually at least in the summer or the autumn season until the year 1803. Let us briefly try to bring the place before us.

Eisenstadt lies in Lower Hungary, 6 miles from Vienna, a mile and a half from Oedenburg, and about the same distance from the New City of Vienna. The town, consisting as it were of three parts, numbers nearly 500 houses with over 5000 inhabitants, and stretches away in almost a direct ascent along the Leitha mountains, which slope here to the plain. Far away over this, in a wide half circle in the direction of the Neusiedler lake, the eye enjoys a picturesque scene bordered by mountains, while in the opposite direction charming wooded heights are seen partially transformed into luxuriant vineyards. On the Vienna side, as you come along the highway running through the villages Great and Little Hoeflein and shaded by old chesnut alleys, you pass the mountain parochial church and the neighboring wide-spreading Angel inn,* and then the high mountain town (Eisenstadt am Berge), chiefly inhabited by Jews, with the cloister and hospital of the brothers of charity founded by Prince Paul Anton Esterházy in 1760.

The palace grounds adjoin the mountain town; here through a broad iron railing you enter the extensive and almost regularly four-sided palace square, bordered on the left by the princely *Schloss*, opposite to which is the double building adorned with pillars for the stables and for the prince's body guard of grenadiers that used to parade here in his time. The fourth side of the square has some buildings, and from here you pass, by three nearly parallel streets, into the lower town. At the end of this, near the last town gate, which survived but recently, stands the parish church, and outside the walled enclosure stretches finally the suburb, called Brandstatt. The two great fires which visited Eisenstadt, occurred soon after the time here referred to, in the years 1768 and 1776; before this time the town, with its buildings and defenses, presented a very antique appearance in contrast with its present handsome streets. But though the town itself and its social intercourse have undergone many changes, still the charm of the ever rich surrounding Nature has remained the same. Then, as now, a walk into the fruitful vineyards, through the fields teeming with crops, along the highway shaded with trees, or upon the mountain tops into the magic coolness of the woods, sufficed to refresh heart and mind. One who possessed a house up there, as Haydn afterwards did, in the cloister street, received, even at his working table, the gladsome morning greeting of innumerable song birds who made their nests in the adjoining park.

The object of our journey is the princely Schloss, which, seated so high, commands the region far and wide like a watch tower. Rebuilt in 1683 by prince Paul, by its massive foundations and its noble forms, it speaks for the energy of its genial founder. With its four great corner towers with copper roof, and three smaller ones covered with white lead, presenting on all four sides a far stretching row of windows, surrounded with a deep moat, over which a drawbridge led to the main entrance, it was imposing not merely to its own land, for we find a careful copperplate etching of it in a work which appeared in 1697 at Augsburg. The alterations date from the year 90 and odd of the last century; the moat was filled up, the front toward the square was adorned with a balcony and with statues and reliefs in red marble, representing the ancestors of the princely house, and the park side was made broader with a double row of columns and a balcony: at the same time the Schloss square was dug down and levelled. The Schloss contains a great hall beautifully frescoed, the recess of which served in its time as a theatre stage and for display of the great orchestra; a smaller, not less costly hall was at the time devoted to chamber music and to the ordinary performance of the musical Kapelle. In the finely decorated domestic chapel, which serves at the same time for the palace parish church, the choir, spacious as it is, was not yet in the best period of the Kapelle ample enough to contain the whole body of musicians charged with the musical service also in the mountain church on certain days.

The stately park, immediately adjoining the palace, laid out in the English style, adorned with the temple resting on Corinthian columns which conceals Canova's statue of the princess Leopoldina, with shady walks and aisles, ponds, waterfalls, artificial rocks and immense greenhouses, spreads itself out upon the gently rising height, from whose summit one overlooks in a ravishing panorama the park itself, the far reaching princely zoölogical garden, all Eisenstadt, and in the further distance the castle of Forchtenstein enthroned upon high rocks, the environs of the town of Oedenburg and the greater half of the Neusiedler lake.

The above mentioned mountain church, at the entrance of the mountain town, consists of a chapel and an unfinished dome church, both erected by prince Paul toward the end of the 17th century. The chapel, strangely planted on an artificial height, is the goal of numerous processions, on account of its miraculous image of the Virgin Mary which is set up there. This Mount Calvary forms in a certain sense one whole with the mountain church itself. How large the original design of the latter was, may be seen by the rotunda used at present for the church, which was intended for the sanctuary of the projected dome church. The Empress Maria Theresa, on her visit in August 1797, named it the Pantheon of Eisenstadt. Haydn directed his Masses here too, as well as in the palace chapel, and his body rests now in the vault of this house of God. (The spot is marked upon the inner wall of the church by a Latin inscription and a shrouded lyre.) The completion of the dome church was repeatedly contemplated, with some modification of the first gigantic plan. Thus we find in the year 1798, after the church had just been newly restored, a "model for the mountain parish church" handed in by the theatre painter Peter Travagiio, for which 147 florins were assigned him from the princely treasury. It is still related to-day, that prince Paul's successor, in view of the enormous outlay required for any sort of a completion, tried to render it impossible by putting up the present building close in front of the part of the church already finished. In the beginning this served for a tavern, later for a music building. Numerous members of the Kapelle had free quarters assigned them here. Here Haydn's brother spent the last years of his life; Michael Prinster, the clever hornist, who lived through the most brilliant period of the Kapelle, died here on the 5th of August 1869, at the age of 86, and here too on the 8th Dec. 1810 was born the afterwards world-famous anatomist Joseph Hyrtl, whose father, Jacob Hyrtl, held the place of oboist in the prince's Kapelle. At present there are living in this music building the present princely Musical director, Karl Zagitz, and the now 78 years old, and still active Johann Lorenz, who entered the Kapelle in 1816 as violinist,—son of the excellent contrabassist, Joseph Lorenz, who died Oct. 12, 1817.

Eisenstadt has witnessed all the changes that have occurred in the princely Kapelle, its origin and gradual growth, its days of highest splendor and its decline. With the record of the princes of the house of Esterhazy, all enthusiastic friends of Art and science, we are in a condition to follow the history of the Musikkapelle, which reaches back to Paul, the founder of the princely house, through all its stadia.

Paul's predecessor, Count Nicolas, kept a harper at his court. Nicolas was *Obergespann* of several counties, was elected Palatine in

*The wayside inn "Zum Engel," formerly a Franciscan Convent, is used half as a tavern, half as a provost's house. The tavern served for the social gatherings of the members of the theatre and orchestra. In the hall sometimes plays were acted, balls were held, and wedding and other festivals were celebrated. Haydn was frequently a guest there in company with friends.

1625, and died, at the age of 63, on the 11th September 1645 at his favorite seat of Grosshöflein.

Paul, born Sept. 8, 1635, received the princely diploma from the Emperor Leopold I. on the 8th Dec. 1687; and on the next day he (as Palatine) and the Archbishop of Gran, George Széchenyi, placed the crown of St. Stephen on the head of the Archduke Joseph as the first hereditary King of Hungary. Prince Paul was a highly gifted man, filled with deep religiousness, a comforter of the poor, alike distinguished as a warlike hero and as a diplomatist, and animated by a love for art and science. Besides his literary activity in a religious direction, he cherished music also with especial fondness. He fortified the castle of Forchtenstein built by his father in Hungary, founded the famous treasure house there, and created an extensive picture gallery, containing the portaits of all the ancestors of the house. We have already mentioned the palace which he built, and the projected dome church in Eisenstadt. As an instance of this great prince's enthusiastic devotion to his church, we may point to a truly magnificent procession, undertaken by him in the year 1692, to the already mentioned church of Mariazell, much resorted to by pilgrims,—a procession which yet seeks its equal.† Trumpeters and kettle-drummers are named in it, besides musicians marching two by two and singing litanies. If these musicians did not already form an independent church choir of the princely establishment, at all events its origin dates from the first year of the following century. . . . A striking proof that the Prince always had at heart the formation of a vocal choir, is furnished by a contract, preserved in the original, between Prince Paul and John Joseph Fux, k. k. music composer, afterwards court kapellmeister. This interesting document, signed by both parties, was made out at Vienna on the 1st of June, 1707, and stipulates that Fux shall instruct two boys (*castrati*) "in the art of singing," for which he is to receive a monthly *honorarium* of 10 florins for each boy. As Fux further promises to have both boys also instructed *in literis*, together with the singing boys who happen to be in his house (that is to say, those of St. Stephen's, where Fux then officiated as kapellmeister), the prince gives the preceptors 20 florins annually for their pains. According to a second contract, dated Nov. 9, Michael Hämmerl, terrier-clerk of the church of St. Dorothy at Vienna, received for half a year 100 fl. cash, for which he had to deliver to the boys good food, and to each a measure of wine daily ("*guette Kost, beeden täglich ein Mass Wein,*") as well as provide for the washing of their linen ("*die weisse Wesch waschen zu lassen.*"—But prince Paul himself looked after the condition of musical affairs; and that he devoted himself in earnest to composition, we have proof in his setting to music, for one and several parts, the church hymns for all the festivals in the year; for accompaniment he used alternately the organ, violins, violas and bass, bassoon, trumpets and tympani. The melodies are truly churchlike, flowing and easy to be sung, and the harmony and carriage of the parts show a skilful handling of polyphonic composition. These church songs appeared in a volume, of large form, with luxurious title page, and each voice part by itself, neatly engraved in copper, in 1811.‡ The prince had already in 1691 conferred with the University engravers, Jacob Hoffmann and Joh. Jacob Freundt, in Vienna, about the engraving of the plates. These pledged themselves at that time to furnish the whole work, 300 pages (without title page) on 150 copper plates, by January 1702. But the work was delayed, as the title shows, until the year 1711. For plates and engraving Hoffman and Freundt received together 550fl. besides three buckets of Hungarian wine. Prince Paul died on the 26th March, 1713, at Eisenstadt, and was there laid in the family tomb which he had founded.

Under Michael, Paul's oldest son and successor, we find mention of several musicians, especially the princely *Hofmusikus* Ferd. Andreas Lindt, who died an old man of 78, in the year 1720. His six children were taken into the Kapelle together, and one of his sons was living in the time of Haydn. Besides the Court and field trumpeters and tympanists, who, like the other musicians, were bound to assist at all times in Eisenstadt and on journeys, in the church choir and in the table music, there is mention since the year 1715 of several court musicians, among whom were the lute-master, afterwards tenor, Anton Aloys Durant, and, already a Kapellmeister, Wenzel Zivilhofer.

With the 1st of January 1720 we find ourselves at last on solid ground. On that day Prince Michael appears to have reorganized the Kapelle. Eleven decrees lie before us; of the 6 court and field trumpeters some have served already, and must now work partly in the choir as singers; a subsidy is granted to the six Lindt children; Antonia Lindt is appointed court soprano; the lute-master Durant appears again; in the castrato (alto) Hans Paulus Kniebandt, who got afterwards the highest salary, we have probably one of the two singing boys who were sent to Vienna in 1707. . . . At the end is attached the decree of the before named Kapellmeister (*Capellæ Magister*) Wenzel Zivilhofer; he drew a yearly salary of 320 florins, besides rent, a measure of wine daily, a few wheaten rolls, and every year four cords of wood and other usual allowance. They are all bound as before to put their talent at the Prince's service everywhere, in the church and at the table; and the Kapellmeister must also serve both as composer and performer. The yearly outlay for this Kapelle (reckoning goods in money) amounted to about 3058 florins.

(To be Continued.

† The order of the procession was as follows: The leader of of the procession in a long blue robe, bearing a wreath on his head and a staff and coat of arms; three men decorated in like manner, bearing the great red, gilded banner; 3860 boys from all the estates, walking two by two, after every hundred a couple of banners; 2360 grown men; 1050 older inhabitants of the estates; 100 citizens of Eisenstadt, with the town banner in their midst; boys with little colors, followed by trumpeters and kettle-drummers; musicians, in pairs, singing the litany; a standard with 6 ministrants and on it the 15 mysteries of the wreath of roses; the parish priests and other ecclesiastics in choir frocks; the statue of the Christ child borne upon a pole; 4 ecclesiastics in full orders; 4 prelates and other ecclesiastics with musicians; the Palatine Paul Esterházy himself; many counts and barons in pairs, especially Counts Ladislaus Csáky, Emmerich and Peter Ziehy, 3 sons of the Palatine [Adam, Joseph and Sigismund], Counts Joseph and Franz Esterházy, Stephen Nádasy, etc , and the rest of the nobility and officers of the court; 8 virgins clad in white, with golden crowns upon their heads, bearing staffs and coats of arms; 4 maidens, clad likewise, with the statue of the holy Virgin; the wife of the Palatine; several countesses, the widows Esterházy and Nádasdy, the Countesses Clara, Juliana, Christina, Maria Esterházy and other ladies; 120 nobler ladies; 1235 virgins from the various estates, with loosened hair and wreaths; 710 ladies; 510 men, stretching out their arms in the form of a cross, and each of these divisions led by standard bearers. Finally coaches and chariots, camels and horses closed this procession, which consisted of 11,200 persons.—The way from Eisenstadt to Mariazell amounts, with so large a train, to about six days journey.

‡ The title reads: *Harmonia cœlestis seu Moelodiae Musicae Per Decursum totius Anni adhibendae ad Vsum Musicorum Authore Paulo sacri Romani Imperij Principe Estoras de Galanta regni hungariae Palatino. Anno Domini MDCCXI.* Here we find the name written ESTORAS, denoting the origin of the princely house. Haydn used the same in dating his letters from Esterházy.

"Le Deluge," by Saint Saens.

The Paris correspondent of the Leipzig *Signale*, in his "Musical Gossip" of March 9, writes as follows.

"In the midst of the deluge of concerts we have yet a concert of the Deluge. For such is the title of the latest work of Camille Saint-Saëns, which was performed for the first time in the Chatelet theatre on the 5th of March, under the conductorship of M. Colonne. This tone-poem is introduced to the public by the composer as a biblical poem, and rests upon a musically exciting text by Gallet. An orchestra, four solo singers and a mixed chorus are employed to give expression to the ideas of the composer. 'The Deluge' forms one more in the series of his earlier creations in the field of descriptive music: *Phaeton, Le Rouet d'Omphale, La Danse Macabre.* This time the human voice co-operates with the orchestra, and this newest labor, in extension and development of means, is altogether the most important thing which Saint-Saëns has written. The three parts into which it is divided are filled out by recitatives, airs, choruses, or purely orchestral movements. The laying out is that of an Oratorio.

"A fugued prelude for orchestra, which contains beauties, forms the introduction to the biblical narration. The first part describes the fall of Man, the wrath of God, the covenant with Noah; the second, the deluge; and the third, the going out from the ark, concluding with the reconciliation of the Divine.

"The first part contains, I think, the most successful numbers. The description of the Fall is one of captivating beauty; the treatment of the single voices as well as of the masses in this part is excellent; the invention is fresher, and both outline and melody are more full of life and of originality than in the other two parts. Of course the artist puts the centre of gravity of his creation in the second part, and in his description of the Deluge attempts the sublime. A flood of harmonies, a weltering multitude of bold rhythms, a chaos of audacious chords serve as foil to the unchained fury of trombones, trumpets, tympani, etc., to fill us with the terrors of the avenging elements. Heaven and earth work together, the shrieks and groans of the gigantic children of the earth, the howls of monsters and the startling call of the avenging Angels pervade all space with unexampled woe. The design is colossal, and no wonder if the execution be only partially successful. Upon ourselves this tone-painting operated more externally, and our soul remained free from inward horror. Much, to be sure, must be set down to the account of the orchestra, especially the players of wind instruments, who were not equal to their task: we had expected better things from M. Colonne. In fact this description of the

unchained elements is more powerful in the pianoforte arrangement.

"The third part seems to us the least successful—just there, where we expected that the poet would paint in all the colors of the rainbow, and greet the recovery of Nature with the jubilation of a youthful heart, and open all the censers for the feast of the reconciled God, his pencil grows a little tame. For a moment, to be sure, he grazes the Pastoral Symphony—fortunately without doing it any harm—but the high affinity is not enduring. But none the less the work upon the whole merits our full recognition; it proceeds from a Master, who is at home in all the mysteries of Art; it has numerous beauties to show, and announces above all a plastic mind. What we miss in it is that peculiar drastic, pictorial, thoroughly characteristic handling, which distinguishes for instance the *Danse Macabre*. Saint-Saëns might exclaim with Musset: 'My glass is small, but I drink from *my* glass.' The reception on the part of the audience was deservedly a very warm one. The second part had to be repeated on account of the malicious hissing of some enemies."

Jeanne D'Arc.

OPERA IN FOUR ACTS AND SIX TABLEAUX, WORDS AND MUSIC BY M. A. MERMET. PERFORMED FOR THE FIRST TIME AT THE GRAND OPERA, PARIS, ON WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5TH, 1876.*

M. Mermet ought to mark with a white cross the above date of the 5th April, 1876, and vow eternal gratitude to St. Vincent, the patron of the date in question, since his unfortunate opera of *Jeanne d'Arc*, ordered by M. Perrin after the astounding success of *Roland à Roncevaux*, and enthusiastically accepted by him, has at length found its way on to the stage on the day aforesaid, after having traversed a series of redoubtable ordeals, changes of parts and of their representatives, and loss of manuscripts; after escaping war, fire, and, what is worse, the risk of not being sung by the baritone-king. Everything well considered, M. Mermet ought not to complain of his vexations and anguish of mind, however numerous and vivid they may have been; for charitable souls were moved in favor of an author thus pursued by adverse destiny, and his score, which might very easily never have been performed, save for the war or the burning down of the Opera—since no one would then have cried out about persecution or wept at the author's hard lot—had become absolutely inevitable after these repeated catastrophes. It was utterly impossible to fulfil the obligations due to the author without playing his work; so it was better to do it sooner than later, and endeavor to conquer success by the magnificence of the *mise-en-scène* and the number of supernumeraries, a plan which M. Halanzier understands very well, as he has already proved by his splendid revivals of *La Juive* and of *Hamlet*.

The author of *Roland à Roncevaux* constructs his own poems, after the manner of Berlioz and of Richard Wagner; but, while these two served themselves because they would have found no one who would conform to their difficult tempers and their innovating exactions, M. Mermet, who is easily contented, who exacts nothing, and introduces no innovations, is, at one and the same time, librettist and composer, not from conviction, but from ambition, and because it pleases him to assume the double gilded crown of poet and musician. He is not over-successful in the attempt, but it would be very ungracious on our part to be more particular than he is in a matter in which he is the more directly interested. The poem of *Jeanne d'Arc* has struck him as well calculated to serve his inspiration. Let us begin by examining it before passing to the music which it has inspired, and which is in no way out of keeping with it. There is not, properly speaking, a single detached piece in the opera. The latter is a series of scenes, through which pass divers historical or imaginary personages, one only of whom—namely, the heroine—is really important. Even she does not play a pre-eminent part. She is often on the stage, and sings loudly and forcibly, but without exciting in us more emotion than any of the other personages, mere supernumeraries, charged with giving her time to breathe.

The first act takes place before the house of Jacques d'Arc, in the village of Domremy. Some female peasants come to implore the protection of the Ladies' Tree (L'Arbre des Dames), an old oak, to which the popular belief attributes magic power. On hearing their gentle strains, Jacques chides the foolish things for being joyful, when people are killing and pillaging a few leagues off—when "the peasant ploughs and the enemy reaps" ("le paysan laboure et l'ennemi récolte.") At this moment there arrives a body of French soldiers, led by their Captain, Gaston de Metz, who is going with them to join the Dauphin's army, but stops on the road to sing a military *arietta*. After he has launched at Queen Isabeau a just anathema, which all repeat in chorus, the tocsin sounds, and the horizon is tinged with flaming light, while women, children, and old men rush on, fleeing from the conflagration. Excited beyond measure by this new misfortune, Jeanne, who has hitherto been dumb, yields to the transports which agitate her, and, as though impelled by divine inspiration, announces that the English commander, Salisbury, has fallen on the banks of the Loire. His death is a pledge of victory, she exclaims, and France will not perish; for, as the indispensable ballad (imitated from a popular prophecy) puts it: "A Woman has lost France, and a Virgin shall save it" ("Une femme a perdu la France, une vierge la sauvera.")

There now arrives a man, sufficiently characterized by his red cloak and red beard as a traitor. This is Richard, a captain in the service of Charles VII., but sold to Isabeau. The King has sent him to Vaucouleurs, though why we cannot very well say; for, as Jeanne d'Arc has not yet revealed herself, the King can neither have sent for, nor heard of, her. Like every leading operatic personage with proper self-respect, Richard does not ask his way of the hundred individuals surrounding him till he has sung an introductory air, in which he boasts the merits of his "Stout Sword" ("Solide épée.") He subsequently grows troubled, and feels himself "inundated with perspiration" ("inondé de sueur") on hearing Jeanne reveal Salisbury's death. We now have a melo dramatic *andante* quartet, sung by Jeanne, her Father, and the two Captains, the said two Captains having come to Domremy solely to take part in the concerted music. After this, Richard continues his journey to Vaucouleurs, and Jeanne, left alone with Gaston, unfolds the sacred mission for which she has been selected by Heaven, and begs him to present her to the Sire de Baudricourt. Gaston, who feels somewhat love-struck for the shepherdess, accedes to her demand, and retires. Proud of the resolution she has taken, and at the same time, troubled at it, Jeanne mournfully bids farewell to her native village, while Heavenly Voices urge her to set out and obey God.

The second act is laid at Chinon. Richard first sings a grand air, unfolding to the public his shameful schemes. The break up, he exclaims, is general. I would have sold my soul to the devil, but the devil refused it; so I will make a bargain with Isabeau and the English. He then adopts a tone of irony and continues thus:

> "Le Roi n'a plus ni sou ni maille;
> Dans les bombances de la Cour
> Le merle a remplacé la caille!"

("The king has not a rapp left. At the court banquets, the blackbird has replaced the quail.")

He retires discreetly on perceiving the Dauphin and Agnès Sorel arrive, hand in hand, and discoursing of love. In vain does the favorite strive to awaken noble sentiments in her companion's heart; Charles replies love to Agnès, who talks honor. When, at length, the lady, driven to extremities, exclaims:

> "Et si l'Anglais prend Orléans,
> Que vous resterait il céans?"

("And, if the English take Orleans, what will you have left here?") The King will answer:

> "Toi, ma belle,
> Mon royaume, c'est ta beauté."

("You, my sweet one. My kingdom is your beauty.")

Is not this excruciatingly gallant? Richard now appears, bringing with him Jeanne from Vaucouleurs after a perilous journey—all journeys are perilous in music—but the Dauphin refuses to receive her. He prefers gathering round him all his Court for the purpose of celebrating the saint's-day of Agnès, to whom he offers a flower, while drinking "to the beauty more beautiful than the flower" ("à la belle plus belle que la fleur.") To-morrow will be soon enough for serious business; to-morrow will do for the burghers of Orleans, who demand an audience; but fling open wide the doors to the joyous minstrels sent by King René! Agnès joins her voice to theirs in singing the "Air du Lutin," which treats much of heather, green sward, and rural swains. All present are billing and cooing to their hearts' delight, when the enemy show themselves at the foot of the walls. After the bad news we have the good. Gaston de Metz and Ambroise de Loré announce to the King that Jeanne has beaten the English. Charles decides on receiving a person who thus enters without permission. He confides in her when she has proved that she possesses the gift of double sight, first by recognizing him while confounded in the crowd, and then by repeating the prayer which he addressed, in the solitude of his oratory to God, the All Saints' Day previous.

To ruin Jeanne, Richard endeavors to excite the jealousy of Agnès. He conducts her, at night, near Jeanne's tent, where he suspects that the handsome Gaston de Metz, Agnès's faithless lover, will come to gaze upon the heroic shepherdess, with whom he is secretly smitten. And Agnès does surprise Gaston at the feet of the sleeping Jeanne. But the latter indignantly drives from her presence the recreant knight, and replies so nobly to the accusations of her jealous rival, that Agnès allows herself to be easily persuaded, and devotes herself to the Maid's cause. Everyone now comes on. Among the personages is included an Astrologer, who walks about, night and day, at Court and in the country, and prophesies with equal success the Future and the Past.

In the second tableau of the third act, the French camp, pitched on the banks of the Loire, before Blois, is invaded by a band of gipsies, who dance, sing, and tell fortunes, to say nothing of the women, who ogle the men-at arms, and shamelessly allure them by their lascivious postures. The orgy winds up with a wild and furious *combo*; mad women and inebriated soldiers roll under the tables. Suddenly Jeanne appears, clad in complete armor. She advances straight up to the female revellers, who flee before her, and drives forth the wretch, Richard, who has been sowing discord in the army. She then causes the contrite and humiliated soldiers to go down on their knees, addresses a short reprimand, and rushes off with them to deliver Orleans, amid the strains of the sacred song of "Veni, Creator." The whole end of this act must have struck the audience as totally imitated from the revolt in *Le Prophète*.

Richard, who has vowed implacable hate against the Maid, prepares an ambuscade to make her prisoner. But he has reckoned without Gaston, whom he has got in his power, and who cries out "English!" on seeing Jeanne about to fall into the trap. Richard kills him, and flees. Jeanne arrives, and, for an instant, laments the fate of her preserver; but the Heavenly Voices command her to go to Rheims, and have the Dauphin crowned there. She obeys, and the last *tableau* represents the Cathedral of Rheims, where Charles, consecrated with great pomp, entreats Jeanne to continue her work of deliverance. She still consents, though the Voices are silent, and she beholds, in a rapid vision, the horrible doom in store for her. All this scene is a necessary but flagrant copy of the fourth act of *Le Prophète*.

Jeanne d'Arc has hitherto been rather scurvily treated on the stage, especially in music. In the majority of theatrical pieces possessing a certain value, as poems or as dramatic works, fancy played such a large part that it was impossible to accord them any attention, for if there is a subject which commands respect, and a figure which forbids the slightest modification, it is certainly that of the heroic girl who liberated Orleans; to modify the character, even for the better, would be to spoil it. We may, perhaps, strictly speaking, find a decent drama or tragedy on Jeanne d'Arc; but no musical work with her as its heroine will bear examination, beginning with that set by Verdi, on a canvas imitated from Schiller. M. Mermet's opera, mediocre though it be, has at least the recommendation of treating seriously serious things. He does not make Jeanne d'Arc sing a love duet with the King, to the great satisfaction of the evil spirits, who overpower the good ones; he does not represent Jacques d'Arc accusing his daughter of witchcraft before the assembled Court and people, and himself delivering her up to the English. These fine inventions, developed by Schiller, have come down from Shakspeare, who was the first to forge them in the Second Part of *Henry VI.* Viewed in this light, M. Mermet's work is treated in a highly commendable fashion, and I see nothing to laugh at in it, not ev-

*From *La Revue et Gazette Musicale*.

en the expression of "Vierge au bois chenu" ("Virgin of the hoary wood,") which seemed to divert the public vastly. Yet this, like certain other expressions, is borrowed from old and naive legends, which it is always as well to turn to account, if we would give a modern piece a more ancient and not unbecoming character. Some subjects, however, are well adapted for a play and for music, and some are suited to neither. I am much inclined to believe that Jeanne d'Arc belongs to the latter. History, after becoming legendary, clashes, immediately we would place it on the stage, with material obstacles of such a kind that it is nearly impossible to surmount them. The task becomes still more difficult with a character, like Jeanne d'Arc, surrounded by an aureola of popular admiration. The living representation of such a character will always appear very imperfect to superior minds, and very wearisome in its serenity to less delicate auditors.

I have not heard *Roland à Roncevaux*, and regret the fact from only one point of view—I should have great difficulty in expatiating on the relative merits of two works comparable only with each other. My regret, however, is perhaps superfluous, for M. Mermet's music scarcely seems to lend itself to a deliberate study, and still less to long æsthetical considerations, which, doubtless, would strike the author as highly singular. It pleases or it does not please; it seems deliciously soothing to some ears, and extremely boisterous to others, and there is an end of the matter. The composer entertains very strong convictions, on which he makes no concessions; but those convictions are altogether peaceable. The best opera, in his eyes, must be the opera in which the musician, freed from all vain pre-occupation about ideas, sentiment, or expression, has been best able to scatter about, according to his fancy, a number of couplets, gay or sorrowful, a few village refrains, and a host of warlike marches, with fine specimens of unison, sustained by violent blows on the big drum and strident outbursts of the cymbals. Among the composers of to-day, some sacrifice expression to purely singing melody; others are, above all things, anxious for truthfulness of expression; and others, lastly, devote all they know to the work of the orchestra. I have certainly heard *Jeanne d'Arc*, but I should be puzzled to say what the author prefers, or for which musical element he cares most; it is, perhaps, the human voice, but he spares it very little for one who expects such great services from it.

The first act contains a chorus of village maidens similar to every other chorus of village maidens; a chorus of soldiers similar to every other chorus of soldiers; a ballad and a captain's air similar to numerous other ballads and captain's airs; and, lastly, a quartet, identical with many other quartets, in which the personages, animated by the most different sentiments, express them by the same melody, which does not render exactly a single one; it is the triumph of expressionless music. The following duet between Jeanne and Gaston offers nothing particularly striking; and then, in the romance, when Jeanne bids farewell to her village, I perceive only how much presence of mind this young girl, with her feelings worked up to so high a pitch by her country's misfortunes, must possess, to indulge in such surprising vocal contrasts. The *finale* of Celestial Voices is, of course, constructed with the voices of the chorus above the stage, who begin by alternating with Jeanne, and end by singing with her; the contrary would have astonished me. I do not see much to mention in the second act; some rather insipid compliments of the King's or some instances of vocal coquetry on the part of Agnès Sorel, imitating the call of the clarion by a fine *roulade;* I am not sure which to prefer, the Dauphin's drinking song, the village air of Agnès, or the refrain of the Minstrels, but I do not much approve of the short march-like air with which Ambroise and Gaston announce Jeanne's arrival at Court. As to the *finale* for all the voices with which the King salutes the "Virgin Deliverer," it struck me as possessing less brilliancy than the author may have desired. Taken all in all, the best piece in the entire score is, perhaps, not the trio between Jeanne, Richard, and Master Jean, where the Astrologer predicts in turn the King's approaching consecration and Isabeau's shameful death, but the romance of Gaston contemplating Jeanne asleep: "She is pure, she is chaste and beautiful" (Elle est pure, elle est chaste et belle,") an agreeable melody, which, by the way, M. Salomon gives very well.

The *tableau* of the camp afforded M. Mermet full scope for something gay and full of color; he has only half succeeded. The grand orgy-chorus: "Friends, let us carouse!" ("Amis, faisons ripaille!") possesses tolerable spirit and dash; but the song of the Armagnacs—where we hear a good deal about *sack*, for the sake of the rhyme—is not overpowering. In the grand *pas d'action* of the ballet there is a long and somewhat difficult solo for the horn; though not very new, it is not unwelcome. Jeanne's address, calling the soldiers to reason, is sufficiently energetic. As for the final canticle, built up on the theme of the "Veni, Creator," first sung by Jeanne, and then repeated by all the voices of the men, women, and children, supported by all the wood and brass, it necessarily produces a powerful effect of sonority. The first *tableau* of the last act is very short, for it contains simply a chorus of English soldiers carousing in contrast with the sacred chants of the French at a distance, and then a few words pronounced by Jeanne over the corpse of the unfortunate Gaston, who entertained for her so pure a love. The great scene of the Cathedral, also, is subdivided into two parts: a grand march, executed by the orchestra and the organ—certainly longer than the march in *Le Prophète*— and followed by a chorus of the people singing one of the Songs of Solomon, and then the oath taken by the King in the presence of God, the People, and the Church. The demands addressed to the King by Jeanne, and her last hesitating scruples, are treated very curtly, so as to bring about, as rapidly as possible, the grand final Hosanna in honor of Jeanne, of France, and of Heaven.

Mdlle. Krauss supports, without bending under it, the whole weight of the opera, which is summed up in a single part, a part not always easy to sing, and demanding an immense expenditure of vocal power. But, when calculating the time she must have spent, and the pains she must have taken, to learn and create the character, we are seized with regret that she did not rather employ her zeal and talent on one, such as Armida or Julia, really worthy of her. This did not, it is true, depend upon her, but she grew strangely enamored of a character which might cost her dear, if she had to sing it frequently with the energy and exertion she exhibited at the grand rehearsal and on the first night; it is now tolerably certain that, in the natural course of events, she will escape the danger. M. Faure and M. Manoury are both up in the part of the King, and have sung it alternately. The latter gentleman renders it merely in an agreeable and satisfactory manner; he does not invest it with the elegance and distinction imparted to it by M. Faure, who is a master of his audience as well as of his voice, and manages both equally well. The character, however, does not possess more importance than the subordinate characters of Agnès Sorel, Richard, Gaston, and Master Jean. But for M. Faure's interpretation of it, it would not stand out more strongly. For Mdlle. Daram, MM. Gaillard, Salomon, and Caron, all actors of merit, who do not spare themselves, strive in vain to work their respective personages into the first rank; the author has certainly no ground of complaint against them, but the converse could not be asserted with equal truth.

After giving my opinion of the author and the artists, I have now to award M. Halanzier his due share of praise. This is not the smallest, for, as I said when I commenced, he resolved to get up, with almost royal magnificence, the first new opera produced in the new Operahouse. The scenery is most beautiful. The village green at Domremy, the terrace in the park at Chinon, commanding the valley of the Vienne, the dismantled boulevard under the walls of Orleans, the Cathedral of Rheims, and, above all, the camp below Blois at sunrise, with the Loire stretching out into the distance till it is lost to sight, are pictures painted by real masters. The costumes, also, designed by M. Frémiet, the sculptor, are exceedingly rich, and the armor is in no way inferior. I was especially charmed with the fantastic habiliments of the King of the Truands and his escort, which M. Lacoste must have cut out from some series of Callot's. Their garments, so truthful and so amusing, even suggested to me the idea that comic vestments—nay, absolutely rags—might be turned more to account than they are, instead of the costumes usually worn by *danseuses*, which are always something like each other, whatever pains may be taken to introduce variety into them.

ADOLPHE JULLIEN.

Church Music in New York.

[From the *Tribune*, April 29.]

UNUSUAL CHANGES IN CHOIRS — HARD TIMES AND DESIRE FOR LESS ELABORATE MUSIC THE CAUSES —CONTESTS FOR VACANT POSITIONS— PRESENT MEMBERSHIP OF THE CHOIRS.

Probably at no time since New York became the centre of high salaries in church choirs have there been so many changes as there will be during the year beginning, May 1. It is a matter of very little difficulty to determine the reason for the falling off of musical appropriation, and the consequent changes in the membership of choirs. The primary cause is the "hard times." Again, the arguments in favor of volunteer or congregational singing have determined several churches to dispense with a quartet of salaried singers altogether. These causes have thrown out of employment a large number of singers, including many of the favorites, who have given up their situations rather than submit to a reduction of salary. But their places have been, to a great extent, filled with new singers, or those whose lack of reputation makes it politic to accept such salaries as may be offered, and the consequence is that many singers who have been prominently before the church-going public have been obliged at the last minute to accept much lower salaries than heretofore or leave their positions.

Although a few committees are yet holding out, in the hope of securing a Titiens or a Mario at the low figures induced by the large supply, the majority of the positions are now filled, and the sound of the musical "trot" has ceased. As an illustration of the Music Committee's work, take the "trots" which have just broken up at the Rev. Dr. Chapin's Church, at Fifth-ave. and Forty-fifth-st., and to which the greatest publicity has been given. The position of soprano, made vacant by the engagement at the Broadway Tabernacle of Miss Thursby, was eagerly sought, and about 50 singers succeeded in obtaining the opportunity for a practical trial in the church. The announcement of the first evening's test was answered by a crowded house, and when the request was made that all those desiring to take part in the contest should remove from the body to the gallery of the church, nearly the entire congregation arose, and with rolls of music marched to the rapid beatings of their own hearts to the seats above. For three hours the panorama of sopranos passed over the musical disk with one enervated organist and two alternating blow boys in the background. "Angels ever bright and fair" appeared to be the favorite selection, and when it came to the words, "take, O take me," which were delivered with all the pathos demanded by the text, it appeared a direct and touching appeal to the hearts and pockets of the committee. Soon after 11 p.m. a fresh orchestra was substituted, and it was nearly midnight before the contest was adjourned until another evening.

The expenditures for church music, for this year, have been reduced, as a general rule, one-third, and in many cases one-half, from last year's schedule. Whether this reduction is to be a permanent thing remains to be seen. The result will be watched with much interest by those whose principal revenue is thus curtailed. The number of such persons is very great. At Mr. Wardwell's agency, the applicants for situations reached nearly 200, sufficient to supply 50 churches with choirs; and a single advertisement for tenors and basses was responded to by about 130 persons. The general reduction of salaries, with the introduction of less elaborate music, has not been accomplished without more or less internal strife. In large congregations there appears always to be a difference of opinion on the question of church music, and it is stated that the present move for low prices, with the consequent selection in many cases of less prominent singers, has not been brought about without much debate. In one church where the question came up the young members, finding they were about to lose their choir, swept the board of the Music Committee, the members of which had served for years, and formed a unanimous committee to sustain the musical prestige of the church. The majority of changes from choir to congregational singing and the adoption of the volunteer system are made in the Presbyterian, Baptist, and churches other than Protestant Episcopal. In the latter, while the reduction of salaries has been effected, music plays too important a part to admit of a precentor unaided except by the congregation. The principal choir changes are as follows:

fight. Fall..... on Ca - racul's ar - mies like spir - its of

Fall on Caracul's ar - mies like spir-its of up - per air.

air, Fall on Ca - racul's ar - mies like spir - its of

fall on Caracul's ar - mies like spirits of up - per air.

air, fol - low the king of the lan - ces, follow him,

follow him, follow

follow him, follow him, him, fol - low! Challenge the

fol - low

him, follow him, follow him, follow him, Challenge the

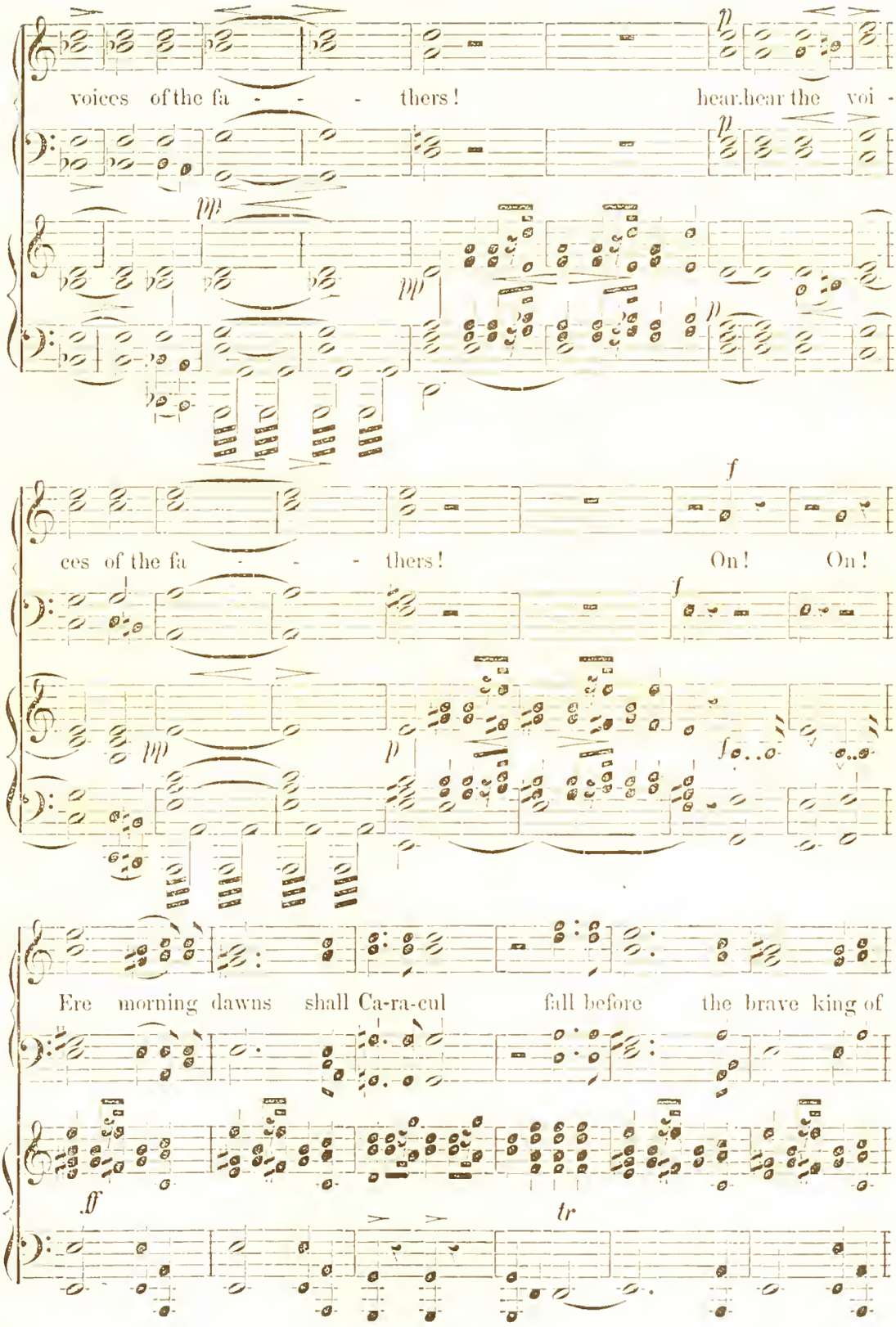
8va loco.

foemen, challenge the foemen all to the fight. Death must ye fear not, Fear on-

fz fz

ly flight. On! on! Hear, hear the

p p p


voices of the fa - - - thers! hear, hear the voi -
ces of the fa - - - thers! On! On!
Ere morning dawns shall Ca-ra-cul fall before the brave king of

Mor - - ven, fol - low the brave king of Mor - ven,

follow the brave king of Mor - ven. fol - low the brave king, fol - low the

Morven, fol - low the brave king, fol - low the brave king, the

brave . . . king of Mor - ven. . . . . .

ffz *ffz* *fz*

IN PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCHES.

At Trinity Church the changes have been very few, it being the policy of the corporation to make them as seldom as possible. The style of the music and the manner in which it is presented will be altered in no material points. Arthur H. Messiter, as heretofore, will be the organist and musical director, with Henry Carter as associate organist. The choir comprises 15 treble, 5 alto, 6 tenor, and 5 bass voices.

At St. Paul's Chapel at Broadway and Vesey-st., the music is rendered by a double quartet of mixed voices. This is a departure from the usual arrangement of voices in the Trinity Chapels, being the only place where a chancel choir is not employed. The choir is as follows: Decani—Soprano, Rebecca S. Cook; contralto, Cecilia A. Kemble; tenor, George Oswald O'Reilly; bass, John Palmer. Cantores—Soprano, Sabrina Doro; contralto, Orella D. Martin; tenor, Charles Forster; bass, Edward Norris.

At St. John's Chapel, in Varick-st., the death of Charles Edward Horsley left vacant the position of organist, which is now filled by Geo. F. Lejeune, formerly organist of the Anthon Memorial Church in West Forty-eighth-st. In the interval preceding the selection of Mr. Lejeune the position was filled by F. W. Thursch of Trinity Church choir, a pupil of Mr. Messiter. The music will be of the same character as heretofore, the strength of the choir remaining about the same.

Walter B. Gilbert is still retained as organist and director of music at Trinity Chapel, in Fifth-st., near Broadway, and there is nothing to note in regard to any change in the musical services.

After two years absence at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Samuel P. Warren returns to Grace Church, and it is the intention to make the music a prominent feature of the services, as under his former leadership. From the choir at the Holy Trinity he brings Mr. Sohst, and the position of soprano, which during the past year has been successively filled by Mrs. Ketcham and Mme. Brignoli, has been secured by Miss Hubbell. The choir is as follows: Soprano, Miss Ida Hubbell; contralto, Miss Anna Drasdil; tenor, Geo. Simpson; bass, Adolph Sohst.

At the Church of the Holy Trinity, at Forty-second st. and Madison-ave., there will be a complete change in the musical system. Since its organization, the choir, including Mme. Salvotti, Mrs. Davidson, and Mr. Sohst, together with a large chorus, has been under the direction of S. P. Warren. Joseph H. Guild, Mr. Warren's former assistant, will be the organist, while the choir, consisting of volunteer singers only, will be led by Mr. Perkins, who will also take charge of the social meetings as precentor. The absence of Mr. Warren probably will not interfere with the organ concerts with which his name has been associated for the last two seasons. A strong desire has been expressed to the effect that they be continued each season, although there appears a determination to place the concerts upon a somewhat more popular basis.

At the Church of the Incarnation, at Madison-ave. and Thirty-fifth-st., an entire change has taken place, not so much from economy, it is intimated, as a desire for less elaborate music. The church has been prominent among those making music a specialty, and the present experiment is to be tried in answer to a request from those of the congregation desiring less ambition in the organ loft. The choir is as follows: Soprano, Miss Harding; contralto, Miss Metler; tenor, Mr. Harvey; bass, F.G. Bourne; organist, Carl Walters.

At St. Mark's Church, at Stuyvesant-st. and Second-ave., during the coming year, the music will be rendered by a double quartet, under the direction of the organist, Mr. Beames. Dr. Hills, whose name appears as tenor in the first quartet, will join, in a few weeks, the choir at the Dutch Reformed Church at Fifth-ave. and Forty-eighth-st. The membership of the choir is as follows: First quartet—Soprano, Madame Dowland; contralto, Miss Jennie Dickerson; tenor, Dr. Arthur T. Hills; bass, Otto D. Lehman. Second quartet—Soprano, Miss Rachel Samuels; contralto, Miss Gertie Emanuel; tenor, Col. Ward; bass, Horace Howland; organist, William E. Beames.

There has been a complete revolution at the Church of the Atonement, at Madison-ave. and Twenty-eighth-st. Miss Rosburgh comes from Mr. Bristow's choir at Zion Church, and the contralto and tenor from the Church of the Incarnation. The choir is made up as follows: Soprano, Miss Ida Rosburgh; contralto, Mrs. Russell; tenor, Frank Guild; bass, F. Neilson (or substitute); organist, Mr. Fitzsimmons.

The choir of Calvary Church, at Fourth-ave. and Twenty-first-st., is so seldom in want of a member that when the position of soprano became vacant this Spring there was an eager company desirous of filling it. Miss Wood from the Church of the Atonement was the fortunate candidate. With this exception, the members remain the same as for many years past, as follows: Soprano, Miss Sarah Wood; contralto, Mrs. Payne; tenor, Mr. Thatcher; bass, Mr. Bostwick; organist, Joseph Mosenthal.

Two new voices have come into the choir at St. Thomas's Church, at Fifty-third-st. and Fifth-ave., Miss Lehmann and Mr. Wilkie retiring. The latter will probably go to Chicago. Mr. Nichols, his successor, was for a few months tenor in the choir at the Church of the Holy Trinity. George Wm. Warren retains the leadership, and will have the usual double chorus in connection with the quartet, the membership of which is as follows: Soprano, Mrs. Gulager; contralto, Miss Wynant; tenor, Chas. Nichols; bass, Thos. P. Wickes; organist, Geo. Wm. Warren.

Owing to a reduction in the salaries of the members of the choir of St. Bartholomew's Church, at Madison-ave. and East Forty-fourth-st., it was thought at one time that there would be a change in the principal quartet; but this is not the case, as all the solo singers remain. The quartet comprises: Soprano, Mrs. Imogene Brown; contralto, Mrs. Anna Buckley Hills; tenor, H. A. Bischoff; bass, Franz Remmertz. Mr. Carl Walters, Gen. Dodge's former assistant at the organ, goes to the Church of the Incarnation, at Madison-ave. and Thirty-fifth-st.

The choir of St. Stephen's Church, in West Forty-sixth-st., is composed as follows: Soprano, Miss Georgie Blackman; contralto, Miss Julia Long; tenor, R. P. Graham; bass, S. Thompson; organist, J. P. Jardine.

The membership of the choir of St. Clement's Church, in West Third-st., will be as follows: Soprano, Miss Annie Graham; contralto, Miss Susie England; tenor, Benj. C. Nash; bass, C. C. Williams; organist, G. J. Tattam.

At St. Ann's Church, on Eighteenth-st., near Fifth-ave., the quartet gives place to a chorus choir largely composed of members of the congregation, under the direction of James Maclaury, organist.

At St. George's Church, at Rutherford-place and East Sixteenth-st., Dr. S. Austen Pearce will succeed W. F. Williams as organist. Under the latter's direction, the music was rendered by a chancel choir, from which the organization known as the Young Apollo Club was made up. It is understood to be Mr. William's intention to travel with the club. Dr. Pearce will change the character of the music by forming a mixed volunteer chorus of about 50 voices. A limited number of these singers may receive a nominal salary, although no pretense in this direction is made. The music will be principally choral in its nature, with very little solo singing.

Zion Church, at Thirty-eighth-st. and Madison-ave., changes the number of singers in its choir from four to eight. The old quartet is scattered, Mrs. Anderson (Miss Barron) alone remaining. Mr. Bristow, as organist, still retains the leadership.

The Church of the Holy Saviour, on Twenty-fifth-st., between Madison and Fourth aves., retains the present choir as follows: Soprano, Miss L. C. Thompson; contralto, Miss J. C. Smith; tenor, Mr. H. A. Maas; bass, Mr. G. P. Warner; organist, Miss A. F. Lehman.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCHES.

The changes for the coming year will be very much less marked in the Roman Catholic Churches than in others. The membership of the principal choirs, as a general thing, will remain the same, while the appropriations for music are also unchanged. The majority of these churches make their singers' contracts from month to month. St. Peter's Church and the Church of the Nativity are exceptions to this rule. Several have volunteer choirs, among which may be mentioned the Church of the Transfiguration, at Mott and Park-sts.; St. Bridget's Church, at Avenue B and Eighth-st.; St. Gabriel's Church, at No. 312 East Thirty-seventh-st.; Church of the Immaculate Conception, at No. 505 East Fourteenth-st., and St. Paul's Church, in West Fifteenth-st.

H. L. Danforth, the organist, retains the leadership of the music at St. Stephen's Church in East Twenty-eighth-st. Madame Brignoli, the soprano during a portion of last year, was a member of Grace Church choir the last of the season. Her place at St. Stephen's has been filled by several applicants, who come and go from month to month. The contralto is Miss A. Munier, the tenor Mr. Telle, and the bass Sig. Bacelli.

At St. Peter's Church in Barclay-st., the regular choir consists of a quartet although on church holidays an orchestra and a female chorus connected with the society lend their aid. At present, the position of tenor is vacant, and may not be filled until Fall. The membership is as follows: Soprano, Mrs. Louisa M. Easton; contralto, Mrs. Joseph Ford; tenor, [vacant]; bass, Matthew J. Standt; organist, Wm. F. Pecher.

The choir of St. Patrick's Cathedral, at Mott and Prince sts., also has the aid of a volunteer musical organization on festival occasions. The music is under the direction of Gustavus Schmitz. The choir, which remains unchanged with the exception of contralto, is as follows: Soprano, Mlle. Bredeli; contralto, Madame Unger; tenor, Hermann Bersin; bass, C. F. Urchs; organist, Gustavus Schmitz.

At St. Ann's Church, at No. 112 East Twelfth-st., the choir is made up as follows: Soprano, Miss Corradi; contralto, Miss Octavia Gomien; tenor, Mr. Romeyn; bass, A. C. Blum; organist, L. Dachauer.

The choir of the Church of the Nativity, at No. 46 Second-ave., is as follows: Soprano, Miss F. Rokohl; contralto, Madame F. Levy; tenor, A. Dehnhoff; bass, Mr. H. Hadden; organist, Henry Greiner.

At the Church of the Epiphany, at No. 373 Second-ave., the choir has the following members: Soprano, Mrs. Treadway; contralto, not to be filled; tenor, Mr. Wiegand; bass, Mr. Hoffman; organist, Frederick Davis.

CHURCHES OF OTHER DENOMINATIONS.

The choir of the Broadway Tabernacle has been completely remodeled. Formerly, under the direction of G. G. Rockwood, the music was rendered by a double quartet, of which Miss Finch is the only remaining member. When it was found that Miss Beebe could not be secured to fill the quartet of English glee singers, Miss Thursby was offered the position. Miss Thursby receives $3,000 for her services at the Tabernacle the coming year, besides the necessary hotel accommodations on Sunday, and a carriage to and from Williamsburgh. The full choir is as follows: Soprano, Miss Emma C. Thursby; contralto, Miss Louise Finch; tenor, J. R. Nilsen; bass, George E. Aiken; organist, Mrs. Christopher.

Two changes have occurred in the choir of the Collegiate Reformed Dutch Church, at Fifth-ave. and Forty-eighth-st, Miss Brainard and Mr. Kamping being succeeded by Miss Tallman and Mr. Hills. The quartet will be as follows: Soprano, Miss Mary Tallman; contralto, Mrs. Harvey Mitchell; tenor, Arthur Hills; bass, Henry Schwicardi; organist, Myron A. Ward.

At the Church of the Covenant, at Park-ave. and Thirty-fifth-st., with the exception of the contralto, there has been a complete change in the choir. The soprano of last year, Miss Hall, was the successful candidate at the contest at Dr. Chapin's. Messrs. Rockwood and Lumbard are old members of the Broadway Tabernacle choir. Mr. Grant, the organist, goes to the Swedenborgian Church on Thirty-fifth-st., between Park and Lexington aves. Last season the organ was removed from the rear of the church to a position back of the minister. The change is said to have been one unfavorable to the singers, as the arrangement does not allow a distinct hearing of the instrument, making it a matter of same difficulty to keep the key. The choir is as follows: Soprano, Miss Kate E. Stark; contralto, Miss Louise H. Kemlo; tenor, Geo. G. Rockwood; bass, Jules Lumbard; organist, Freeman Gedney.

At the West Presbyterian Church, on Forty-second-st., between Fifth and Sixth-aves. the quartet remains the same as last year, with the exception of the contralto, who comes from the Swedenborgian Church choir. The membership is as follows: Soprano, Miss Henrietta Beebe, contralto, Miss Lizzie Foster; tenor, Theodore Toedt; bass, Reinhold L. Herman; organist, P. A. Schnecker.

The choir of All Souls' Church, at Fourth-ave. and Twentieth-st., is as follows: Soprano, Miss C. A. Hewlett; contralto, Miss E. A. Davis; tenor, N. B. Wood; bass, A. E. Stoddard; organist, C. E. Daniels.

At the Brick Church, at Fifth-ave and Thirty-seventh-st., the choir of last year will remain, as follows: Soprano, Mrs. Danforth [Miss Mamlin]; contralto, Miss Mary Jewett; tenor, Mr. Vail; bass, Mr. Danforth; organist, Caryl Florio.

At the Tabernacle Baptist Church, on Second-ave., between Tenth and Eleventh-sts., a volunteer choir, made up of the members of the congregation, will take the place of the quartet.

The Rev. Dr. Armitage's Church, at Fifth-ave., and Forty-sixth-st., retains last year's choir, as follows: Soprano, Miss Mary Adams; contralto, Miss Crane; tenor, George B. Eddy; bass, E. Gilbert; organist, T. Mann.

With the exception of soprano, the choir at the Rev. Dr. Booth's church, at University-place and Tenth-st., remains the same as last year. As now organized it includes: Soprano Mrs. Smith [Miss Wheeler]; contralto, Miss S. M. Gordon; tenor, David Simms; bass, Alfred May; organist, William Smith.

The quartet choir of the Church of the Messiah, at Park-ave. and Thirty-fourth-st., was broken up in January, since which time the music has been led by a soprano and bass. It is the intention to have, during the coming year, either a precentor or volunteer chorus, probably the latter.

At the Jewish Synagogue, at Lexington-ave. and Fifty-fifth-st., the choir membership will be as follows: Soprano, Mrs. Ackermann and Miss Theresa Werneke; contralto, Miss Mary Werneke and Mrs. Holbrook; tenor, Mr. Brooks and W. Baumann; bass, H. Haden and Chas. Werneke; organist, Henry Greiner.

At the Temple Beth-El, at Lexington-ave. and Sixty-third-st., the choir is composed as follows: Soprano, Mrs. Frances Hess, Mrs. Wigand and Mrs. Cohn; contralto, Mrs. T. H. Schulz and Miss E. Urchs; tenor, C. Pflueger and Mr. Riedel; bass, A. C. Blum and Mr. Urchs.

The choir in the Madison Square Presbyterian Church is one of those mentioned as making few, if any, changes from year to year. The membership is as follows: Soprano, Miss Anna Simon; contralto, Miss Henne; tenor, Chaales Fritsch; bass, Herman Trose; organist, W. K. Bassford.

At the Church of the Divine Paternity, at Fifth-ave. and Forty-fifth-st., the choir still remains incomplete, the tenor not yet having been supplied. The choir is as follows: Soprano, Miss Maggie E. Hall; contralto, Mrs. Ashford; bass, Geo. C. Deyo; organist, A. J. Holden.

PRECENTORS.

One very common mode of retrenchment is to give up the salaried quartet altogether and engage a precentor to lead the congregation. This arrangement is satisfactory alike to those who do not wish to have their singing done by proxy and to those who desire a curtailment of expenses.

At the Rev. Dr. Hall's Church, at Fifth-ave. and Fifty-fifth-st., Mr. Nilsen's place is taken by Dr. Arthur A. Barrows, formerly tenor of Zion Church. George F. Sargent remains at the Church of the Disciples, at Madison-ave. and East Forty fifth-st., and Joseph Jewett is retained at Dr. Ormiston's Church, at Fifth-ave. and Twenty-ninth-st. At the Thirteenth Street Presbyterian Church, between Sixth and Seventh-aves. [Dr. Burchard's], Mr. William Tobias, formerly tenor at Dr. Chapin's, will lead the singing. At the Swedenborgian Church, Thirty-fifth-st., between Lexington and Park-aves., Charles Root, as precentor, will take the place of the salaried quartet.

BROOKLYN CHURCHES.

High salaries in Brooklyn choirs have suffered about as much as those in the churches in this city. So far as can be discovered there is only one instance where an increase of appropriation can be noted—at the Reformed Church on Harrison-st. The choir at this church is as follows: Soprano, Miss Ella Coddington; contralto, Miss Mary Jefferson; tenor, Frank Marcwald; bass, Stanley Williamson; organist, W. B. Tremain.

At Dr. Cuyler's church, where last year there was an expensive quartet, the choir will consist of a volunteer chorus.

The Church of the Holy Trinity has secured the following quartet: Soprano, Miss Holcomb; contralto, Miss Johanna Lehman; tenor, George Ellard; bass, Mr. Vaughn; organist, S. B. Whiteley.

At St. James's Church the choir will consist of the usual salaried quartet and volunteer chorus; and in the majority of the other churches the only change will be a general reduction from the old scale of salaries.

Finding that the position of tenor would be vacant, Mr. Camp, the leader of Plymouth Church choir, was empowered by the Music Committee to send to England for a singer. The gentleman selected is said to have been successful as a concert singer, although his fame and name have not reached the public ear in this city. This gentleman does not take the position until September, and it is understood that Eugene Clark will be the substitute during the Summer. The chorus will be continued as heretofore.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 13, 1876.

The Oratorio Week.

(Concluded.)

It speaks well for the enterprise and high artistic purpose of our time-honored Handel and Haydn Society, that they could close this season with a noble Oratorio of Handel never before attempted here, immediately after so successful a production of Bach's Passion Music. *Joshua*, an oratorio in the same high heroic strain with *Judas Maccabæus*, had its first performance before a Boston audience, which filled the Music Hall, on the evening of Easter Sunday, April 16. Like most of Handel's oratorios, the score, as it was left by him, was very incomplete and sketchy; many instrumental parts were wanting to fill out the harmony; he could provide for that himself when he presided over the performance at the organ; but that to musicians of our day is a lost art. Accordingly there had to be done for it—what *Judas Maccabæus* still so sadly needs—what Mozart did for the *Messiah*, what Franz did for Bach's Passion Music—the work of completing the instrumentation by another hand; and that could only be entrusted to a musician of the highest order, thoroughly imbued with the spirit of those old masters and at home in the whole style and feeling of the works in question. Happily in the present case this service had been rendered by the Dresden Kapellmeister, Julius Rietz, (formerly Mendelssohn's successor at Leipzig), who had furnished additional orchestral parts for wind instruments for a performance of *Joshua* at the Düsseldorf festival in 1841. The *Advertiser* of the day before the performance, in a brief communication evidently from the President of the Society, shows how a copy was obtained.

Dr. Robert Franz, the well-known composer, who is, perhaps, of all musicians, best qualified to judge in such a matter, has a high opinion of Rietz's work, and it was from him that Mr. Otto Dresel borrowed the parts that he might have them copied expressly for the Handel and Haydn Society. There can be no doubt that they will add greatly to the effect of the oratorio, which will doubtless attract a large audience. The society also owes to Mr. Dresel's intercession the additional parts to Handel's "Messiah," composed by Robert Franz to complete those written by Mozart. Dr. Franz had undertaken this work some years ago, but had laid it aside to be finished at a future day. When requested to do so for the Handel and Haydn Society by the board of management, through Mr. Dresel, he resumed his labors, and the result has become the exclusive property of the society. At Christmas, or perhaps even at an earlier date, the Boston public will thus have an opportunity of hearing the "Messiah" as it has never been heard elsewhere, enriched not only by the additional accompaniments of Mozart, but also by those of Dr. Franz, whose intimate knowledge of Handel's music and profound respect for his genius assure us that he has worked in the spirit of Handel, and has added only that which will enhance the beauties of his most sublime creation.

Joshua, although not to be ranked with Handel's greatest oratorios, contains several of his grandest and most graphic choruses, some arias of great beauty, as well as some of a heroic and inspiring strain; and it abounds in recitative (perhaps a weariness to some) which is always fine, discriminating, eloquent and true to situation and to character. Its martial and heroic strain is well relieved by tender passages of love. Some parts of the earlier choruses, like: "In wat'ry heaps affrighted Jordan rolled," remind one of the more massive, but in idea not grander, double choruses in *Israel in Egypt*. There are no double choruses in *Joshua*.

The work itself, as well as the performance on the whole, proved more acceptable than had been commonly anticipated. Indeed it was listened to throughout with every sign of pleasure; and we think it will be welcomed whenever it shall be again announced. We borrow from the *Globe* an account of the performance which agrees well in the main with our own impressions.

"Joshua," while lacking the inspirational power and sublimity that saturate and glorify "The Messiah," is yet less ponderous than "Samson," and more symmetrical than "Judas Maccabæus." The martial character of the story, which is fully asserted in the music, is most happily tempered by the all-pervading religious sentiment, and there is not a dull moment from the beginning to the end. In the first part, which illustrates the preparation of the tribes of Israel for battle, the episode of the meeting of Achsah and Othniel is given such prominence as to make it the feature of this portion of the work. Achsah is introduced in the plaintive air, "Oh! who can tell, oh! who can hear of Egypt and not shed a tear?" Hearing Othniel's praises, she fancies the sweet compliments come from the birds of the forest, and sings, to the accompaniment of the flute, an exquisite song, "Hark, 'tis the linnet." Then, meeting with Othniel, they together sing a love duo in the pastoral style, "Our limpid streams with freedom flow." Their wooing is interrupted by the trumpet call, and the first part closes with a grand chorus, "May all the hosts of heaven attend him."

At the opening of the second part occurs the *piece de resistance* of the work, the solo (tenor) and chorus, "Glory to God." Some passages in this number, notably the phrase, "The nations tremble," have scarcely been excelled even by Handel in his most inspired moments. A magnificent air for the bass, "See the raging flames arise," follows, which is succeeded by a chorus, "Almighty ruler of the skies," which describes the miraculous passage over Jordan. A superb recitative accompanies Joshua's invocation to the sun and moon, and the chorus, "Behold! the listening sun the voice obeys" forms a grand climax to the second part. The third and closing part fairly bristles with gems. Besides the well known bass air, "Shall I in Mamre's fertile plains," and then the not unfamiliar soprano air, "Oh, had I Jubal's lyre," occurs a fine aria, "Place danger around me," for the contralto, a sublime chorale, "Father of Mercy," and the great chorale from Judas,* "See the conquering hero comes," which is introduced to celebrate the triumph of young Othniel. From this outline of some of its features it must be evident that the work is of exceptional variety and interest, affording soloists and chorus rich opportunities, which, in the performance last night, were not slighted.

The leading soprano part was sung by Mme. Van Zandt. This artist's style is not entirely suited to oratorio, and, in some of her solos, she was not especially successful; albeit she sang her music carefully and conscientiously. Her rendering of "Oh, who can tell," was wanting in the depth of feeling which the piece demands, and in "Hark! 'tis the linnet," there was a lack of that delicacy and naiveté for which the music called. In "Oh! had I Jubal's lyre," nothing was wanting; for the piece was exactly fitted to her brilliant style, and she won a hearty encore. Miss Phillipps as Othniel justified the title that has aptly been bestowed upon her by an eminent critic, of the most emotional singer America has produced. All her music was impressively rendered, especially the difficult aria in the third part, "Place danger around me." Mr. Maas has never appeared to better advantage than in Joshua. He touched the opening notes of "Haste, Israel, haste," rather torpidly, but made up for this slight delinquency by taking a splendid high note at the end of the piece, and in his recitative, "Oh, thou bright orb," rose to a very high point of lyric power. Mr. John F. Winch is entitled to warm commendation for his singing of the bass part, Caleb, which he assumed at very short notice, owing to the continued illness of Mr. M. W. Whitney. The audience was in full sympathy with Mr. Winch in his trying position, but his efforts called for no indulgence. His principal air, "See the raging flames," was magnificently given. Miss Sarah C. Fisher merits favorable mention for her good work in recitative.

To the chorus belongs much of the splendid success attained. Considering that the work was entirely unfamiliar, the choral performance was marvellous in its uniform smoothness and power.

Artists might well learn useful lessons of this chorus in the great art of musical expression. The orchestra was, not unnaturally, a little timorous at times and left the chorus to do the brunt of the work. Mr. Zerrahn held the baton, and kept the chorus up with his usual success. He was honored with a delicate but significant testimonial from the lady members of the chorus, in the form of a beautiful floral lyre. His discovery of this tribute, which occurred at the end of the first part, created a most agreeable sensation in the chorus, which broke forth into quite a spontaneous demonstration of applause.

Mendelssohn's "Son and Stranger."

A charming entertainment was that devised by certain charitable ladies, and given in the fine new hall of the Young Men's Christian Union in Boylston Street, on Thursday evening of last week, before a very large and cultivated audience who had purchased tickets privately under the double inducement of artistic pleasure and of sympathy for want! Mendelssohn composed this "Liederspiel," or operetta: *Heimkehr aus der Fremde*, as he called it, during his early visit to England, and took it home with him to Berlin, to be performed in private by his relatives and friends for the silver wedding of his parents. His friend Klingemann prepared the libretto, which contains some graceful poetry, and suitable for ballads, arias, trios, choruses, etc., as

*It was first composed for *Joshua*, and afterwards adopted into *Judas*.—ED.

well as a plenty of spoken dialogue. The English version is by Chorley, made since the death of Mendelssohn, who kept the offering sacred and refused to make it public. The music is of a fresh, simple, delicate and graceful character, thoroughly musician-like, and always genial and imaginative; Dramatically it is not exciting, but it is interesting to an unsophisticated taste. Its tone is pure and innocent, mingled with some clever drollery, and it is full of felicities. We could not help comparing it with Cherubini's "Water Carrier," which doubtless the young Felix knew and admired.

The performers were amateurs and volunteering artists, Mr. B. J. Lang conducting, under whose direction the performance had been most carefully prepared, so that the representation of the work, both musically and scenically, was complete. The graceful Overture, in the first theme of which Mendelssohn said he made his filial bow before his parents, was finely played on two pianos by Mr. Lang, assisted by Mr. Parker, Mr. Leonhard and Mr. Sumner. The Soprano part (Lisbeth) was sung and acted with exquisite vivacity and grace by Miss Clara Doria. The sad and anxious part of the mother (Ursula) was taken by Miss Ita Welsh, whose sweet, rich and expressive voice was heard to fine advantage in the opening Romance, and in the duet and trios later. Mr. Nathaniel Childs sang the tenor part (the son and stranger, Hermann) very sweetly and showed experience in acting. To Dr. Bullard was assigned the comic part of the pedlar, Kauz, who did it admirably, particularly his *largo al factotum* song: "I am a roamer bold and gay." Mr. Wm. F. Arthur was capitally made up for the respectable old German Mayor, and sang his one note in the Trio doubtless quite as well as the composer's brother-in-law, the painter Hensel, for whom the part was written. There was also a watchman (Martin) who does not sing, but adds to the picturesqueness of the situation (Mr. T. R. Sullivan). But the most captivating picture was the last scene, where the festive chorus came in, in gay village costumes; their singing too was very musical and satisfactory. Altogether the performance was a great success; the only drawback being, we surmise, that most of the company found so much of spoken dialogue a little "slow." The accompaniments were beautifully played by Mr. Lang, Mr. Leonhard assisting him again in the interlude ("Night and Morning.")

A Week of Italian Opera.

We have had no better operatic combination here during the past season, than that of which we believe Miss Adelaide Phillipps was the prime mover, and which gave six performances last week at the Boston Theatre. This enterprise on the part of Miss Phillipps was prompted in a great measure by her strong desire to further the artistic career of her younger sister, Miss Mathilde Phillipps, in whose education here and abroad she has taken so deep an interest, and of whose successes on the lyric stage in Europe we have heard so much. Sharing the honors with those sisters was the prima donna soprano of the troupe, a star of consequence elsewhere, but now greeted here for the first time, Signora Maria Palmieri, of whom, and of her husband, also of this troupe, we read:

She was born in London, but although English by birth is as thoroughly an Italian artist as any daughter of that sunny land. At an early age she was sent to Italy and placed under the tuition of the most eminent masters. She made her debut at Leghorn during the Carnival of 1862-63, and at once achieved brilliant success. In the autumn of 1863 she was engaged for La Scala, at Milan, where she created an immense furore as Lucia, and was at once re-engaged for the ensuing Carnival season. From thence she went to Genoa, Turin, Florence, Trieste, Palermo, Brussels and Venice, meeting everywhere with extraordinary success. Just prior to the late war in France, she had entered into an engagement for three years, with M. Bagier, of the Theatre des Italiens, Paris; but the breaking out of hostilities prevented its fulfilment. She was for the third time secured for the San Carlo, Naples, for the season of 1870-'71. After three years more of uninterrupted success throughout Italy, she made an extended tour abroad, and but recently arrived from Mexico. Signor Tito Palmieri, the tenor, has been connected with the company at Les Italiens, Paris, where he sang with the famous Mme. Penco, and also with Mapleson's Grand Italian Opera Company, London, where he sang with Mlle. Titiens and other great artists.

Of other members we shall speak in course. As to the repertoire, we were somewhat disappointed, as we know Miss Phillipps was herself, that it was found impracticable to bring out several of Rossini's operas, besides the *Semiramide*,—say *Cenerentola* and *Il Conte Ory*. As it was, *Norma* was performed on Monday, in which Signora Palmieri established her claim; *Semiramide* on Tuesday, which was the occasion for the younger Miss Phillipps; *La Favorita* on Wednesday; *Il Trovatore* Thursday; on Friday evening, two acts of *Semiramide* and two of the *Favorita*; and *Semiramide* again for the Matinée of Saturday.

We were only able to be present twice; first to witness the truly powerful and admirable singing and acting of Adelaide Phillipps in *La Favorita*. We do not like the music of the opera; it has always seemed to us barbarous and coarse, with the exception of some pieces in the latter part. Much of it sounds empty, commonplace and thin. Sitting at the noisy end of the extended orchestra, and very near, much of it seemed to us ambitious trombone solo with very thin accompaniment. But the work is dramatically constructed and gives fine opportunity for impassioned song and action on the part of Leonora, and the tenor and the baritone, all of which were well filled, the first we might almost say superlatively. Miss Phillipps, in spite of some loss of freshness in her upper tones and now and then slight faultiness of intonation, sang superbly, and threw great intensity of feeling, both of the tender and the proud sort, into her voice and whole impersonation of the character, producing an impression which continually deepened to the end. Mr. Tom Karl lacked only more reserved force for Fernando; he sang very sweetly, in a refined and tasteful style, and exerted himself earnestly and not unsuccessfully in action as well as in the rendering of the music. We had much pleasure in hearing for the first time (though he has sung here once before this winter) Sig. Taglapietra, the refined and graceful representative of the King. We have heard baritone voices of richer quality; but his is pleasing and effective, and evidently highly cultivated; he sings with true expression, in a chaste and earnest manner. The basso, Sig. Bacello, sings moderately well, but gave but a tame conception of the stern old monk.

After the modern operas, so declamatory and straining for effect, the *Favoritas*, *Trovatores*, and the like, it was refreshing to hear again, after a long silence, even a half only of the melodious, sumptuous, stately music of *Semiramide*; perhaps the half was better than the whole would have been, for such extremely florid melody soon cloys. Yet this is *music!* It is full of melodious ideas, full of sparkling invention, exquisite and even expressive in its perpetual embellishment, its subtle *fioriture*, always dignified and regal, if barbaric, Oriental in its tone, and rising now and then to real grandeur and almost sublimity. In harmony likewise, not less than melody, and in rich and vivid instrumentation it is a masterwork of the peculiar Rossini genius. As both the orchestra and chorus were respectable (under the firm and quiet conductorship of Sig. Tomasi) and the performance altogether of an even excellence, we confess to having for that hour or more recalled with real pleasure those old strains which haunted us in younger days,—music worthy of its theme, all gold and purple,—luxury and pomp and pride.

Signora Palmieri, as the Queen, proved herself a singer fully equal to such music, one of the most pleasing and artistic we have heard for some time; and she moved about at home in her surroundings, a mistress of the lyric stage. Miss Mathilde Phillipps was the Arsace, the young warrior returning to Babylon. She has a good stage presence, moves with dignity and freedom, and bears herself nobly in the encounter with the dark and haughty Assur. Her voice, singularly like that of her sister, is a contralto of a remarkably rich, pure and sweet quality, particularly powerful in the highest and lowest tones, but all well developed, and having the charm of perfect freshness. She evidently has sought instruction earnestly and *con amore*, and identifies herself completely with her part and with its music, which very seldom finds a better singer. A cultivated ear and taste need ask no surer pleasure than to hear the contralto music in Rossini's operas so charmingly interpreted. M. Gaston Gottschalk, in the part of Assur showed himself the possessor of a powerful and well trained baritone voice, and sang and acted like an artist, though he has not the old art of rendering the frequent *fioriture* with distinctness. The parts of Idreno and Oroe, the high priest, were acceptably filled by Sig. Palmieri and Sig. Bacini.

The first and last acts of *La Favorita* followed; and how coarse and common did that music sound after Rossini! Miss Phillipps even surpassed her former effort in the last scene.—The Opera won much praise,—we fear, more praise than pay.

Concerts.

We have barely room to allude to a few concerts of interest, which we had intended to notice before.

Mr. John Orth, a young American of German parentage (originally from New Bedford), returned about a year ago from Germany after six years of earnest study. He is now one of the principal piano teachers in the Boston Conservatory. His matinée (April 26) at the new hall of the Y. M. C. Union, gave fine proof of the wide range, the intellectuality and thoroughness of his studies. He played, first, from Bach: the poetic, graceful Prelude and Fugue in C-sharp minor from the Well-tempered Clavichord, and the great Organ Toccata in D minor, in a remarkably full transcription by Tausig. Firmness, accuracy and clearness characterized his rendering, rather than fine sentiment or light and shade. The touch was strong and hard. But in a group of smaller modern pieces there was more of grace and *finesse* in his interpretations. These were: Prelude, E minor, op. 72, Raff; Gavotte, by Silas; Concert Etude, Kullak; "Consolation," Liszt; Tarantelle, Von Bülow; Swedish Wedding March (particularly charming), Soderman; and Valse brillante,—A flat, op. 34, Chopin. We could not remain to hear Liszt's transcription of the Schubert Fantaisie, op. 15. The very beautiful singing by Miss Adelaide Phillipps (Aria by Handel: "Dove sei," and "Oh! Fatima," Weber) added greatly to the interest of the concert.

The Opera robbed us of Mr. H. G. Tucker's concert at Mechanic's Hall, May 3, which we learn was very successful. Mr. Tucker played, with Mr. Foote, those Variations by Saint-Saëns on a theme from Beethoven, which were introduced in Mr. Lang's concert; an *Etude* by Rubinstein; an Allegretto by Schubert; Liszt's *Galop Chromatique*; and the "Introduction and Allegro," op. 134, by Schumann, which he had played before with orchestra in one of the last Harvard Concerts. Miss Lillian Bailey sang.

A few more remain.

The New England Normal Musical Institute will open at East Greenwich, R. I., July 20, and continue till Aug. 17. The Board of Instructors will consist of Dr. E. Tourjée, Carl Zerrahn, J. C. D. Parker, B. J. Lang, G. E. Whiting, J. O'Neil, L. W. Mason, J. H. Wheeler, H. E. Holt, D. S. Godfrey and others. A series of lectures will be given by Dr. Tourjée, H. K. Oliver, J. K. Paine, B. D. Allen, S. R. Kelley, John H. Norman and others. A series of concerts will be given, at one of which one of the great oratorios will be performed, and for another the assistance of a large chorus from Boston is secured.

For our Chicago Correspondent.

NEW YORK CITY, May 3, 1876.

To the Editor of Dwight's Journal:

DEAR SIR: Pardon my encroaching on your valuable space this once; as, not being partial to what is called "rushing into print," I never shall do so again.

My attention was called to an article containing a criticism on my singing at the Apollo Club Concert given in Chicago on the 23rd of March. This criticism was signed "Der Freischuetz." With his sharp, but doubtless kindly meant comment on my vocalization, I rest content; as being still very young, time and very hard work may yet enable me to win even "Der Freischuetz's" approval of it.

In justice, however, I must consider his condemnation of my selections on that occasion as by far too severe. When for weeks, in New York, Mlle. Tietjens retained "Bel Raggio" and "Arditi Valse," on her programmes, there was not the man to be found in the land, to accuse her of offering *trash to the best concert audience to be gathered together*. I should not presume to refer to Mlle. Tietjens, were I not forced to; and in doing so, I earnestly beg you to do me the justice of allowing that it is with no intention of instituting a comparison. The "Staccato Polka" of Müller is purely a bravura piece, such as any artist, with a tolerable amount of vocalization would naturally select, and is as much open to the charge of being trash, as the "Carnival of Venice," or any other such piece.

My encore song to this, being a ballad, needs no defence, as they are ever fresh and ever welcome.

"Der Freischütz," in his contempt for the above selections, seems to me to be casting s slur on the good taste of the audience, which he himself calls one of the best to be gathered together, and for whose hearty, kind approval I shall be ever deeply grateful. This would of course also apply to the Club which did me the honor of sending for me, and of allowing these pieces on their programme.

Of course, when a Concert is to be of a strictly classical order, no singer in her solo has any right to depart from it; but when no specification has been made to this effect, she ought to have her own choice in the matter; and if nothing worse than "Bel Raggio" and "Staccato Polka" disgraces the programme, "Der Freischütz" ought to consider himself both lucky and blest.

To conclude; if "Der Freischeutz" really wishes to give young artists the benefit of his large experience and severe musical taste, let him do so in a gentler and more encouraging manner; as many, like myself, willing to accept advice, would be disheartened when assailed in his style. Of course, I shall not be so, as I will do him the justice of believing it was meant for my good, and endeavor to profit by his comments.

Very truly yours,

WILHELMINA E. BENZIGER.

250 *W. 36th Street, N. Y.*

WELLESLEY COLLEGE. The young ladies of this attractive institution continue to enjoy choice programmes of piano-forte music given in turn by our best Boston artists. The third Recital, Friday evening, March 31, was by Mr. B. J. LANG, who played:

Harmonies Poetiques et Religieuses: Benediction de Dieu dans la Solitude.....Liszt
Nocturne in C minor. Op. 48.....Chopin
Caprice in E minor. Op. 16—2.....Mendelssohn
Fantaisie, on a theme by Rossini.....Liszt
Sonata in D major, for two Pianofortes.....Mozart
Allegro con spirito—Andante—Allegro molto.
Miss G. E. Randall and Mr. Lang.
Allegro in C major.....Handel
Spinning Song in A major.....Lang
Bourrée in G major.....Handel
Caprice in C major.....Lang
Transcription of Weber's E major Polonaise...Liszt

MR. ERNST PERABO's contribution (April 21) was the following:

Overture to the Opera "Dimitri Donskoi," Rubinstein
[Arranged for two hands by Ernst Perabo.]
Deux Morceaux { B Flat Major / G Minor } ....Mendelssohn
a. Gavotte. Op. 23, C minor. [New]....Saint-Saëns
b. Morceau. Op. 41-1, in E flat.....W. Bargiel
c. "Characterstück." Op. 55-1. [New].....Fr. Kiel
Sonata. Op. 27-1, in E Flat.....Beethoven
a. "The Walk to Emmaus," a biblical sketch, Op. 96-2.....C. Löwe
b. Intermezzo, from Sonata, Op. 52.....Kiel
Studies:
a. A minor, Op. 10-2.....H. Seeling
b. D minor, Op. 5-6 } .....A. Krause
c. G major, Op. 5-2 }
a. Prayer, from "Soirées à St. Petersbourg," Rubinstein
b. Menuet, in E Flat.....Beethoven
c. Barcarolle, arranged by Liszt.....Schubert
Tema con Variazioni, from String Quartet in D-minor.....Schubert
[Arranged for two hands by Ernst Perabo.]

On Friday evening, May 5, Mr. J. C. D PARKER took his turn as reciter and interpreter of the following interesting matter:

Suite in E major.....Bach
1. Allemande. 2. Courante. 3. Sarabande. 4. Gavotte. 5 Polonaise. 6. Bourrée. 7. Menuet. 8. Gigue.
Rondo in A minor.....Mozart
Adagio and Finale Scherzando [from the Sonata in A Flat, entitled "Le Retour à Paris"]...Dussek
Sonata, Op. 27-2 ["Moonlight"].....Beethoven
a. Preghiera. } .....Rubinstein
b. Impromptu. }
a. Preludes, Op. 28, Nos. 1-4 and 2, }
b. Nocturne, Op 27 2, } .....Chopin
c. Ballade in A flat, Op. 47. }
Andante and Variations, Op. 82.....Mendelssohn
Polonaise in F sharp major.....Parker

Musical Readings and Recitals.

MR. EDITOR: In addition to your chronicles of musical doings of the past winter, may he mentioned a course of Saturday evening reunions of the students, past and present, of the Mendelssohn Musical Institute, for mutual improvement and instruction. The exercises have been biographical and miscellaneous readings for information upon subjects intimately connected with music, its history, that of the Piano and Organ, the lives of great musicians, celebrated vocalists, etc., etc.,—after which those present have alternately recited some song, aria or duet, Sonata, Fantasie, or whatever form of musical composition may have been the subject of study during the interim. To commemorate the birth day of Mendelssohn, one evening in February was given entirely to his compositions, preceded by reading a comprehensive sketch of his life. The closing recital for this season, on Saturday evening, April 29, was devoted to selections from Beethoven as in the following programme:

Overture to Leonora, No. 3, in C, [4 hands].
Canzonetta; "La vita felice."
Sonata Pathetique, Op. 13.
Arietta; "La Partenza."
Menuet from Trio, op. 25.
Song; "Adelaide."
Sonata, Op 7.
Arietta buffa; "L'amante impatiente."
Pastoral Symphony, No. 6, [four hands].

Many friends of the pupils who were present expressed themselves delighted with the success of the evening, and the most severe critic would have been satisfied with the accuracy of technique, purity of style and correctness of expression, in both vocal and instrumental performances. All who have participated in these musical evenings will ever remember them with pure and unalloyed satisfaction. MUSICUS.

WORCESTER, MASS. From the Worcester *Gazette*, of April 24, we learn that a large audience was present at the pianoforte recital given by Mr. A. W. FOOTE, of Boston, at the rooms of the Worcester County Music School, on Saturday afternoon. Mr. Foote plays with remarkable facility of execution and intelligent expression for so young a man; and shows an aptitude for the profession he has chosen which must, with perseverance, result in his occupying a high place among New England pianists. Mr. Foote was assisted on this occasion by Mr. L. R. Goering, the flutist. The programme was of the first order. Mr. Foote played Liszt's paraphrase on the "Rigoletto" theme, and the five selections comprising the third number, entirely from memory. Following is the full programme:—

1. Fantaisie for Pianoforte, in F sharp minor, [Op 28], Mendelssohn
2. Fantaisie for Flute, on theme from Verdi's "Macbeth," [Op. 47].....Briccialdi
3. *a.* Bourrée.....Handel
b. Etude, [Op. 13. No. 1].....Adolph Henselt
c. Air Russe; "Le Rossignol".....Franz Liszt
d. Conzonetta, [Op. 42, No. 2].....Adolph Jensen
e. Minuet, [Op. 126, No. 1].....Joachim Raff
4. Sonata [No. 4, in C], for Flute and Pianoforte, Handel
5. Pianoforte paraphrase on a theme from "Rigoletto,".....Liszt

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FREE ORGAN RECITALS. The organist of the First Church, on Berkeley Street, Mr. H. E. PARKHURST, will resume the good custom of his predecessor, Mr. Thayer, of giving afternoon recitals on the fine Walcker organ of that church. He will begin on Thursday afternoon, May 18, with the following programme:

First Organ Sonata.....Mendelssohn
Prelude and Fugue in C.....Bach
Fifth Organ Concerto.....Handel
Gavotte.....Gluck
Andante.....Beethoven
Offertoire.....Batiste

MR. THAYER'S organ recitals at the new Old South church will be on Wednesday afternoons at half-past three o'clock, commencing May 17. He is also giving a series of Thursday evening recitals at the blind asylum, South Boston, where there is a large concert organ.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Rock of Ages. Centennial Hymn for Four Voices. A*b*. and D*b*. 4. to A*b*. *Emerson.* 40

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me" first appeared in the "Gospel Messenger" March 1776, A. M. Toplady, editor of the paper, and author of the hymn. It is therefore a century old, and in this elegant and classical 4 part form, may well be sung as a centennial hymn.

I ask not if the World unfold. G. 3 E. to g. *Nicholl.* 30

"I ask not if there beat on earth
A warmer heart than thine."

The lover is well contented with his choice,—as every singer will be with this smooth flowing music.

On the blue Wave. Duet. Soprano Voices. F. 3, to f. *Panofka.* 35

"Come! to lovers ever kind
The silver moon shines bright."

A sort of "barcarolle" duet of much beauty.

O, for the Wings of a Dove. G. 4. d to g. *Mendelssohn.* 40

"In die Wüste eilt' ich fort."
"And remain forever at rest."

From the hymn "Hear my Prayer," and is of course of the best.

The litt'e black Wench. F. 2. c to D. *Sealy.* 30

"In South Carolina I was born and bred!"

Easy and merry song and dance.

Roses wither while in Bloom. Song and Chorus. G. 3. F to F. *Percy.* 30

"Fade and die and leave us lonely."

Considerable variety d pleasing chorus.

My sweet Pollywog. Title. E. 3. c to E. *Tissington.* 50

"From "Rose Michel," and is a mock sentimental tribute to a one-eyed dog.

Where my Fairies dwell. Lith. Title. A*b*. 3. E to F. *Crabtre.* 40

"In a cottage brown, far away from town,
My fairies dwell;—one, two, three."

A sweet, pure, musical home song. Carry it home to *your* home fairies.

O, Lord, dismiss us. No. 8 of *Otto Lob's* Sacred Pieces. G. 4 to g. 35

(Notice that in trio and quartets the pitch of the highest note, only, is given. In solo songs both the highest and lowest pitch are given. See abbreviations). This fine trio is for Soprano, Alto and Bass voices.

Defton Woods. E*b*. 4. c to g. *Gatty.* 35

"I sighed my heart into the boughs
Whereby the culvers cooed."

Jean Ingelow wrote the beautiful words, which are happily adapted to the music.

I am ever near thee. E. 4. E. to a. *Navarro.* 30

"For sorrow's painful dreaming,
I have smiles of joy."

Well sung, should be very effective. For high soprano voice.

Instrumental.

Grand March. (Grand Colored Lith. Title.) 3. B*b*. *Downing.* 60

The march is a spirited one, and the colored "centennial" picture on the title page is one of the handsomest ever made. A piece well worth purchasing.

Good Bye. (Lebewohl). Fantasia. 3. F. *Giese.* 35

Of general "nocturne" or "reverie" character, with the "good-bye" expression well brought out.

Reminiscences. (Nachklange). Op. 222. 3. A*b*. *Lange.* 40

Has the character of perfect grace, which belongs to so many of Mr. L's pieces. There are 40 in the set of which this is one, and all are above the average in beauty, and safe and useful to practice.

Vanity-Fair Waltzes. 3. *Knight.* 50

Four Waltzes, with introduction and coda; in Mr. K's well-known brilliant style. If they do no worse at Vanity-Fair than to play such fine music, it is not so bad a place after all.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, B*b*, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C 5, c to E" means "Key of C. Fifth degree, lowest letter, c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space.

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Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Must we then meet as Strangers? For Alto. 3. F to d. *Thomas.* 40

"Can we then meet, as strangers,
When we recall the past?"

A great success is this fine song, which is in this form accessible to Alto or Baritone Singers.

Beware! Take Care! 4. E*b* to *g*. *Gilbert.* 35

"She is fooling thee."

Always,—always,—when she pleases. Longfellow's "warning" with yet another fine musical rendering.

I had a Dream last night, Maggie. Song and Cho. 3. G to e. *Knight.* 30

"She gently rests: She gently rests."

These soft words constitute the chorus, and the whole is placid, sweet, soothing music. Words by Sophie May.

Faintly flows the falling River. 3. D*b* to f. *Rexford.* 30

Percival's well-known words, with a new musical setting.

Punch! Brothers, Punch! Song and Cho. 2. F to f. 30

"A blue trip-slip for an eight cent fare,
Punch in the presence of the passengare."

Here it comes! Buy it while its hot, and let the cheerful conductare take his varied fare, 'mid the chorus of the passengare. The composare, (modest merit) does not reveal his name.

Come back to de Ole Plantation. Song and Cho. 2. F to f. *Danks.* 30

Easy and pretty serio-comic song.

Daintiest Lass of Tralee. Song and Cho. 3. B*b* to d. *Christie.* 30

"Fairy one with the sweet rosebud mouth,
As the breezes that blow from the south."

A dainty and taking song in popular style.

Sacred and Secular Quartets for Male Voices. By *H. M. Dow.*

No. 1. Te Deum Laudamus. 30
2. I cannot always trace the way. 35
3. Consolation. 30
4. Beware! 35
5. Vocal March: The Trumpet calls. 60
6. Drinking Song: Fill your glasses. 40

These are some of the "successes" of the famous Temple Quartette, and sure to be effective. Of about the 3d, or possibly, for finest effect, the 4th degree of difficulty. Nos. 2 and 3 are also arranged for mixed voices.

Adaptations from Select Authors, by *Clouston.*
No. 3. Easter Hymn, by *Bendel.* 25

"A hope, with comfort fraught,
Triumphant over death and time."

Quartet and Solo, and a really beautiful adaptation.

Hildebrand Montrose. 2. D to f. *Harrigan.* 40

Miss Jennie Hughes sings it, and "the boys" like to hear it.

Flower of the Alps. (Fleur des Alps.) 4. E*b* to *b*. *Wekerlin.* 40

"Echo mocks my mournful sighs."
"Echo plaintif viens recullir."

A Swiss air of considerable variety, with the customary harmonies to provoke the echoes.

Hunting Four-Leaved Clover. 3. C to *g*. *Bishoff.* 35

"Sang the birds as only birds
Sing in sweet June weather."

Words by Beth Day. One of the most charming of simple ballads.

Spirit of Peace. Quartet and Tenor Solo. 4. E to f. *Buffington.* 35

One of Buffington's "Four Hymns," and is a good anthem in choral style, with a neat solo.

Centennial Bells. S'g and Cho. 3. B*b* to f. *Danks.* 30

"Ring the bells centennial bells,
The bells of Liberty!"

One of the sweet chimes that rings in the festal season. Get it early and sing it often.

Loved and Lost. Monody. 4. F to *a*. *Johnson.* 35

"Thy vision greets the heavenly land,
Where sighs and tears are o'er."

Words by Judge Ferncher, who like the composer, has just and classic taste.

Home below and Heaven above. 3. B*b* to f. *J. R. Thomas.* 40

"Here, the bright and loving faces,
There, the loved ones gone before."

Perfectly sweet and satisfactory.

Tit-tat-toe. 3. E*b* to e. *J. R. Thomas.* 40

"Roguish little heads together
Bending o'er the slate."

Very pretty poem on a childish game.

Two Sacred Quartets. *H. M. Dow, ea.* 30

No. 1. Consolation. 3. B*b* to e.

"Come unto me, when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart is weary and distrest."

No. 2. I cannot always trace the Way. 3. E*b* to b.

"Yes, God is Love, a word like this,
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Two easy, smooth and melodious quartets, not noisy, and of a compass practicable to all voices.

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"Alice with the golden hair,
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Not old by any means, but charmingly new and musical.

Angel Voices sweet and fair. Song and Cho. 3. A*b* to e. *Brooks.* 30

"And they take me by the hand,
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The old, sweet, sad story of the dying child.

Five short Sacred pieces. By *N. H. Allen.*

1. The Lord's Prayer. 4. D*b* to d. 35
2. When the worn Spirit. 4. A*b* to e. 40

"The sabbath dawn that needs no sun,
That day that fades no more."

3. Out of the Depths. 4. F to f. 30
4. Remember me, my God. 4. B*b* to f. 30
5. The Lord is my Shepherd. 4. A*b* to *a*. 40

Five Four-part Sacred pieces of classical beauty, intended to be sung without accompaniment. This, however is printed, and will be needed, except by skilful singers.

Blest Comforter. 4. A*b* to *g*. *Buffington.* 35

"Turn us, with gentle voice
From every sinful way."

One of Buffington's "Four Hymns," and is artistically made with curious involved harmony, like an organ piece.

To the Breeze. (A la Brise). Madrigal. 4. E*b* to *g*. *Gounod.* 35

"Aura gentil che mormori."
"O breeze so lightly blowing."

Can there be a madrigal in 1 part? Gounod has made one, and we forgive him, since it is so exceptionably elegant.

Easter Anthem. Day of Resurrection. Q'tet or Chorus. 3. G to *g*. *Thomas.* 60

"Jesus met them, saying: 'All hail!'"

An unusually fresh, bright Easter song.

I know my Love loves me. 4. F to *a*. *Sturmeck.* 35

"There is such glory on thy face,
What can the matter be?"

A splendid effective piece for a full, rich, high Soprano or Tenor voice.

Sweet June Roses. Song and Dance. 3. G to e. *Henderson.* 30

A song notable as being sung by the "One Legged Dancers" who are a couple of disabled soldiers, and make use of their one leg apiece in a marvellous manner. Good, simple song.

My little dear one. (Mia piccirella.) Canzonetta, from "Salvator Rosa." 5. E*b*, f to e. *Gomer.* 40

"Deh! vieni allo mare."
"O, come to the ocean."

A sparkling Italian-English song of pretty sentiment.

The great Centennial. (A new view). 2. C, g to e. *Paul.* 30

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Comic song for the "boys."

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Very neat ballad.

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No. 6. Praise the great Creator. (Sopr. Mez.-Sop. Alt. or Ten). 4. B*b* to *g*.
No. 7. Sweet Peace. (Sop. Ten. and Bass). 4. E*b* to *a*.

There are 8 of these beautiful Trios, the material of which is extracted from the works of great composers, and skilfully arranged for the use of competent singers, such as are found in quartet choirs.

Song of Love. (Canto d'Amore). Duet. 5. D*b* to *a*. *Hackensollner.* 40

"Posa il tua capo sopra il mio cor."
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Almost too difficult for the 5th degree. Effective duet for good singers.

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"Those hearts beat strong, those hearts beat true,
One hundred years ago."

A centennial song with the true ring to it.

Mollie's gone away. S'g and Cho. 3. D d to f. *Danks.* 30

"I've been waiting for a letter,"

He proposes to forget Mollie in the wine cup. A ballad with a moral.

When I am far away. 4. A*b* d to f. *Eayrs.* 35

"It bids me press thy parting hand,
And breathe my last adieu."

A musical good-bye from one who goes over the sea.

Maggie Darling, kissing me. S'g and Cho. 3. G to e. *Keens.* 30

"How I love the keen surprise
Beaming in sweet Maggie's eyes!"

The taking, pretty poem evidently awakened a Keens sense of delight in the mind of the composer, who has been quite happy in his musical setting of the words.

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WHOLE No. 916. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1876. VOL. XXXVI. No. 4.

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OLIVER DITSON & CO.
451 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

JOHN S. DWIGHT, EDITOR.

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The Litt'e black Wench. F. 2. c to D. *Sealy.* 30
Roses wither while in Bloom. Song and Chorus. G. 3. F to F. *Percy.* 30
My sweet Pollywog. Title. F. 3. a to a. E.
Where my E to F.
O, Lord, d cred Pie
Must we tl 3. F
Otto Lob's No. 5.
No. 6. Praise the great Creator. (Sopr. Mez.-Sop. Alt. or Ten). 4. B♭ to g.
No. 7. Sweet Peace. (Sop. Ten. and Bass). 4. E♭ to a.
Song of Love. (Canto d'Amore). Duet. 5. D♭ to a. *Hackensollner.* 40
Triumphantly the Morning dawned. Centennial S'g and Cho. 3. A♭ e to e. *Heine.* 35
Beware! Take Care! 4. E♭ to g. *Gilbert.* 35
I had a Dream last night, Maggie. Song and Cho. 3. G to e. *Knight.* 30

Instrumental.

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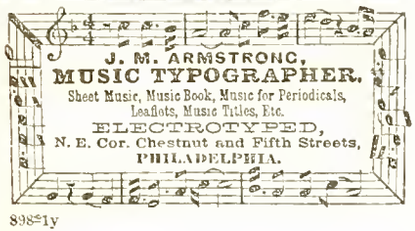

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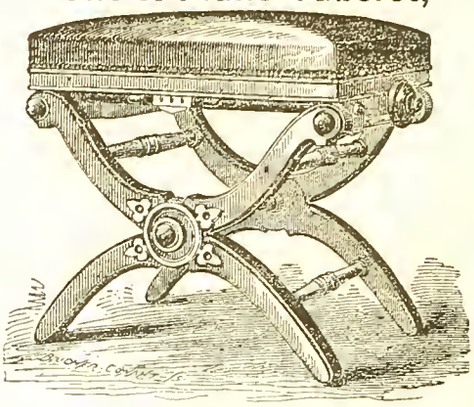

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WHOLE No. 916. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1876. VOL. XXXVI. No. 4.

The Centennial.

PROGRAMME OF THE OPENING, PHILADELPHIA, MAY 10.

1. 10 15 A.M.—National airs, by the orchestra.
2. 10 30—Arrival of the President of the United States.
3. Centennial Inauguration March, by Richard Wagner.
4. Prayer, by the Right Reverend Bishop Simpson.
5. Hymn, by John Greenleaf Whittier.
   Music by John K. Paine of Massachusetts.
   Organ and orchestral accompaniment.

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Our fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here, where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World, thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalship of hand and brain.

Thou who hast here in concord furled
The war flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our western skies fulfil
The Orient's mission of good will,
And, freighted with Love's golden fleece,
Send back the Argonauts of peace.

For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank Thee, while withal we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought or sold!

Oh! make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of thy righteous law,
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

---

6. Presentation of buildings to the commission by the president of the Centennial Board of Finance.
7. Cantata, by Sidney Lanier of Georgia.
   Music by Dudley Buck of Connecticut.
   Basso Solo, by Myron W. Whitney of Boston.

THE CENTENNIAL MEDITATION OF COLUMBIA.

BY SIDNEY LANIER.

I.

From this hundred-terraced height
Sight more large with nobler light
Ranges down yon towering years;
Humbler smiles and lordlier tears
Shine and fall, shine and fall,
While old voices rise and call
Yonder where the to-and-fro
Weltering of my Long-Ago
Moves about the moveless base
Far below my resting place.

II.

Mayflower, Mayflower, slowly hither flying,
Trembling Westward, o'er yon balking sea,
Hearts within *Farewell, dear England*, sighing,
Winds without *But dear in vain* replying,
Gray lipp'd waves about thee shouted, crying
No! It shall not be!

III.

Jamestown, out of thee—
Plymouth, thee—thee, Albany—
Winter cries, *Ye freeze: away!*
Fever cries, *Ye burn: away!*
Hunger cries, *Ye starve: away!*
Vengeance cries, *Your graves shall stay!*

IV.

Then old Shapes and Masks of Things,
Framed like Faiths or clothed like Kings—
Ghosts of Goods once fleshed and fair,
Grown foul Bads in alien air—
War, and his most noisy lords,
Tongued with lithe and poisoned swords—
Error, Terror, Rage and Crime,
All in a windy night of time
Cried to me from land and sea,
No! Thou shalt not be!

V.

Hark!
Huguenots whispering *yea* in the dark,
Puritans answering *yea* in the dark!
Yea, like an arrow shot true to his mark,
Darts through the tyrannous heart of Denial,
Patience and Labor and solemn-souled Trial,
Foiled, still beginning,
Soiled, but not sinning,
Toil through the stertorous death of the Night,
Toil, when wild brother-wars new-dark the Light,
Toil, and forgive, and kiss o'er, and replight.

VI.

Now praise to God's oft granted grace,
Now praise to man's undaunted face,
Despite the land, despite the sea,
I was; I am; and I shall be—
How long, Good Angel, O how long?
Sing me from Heaven a man's own song!

VII.

"Long as thine Art shall love true love,
Long as thy Science truth shall know,
Long as thine Eagle harms no dove,
Long as thy Law by law shall grow,
Long as thy God is God above,
Thy brother every man below,
So long, dear Land of all my love,
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow!"

VIII.

O Music, from this height of time my Word unfold;
In thy large signals all men's hearts Man's Heart behold;
Mid heaven, unroll thy chords as friendly flags unfurled,
And wave the world's best lover's welcome to the world.

---

8. Presentation of the Exhibition to the President of the United States by the President of the Centennial Commission.
9. Address by the President of the United States.
10. Unfurling of the Flag, Hallelujah Chorus, Salutes of Artillery and Ringing of the Chimes.
11. Procession through the Main Building and Machinery Hall.
12. Reception by the President of the United States in the Judges' Pavilion.

Haydn with the Esterhazys.

(Translated for this Journal from the new Biography of Haydn, by C. F. POHL. Berlin, 1875.)

(Continued from Page 226.)

* * * * * Paul Anton Esterházy became of age in the year 1734, and entered at once upon the princely majority. His person is of peculiar importance for our task. His mother had nourished in him an unquestionable sense and love for music: he also played himself the violin and violoncello, and he appears to have had one of the brothers Lindt (who hitherto had formed the orchestra) for teacher. His interest for music shows itself particularly in the numerous scores collected by him in Vienna, Dresden, Milan, Rome and Naples,—scores, still preserved, of operas, serenatas, pastorals, and instrumental works. . . The marriage of the Prince with the Marchesa von Lunati Visconti of Lorraine was already contemplated. The marriage was childless; the Princess died at Eisenstadt on the 4th of July, 1782. In 1750 the Prince went as ambassador to the Court of Naples; before and since this time he had been prominent in the war of the Succession and the Seven Years War, and rose to the dignity of a field marshal. Twice he placed at the disposal of his Empress, at his own expense, a complete and well equipped regiment of hussars. In the richly decorated uniform of his regiment, in a blue dolman and wearing the knightly order of the golden fleece we see him painted in the castle at Forchtenstein, surrounded by 80 officers of his regiment in just so many portraits from life in oil. For nearly 30 years the musical Kapelle stood under the protection of this Prince; during this period we see it steadily progressing, although slowly: yet it sti[illegible] modest dimensions, just larg[illegible] vide for the church service an[illegible] and sometimes, with the aid [illegible] singers from Vienna, to glori[illegible] val in the princely house by [illegible] of a larger dramatic work. T[illegible] the Prince's birthday, there was a performance in the palace of an *Ecloga Pastorale* by the Abbate Giov. Claudio Pasquini, the music by Francesco Maggiore, of which the text book and the score are still preserved. It speaks for the cleverness of every member of this little Kapelle, that they were able also to perform Werner's Oratorios and Masses.

Shortly after the Prince assumed the government, the orchestra for the first time was strengthened by a flute, oboe, trombone and tympani; and whoever else in the prince's household knew how to sing or play an instrument, was, with or against his will, enlisted into the Kapelle if he happened to be needed.* For instance in the years 1750-60 we find several chancery officers named at the same time as musicians. Also the school teachers of the neighboring villages of Great and Little Höflein helped as fagottists in the table music and in the choir; the palace schoolmaster, Jos. Diezl, sang in the choir as tenor, and was also enrolled in the field music; and his wife too was bound to frequent the chapel choir. In the year 1754 the remuneration of the Kapelle had risen to 2723 florins. The highest salary,

* The employment of the servants in domestic musical productions, was no uncommon practice in the last century. An advertisement in the *Wiener Zeitung* reads: "Wanted, in a noble house, a servant, who understands how to play the violin well, and to accompany difficult Pianoforte Sonatas."

strange to say, was drawn by the tympanist Adam Sturm (285fl.); next to him came the two oboists, Karl Braun and Anton Kreibig (200 and 227fl.) Besides his salary in money each musician at that time received annually 300 lb. of beef, 1 hog, 9 rundlets of wine, 30 lb. of suet, 12 pecks of corn and wheat, 40 lbs. of salt, 30 lbs. of candles, 6 cords of wood and the usual supplies for the kitchen. The aforesaid Adam Sturm (ob. 1771) served the princely house for 30 years and was, as the weather-worn inscription on his tombstone testifies, one of those queer fellows, of whom the Kapelle had always several to show.

On the 1st Jan. 1759 the membership of the Kapelle received the most important addition it had ever had: Karl Friberth was installed as Tenor and Court-state musician; and one year later the Soprano, Anna Maria Scheffstos was appointed "Choir and Chamber Singer. The Prince, now for the first time regularly settled down in Eisenstadt, was evidently in the best mood for improving his Kapelle. His oft-told visit to Count Morzin and his acquaintance there with Haydn's compositions must have called his attention to the fact, that his now old and invalid Kapellmeister was no longer in a condition to satisfy the advanced requirements. A substitute was urgently demanded. And by a fortunate coincidence, just at this time the dissolution of Count Morzin's Kapelle took place. The Prince seized the opportunity and secured the person of the now free musical director of the Count, to whom the offer of a new asylum must have been all the more welcome that it relieved him so unexpectedly from all anxieties about the support of his family.

Of the preceding negotiations we have no detailed account, but there is still preserved a contract ("*Convention und Verhaltungs-Norma*") executed in Vienna on the first of May, 1761, which with its fourteen paragraphs makes rich amends. Accordingly, (§. 1): He (*Er*) Joseph Heyden was received as Vice-Kapellmeister into the service of Prince Esterházy with the understanding, that the Kapellmeister hitherto, Gregorius Werner, "although incapacitated by his great age and feeble health for the suitable discharge of his duties, still remains Ober-Kapellmeister in consideration of his long, industrious and faithful service," and that Joseph Haydn shall be subordinate to him, so far as the church music is concerned. But in all other cases, whenever musical performances take place, the musicians are collectively referred to the Vice-Kapellmeister. (This order aims already at an increased activity of the Kapelle, in dramatic, orchestral and chamber music). §. 2. It is expected of the Vice-Kapellmeister, who is from this time forth to be regarded as an officer of the household, that he will know how to conduct himself soberly, and to the musicians under him not brutally, but discreetly, calmly and uprightly, as it becomes an honor-loving house officer of a princely court. Moreover that, in the performance before persons of high rank, he, the Vice-Kapellmeister with all the musicians will always appear in uniform; and that not only "Er Joseph Heyden" himself shall be neatly dressed, but that he will see to it that his subordinates shall duly present themselves in white stockings, white linen, powdered hair, and either in a cue or bag, but all alike. §. 3. Since the musicians are referred to him as their Vice-Kapellmeister, said (*Er*) Joseph Heyden will deport himself in all the more exemplary manner, so that they may take example from his good peculiarities; hence he will avoid every familiarity, promiscuous companionship in eating, drinking and other intercourse, so as not to forfeit the respect belonging to him, etc.—§. 4. He must perform at once every composition ordered, but not communicate it to anyone, nor allow it to be copied; nor must he without obtaining leave compose for others.—§. 5. Said Joseph Heyden must appear daily in the antichamber at Vienna or on the estates, forenoon and afternoon, and wait until he learns whether there is any music ordered, and see to it that all the musicians present themselves at the right time, and take note of the tardy and the absent.—§. 6. He must do his best to settle any differences or grievances among the musicians, so as not to annoy the Prince in unimportant cases; only when something exceptional occurs, which said Joseph Heyden himself is unable to set right, must he report the matter to the "*hochfürstl. Durchlaucht.*"—§. 7. Said Vice-Kapellmeister must look out for the safe keeping of the music and the instruments, and be answerable for the same.—§. 8. Said Joseph Heyden is bound to instruct the female singers, so that they may not forget in the country what has been taught them with so much labor and expense by distinguished masters in Vienna; he must also keep himself in practice upon various instruments, with which he is acquainted. . . . §. 11, grants him a yearly salary of 400 Fl. rhn., besides a place at the Officers' table on the estates, or half a gulden daily for food; also "a new uniform each year." This agreement (§. 13), dating from the 1st of May 1761, is concluded for three years, with the under standing that, in case said Joseph Heyden should, after this time, wish to seek his fortune elsewhere, he is bound to signify this intention half a year beforehand. Meanwhile his lordship not only promises to retain him in service, but holds out to him the expectation of the Upper-Kapell-meistership after a satisfactory discharge of duty, his lordship on the other hand reserving the right to discharge him at any time during the period of service.

This document requires no commentary; it gives us a thorough insight into the internal economy of this afterwards so famous musical Kapelle. Much is demanded of Haydn: he must be director, composer, arbitrator, overseer and instructor all at once; moreover it is expected of his zeal, that he will raise the Kapelle to a height that will redound to his honor. Well! has not the "honor-loving house officer" fulfilled this expectation splendidly! The princely house made him a costly present—he left a more beautiful one in return for it. . .

The continual use of the third person, "Er," or he, before the name of the new Kapellmeister, had not at all at that time the repulsive and insulting sense attached to it in our day. Frederick the Great also used it toward his new Kapellmeister Reichardt, whom in the beginning he addressed with "Ihr" (you, or ye), as toward a subject. With his musicians, even with those who daily accompanied him, including most distinguished artists, the King made little ceremony. "Send in the musicians!" was his order to his pages. He was also curtly styled in the official reports of the steward, and in the orders of the Prince, "*der* Hayden." It required an impulse from without to bring about a change here; for after his return from London crowned with honor, when this disrespect on the part of the then Prince became too much for him, and he complained bitterly about it to his high patroness, the Princess Maria Josepha Hermenegild, he was thenceforth on official occasions always addressed as "Herr von Haydn," and often also "Wohledelgeborner" (well and genteelly born), or "Dear Kapellmeister von Haydn."

Haydn's personal appearance we can now bring well before us. We have to think of him in uniform, in light blue frock with silver lace and buttons, waistcoat also bright blue and with silver frimming, and with embroidered ruff and white cravat. So he is represented in the oil portrait taken about the year 1768 or '69 in Esterhaz (probably by Grundmann), in which he is to be sure much flattered. A portrait painted on wood about the year 1770, by J. A. Gutenbraun, corresponds more nearly to the description handed down of him. This appeared in an excellent copperplate engraving (in the pointed manner) by Luigi Schiavonetti in London, and in a lithographic copy at Paterno's in Vienna. (An engraved copy by J. Jenkins, published by Thomas Kelly in London, has no artistic value.) Haydn here appears in civic dress, bent a little forward, sitting before a piano; his left hand rests upon the keys of the instrument, while the right hand, slightly raised, holds a pen, and he seems to be dreamily and seriously collecting his ideas. Here as always, even when out of service, Haydn is neat and simple; thus attired, he was prepared at any moment to receive guests or to appear before his Prince.

The best portraits confirm what Dies and Griesinger and others tell us about Haydn's appearance. He was rather below middling stature, stout and firmly built; the lower half of his figure seemed too short in proportion to the upper, to which appearance his mode of dressing may have contributed. The features of his face were tolerably regular, full and strongly drawn, and had something energetic, almost harsh, but could in conversation, through the look and pleasant smile, gain an altogether mild and amiable expression. In ordinary intercourse a certain circumspectness and mild earnestness, inclining rather to dignity, spoke from his whole physiognomy and bearing. *He was never heard to laugh aloud.* His look was eloquent, animated, yet moderate, kindly and inviting; out of those dark-gray eyes spoke the purest goodness of heart, which knew only good will. "One may see by my face, that I mean well with every one," said Haydn of himself. The brow was broad and finely arched, but received a certain short proportion through the way in which Haydn wore his peruke, which, only two fingers breadth above the eyebrows, concealed the upper part of his forehead. This peruke, with cue and a few side puffs, was worn by Haydn all his life; fashion had no influence on the form; Haydn was true to it till death. As the master suffered from a polypus, (an inheritance from his mother), the

lower part of the nose was swollen and distorted, and covered too, like all the other strongly browned parts of the face, with pock-marks. Add to this a firm, protruding underlip and a broad, massive lower jaw. Thus Haydn's head presented a strange mixture of the attractive and the repulsive, the genial and the trivial, which led Lavater, who had Haydn's silhouette too in his collection of portraits, to characterize him thus:

"Something more than is common I see in the eye and the nose here;
Also the forehead is good; the mouth is rather Philister."

Haydn thought himself ugly, and never could comprehend it therefore, that during his life he was loved by so many beautiful women. "It could not be my beauty that beguiled them ?!" So he said roguishly, while at the same time he frankly confessed that he had always looked with pleasure upon pretty women; and he always knew something agreeable to say to them.

Haydn spoke in the broad Austrian dialect; his voice was rather high than low, and somewhat nasal in consequence of the complaint above mentioned. In the French language he had little facility, but he spoke Italian fluently and gladly. Past the age of sixty, his stay in London made him familiar with the English language. Latin he knew well enough to enable him to study his Fux's *Gradus ad Parnassum* in the original and to set the mass texts of his church to music. In spite of the long years that he resided in the land of the Magyars, Haydn was not master of the Hungarian language, since in the places where he lived the German was principally spoken; in the princely house German was the court language, and only the servants talked in their native tongue with one another.

Although he was mostly of a serious and quiet frame of mind, Haydn liked to give a humorous turn to the conversation, and occasionally to weave in a lively anecdote. His natural modesty never allowed the most powerful springs that animated him, honor and fame, to degenerate into immoderate ambition. He regarded his talent not as his own work, but as a gift from heaven, for which he believed that he should show himself thankful, and with this his religious feeling was in harmony. Haydn was heartily fond of children, and these in turn hung upon their "Haydn-Papa" (as they called him) with all their soul. Haydn had always sweetmeats ready in his pockets, and every walk into the open air gave opportunity for new conquests among the grateful troop of children. Of Haydn's happy gift for transferring his playful nature and his humor to his compositions, we shall see numerous examples. He was well conscious of his own worth, and praise that was sincere delighted him; but he could bear no flattery, and he showed himself in such cases even rude. Well disposed to everybody, he was sensitive if he perceived that any one wished to abuse his kindness; then he became even irritable and gave his irony full vent.

So much in general about Haydn's personality, as it presents itself to us in the middle period of his life.

[To be Continued.]

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Music among the lower classes of Saxony and Prussia.

Now and then there goes the rounds of the musical press a brief paragraph or story of which the incidents are said to be furnished by the average home-life of the rural German. Very pretty pictures are painted of stringed quartets, from the classic masters, performed at the evening fireside by representatives of three or four generations of amateur peasant musicians who, having limbered their fingers by fourteen hours toil in the sugar-beet or potato patch, are in fine condition to grasp the implements of the stringed musician and cultivate a green-house crop of duos and quatuors.

Now the writer of this paper knows better. Flatly and squarely, such is not the case. The contrast between fact and fancy is as great as that between the front and back of Raphael's Madonnas. The stories present a bright and pleasing picture; the facts, a dull and mottled blur. The average German, even of the middle class of tradesmen and storekeepers, with his heavy chorals and dog trot people's songs, is as far behind the Vermont farmer's daughter, or the Kansas pioneer, in musical and literary respects, as can well be imagined.

It will be the object of this paper to show that the much vaunted musical talent of Germany is neither national, nor even sectional, but strictly local,—confined to a few centres, and to a limited class at those centres, and that, venturing beyond this civilized pale, the inquirer would find himself in a wilderness bare of musical foliage or fruit, save an occasional primitive and stunted variety.

In a narrative of this sort, the third person becomes so burdensome that I shall drop it and take up the more convenient *Ego*.

Impelled by the fear of the severe cholera epidemic, and by a desire to see the country life of the peasants with my own eyes, I took stage to Koelsa, (near Täglich) a small Prussian town about twenty miles from Leipsic. Koelsa is a walled town of nearly 1500 inhabitants, and is duplicated by numerous walled towns, at distances of two or three miles, as like each other, at least to the foreign eye, as the bricks by which they are surrounded. In population, and perhaps in the average possessions of its inhabitants, it could be aptly compared with such towns as Woodstock, Vermont, Waterville, N. Y., or Olathe, Kansas. How did it compare musically?

Well, in writing upon the music of the rural German, I often find myself groping about in bewildered search of the subject. Were a few bare and fragmentary facts allowed to escape my memory this article would have to stop right here, with a full period and exclamation point. Sing? The rural German never sings, except when he is drunk. Play? What on earth could he play on? In Koelsa there survived two pianos, weather beaten old hulks, one key in three totally dumb, the other two shockingly out of tune, and the whole affair as buzzing and wheezy as a Denver asthmatic. Such instruments are generally found keeled over in the fourth story of a factory, not for repairs, but to furnish stray strings and ivories for second-hand pianos. One stood in the minister's parlor; the other, in the principal restaurant. The minister could barely thumb out the first strain of a trivial waltz; the restaurant keeper's son could play a few school-girl marches, while the simple peasants stared in open-mouthed wonder. Two or three times, at twilight, I heard the dismal strains of a flute or violin winding its uncertain way through the easy turns of a popular song; but beyond these very primitive signs, there were not the faintest indications of that surcharged, overflowing state of musical enthusiasm so often accredited to the rural German.

But I had one forlorn hope left—the church. The village school master, report said, was a great organist, and the singing very grand. So, one Sabbath morning, I wended my streetless way, through lanes and back yards, through the little enclosure filled with graves and adorned with faded yellow wreaths, and entered the low and dingy audience-room. I waited patiently for the first note, determined to give an impartial hearing. Now, I am not naturally a very nervous man, and a professional training of a half dozen years had reconciled my ear to ordinary discords; but the first chord perpetrated upon that miserable little pipe-organ made my whole frame *grate*, from sole to crown. Anything so hideously out of tune it had never been my fortune to hear. And the player was worthy of his instrument! That quadrupedal old choral was made to travel, now on two legs, now on three, lurching and stumbling occasionally as it pried itself around some awkward corner of the phrase; but the four-part harmony was never preserved. The wretchedness of the singing was relieved by a touch of the ludicrous. Twenty or thirty baggy and buttony boys leaned about, in easy attitudes, and watched that timeworn old choral as a Southern fowler would watch a flock of rice birds; wait till it came within easy range, and then fire both barrels! So, when the theme soared aloft, they complacently listened, in expectant silence; when it descended to their level, they all broke out in short, play-ground shouts, giving a very secular effect; while, through it all, the pedagogic organist blazed discordantly away as though his instrument were on the point of bursting. My last, flickering hope of finding any appreciable musical element in the rural German was very suddenly put out. I visited half a dozen neighboring towns with the same success.

Had I been able to premise the social condition of the Prussian villager, I should have logically arrived at the same conclusion; for modern music, either in its conception, or its interpretation, is not a prairie flower, nor even a hardy vegetable; it is an exotic, a hot house plant, healthy and beautiful, but requiring for its nourishment leisure, surplus means, and, above all, education. Of these requisites the peasant possesses not one. Fourteen hours' daily toil leaves neither mind nor body, of man or woman, in condition for the enjoyment of music, much less for its necessary drudgery. Twenty cents a day leaves no possible margin for professional instruction; and virtually *the German peasant is uneducated.*

Much has been written and spoken in praise of the Prussian school system. Doubtless, every child of fifteen years *can* both read and write but—*never does.* The bi-weekly mail from the whole village consisted of barely a half dozen nondescript letters. There were but two daily copies of a little newspaper, whose leaves were about the size and shape of a Hampshire farmer's window pane. Reading and writing were holiday tricks, to be exhibited on rare occasions, not a daily performance, a necessity, almost a second nature—a needful channel for friendly thoughts and suggestions. No such thoughts arise to demand expression or conveyance beyond the limits of the family circle. The race of life for the prize of adequate daily beer, cheese and rye-bread is too close to admit of such distraction.

Many pretty things have been written, both in poetry and prose, concerning the naturalness of music. To a limited extent, they are true. In a state of physical health, and natural respiratory habits, the instincts of Nature may have amply sufficed for the monotone of the old Greek chorus, the doleful interval of priestly chanting, or the constantly recurring fourth of the Fiji war song, for the notes employed lay strictly in the middle of the voice, and did not exceed the range of the inflexions of ordinary conversation.

But to hold such primitive views with regard to the more ambitious modern music is a grand mistake. Through constant hearing or through hereditary influences a musical sentence may be accurately conceived, but not pronounced. The correct performance, even of an ordinary ballad, or *Kinderstück*, is prompted by no adequate instincts, nor suggested by any analogous acts of daily life. All other comparable acts suggest and strongly instigate muscular efforts which positively conflict with artistic execution.

For instance, the child is called to strike a certain key of the piano. Does not every similar act prompt him to stiffen the joints of finger and wrist in order to push down the resisting block of wood and ivory? Will he be led, by intuition, to strike, at the outset, as though no resistance were expected? On the contrary, this conflict between natural and artistic habits must be relentlessly carried on, under professional generalship, if complete success is to be secured. Singing, indeed, appears, and really is, more natural than piano playing. The requisite muscles are naturally controlled by musical thoughts, by mental images of sound, while instrumental performance requires the associate images of sight. Yet instinct, alone, furnishes no safe conduct over the perilous heights of modern song. For the youthful vocalist, a high tone, even the highest note of a commonplace ballad, suggests increased effort. Its shrill intensity, its unwonted elevation instinctively prompt unusual physical exertion, and this impulse must be gradually overcome before even a tolerable quality can be given to the singer's higher or more powerful tones. Moreover, the respiratory habits, at least of the average American, must be reformed before the natural process, even for medium tones, can be secured.

The rural German is shut off from artistic instruction by the insurmountable barrier of circumstance. His thoughts run in grooves, worn deep by the friction of a hundred generations and no sudden and jarring departure is possible save in cases of rare and extraordinary genius. His mind appreciates as little as his body executes, and any marked musical advance must be heralded by an almost revolutionary change in his national laws and domestic condition. H.

Handel's "Theodora" in Portland (first time in America.)

The Haydn Association of Portland, Me., has distinguished itself of late years by the production of several standard Oratorios, Cantatas, etc. It was the first Society to bring out Prof. Paine's "St. Peter;" during the past year it has given Schumann's "Pilgrimage of the Rose,' Randegger's "Fridolin," and lately (May 11) "Theodora," an oratorio to which Handel himself was partial, yet which has been performed but seldom anywhere, never before in this country. We copy the following notices from Portland papers, from which it appears that it was given without an orchestra, and merely with pianoforte accompaniment. One of these writers says well that, until the Society can afford an orchestra, they cannot hope to give an oratorio in perfection. But in this case more than an orchestra is needed: something for the orchestra to play would still be wanting; for this is no exception to the other Handel scores; the instrumentation needs to be completed by some Mendelssohn or Robert Franz. However, it was a creditable enterprise on the part of the Portland Society, and may lead to something more complete.

[From the *Portland Press*, May 12.]

The rendition [?] of "Theodora" by the Haydn Association last evening was most successful; and once heard so favorably, this lovely and noble work of the composer can never be again relegated to the neglect which has long been its unjust fate. The cordial thanks of all who were fortunate enough to hear it are due to the musical knowledge and enthusiasm of the friend of good music at whose suggestion the Haydns studied "Theodora;" to Mr. Coyle, whose genuine love of what is best in his art and prompt, wise and vigorous management constantly encourage and direct the efforts of the society; to Mr. Kotzschmar, whose appreciation and delight in music instantly communicate themselves through his spirited *baton* to the forces under his control; and, finally, to all of the performers, who acquitted themselves so faithfully and well.

The overture, in G minor, is admirable. It consists of four well contrasted movements, a stately and impressive *maestoso* an interesting fugue, a simple but exquisitely lovely passage in E flat, which though marked "Trio" has neither of the technical traits of that form of composition, but is in the minuet manner. The Courante which, returning to the original key, concludes the overture, is energetic and entirely Handelian in style. The opening recitative and air are allotted to Valens, and a description of these applies equally to all the music of his part. It is large, forcible and warlike, in the *grandiose* manner, full of superb storms of rage of Handel's "Polyphemus," or Harapha—it is indeed in "Ercles vein, the tyrant's vein," and gives a Rembrandt-like shade to the pure coloring of the solo music of the other characters.

The part of Theodora is exceedingly beautiful in its dramatic effect; and the pathos, delicacy and strength of the music allotted to her is one of the most finished delineations of the composer. Her first aria, "Fond, flattering world," is dignified and exalted. "Angels ever bright and fair," is too well known to need praise here, for it has long been appreciated as one of the most beautiful of sacred songs. "With darkness deep" is filled with pathos, and the accompaniment enforces the expression of the vocal part with full-scored and expressive harmonies. "O that I on wings could rise" is a more elaborate air: and, although beautiful in itself, has less interest than the preceding one. In the prison scene with Didimus, Theodora's song, "The pilgrim's home" is at once intense and pathetic, pleading and forcible. The duet "To thee" is full of courage and exalted tenderness. The duet of Theodora and Irene is well contrasted in its fervor of dramatic characterization; the loving solicitude of Irene and the hope and resolution of Theodora are a beautiful sketch which Handel was not slow to color with matchless skill. The closing duet of Theodora and Didimus has an expression of repose and unshaken trustfulness; the voices move together for the most in parallel thirds, giving a harmonic effect of singular sweetness and purity.

The part of Irene contains the fine air "Bane of virtue;" the pleasing "As with rosy steps the morn;" "Defend her, heaven," the expression of which seems at times delayed by numerous notes, and consequently lacking in point and spontaneity. The air: "Lord, to thee" is one of the noblest and most beautiful of the many that Handel has written for a contralto voice—a part to which he has allotted much of his most intense and pathetic music.

In the part of Didimus the air "The raptured soul" is powerful and exalted, embellished with the *roulades* that are familiar to lovers of Handel "Kind Heaven, if virtue" is an air somewhat in the manner of the composer's operatic writing, at once tuneful, strong and natural in the highest degree. "Sweet rose and lily" is tender and melodious.

Among the airs of Septimius "Descend kind Pity" is notably fine; "Dread the Fruits of Christian folly" is a florid song, an excellent specimen of its kind "Though the honors" is vigorous and manly. "From Virtue Springs" is earnest and expressive.

Of the numerous recitatives of the oratorio, it is enough to say that they are full of the dignity, variety of characterization, and beauty of declamation by means of appropriate intervals that are always to be noted in Handel's writing in this department.

The choruses are, in general, less elaborate as they are less numerous, than those of the composer's weightier oratorios—the "Messiah," Samson" etc. The first chorus "And Draw a Blessing Down" is spirited. That in which is declared the penalty of refusal to sacrifice to the heathen gods, has a singular interest apart from its merit. The first measures of it are nearly identical with those of the "Pastoral Symphony" in the "Messiah;" which the discovery within a few years of a manuscript bearing in Handel's autograph the significant note, "*Novena*"—as well as the internal evidence of its peculiar measure and rhythm—proves to have been derived from the hymns, which for countless years, it has been the custom of the mountaineers of the country around Rome to sing before the wayside shrines of the virgin, during the nine days (*novena*) preceding Christmas. These days are precisely those, it is well known, of the old heathen Saturnalia—whose pagan licence became later Christian liberty, and whose songs of revelry, it is by no means impossible, were retained—as were some of the curious superstitions of that period—unchanged in form but converted to higher meaning. How far this theory of ours is to be credited, it is at this time, of course, impossible to say; but one thing is sure, that Handel had profound knowledge of musical history, and a sublime sense of the fitness of things which gave to his work much of its eternal weight and authority. The remaining choruses of Romans: "Queen of Summer" and "Venus, laughing from the skies," are spontaneous, brilliant and full of luxuriant gaity—fit hymns to celebrate the golden myth of the goddess born of the light foam of the sea. Among the choruses of Christians, "Come, mighty Father," and "All power in Heaven above" are serious and contain much admirable writing. "Go, generous, pious youth" is exceedingly beautiful, sympathetic, and forms a fine close to the first part of the oratorio. The most important number of the work is the chorus "He saw the lovely youth." This is written in three distinct movements; the first of which, plaintive and woeful, relates the death of the widow's son at Nain. The lamenting voices follow each other as if in sad procession, tearful and unlit by any hope—until after a little silence, with a sudden change of key and *tempo*, occur the words "Rise youth, he said." This brief passage, like a ray of sudden sun—precedes a superb fugue "Lowly the matron bowed" Too much admiration cannot be given to this wonderful chorus, which the scope of dramatic expression and technical treatment combine to make one of Handel's greatest inspirations. The concluding choruses "How strange their ends," and "Oh, Love Divine," blend loving grief for the sad fate of the martyrs, with hope and rejoicing for their strength and faith.

The part of Theodora was precisely suited to the pure, large voice and dignified, sincere style of Mrs. Wetherbee. She is a singer who possesses the "grand manner" of the traditional school of singing; and her exquisite finish of execution and noble voice were heard to great advantage.

Mrs. Gondy, to whom was given the part of Didimus, sang with marked dramatic effect. Her rich contralto improves constantly in the using, and has a warm, shadowy quality that is very expressive.

Miss Milliken made her *debut* as Irene, and sang very sweetly. Her voice gives much promise of future excellence; it is a fresh girlish contralto, with facility in its upper range, and sweet and round in tone. She is evidently well grounded in the elements of music, too often neglected by young singers; and her care and accuracy of time and phrasing deserve much praise Study will develop the many good qualities of this youthful voice.

Mr. Coyle sang the music of Valens with great spirit and effect. He possesses the valuable power of losing himself entirely in his part, and singing with an unconstrained and spontaneous force that results most happily. His rich powerful *basso* fine phrasing and genuine dramatic power were admirably displayed, and are well fitted to render Handel's music.

Mr. Thurston's round, mellow tenor and refined, manly singing were, as always, most delightful and satisfactory.

The recitatives of the Messenger were well delivered by Mr. Jordan.

The chorus sang, as is their wont, with admirable precision and intelligence. The effect, as of the muted strings of an orchestra, in the funeral chorus; the superb harmonic effect in the closing portion of "All power in heaven;" and the lovely "Go, generous, pious youth" attested the fine training of the singers in special points, while each and every chorus was proof of their general excellence. Mr. Kotzschmar conducted with his usual fire and spirit. Miss Blanchard's accompaniments were careful, sympathetic and in every way successful. Her earnest study is rewarding her richly, in an exceedingly good *technique*, and appreciative, delicate and sufficiently powerful style.

[From the *Portland Advertiser*.]

We can easily understand why Theodora failed to prove a popular success. Notwithstanding the beauty of the music — noticeably that of the aria "Angels ever bright and fair," the air of "With darkness deep," Theodora's prayer for death, her duet with Didimus, where the latter urged her to break from prison, Irene's song "As with rosy steps the morn," the arias by Didimus, the splendid choral piece "He saw the lovely youth," with the following "Rise youth" and "Lowly the matron bowed,"—the oratorio, with its frequent repetitions of the various themes,—apparently similar to the well-known *da capo*—which are really the finish to the airs themselves, requires so much time in its production that the average listener becomes tired before the closing chorus. If the oratorio could be condensed into a work of two parts requiring, at the furthest, two hours and a half for its presentation, leaving out the less important music, it would be a much greater success. If the music of this oratorio had been the best Handel ever wrote there might be more reason for its frequent production, but, with few exceptions, we hardly think the airs and choruses equal to the great composer's other compositions, although very melodious. Then again, as we have had occasion to say often before, for the perfect production of an oratorio there must be a good orchestra, and, until the Haydns can afford one, they cannot hope to give an oratorio in perfection. The instrumental interlude between the airs: "Oh! that I on wings could rise," and "With darkness deep," and the chorus "Glory, peace, and rest," with the fading sound of the instruments, are strong examples of the necessity of an orchestra to give the proper coloring and effect to the music. Still until a Portland public will pay for an orchestra we must be thankful the society have the pluck to produce works like Theodora, Fridolin, etc., without one. Miss Blanchard, the able pianist of the Haydns, was worthy of praise for the care with which she performed her arduous duties.

No. 2.

Andante. (*Ad Libitum.*)

Fingal.

Piano-Forte.

f

Yet to-day will I de-

ff

ff

- stroy this proud king's might; This day his blood shall mingle with Carun's limpid waters; The

hills the dreadful shout re-ech-o, When he and all his host in bat-tle per-ish.

As leaf by the wind, be-fore mine arm the foe shall

fz

tr

tr

Piu lento.

scat - - ter,

ff *p* *dim.* *tr* *tr* *Ped.*

dol. *rit.*

Co - ma-la! ere yet the night is end-ed, I will re - turn to

Andante con moto.

thee. Fare - well, thou be - lov - - ed! Fear thee

p *mf* *p* *dim.*

dol.

not, fear thee not, For I am in league with Vict'ry, And with

mf *cres.* *tr* *f* *p*

COMALA

Love,..... Fare - well, thou light of my soul !.....

p

p

p

..... There is no ray my path to il-lumine; And all..... ..... a -

f

dim.

p

FINGAL.

- round me is veil'd ..... in night, Fear thee not, fear thee

p

Ped. * Ped. *

dol.

not, for I am in league with vict' - ry, and with

f

p

Love,.... Thou be - loved, O..... fear thee not, Fare - well, be-

mf *dim.* *p*

COMALA.
Agitato.

O Fin - gal, O may the fa - thers pro-tect

- lov - - ed! Fear thee

mf

thee; O Fin - gal, O may the fa - thers pro - tect

not..... be - lov - ed; Fare - well, Fear thee

Mrs. Wetherbee was in fine voice and sang the music allotted to Theodora with that finished style so marked a feature of probably the best singer of oratorio music in New England. There may be younger and fresher voices, but none so thoroughly competent for the work; on which so much reliance can be placed. Mrs. Gondy's rich, expressive contralto found the music of Didymus especially suited to it; and Miss Milliken—as Irene—displayed a voice of considerable promise—slightly nasal in tone, and requiring careful application in a good school, but still possessing many excellent qualities. Mr. Coyles' admirable interpretion of his numbers, as Valens, not only showed him in the light of a thorough artist, but demonstrated that he is to be considered among the best bassos in this part of the country. He adds the character of a faithful student to very remarkable natural ability, and had he made a profession of oratorio singing, his splendid voice, singularly keen appreciation of his music, and great dramatic power, would have given him a very high rank among the best known American singers. Few artists could have given an air commencing with such harsh words as "Racks, gibbets, swords, and fire," with so much dignity, or commanded such attention. Mr. Thurston's sweet tenor found good expression in the florid music of Septimius, and Mr. Cloyes delivered the recitatives of the messenger appropriately. In fact we believe we can truly say that the Haydn Association is the only one in New England that can furnish its solo talent without requiring the aid of Boston singers.

The choruses were all given with that careful shading, that is a marked feature of the Haydn Association, and Mr. Kotzschmar conducted with the skill that has brought up from raw material a well balanced choral association, that takes rank among the first in the country, and whose efforts are appreciated not only in Portland, but throughout the United States.

Music in London.

Her Majesty's Opera. Mr. Mapleson's season at Drury Lane Theatre (temporarily, pending the completion of the new "Grand National Opera-house" on the Victoria embankment) opened April 29, with the *rentrée* of Mme. Christine Nilsson (Ronzaud) as Margaret in Gounod's *Faust*. Mme. Trebelli was Siebel; Sig. Stagno, Faust; Rota, Mephisto; Del Puente, Valentine; and Mme. Bauermeister, Martha. The *Times* critic says: "It is difficult now to detect points for criticism in Mme. Nilsson's Margaret, so deeply has she studied and so completely mastered the prominent phases."—Mr. Mapleson's general arrangements are summed up as follows:—

His season must inevitably be a short one. The subscription is restricted to thirty nights. On the other hand, the director makes it a boast, fairly enough, that he can begin at once with leading artists; which, as we have seen, he did on Saturday night. The repertory of works to be presented in the course of the series contains no absolute novelties; but there are some revivals, or *quasi*-revivals, that will be interesting to amateurs; and among them, especially, Cherubini's superb *Medea* [with Mdlle. Tietjens as the Colchian Priestess] *Otello*, and *Robert le Diable* [for Madame Christine Nilsson.] Sixteen other works are named, including *Fidelio*, and, of course, *Lohengrin*, all more or less familiar to habitual frequenters of Her Majesty's Opera. Besides the artists just named, and those who appeared on Saturday, Mr. Mapleson has re-engaged Mdlles. Marguerite Chapuy and Elena Varesi, the one French, the other Italian—both light sopranos of the first rank, and both already accepted by the patrons of the theatre as worthy members of a powerful company. There is also a new comer, Mdlle. Rodani, from Milan, about whom great expectations are raised, and, we hear, on justifiable grounds. The name of M. Faure alone is enough to add importance to the list of baritones; while that of Herr Rokitansky, who has not been among us for five years, gives extra weight to the basses. Two other singers, unknown to London—Signors Broccolini and Fiorini—are also secured. Signors Fancelli, Campanini, and Dorini are among the tenors; Mdlle. Justine Macvitz [contralto], Herr Behrens [bass], Signors Del Puente, Galassi, and Romani making up the catalogue. So that for a short season the manager is efficiently supported in each separate department. M. Sainton retains his post as leading solo violinist, Mr. Willing [of the Sacred Harmonic Society] is organist, Mr. F. Godfrey conductor of the military band [the Coldstream Guards]. Mr. W. Beverly "scenic artist," and Mr. Edward Sterling stage manager. It is needless to say more.

The opera on Monday was *La Sonnambula*, for the first appearances of Mdlle. Varesi and Sig. Fancelli; on Tuesday Mdlle. Tietjens made her *rentrée* in *Semiramide*; and on Thursday Mad. Nilsson made her second appearance, the opera being *La Traviata*. To night, *Lucrezia Borgia*, with Mdlle. Tietjens.

Of Tietjens, on her first reappearance it is said:

Her entry in all the stately magnificence of that Assyrian queen whose peerless representative she is, was the signal for a fervid and unanimous demonstration. All parts of the house were of one mind, and from gallery to stalls applause rang out till the recipient of so much honor must have been wearied even by the grateful labor of acknowledgment.

Mdlle. Tietjens has come back to us in such good "form," that, assuming this to be the result of her trip, we may reconcile ourselves to the prospect of an American excursion as an annual event. Her voice on Tuesday was in magnificent condition, such signs of overwork as were obvious last season having completely disappeared. Its sonority and clearness, as well as majestic volume, recalled, in point of fact, the Therese Tietjens who so long reigned at Her Majesty's Theatre, and sustained the glories of that historic house. In other respects the great artist returns bettered by change of scene, and, generally speaking, is as well able as ever she was to keep her place on the stage. None could doubt this who witnessed the performance of *Semiramide* on Tuesday night, the character being represented with unusual breadth of outline and finished skill; while the exhausting airs, duets, and concerted pieces in which Semiramide takes part, never derived more advantage from the co-operation of any artist.

The *prima donna* was associated, as on so many former occasions, with Madame Trebelli-Bettini, whose finished rendering of the music of Arsace once more charmed all hearers. Signor Rinaldini again represented Idreno creditably; Herr Behrens was an imposing Oroe. Signor Costa a better than average Ghost, and Signor Rota, as Assur, raised himself higher in general esteem, singing the difficult music surprisingly well, and acting with rare intelligence and propriety.

Bach's B-Minor Mass. This performance—the great event of the musical season—took place on Wednesday, the 26th. For this purpose a choir, comprising many amateurs well known in London musical circles, had been organized, who have been rehearsing every week for about five months, under the able direction of Mr. Otto Goldschmidt.

Suffice it to say that the common opinion which designates it as Bach's *greatest* choral work appears to be well founded. It abounds, as might have been expected, with the most massive—we had almost said elephantine—fugues, and airs of the most intense pathos; and all equally marked by that devotional and reverential tone which in every note of sacred music he wrote is Bach's great characteristic, and which makes one feel a desire that one could have known the great master personally and communed with his mind.

The performance was, on the whole, and according to the standard set up by other large gatherings of musicians, a very good one. It would be invidious to select any one of the four soloists, Mesdames Lemmens-Sherrington and Patey, Mr. Cummings and Signor Federici, for especial praise, where all worked with might and will and in the spirit of Bach, to render the music as he would have wished it. To Madame Patey's lot fell the air which we consider the gem, viz., "Qui sedes;" and to the same lady and Madame Lemmens the duet, "Christe eleison," which struck us as equal, if not superior, to the duet, "Domine Deus," sung by Madame Lemmens and Mr. Cummings. All three were admirably sung. Mr. Federici's part was uninteresting, but only by comparison. Knowing that he has been for some time in indifferent health, we were pleased to hear him sing so well. That there should be no room for improvement in so young an artist he would himself be the last to deny, even to himself. Improved health and work will bring this, and no doubt modify a slight tendency to hardness in his tone.

What shall we say of the choir? When we could hear them, they showed that their five months rehearsals had not been thrown away, and it is not their fault that we can say no more than this. Will it be believed that for a choir of at most 160 voices—and these for the most part coming from the upper classes of society, in which voices are notoriously of light quality, and deficient in that resonance and metallic quality which distinguishes our Northern choirs, selected (we do not say it invidiously) from a lower stratum—for this choir there has been engaged a band of seventy (!) performers, including drums (!!) and the organ super-added (!). Boots it to say more? The choir did their best; we may say they did very well, for they *were* heard occasionally. But it is obvious that the Mass, comprising, as it did, so many choruses, was on this account not heard at all, as a perfect whole; very frequently the points of the fugues were hardly perceptible except to those who, score in hand, knew where to look out for them, and many of the finest passages, for instance where the basses descend by a magnificent and stately progression of octaves to the low E (in the "Sanctus") were totally lost. It is cruel to think that so fine an opportunity should have been lost of letting this work be heard in all its grandeur of effect, to say nothing of the chance of reading a lesson to those conductors of our festivals and large musical gatherings who persist in ignoring the claims of that not unlovely instrument—the human voice. We speak openly and advisedly, knowing that most of our musicians and, we may say, all our chorus singers, both professional and amateur, are of the same opinion, and in the hope that at the repetition of the Mass on May 8th, some reduction may be made of this overpowering combination of wind, catgut, and organ pipes. It is an insult to so fine a choir, somewhat unevenly balanced though it be, and unfair to the great German master, to thus drown the finest part of so magnificent a work in the noise of so huge an orchestra.—*Musical Standard, Apr. 29.*

Dr. Samuel Sebastian Wesley. The *Musical Times*, of May 1, pays the following tribute to another of the leading English musicians recently deceased:

It is but two months since that we recorded the death of one of our most distinguished church-musicians, Dr. Gauntlett; and it is now our painful duty to announce that another certainly not less eminent worker in the same field of art has been taken away. Dr. Samuel Sebastian Wesley, the organist of Gloucester Cathedral, died somewhat suddenly at his residence, Palace-yard, Gloucester, on the 19th ult., at the age of sixty-six.

Dr. Wesley was the son of an even more celebrated composer than himself—Samuel Wesley, whose motets, "In exitu Israel" and "Exultate Deo," are familiar to our concert-goers through their performance by Mr. Henry Leslie's choir, and deservedly rank as masterpieces. The subject of the present notice was born in London, in 1810. At the age of nine he was chosen chorister at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, and, when only seventeen years of age, in 1827, was appointed to his first post as organist at St. James's Church, Hampstead-road. He was subsequently organist at St. Giles's, Camberwell, and other churches in and near London, and in 1832, became organist at Hereford Cathedral. Thence he went to Exeter Cathedral in 1835, to Leeds parish church in 1842, to Winchester Cathedral in 1849, and to Gloucester in 1865; this last appointment he held till the time of his death.

As a performer on the organ Dr. Wesley had few equals. In his extempore playing he was especially great, combining fertility of invention with scientific combination in a way in which few could approach him. It is, however, upon his compositions for the Church that his fame will chiefly rest hereafter. He has published numerous Services, of which a Chant Service in F is perhaps the best known, while many of his anthems are stock pieces in our cathedrals. Among these may be named, "Ascribe unto the Lord" "Blessed be the God and Father," and (probably the most popular of all) "The wilderness and the solitary place." He also distinguished himself as a composer of hymn-tunes—his "Aurelia" in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, is well known throughout the length and breadth of the land. Numerous admirable specimens of his workmanship may also be found in *The Hymnary* and other modern tune-books. His most important contribution to this department of music, however, is his "European Psalmist," which is well-known as one of the finest existing collections of psalmody. For the instrument on which he was so great a master he published but little.

Owing to his naturally retiring and sensitive temperament, Dr. Wesley was less generally appreciated than he deserved. He was a genuine artist who has left his mark upon music in this country, and the place which has become vacant by his decease will not easily be filled.

Mme. Clara Schumann gave a "recital," at St. James's Hall, on Thursday afternoon. There was a very crowded audience, who received the great pianist with enthusiasm, unanimously recalling her after every piece. Her programme included selections from Schumann, Beethoven, Brahms, and Chopin. In the violoncello Sonata, Op. 5 (No. 2, G minor), of Beethoven, Mad. Schumann enjoyed the valuable co-operation of Sig. Piatti; and in the variations on a theme of Haydn's, composed by Herr Brahms for two pianofortes, that of our admirable pianist, Miss Agnes Zimmermann. Sig. Piatti played in his own matchless style Schumann's *Abendlied*, arranged for violoncello, and was encored. Mad. Thekla Friedländer sang pieces by Lotti, Schumann, and Mendelssohn, accompanied by Sir Julius Benedict. The "recital" was thoroughly enjoyed by all present, and Mad. Schumann, retired with fresh laurels on her already overcharged brow.

"A Link with the Past." The *Musical World* (April 22) expresses its "hearty sympathy with the subjoined tribute paid by the learned and eloquent writer of the annotated programmes for the Crystal Palace, to one of the worthiest, most indefatigable, most conscientious, and able men ever, in any way, connected with music and musicians:"

"The writer cannot pass this day without recording the death of a gentleman to whom the Crystal Palace concerts, and many other musical performances in the country for half a century past, have been greatly indebted—Mr. WILLIAM GOODWIN, the music-librarian and copyist, who died at his place of business on April 1, aged seventy-nine. On that day Mr. Goodwin closed a life of incessant, honorable, and active labor, which had brought him into contact with nearly every musician of eminence and every amateur of enthusiasm in the country; and there were few out of the great number who thus knew him, from Mendelssohn downwards, to whom he was not a valued friend, as well as a most intelligent and useful servant. His information on all points connected with his calling was inexhaustible. His practical knowledge of music was very great, and many a piece played as the production of its ostensible author was, if the truth were known, scored by him at the last moment, the original not being obtainable. He suffered much for many years from domestic losses and from the illness of which he died; but no obstacles interfered with his energy, punctuality, or good nature. However much appearances might be against him 'Goodwin' might always be depended on. "G."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 27, 1876.

The Centennial Music.

Of the musical part in the opening ceremonials at Philadelphia we cannot speak from actual hearing. In due time, it may be presumed, the new compositions will all be published, and that will be time enough for forming a deliberate opinion of their value. Meanwhile the critic correspondents of the press did as in patriotic duty bound, and in the name of their "Great Claimant" Wagner, bade us believe that Music stood upon its highest pinnacle that day, side by side with proud Columbia on her "hundred-terraced height." For the present we content ourselves with copying, as a fair specimen, one of the most glowing, of the rhapsodies which they have blown, through all the trumpets of the press, to all the corners of the continent,— the globe,—the following

[FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

PHILADELPHIA, May 10.—The ceremony being so peculiarly a musical one, it cannot be regarded as anything less than a piece of national good fortune that the direction of the music should have been guided from the first by liberality and good sense. There was nothing in it that the most serious musician could hold unworthy of the occasion; there was no attempt at sensational and unartistic effects; and yet the close attention with which the multitude listened, and the hearty applause with which they hailed all the pieces composed for the occasion —the March, the Hymn, and the Cantata—showed that the selections were well chosen to suit what is called the popular taste. When M. Offenbach was fêted last week in New York, Mr. Chauncey Depew, unless the reporters belie him, remarked to the composer that his was the only music which a thoroughly unmusical person could enjoy, and he evidently thought he had made rather a neat compliment. Perhaps if he had seen the crowd about the music-stand to-day he would revise his opinion. It was a very hot and uncomfortable crowd, packing the muddy roadway and struggling for breath as the multitudes pouring in behind pushed the front ranks up against the weak cordon of militia and police which tried to keep a passage open from the music-stand to the speaker's platform. Most of the time there was a hard tussle between the soldiers and the mob, not very creditable perhaps to either side, yet not an angry quarrel by any means. During the prayer it was especially loud and lively, but whenever the music sounded the pushing ceased. Wagner was listened to with the closest attention, and a loud burst of applause came from the multitude when the March was over. The Hymn made a very marked impression. The Cantata was equally successful, the bass solo being encored, and Mr. Buck being called for with three hearty cheers.

The first piece on the musical programme was the selection of National Airs, played while the distinguished guests were finding their way in small parties to the places provided for them. Twelve countries were represented in this grand combination piece — Germany, Austria, Italy, Anhalt-Dessau, Great Britain, France, Holland, and Russia, among the rest, Hail Columbia bringing up the end. Three pieces were applauded, the "Marseillaise," "God Save the Queen," and our own blessed tune, and may be the others would have been similarly honored if the crowd had recognized them. Many certainly were very pretty; two or three—the Austrian, British, Dutch and Russian for instance—are really noble; and they were admirably arranged, not mangled into a potpourri, but simply strung together with little connecting passages of musician-like workmanship, and then played in their integrity. The instrumentation was admirable, and the splendor of the orchestra which Thomas had collected, with its noble foundation of basses, its full force of strings, and an uncommonly rich collection of reeds, was quickly made apparent to those who could hear it at all. Of course in the open air a great deal of the effect was lost, and they tell me that the invited guests on the grand stand opposite were very unfavorably situated, but many of the multitude who stood where fate led them fared much better. Gen. Grant was greeted with "Hail to the Chief," and Dom Pedro was to have been complimented with the Brazilian Hymn; but our good friend from Rio has a way of throwing other people's plans out of gear, and he spoiled this project by marching in unannounced while the orchestra was in the midst of something else.

The real interest of the celebration began when, after the President had slipped into his seat, the orchestra struck up the Wagner Inauguration March. No praise which has been lavished upon this noble composition overstates its merit, and we are greatly disappointed in the taste of our countrymen if it does not soon become one of the most popular of Thomas's concert pieces. Although the rhythmic movement is perfectly regular and distinct throughout, yet on the first hearing the ear unaccustomed to analyzing a composition will perhaps listen for a more strongly marked swing in the music. But what they want is only the skeleton. It is really there, covered with such a rich and elaborate texture that there is a possibility of overlooking it. We know of no other composition in which the essential ceaseless beat of the march has been combined in such an extraordinary manner with the characteristics of the symphony. The ordinary march is merely a tune of simple structure, more or less carefully harmonized, and played over and over again, now loud, now soft, but always the same plain tune. But Wagner, adopting the rhythm as a foundation, has taken a short phrase, or theme, and developed it after the manner of Beethoven, led it through ingenious modulations and harmonic changes, then taken a second theme, and finally a third, treated them separately and treated them together, and led up by them to a magnificent finale, forming a climax which it would be almost impossible for the simple march movement to produce under any composer's hand. Thus in listening to this Centennial March we are not reminded of any military music we have ever heard before, even from Wagner's pen. There are passages whose heavy and majestic movement reminds us of the "Meistersinger," and there are phrases among those lighter portions intended, as Wagner tells us, as a reference to the beautiful women of America, which recall the poetry of "Tristan und Isolde." But it is not a copy of anything, nor a reminiscence; it is a purely original work—perhaps one of the most original things Wagner has written since "Tristan." It goes without saying that the instrumentation is of the most gorgeous description, for in the use of the materials of his orchestra Wagner is by general consent one of the greatest masters who ever lived. There are portions of a more delicate character which must be heard in the concert-room before they can be properly appreciated. I speak from knowledge, for I had the privilege of hearing it in the Academy of Music. A great crowd of people will hear it to-morrow at the first concert in Thomas's new music hall. Every seat in the hall has long been sold, and a great many people from New York have telegraphed for places either for the first or some following night. Readers of THE TRIBUNE may remember that in reviewing the March last month we mentioned that among the extra instruments required for it was the long obsolete bass trumpet, and that it was doubtful if such a thing could be found. It may be interesting to know that after a careful search Mr. Thomas has found one.

Mr. J. K. Paine's setting of Whittier's Centennial Hymn was a success quite as marked in its way as the Wagner March. There was only one thing that it could be, and that was a simple choral melody. Mr. Paine has made a beautiful piece of work, and put into it true religious feeling and great elevation and dignity. As it poured forth from the throats of the 800 ladies and gentlemen of the chorus, with that superb orchestral accompaniment, I think the whole audience—at least all of it which got near enough to the stage to be within the influence of the music at all—felt a stirring of the heart. Certainly when it was over the character rather than the amount of the applause, accompanied as it was with a little indescribable movement in the crowd, showed that the music had hit its mark.

Then we had Mr. Dudley Buck's Cantata. You have so lately published an account of this excellent work that I will not try to analyze it again, but content myself with saying that all the merits which I found in the score seem still greater merits in the performance, and that a multitude of fresh beauties appear in the charming and fresh orchestral accompaniment. Mr. Buck's work is dramatic, but it is simple enough for a great popular occasion. There is not a dull page in it. There is not a page which does not seem to be in just the right place as a part of a well planned whole. He has in a very high degree the art of writing for the voice so as to bring out its best qualities, and the analogous art of scoring for the orchestra. The hymn with which the Cantata opens is a good illustration of his success in one line; the accompaniment to the bass solo, admirably sung by Mr. Whitney, shows what he can do in the other. These two parts of the work made the greatest impression yesterday; but when the Cantata is heard under cover it will be found that the middle portion has great dramatic strength and abounds in subtleties which are lost in the open air. Whatever may be said of our display inside the Exhibition buildings it must at any rate be admitted that we have shown our guests something in the way of music of which we have no reason to be ashamed.

In the "Hallelujah Chorus," sung while the Commissioners and other people were filing into the building, Mr. H. L. Roosevelt's noble church organ, situated in the transept whose window opened just over the singers' heads, was employed with the orchestra, and it was effectively used also in Mr. Paine's Hymn. The band was 150 strong, the nucleus of course being Thomas's own men. The chorus sang magnificently, and showed that it had been most thoroughly trained by somebody who understood his business. A better body of sopranos I have rarely heard anywhere. J.R.G.H.

—So say you, Mr. foreman; so say you all, gentlemen?—We intended no comment; yet we must be permitted to suggest a doubt whether the verdict will stand, being so manifestly an *ex parte* verdict. *Was* the music altogether a piece of "national good fortune?" Was its direction (by which we suppose is meant also its selection) guided from the first by "liberality and good sense?" Liberality to be sure; it was indeed liberal and more than liberal to pay $5000, for one noisy March,—more probably than Beethoven got for all the Nine Symphonies! But as to the "good sense" of making such account of any March at all, especially of sending for it to the most partisan composer of the age, the egotistical "great claimant" who so far has succeeded only in building up a great fanatical party for himself, and making himself the fashion of the hour, but is by no means yet accepted in the sober judgment of the sincerest friends of Art,—those who feel and judge as Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann would have felt and judged if they were living now,—as to the "good sense" of that, why, common sense forbid! We can assure this enthusiastic writer, that many a "serious musician" *does* hold it to have been "unworthy of the occasion."—"No attempt at the sensational?" When the Centennial was captured from the outset by the Wagnerites, when the musical side of it was Wagnerized, was it not most effectually sensationalized?

Then the bringing it into comparison with Beethoven ("developed after his symphonic manner,")—a March, which has repeatedly been declared equal or superior to—what? to those stunning monstrosities, the Schiller and the Kaiser March!—It is called eminently "popular;" and yet it reminds one of the

Meistersinger and of *Tristan and Isolde!* But then the modern orchestra is such a wondrous mechanism—a new era in itself,—a new created world, and Wagner is its God! The "instrumentation," nobody will doubt, is "gorgeous;" but is there not reason to suspect that this was about all? Can any amount of gorgeous instrumentation supply the want of inspiration, of intrinsic meaning, of sublimity? Now so far as we can judge from a single reading and hearing of the pianoforte arrangement (in striped covers) of this paragon of marches, we are persuaded that the instrumentation, the gorgeous blaze and intensity of orchestral clothing and coloring, must have been all. For a thing more commonplace and empty in its themes, more disappointing as the "development" goes on through a most tedious trying over and over of the same sort of fruitless variations of effect to a most inordinate length—anything more uninspired and uninspiring, with so great pretention, so little calculated to give a moral, spiritual *lift* to the great multitude upon a great occasion, we can scarcely imagine.

We think there are several musicians in any of our cities, even Americans, who could have composed all that was needed in the shape of March for that day. But how much better it would have been to take the *greatest*, the most intrinsically noble and uplifting that exists, even if not expressly ordered, even if somewhat old. Would that have made it less appropriate, or less popular? How much more inspiring, more in the spirit of the great unity and triumph of such national world's festival, the glorious March Finale of the Fifth Symphony would have sounded! Handel or Beethoven would seem to be the truest musical prophets for a solemnity like that.

We approve, however, the policy which dictated the procuring of original productions from some of our foremost native composers. Of the result we are not yet prepared to speak.

George L. Osgood's Concert.

Instead of a series of Historical Concerts, as in the past two years, Mr. Osgood this time concentrated his thought and effort on a single evening with a remarkable programme—rich, significant, select, and for the most part new. Mechanics Hall, on Thursday evening, May 11, was filled with a most appreciative audience. Mr. Osgood had for co-workers his own mixed Chorus of forty voices, Mr. Ernst Perabo, pianist, Mr. J. Mullaly, violinist, and Mr. S. L. Studley, accompanist.

Mr. Perabo opened the feast with a very clear and artistic rendering of a Toccata by Bach, followed by a Fugue by Handel, both in E minor. The former is the opening movement of the sixth *Partita*, beginning with a poetic, florid, free fantasia, leading into a fugue of singular imaginative charm, after which the free fantasy returns. The Handel Fugue is from the fourth *Suite*, of which the theme announces itself so positively with a thrice repeated note. The two pieces together were a good prelude to the grand feature of the programme, which came next: the wonderful *Crucifixus* from Sebastian Bach's B-minor Mass, which shares with the Matthew Passion Music the glory of being the two greatest works of the greatest master of all time in sacred music. Still again we are in E minor! (modulating in the last measures into the relative major). Into this short piece of four-part vocal harmony,—resting on a *Basso Continuo* which consists of a single phrase of four measures (3-2), descending in even eights by semitones from the tonic to the dominant, and steadily repeating itself until the final cadence—Bach has crowded what a wealth and depth of solemn feeling and expression! It is impossible to describe the subtile art with which the voices intertwine and blend, after each part singly has uttered the mournful phrase *Crucifixus*, the whole giving the impression of a sea of sorrow inexhaustible and vast as ocean. The admirable training of the nicely balanced choir of sympathetic voices was shown to great advantage here. All was smooth and even and subdued, with only gentle swelling and subsiding, and the ensemble very sweet and musical, the utterance distinct, the intonation pure. So noble a thing needed to be heard more than once, and it was a wise thought in Mr. Osgood to have it repeated at once, to deepen and make clearer the impression. We envy the Londoners their privilege of hearing the whole of this great Mass, the only peer of the *Missa solemnis* of Beethoven.

A good relief, after this intensity of mood, it was to hear a group of Songs by Robert Franz (*a.* "The Lotus Flower" (*Heine*); *b.* "On a Thornbush blooms a rosebud" (*Osterwald*); *c.* "In May" (*Do.*); *d.* "Marie" (*Gottschall*), interpreted so feelingly, with fine discrimination and artistic style by Mr. Osgood, who is so much at home in German *Lieder* of the finest class.

Again the chorus voices blended almost to perfection in the most satisfactory rendering we have ever yet heard of that pure gem of sacred harmony, the *Ave Verum* of Mozart. And then followed the first performance of a new Sonata, for Violin and Pianoforte, by Prof. J. K. Paine, in three movements; *Allegro con fuoco; Larghetto* (in canonic form); *Allegro vivace.* It is a spirited and genial work, and seemed written *con amore*, as well as with much skill and learning and no lack of fresh invention. The first Allegro (B minor, 3-4) starts off with an energy of purpose, which it well maintains, with the relief of a more pleasing well contrasted second subject. The *Larghetto* (in which we confess we should not have suspected, by mere hearing, the presence of the *Canon*) has much beauty, though it seemed to us as if in some of the latter portion the inspiration was a little at a loss how to go on, so that for some measures it was vague and tame; perhaps another hearing might remove the feeling. But the Finale was full of life and sparkle, a playful, happy movement, at the end of which the delight of the audience culminated in such enthusiastic and repeated plaudits that the composer had to rise in his seat and bow his acknowledgments.

The next selection was extremely interesting: Schumann's Cycle of Songs, *Frauenliebe und Leben* ("Woman's Love and Life"), op. 42, which Mr. Osgood sang for the first time in this country, only the first two of the eight songs having been familiar here before. He sang them in the original German of the very beautiful poetry by Chamisso, the audience following with their eyes a fair translation by Baskerville. The little poems breathe the delicate confession of a woman's heart, from the first stirring of the tender passion in the maiden's breast, through all the phases of admiration, worship and devout self renunciation toward "the noblest" man and lover; the ecstasy and seeming dreamlike impossibility of finding herself beloved; the pressing of the ring to her lips; the call upon her sisters to help deck her for the wedding, and the momentary sadness at "joyfully quitting their bright circle"; the premonitions and fruition of maternity; and finally the grief of widowhood, which seeks consolation in recalling the sweet history and dreaming over love's young dream again. Schumann has entered into the inmost heart and spirit of these verses, reproducing them in music with an instinct almost feminine, so delicate, so natural, so fresh, so subtly modulated through each phase of feeling, is the expression he has given to the entire poem. And there is plenty of contrast in the songs; if there be any sameness, it is simply that of the continuous intensity of such a theme, with that of Schumann's individuality. It would require a long and separate article to go into an analysis of these eight lovely compositions, and we shall not attempt it here. The best interpreter is such a singer as we had on this occasion,—although we could not help feeling that they ought by good rights to be sung by a woman. But Mr. Osgood threw his soul into them with real fervor, and expressed the spirit of the poem and the music, with such *abandon*, such sympathetic and discriminating insight, and such artistic refinement, that all felt the beauty and the meaning of the work. The accompaniments were finely played by Mr. Perabo.

The Chorus then sang Gade's soft and dreamy music to Heine's "Waterlily"; Mr. Perabo played a quaint and spirited Gavotte in C minor (new) by Saint-Saens, a Menuet by Beethoven, and Schubert's *Barcarolle*, transcribed by Liszt; and Mr. Osgood sang a tragical and striking ballad: "There was an old, old king," by Rubinstein, the "Asra" by the same, and very beautifully the "Fruhlingsglaube" by Schubert. Robert Franz's "May Song," one of the most exquisite of part-songs for mixed voices, so fresh and buoyant, and the parts gracefully and subtly interwoven, was sung in the most satisfactory manner, and had to be repeated. This would have made a perfect ending to the concert. The three *Morceaux* by Rubinstein, for Violin and Piano, may have been very good, as doubtless they were well played; but we confess—what we suspect to have been a pretty general experience,—to being in a weary, dull condition for appreciating anything of the sort, after listening to so much of such varied and absorbing interest.

☞ Attention is called to the advertisement, on the first page, of the Music School of the Maplewood Institute at Pittsfield, Mass., which enjoys a high reputation.

Boston Church Choirs.

HOW HARD TIMES AFFECT THE SERVICE OF SONG.

[From the Sunday *Herald*, May 14.]

Never before, within the memory of "the oldest inhabitant," have there been so many professional singers and musicians out of business in the city of Boston as at the present time. The "hard times," that universal curse, which during its prevalence has affected every known occupation and industry, has made its influence felt even in the worship of the sanctuary, and important changes have taken place, such as would never have been tolerated for a moment under better auspices. Quartet singing, which has been a costly item in the expenses of some churches heretofore, has in many instances been altogether abolished. In others, the salaries have been largely reduced. In others still, professional singers have been dismissed and volunteers substituted, whose chief merit lies in the attribute that they are willing to serve without pay. Occasionally it is found the entire singing service has been revolutionized, and from being performed by a choir has become congregational. Nearly all the engagements with choir vocalists at the different churches are made during the spring months, generally about the 1st of April or during that month. The applicants for vacancies occurring, or about to occur, are always largely in excess of the number that can be employed, and the amount and range of talent to select from is at all times large. For chorus choirs abundance of excellent material is at hand for first-class directors, music teachers availing themselves of the opportunity for good practice thus afforded, and recommending their pupils for this exercise. Besides, every congregation furnishes a greater or less number of willing volunteers for the service of song, among whom are many of decided talent. That there has been a steady progression in the quality and performance of church music in this city for some years past there can be no question. Careful selection of talent; the gradual substitution of first-class compositions for the senseless trash in vogue a few years since; the recognition of the merit of the whole question of the musical service; and withal the inevitable emulation excited, have chiefly contributed to this result. Following is the composition of some of the principal choirs in the city, with the changes which have lately taken place in their organization:

BOWDOIN SQUARE CHURCH (BAPTIST.)

At this church Mr. Charles H. Whittier is organist and director. The present organization of the quartet choir is the same as has existed for three years past: Soprano, Miss Angie Tiescutt; alto, Miss Mary Hall; tenor, Mr. Hiram Hall; bass, Mr. John Young. Mr. Young left the city about two months since, to be absent a few months, and during his absence his place is filled by Mr. Peevy. A chorus choir is about being organized, to consist of fifteen voices, in addition to the quartet. The singers are members of the society.

CLARENDON STREET CHURCH (BAPTIST.)

Miss Carrie E. Symonds, organist. All the members of the quartet are salaried. There have been recent changes in its organization, and it now stands as follows: Soprano, Mrs. A. L. Ellsworth; alto, Miss Ella Cleveland; tenor, Mr. J. C. C. Cooper; bass, Mr. S. N. Dickerman. The singing is partly congregational. The service at this church differs from that of other Baptist Churches in that responsive readings of the psalms form a part, after which reading the congregation join with the choir in singing the Gloria in Excelsis. A new organ has been supplied here since the fire in the church about two years ago.

HARVARD STREET CHURCH (BAPTIST.)

A change in the quartet at this church occurred in December last, at this time Miss Josie Brainard of Hyde Park being employed as alto. The present organization is, soprano, Miss M. S. Butterfield; alto, Miss Brainard; tenor, Mr. Albert W. Daniels; bass, Mr. Frederick W. Goodwin; organist, Mrs. W. A. Woodside. Miss Brainard took the place of Miss C. S. Chamberlin.

SHAWMUT AVENUE CHURCH (BAPTIST.)

At this church Mr. J. A. Rising is organist and director. The choir is quartet, all salaried. Soprano, Mrs. A. C. Kendall; alto, Mrs. W. E. Bryant; tenor, Mr. George J. Parker; bass, Mr. Arthur W. Porter. Here the service differs somewhat from that of other Baptist churches. After the opening anthem the Doxology is sung by the choir and congregation. After the prayer a vocal response, and the Gloria after the reading of the Scriptures. The hymns preceding and following the sermon are congregational.

UNION TEMPLE CHURCH (BAPTIST.)

A complete change has occurred in the choir of this church during the present year. Mr. J. S. B Knox took the place of Mr C. H. Morse, organist, April 1st; Miss S. M. Clough that of Miss E. A. Humphrey, soprano, February 1st; Mr. G. C. Stebbins that of Mr. W W. Davis, tenor, on February 1st. The remaining members of the quartet are, alto, Mrs Henrietta Reid; bass, Mr. J. W. Davis. Miss Humphrey is at present away concertizing. The members of the quartet are all salaried.

CENTRAL CHURCH (CONG. TRIN.)

The present organization here is a chorus choir, with Mr. L. A. Torrens, director, and Mr. J. P. Weston, organist. The singing is largely congregational.

MOUNT VERNON CHURCH (CONG. TRIN.)

This church had a quartet choir, until April 1st, this season, when it was decided to continue with chorus choir only. Mr. Ackus is organist and director. There are about 30 voices in the chorus, all members of the society. No salaries are paid, except to the organist.

NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY (CONG. TRIN.)

Organist, Mr. George E. Whiting. The singing in this society is by both quartet and chorus. The quartet is composed of: Soprano, Mrs H M. Smith; alto, Mrs. A. W. Porter; tenor, Mr. W. C. Tower; bass, Mr. Clarence E Hay. The chorus comprises 250 voices, under the direction of Mr. Eben Tourjee. The order of service of song is, two pieces by quartet, two by choral choir, and two by the congregation, six at each service. Besides the organ accompaniment six cornets are employed.

PARK STREET CHURCH (CONG. TRIN.)

The singing has been both by quartet and chorus. Organist and director, Mr. J. C. Warren. In the quartet, soprano, Miss S. C. Fisher; alto, Mrs. Jennie M. Noyes; tenor, Mr. Cornelius Chenery; bass, Mr. C. M. Lewis. Mr. Chenery has just taken the place of Mr. A. B. Furlong, who resigned the position. The chorus consists of about 30 voices. The quartet is salaried.

SHAWMUT CHURCH (CONG. TRIN.)

There have been no changes in the choir at this church for some time. Organist, Samuel Carr, Jr. In the quartet—soprano, Mrs. Georgia H. Bent; alto, Mrs. H. E. Sawyer; tenor, Mr. George W. Want; bass, Mr. A. C. Ryder. No chorus. The quartet is salaried. In the service the last hymn is congregational.

UNION CHURCH (CONG. TRIN.)

At this church the singing is entirely congregational. Mr. J. B. Rhodes is organist, and Mr. Bridge Wheat precentor.

ARLINGTON STREET CHURCH (CONG. UNIT.)

Singing by quartet. Organist, Mr. G. W. Sumner. In the quartet: Soprano, Miss Ella M. Abbott; alto, Miss Julia Wells; tenor, Mr. D. G. Bridgham of Taunton; bass, Mr. J. R. Baldwin. No changes during past year.

HOLLIS STREET CHURCH (CONG. UNIT.)

Congregational singing. Organist, C. L. Capen; soprano, Mrs. F. P. Whitney. No changes during past year.

KING'S CHAPEL (CONG. UNIT.)

Singing by quartet. Organist, Mr. John W. Tufts. The quartet comprises, soprano, Mrs. O. T. Kimball; alto, Mrs. F. E. Barry; bass, Mr. D. E. Spencer. Mr. C. H. Clark, tenor, is about to retire from this quartet, expecting soon to visit Europe. There have been no changes during the past year, and with the exception of the tenor, none are anticipated for the present.

SECOND UNITARIAN CHURCH (CONG. UNIT.)

The singing at this church is by the following salaried quartet: Soprano, Miss L. Gage; alto, Mrs. Hale Jacobs; tenor, Mr. Edward Prescott; bass, Mr. A. F. Harlowe. Organist, Mrs. J. W. Crawford. Director, Mr. Edward Prescott. Mrs. Jacobs took the place, not long since, of Mrs. A. Ellison.

SOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (CONG. UNIT.)

There have been no changes in the quartet choir at this church during the past year. Its organization is—soprano, Mrs. Julia Houston West; alto, Mrs. J. F. Winch; tenor, Mr. W. J. Winch; bass, Mr. J. F. Winch. Organist, Mr. B. J. Lang.

CHURCH OF THE ADVENT (EPISCOPAL.)

The singing here is by a surpliced choir of 30 voices. Choral service. Organist, S. B. Whitney. Rev. J. W. Hill, precentor.

ST. MARK'S CHURCH (EPISCOPAL.)

Comparatively recent changes have brought an entirely new organization into this church. Organist and quartet have but just commenced service here. Mr. S. L. Studley has taken the place of Mr. E. L. Buffington as organist. The quartet as now existing is composed of—soprano, Mrs. F. H. Hathorne: alto, Mrs. C F. Whiting; tenor, Mr. N. F. Thayer; bass, Mr. F. H. Hathorne. Quartet salaried; no chorus.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (EPISCOPAL.)

There have been no changes in the choir during the past year. The quartet is as follows: Soprano, Miss M. Turner; alto, Miss Florence Holmes; tenor, Mr. Josiah Osgood; bass, Mr. George R Titus Organist, Mr. Elliott W. Pratt. This organization will continue until September next, when it is expected important changes will be made, by which the present form of singing service may be abandoned.

SECOND METHODIST CHURCH.

The organization is the same as during the past year; Quartet—soprano, Miss S M Godbold; alto, Mrs. Abby Corey; tenor, Mr R B Fisher; bass Mr. James Gilbert. Organist, J. A. Norris. The quartet is salaried.

SECOND UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

There have been no changes during the past year The service is by a salaried quartet, as follows: Soprano, Mrs. J. C. Sanborn; alto, Mrs. W. H. Wadleigh; tenor, Mr. M L Ingalls; bass, Mr. Gardner Gove. Organist and director, Mr. H. J. Smith.

FIRST METHODIST CHURCH.

A quartet and chorus have just been established at this church The chorus comprises 100 voices and is conducted by Professor Eben Tourjee. Organist, Mr. Harry Benson. One cornet is also used in accompaniment. One member of the quartet is salaried.

TREMONT STREET M. E. CHURCH.

Previous to the first of last month the singing at this church has been by a quartet At that time a change was made and congregational singing adopted Organist, Mr. Allen W. Swan; precentor, Mr. Frank T. Ware.

OLD SOUTH CHURCH (CONG. TRIN.)

Some changes have recently taken place in the quartet at this church. As at present organized it comprises: Soprano, ——; alto, Mrs. J. T. Kempton; tenor, J. C. Collins; bass, W. Beeching. Organist, S. M. Downs of Andover.

FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH.

No changes in this choir. The quartet comprises: Soprano, Miss Clara B. Nickels; alto, Miss Abby R Clark; tenor, Mr. W. H Fessenden; bass, Mr. J. F. Rudolphsen. Organist, H. E. Parkhurst.

EMANUEL CHURCH (EPISCOPAL).

The choir at this church is quartet. Organist, S. A. Bancroft; soprano, Miss H. A. Russell; alto, Miss Nellie F. Wood; tenor, L. A. Treat; bass, G. W. Dudley. No chorus.

ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, HIGHLANDS.

At this church the singing is by a chorus choir. Organist, Mr. Edwin W. Gould.

CHURCH OF ST. JAMES THE APOSTLE (ROMAN CATHOLIC).

Singing by both quartet and chorus. In the quartet the position of soprano is at present vacant, no permanent appointment having been made since the resignation of Mrs. B. M. Wade, some four weeks since. Remainder of quartet—alto, Miss T. Flynn; tenor, P. A. McLaughlin; bass, T. O'Brien. In the chorus there are 30 voices. Organist, A. P. Turner; director, Dr. E. C. Bullard.

CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION [CATH].

At this church the singing is by quartet and chorus. Organist, James Caulfield. In the quartet—First soprano, Mrs. Charles Lewis; second soprano, Miss Annie Flynn; alto, Miss Ita Welsh; tenor, Mr. Louis Plan; bass, P. H. Powers. Thirty voices in the chorus. No changes during the past year, and none anticipated.

CATHEDRAL OF THE HOLY CROSS (ROM. CATH.)

In December last the singing at this church was changed from quartet to chorus alone. Mr. J. Falkenstein is director, and Mr. F. Donahue organist. In the chorus there are 120 voices.

FIRST SOCIETY [CONG. UNIT.], MEETING-HOUSE HILL.

Organist, Mr. Henry W. Edes. The quartet which has, until recently, been engaged at this church, has now been broken up. Mrs. T. Drake, alto, and Mr. H. K. White, Jr., remain with the society until other engagements are made.

MT. PLEASANT CHURCH [CONG. UNIT.], HIGHLANDS.

Singing by quartet choir, Mr. N. O. Whitcomb, director; organist, Miss L M. Libby. In the quartet: Soprano, Mrs. Julia Howard, engaged the first of the present month; alto, Miss Alice A. Moise; tenor, N. O. Whitcomb; bass, Chandler Wright, engaged Jan. 1, 1876. Formerly all the hymns were sung by the congregation and choir; at present only two hymns are congregational.

FIRST RELIGIOUS SOCIETY [CONG. UNIT.], HIGHLANDS.

Singing by quartet choir. Organist, Mr. C. R. Ford. In the quartet—Soprano, Mrs. George K Hooper; alto, Mrs. Hastings; tenor, Mr. J. H. Stickney; bass, Dr. C. W. Goddard.

FIRST UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, HIGHLANDS.

In this church the singing during last year was by a quartet. This was given up on April 1, just passed. A chorus has been organized from the society members, and the singing is now performed by it. Organist, W. J. D. Leavitt.

ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, CHARLESTOWN.

At this church Mr. James E. Greenleaf is organist and director of music. The singing is by both quartet and chorus. In the quartet—Soprano, Miss Allwright; alto Mrs. George E. Rogers; tenor, Mr Frederick Bacon; bass, Mr. Charles H. Vose. In the chorus, 25 voices.

CHURCH OF THE UNITY [CONG. UNIT].

Singing by quartet. Organist and director, Mr. Howard M. Dow. In the choir—Soprano, Miss Abbie Whinery; alto, Miss Ellison; tenor, D. F. Fitz; bass, H. C. Barnabee. Miss Ellison took the place of Mrs. Addie Ryan Coolidge.

MAVERICK CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, EAST BOSTON.

At this church the singing is entirely congregational, not even a precentor being employed. Some of the prominent singers of the society sit upon the seats nearest the pulpit, and the music is directed by their voices. The organist is Mr. —— Wood.

Special Notices.

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The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united free,
And loyal to our land and Thee."

This is the fine choral, brought out at the first great event of the Centennial. Every one will need a copy. Every choir and chorus will use it. Words by Whittier.

Singing at Sunset C. 3. d to E. *Abt.* 30

"Singing at the sunset angels voices hear,
And the harpings of the harpers, ringing, ringing clear."

Very sweet poem to equally sweet music.

A Maiden stood on a sea-bound Bark. F. 4. d to F. *Abt.* 40

"But she heeded not, as she looked on the deep,
With an eye that knew not fear."

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Quite *au fait.* (Comic). B*b*. 2. d to D. *Lee.* 30

Brannigan's Pup. (Comic). B*b*. 2. b to F. "*Oofty Gooft.*" 40

Two very amusing songs, ably written.

Stormy Petrel. (Bass Voice). D. 4. A to d. (Bass staff.) *Boott.* 30

"Where the tempest flies on a wing of might,
And the billow rolls in a robe of white."

A bass song of lofty character.

Lights far out at Sea. E. 4. E to g. *Eayrs.* 35

"Now in the gloaming and the hush,
All nature seems to dream."

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The above marks refer to the Bass staff, with the Bass Clef. Words are by Celia Thaxter, and are strikingly beautiful. That Eichberg should well interpret them is a matter of course.

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No. 4. Haunted Nook. (Verrufene Stelle). 3. D minor.

"The flowers of this haunted place
Are pale for lack of sun."

A mysterious "story without words."

No. 5. Smiling Landscape. (Freundliche Landschaft). 3. B*b*

Movement in easy-going triplets, suggesting no end of sunshine and cheerful thought.

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No tempest fierce shall ever roar,
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"There are angels arrayed in white,
And their wings are bathed in light."

"With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints on earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
Pure rapture; noblest mirth!"

"Who are these like stars appearing,
These before God's throne who stand;
Each a golden crown is wearing,
Who are all this glorious band?"

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HAPPY HOUR.
WHEN WE GET HOME TO THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND.
JESUS, ONLY JESUS.
MY PRECIOUS CLASS FOR JESUS.
WALK IN LOVE.
TELL ME THE STORY OVER.
GLAD TIDINGS.
KNEELING AT THE THRESHOLD.
WE LOVE TO SING OF HEAVEN.
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My Cross of Moss. D♭. 4. d to F. *Muller.* 30
If. G. 3 d to E. *Keens.* 35
Walk at Sunset. Duet. Soprano Voices. G. 4. b to g. *Fiori.* 50
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I ask not if the World unfold. G. 3 E. to g. *Nicholl.* 30
On the blue Wave. Duet. Soprano Voices. F. 3. to f. *Panofka.* 35
O, for the Wings of a Dove. G. 4. d to g. *Mendelssohn.* 40
The litt'e black Wench. F. 2. c to D. *Sealy.* 30
Roses wither while in Bloom. Song and Chorus. G. 3. F to F. *Percy.* 30
My sweet Pollywog. Title. E. 3. c to E. *Tissington.* 50
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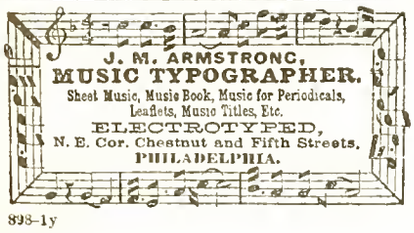

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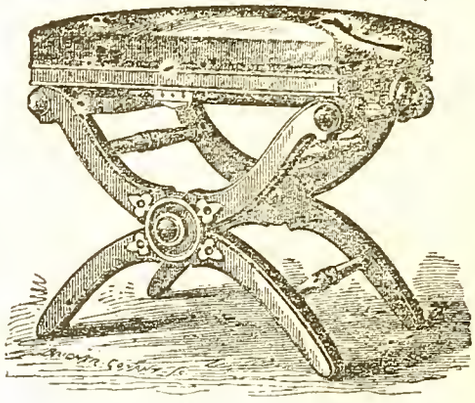

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WHOLE No. 917. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1876. VOL. XXXVI. No. 5.

The Minstrel's Curse.

Translated from UHLAND by C. T. BROOKS.

There stood, in long gone ages a castle tall and grand;
Blue ocean caught its glances o'er many a league of land;
Fair, fragrant gardens round it, hung like a garland bright,
Within leaped up fresh fountains in rainbow-tinted light.

There sate a haughty monarch, for lands and wars renowned;
All pale and dark and cloudy sate he, the throned and crowned;
For what he thinks is terror; his looks they bode no good,
And what he speaks is daggers, and what he writes is blood.

Two minstrels to this castle came once, a noble pair:
The one, his locks were golden—the other grey of hair;
With harp in hand the old man, a stately steed he rode—
The blooming youth beside him with step elastic strode.

The old man spake his comrade: 'Be ready now, my son!
Think o'er our deepest music, sound out the fullest tone;
Each thrill of pleasure summon, and sorrow's piercing smart!
To-day must break, or never, this proud king's flinty heart.'

The minstre's twain have entered the lofty pillared hall;
The monarch and his consort sit high enthroned o'er all:
The King, in dreadful splendor, like bloody North-lights gleamed;
The Queen benign and tender, like the full May moon beamed.

The old man struck the harp-strings,—he swept them wondrous well,
And richer still and richer, came sounding up the swell;
Then forth with heavenly clearness the young man's voice it streamed,—
The old man's, wildly blending, a ghostly choral seemed.

Of love and spring they chanted, and golden days of bliss,
Of freedom and of manhood, of truth and holiness;
They sang of all the tenderness to which man's bosom thrills,—
They sang of all the nobleness which man's brave bosom fills.

In all that throng of courtlings no jest is thought of now;
The king's defiant warriors, before their God they bow;
The queen, with tears of rapture, her mournful joy confessed,
And threw before the minstrel the rose that decked her breast.

'Ye have seduced my people; ensnare ye now my bride?'
His frame with fury shaking, the monarch fiercely cried;
Then at the young man's bosom his flashing blade he flings,—
Where gushed that golden music, the spouting heart's-blood springs.

Like dust before the tempest, is fled that listening swarm;
The groaning youth expires upon his master's arm:
He wraps him in his mantle, then sets him, stiff and straight,
Upon the horse, and leads him out through the castle gate.

Before the lofty gateway, the hoary bard turned round,
His harp on high he lifted,—that harp of sweetest sound,—
Back from a marble column the precious fragments fly,
Then peals through court and garden this wild and dismal cry:

'Woe, woe on you, proud chambers! sweet sound no more shall ring,
For ever, through your spaces, of voice or tuneful string;
No! only sighs and groanings, and shuddering slave-steps creep,
Till Heaven's just vengeance leaves you a waste, unsightly heap.

'Woe, woe on you, fair gardens, fragrant in May-light's glow!
This dead, distorted visage to you I here do show,
That, seeing, ye may wither, your fountains all grow dry,
That ye, in coming ages, a stony waste may lie.

'Woe, woe on thee, foul murderer; thou curse of minstrelsy!
Vain all thy strife for garlands of bloody fame shall be;
Thy name shall be forgotten, in endless night shall die,
Like a last groan expiring, in a black and empty sky!'

The grey old bard hath ended, the Heavens have heard his cry;
The lofty walls are prostrate, the halls in ruins lie,
Save one tall column, telling what splendor took its flight,
And this, already tottering, may crumble down to-night.

All round, for fragrant gardens, is now a barren land;
No tree gives shade, no fountain comes gushing through the sand;
No song, no book of heroes the monarch's name rehearse;
Extinguished and forgotten! that is the minstrel's curse!

Haydn with the Esterhazys.

(Translated for this Journal from the new Biography of Haydn, by C. F. POHL. Berlin, 1875.)

(Continued from Page 235.)

On the 18th of March 1762 Prince Paul Anton died. In the want of a natural heir he was succeeded by his brother Nicolas Joseph (commonly called by the first name only). This prince, to whom, on account of his love for pomp and splendor, like Lorenzo di Medici, they gave the title of "the Magnificent," was born Dec. 18, 1714, and married in March 1737 to the baroness Marie Elisabeth, daughter of the Count of the Empire Ferdinand von Weisenwolf. Haydn officiated nearly thirty years under Nicolas, who was to him the most sympathetic of the four princes whom he served in the course of almost half a century. To him therefore we have to give particular attention.

Prince Nicolas, who received the Marshal's staff under Maria Theresa in the year 1770, was a passionate friend of art and science in almost all departments. Magnanimity, goodness of heart and benevolence were the most prominent traits of his character. Even if we did not find these excellencies confirmed by his actions, we should form a liking for him in his portrait, which represents him so attractively in the uniform of his infantry regiment, decked with the Commander's cross of the order of Maria Theresa and with the order of the Golden Fleece, as a man of elegant shape and noble bearing, of fresh complexion, and with a friendly, mild expression in his finely cut features. The Prince's appearance at court festivities was splendid; the wealth of jewels with which his uniform was covered, became proverbial. But his visits to Vienna grew year by year less frequent; it was positively hateful to him to abide there. Hastily and often unexpectedly he left the city and withdrew to one of his palaces, by preference to Esterhaz, where he lived for Art, and for recreation followed hunting and fishing.

His Kapelle found in him an upright master, ever ready for its support. During his whole reign the protocols, commonly beginning with the motto: "Gott mit uns!" form a continued chain of acceptances or grants of money and of goods; seldom is a refusal found. Yet the prince knew how to exercise severity when necessary, and punished even with arrest some members on account of neglect of duty or disrespectful conduct. But his kindness knew no lasting anger: the one punished was soon again the receiver of a gift. His personal interest in the musical productions was of essential influence on their excellence. Following up the efforts of his predecessors, he kept his Kapelle employed in regular full rehearsals, in the practice of chamber music, and soon also in the solution of dramatic problems. The prince himself was fond of playing the *baryton*, (a stringed instrument which has long been obsolete, being supplanted by the more practicable violoncello), for which Haydn wrote a series of compositions, and with which we shall make more intimate acquaintance further on.

Haydn's relation to this prince, who almost immediately on his accession raised his salary by half, and who near his death generously provided the master with a pension, was hearty and unclouded. The prince gave his Kapellmeister repeated proofs of his satisfaction and his high appreciation: his sympathy encouraged him to greater and greater creations. Complaints, to be sure, now and then escaped from the master about his secluded life, and his longing eyes were still directed toward Italy; but a word, an occasional present, delicately made, quickly appeased him, and more firmly than before he held to his lord, with whom, as he himself said, he wished "to live and to die." And these words of the man still echoed in the breast of the greybeard, who in the last days of life with grateful heart thought of the "kind and magnanimous" Prince Nicolas.

Haydn was much envied by his brother Michael for this princely favor and quickening sympathy. "Give me texts (he often said) together with the animating hand, that rules over my brother, and I will not remain behind him."

The attempt has often been made to belittle the service rendered by the princely house to the spiritual and material welfare of Haydn; it has been said that Haydn was used up, that he spent his powers unprofitably, overloaded with tasks which far oftener bore the stamp of occasional works than they did of compositions of deeper intrinsic value; that through the seclusion of his life he had lost every standard wherewith to measure his talent, so that his position was rather a hindrance than a help to him. There is some truth in this and it is to be lamented. But still we have to thank the princely house, that it offered to the master a congenial sphere of activity, and that too at a time when his name was as yet by no means

known. The shadowy sides alluded to also offered their advantages. This very seclusion contributed to the master's originality. In spite of that, he was no stranger to new appearances in his art; they found their way to Hungary, or he became acquainted with them in his visits to Vienna. To no other Kapellmeister did his orchestra at all hours stand so at his absolute command, to try over the compositions just completed and make sure of their effect. Haydn himself was far from wishing to attribute an importance to every work; what he deemed of worth, found its way to remote countries. It is an entirely false idea, repeatedly expressed even in these most recent days, that his journey to London was what first drew the world's attention to him. On the contrary Haydn's name was everywhere known and prized already between 1770 and 1780. On all sides commissions came to him from publishers, and it was he who prescribed the conditions. He could not speak indeed of superfluity, but with a wife more economical his pecuniary condition would have been more and more satisfactory. Where was there a prince, like Nicolas, to build a house for Mozart, held by Haydn in such high honor, and relieve him from the pitiful necessity of giving lessons? Haydn himself was contented with his outward position; and, although his own expression about it belongs more to the time which he afterwards spent principally in Esterhaz, yet it is equally applicable to the years he lived in Eisenstadt and to his position generally. He writes to Griesinger: "My prince was contented with all my labors, I received applause, I could as chief of an orchestra make experiments, observe what brings out the impression and what weakens it, and so keep improving, adding, cutting, daring; I was separated from the world; no one was near to lead me out of my way and plague me, and so I had to be original."

Long after Haydn's name had become world-famous, he was so little dazzled by the honors he enjoyed, that in his personal intercourse with the princes and the highest nobility he always kept a certain limit. On this point too he expressed himself to Griesinger: "I have been in the company of emperors, kings and many great lords, and have heard many a flattering thing from them; but on a familiar footing with such persons I will not live, and I prefer to keep with people of my station." Haydn has been called, quite recently, "a prince's servant." This appellation is unjust; if we are to understand by it a creature who knows only how to cringe before his superior, Haydn was the very opposite. He was very well aware of his own worth, and did not need to humble himself in his intercourse with those high in place. From numerous examples, in disproof of the odiousness of the above quoted expression, I make use here of a single anecdote out of Haydn's later life, which was related by several of his fellow members of the Kapelle, since dead. In a general rehearsal, at which Prince Nicolas (the one who succeeded to the reign in 1794) was present, he made some fault-finding remarks. Haydn was excited and replied: "Your Princely Highness! to understand this, is my affair." Whereupon the prince got up and, casting an ungracious look upon his Kapellmeister, left the hall, to the terror of the musicians, who all clung with enthusiastic love to Haydn.

The condition of the princely Kapelle, at the time when Haydn took it, was anything but important. When Carpani speaks of a "grand" or a "select and numerous orchestra," he has before his eyes the later and most brilliant period of the Chapel. On Haydn's advent it numbered three violinists, one 'cellist and one contrabassist; the wind players were transferred from the field music. The Choir (if so it could be called with such small numbers) was composed of 2 Sopranos, 1 Alto, 2 Tenors and 1 Bass. These (with one exception) also formed the Church choir, which had for accompaniment, besides the organ, only 2 violins, 1 violoncello and 1 bass. During Haydn's first month several "new *musici*" were taken in: 2 oboists and 2 fagottists, and soon afterwards 1 flutist and 2 French-hornists; moreover one violinist and the only 'cellist were replaced by new members, and the chapel was increased by two more violin players.

The *Contract* with Paul Anton, before cited, was confirmed July 1, 1762 by Prince Nicolas, and now began a new epoch for the Kapelle; heretofore it had been limited almost exclusively to the church service and the table music; now larger orchestral, chamber and theatre music came to the foreground. . . . . .

[To be Continued.]

The Centennial Cantata.

MR. LANIER'S EXPLANATION AND DEFENSE.

To the Editor of The Tribune:

SIR: I ask space in your columns for the purpose of calling the attention of my brother artists in America to a field of inquiry whose results, though as yet partial, are so curious that I cannot but believe some logical account of them will be at once of genuine service to American art and of interest to your readers.

Probably there are not five English-speaking persons who have ever given an hour's systematic thought to the following question: What changes have been made in the relations of Poetry to Music by the prodigious modern development of the Orchestra?

It is probably known to most even of non-musical readers that the orchestra of to-day compares with the early orchestra much as a railway-train with a stage-coach. Many of the old instruments have been vastly improved; new ones have been invented; improved schools of *technique* have brought about that passages which would once have been intrusted only to solo artists are now written without hesitation for the ordinary orchestral player. This extension of orchestral constituents has been accompanied by a corresponding extension of the province of orchestral effects. To the modern musical composer, the human voice is simply an orchestral instrument; while on the other hand each orchestral instrument has become a genuine voice with its own peculiar *role* of expression. A composer, therefore, of the modern school in setting words to music will no longer, as of old, write a solo for the human voice with an accompaniment for the orchestra; but he will write for the orchestra proper, bringing prominently forward in his harmonization only those voices (whether human or merely instrumental) whose peculiar expressive powers appear to be required in order to interpret the conceptions of the poetic text.

Now, what purely intellectual conceptions (for clearly not all) are capable of such orchestral interpretation? This question is intended to leave wholly untouched the great province of emotional expression, in which this author believes the power of music to be supreme and unlimited. The inquiry, strictly stated, is now: What common ground exists to conventionally significant words and the unconventionally significant tones of the modern orchestra?

Before advancing to state some very unexpected principles which will result from this inquiry, it is here necessary to observe that the attitude of American criticism toward a recent poem of the author's, known as the Centennial Cantata—an attitude varying between the extremes of enthusiastic admiration and of brutal abuse—has clearly revealed the circumstance that the fundamental question herein mooted has not even occurred to more than one or two either of those who blamed or those who praised, though it would seem that not only a discussion but some definite solution of that question must necessarily precede anything like an intelligent judgment of the poem.

It is necessary, also, to state one final consideration which makes it the plain duty of this author to begin that discussion in person. Much of his praise has come from the section in which he was born, and there is reason to suspect that it was based often on sectional pride rather than on any genuine recognition of those artistic theories of which his poem is—so far as he now knows—the first embodiment. Any triumph of this sort is cheap, because wrongfully based, and to an earnest artist is intolerably painful. Here is a situation which leaves me no resource except to make some systematic declaration of the principles underlying this matter, so that whatever praise or blame they deserve may be meted out to them rather than to the wholly immaterial matter of the locality of the author's birth.

I desire therefore, first, to propound these principles which appear to result from that new attitude of poetry toward music brought about by the modern extension of the orchestra; secondly, to verify these *à priori* deductions by facts *à posteriori*, that is to say, by examples of the precise sort of ideas which have been actually selected by the greatest masters of modern music for representation in tone; and, thirdly, having thus supported theory by fact, to call attention in the briefest manner to the minute particularity with which these principles are followed out in the poem alluded to.

In any poem offered by a poet to a modern musical composer, the central idea, as well as every important subordinate idea, should be drawn only from that class of intellectual conceptions which is capable of being adequately expressed by orchestral instruments. The possibility of such expression, emerging from the beautiful soul of Gluck, has come down to the modern artists strengthened by occasional holy sanctions from Schubert and Beethoven, by startling confirmations from Berlioz and Liszt and Saint-Saëns, and even by occasional recognitions from Meyerbeer (notably in his interpretation of a ghost with the bassoons), and from Rossini (as in the William Tell overture). Finally, the gigantic illustrations of Richard Wagner, while they refer more particularly to the interpretation of ideas by tones with the additional assistance of the stage properties—*i. e.*, the musical drama—have nevertheless widened the province of orchestral effects to such a magnificent horizon that every modern musical composer, whether consciously Wagnerite or not, is necessarily surrounded with a new atmosphere which compels him to write for the whole orchestra, and not for the human voice as a solo instrument and for the orchestra as a subsidiary one. This principle (*a*) would therefore seem to be self-evident, inasmuch as every part of the text which does not conform to it is manifestly not available for the musical composer, and so much waste matter *quoad* music.

(*b*) Inasmuch as only general conceptions are capable of such interpretation, a poem for (say) a cantata should consist of one general idea, animating the whole; besides this, it should be composed of subordinate related ideas; each of these subordinate ideas should be the central idea of a separate stanza or movement; each stanza should be boldly contrasted in sentiment with its neighbor stanzas, in order to permit those broad outlines of tone-color which constitute the only means known to music for differentiating ideas and movements from each other; and finally, the separate central ideas of each of these subordinate stanzas, or movements, should not run into each other, but begin and end abruptly.

An attentive consideration of this principle (*b*) will go far toward effecting a complete reversal of the generally-received opinion that a poem for musical representation ought necessarily to be perfectly clear, smooth, and natural. For consider; without now having the space to detail an exhaustive list of such conceptions as can be reproduced in music, it is sufficient to say that these conceptions are necessarily always large, always general, always abruptly outlined when in juxtaposition. An illustration drawn from the art of painting will at once

make this plain. The illuminating power of music (if one may so express it) is, when compared with that of the non-musical inflections of the human voice in pronouncing words, about as moonlight when compared with sunlight. Now fancy that a capricious sovereign should order his court-painter to execute a picture which was to be looked at only by moonlight; what would be the artist's procedure? In the first place he would choose a mystical subject; for moonlight, with its vague and dreamy suggestions, would be favorable to its treatment. He would next select gigantic figures, for the same reason; and while these figures would have to be even harshly outlined in order to make them distinct, the painter would permit himself indefinite liberty as to the background and as to the spaces between separate figures, in order to fill these as far as possible with the same vague and dreamy subtleties appropriate to moonlight.

The poet, called on to write a cantata text for music, is precisely in the position of a painter called on to paint a picture for moonlight; and the author desires that this illustration should be kept in mind when he comes to show presently how this parallel course has been followed.

(*c*.) When a poetic text is to be furnished for an orchestra in which the human voices greatly outnumber the instrumental voices, the words of the poem ought to be selected carefully with reference to such quality of tone as they will elicit when sung. For example, when a language consists, as ours, mainly of the two classes of Saxon and Latin derivations; and when the nature of the orchestral effect desired is that of a big, manly, and yet restrained jubilation, I think the poem ought to be mainly of Saxon words, rather than the smoother-sounding Latin forms of our language. At any rate, I tried this experiment in the poem alluded to; and I shall presently have occasion to refer to the satisfactory result of it.

Having thus announced—let it here be said, with all disclaimer of dogma and with all the timidity which every pioneer should preserve—these meagre outlines of principles I come to the second part of my task, which is to verify them by inquiring what kind of ideas or poems have been selected by the greatest musical masters of modern times for orchestral representation.

The noblest work of Berlioz immediately occurs, in support of the position that a text for music should present gigantic figures, broadly outlined and even abruptly so sometimes, but giving backgrounds and spaces of vagueness which the artist leaves to the hearer's imagination to fill up; I mean the well known "Opium-Dream of an Artist," when the first movement presents gigantic horrors surrounding the vision of the loved one, the second contrasts this with a ball room scene, the third this with a pastoral scene, the fourth this with the march of a doomed man to the scaffold, and so on. Passing from Berlioz to Liszt, I instance the latter's nobler translation into music of Lamartine's Meditation upon Death.

This immediately suggests the very striking tone-picture which Saint-Saens has made of a French verse describing a Dance of Skeletons; indeed, the first line of the verse itself is pure gibberish, being only "Zig, zig, zig."

As a final example, the author may mention that a short time ago, the Peabody Orchestra, a band of 40 musicians, at Baltimore, directed by Asger Hamerik, was requested by Dr. Hans von Buelow to play for him, as a personal favor, his own composition, called *Des Sanger's Fluch* (The Minstrel's Curse), being a tone-translation of Uhland's poem of the same name. Late in an afternoon we accordingly met (the author was a member of that orchestra) in the hall of the Peabody Academy, no one being present besides Dr. Von Bulow, Mr. Hamerik, and the orchestra. Dr. Von Bulow mounted the stand and directed his own piece with electric fire, and of course with intelligent comprehension. During this highly advantageous rendition nothing could have been clearer than the justice of the principles which have been hereinbefore announced; for although Uhland's poem of the Minstrel's Curse is a connected narrative, yet in the tone-rendering it was perfectly apparent that all such parts of the poem as were (what I may call) merely connective tissue, were simply skipped over, and there emerged from the magnificent mass of tones only the large conceptions of the two minstrels, the King, the Queen, the farewell, the curse, and so on; and these were the points which the director accentuated in his leading of the band, practically leaving all else to his hearers' imaginations.

Without the space to multiply these examples, the author now proceeds to the third and last part of this paper, which is an illustration from the Centennial Cantata itself of the manner in which the foregoing principles were carried out in that poem.

When the author received his very unexpected appointment from the Centennial Commission to write the text for a cantata which was to be interpreted by an orchestra of 150 instruments and a chorus of 800 voices, it immediately suggested itself to him that the principal matter upon which the citizens of the United States could legitimately felicitate themselves at this time was the fact that after a hundred years of the largest liberty ever enjoyed by mortals they had still a republic unimpaired. The idea, then, of the Triumph of the Republic over the opposing powers of nature and of man immediately suggested itself as logically proper to be the central idea of the poem; and inasmuch as the general idea of triumph over opposition is considered reproducible by well-known orchestral effects, it was made at once the logical and musical Refrain of the work, nature and man shouting several times, "No! thou shalt not be!" and the Land finally exclaiming in triumph, "I was, am, and I shall be." Thus was satisfied the principle above marked (*a*). In accordance with principle (*b*) the poem was constructed in eight different metred stanzas, each of which was informed by its own sentiment, and was differentiated from its neighbor by making that sentiment such as required strong musical contrasts as compared with the sentiment preceding or following it. For example, the first stanza of 10 lines was to be interpreted by sober, firm, and measured progressions of chords, representing a colossal figure in meditation. The next (Mayflower) stanza contrasted this with an *agitato* sea movement, rising gradually to a climax with the shouted Refrain, "No! it shall not be;" the next (Jamestown) movement contrasted this with a cold and ghostly tone-color, the author having filled the stanza with long *e* vocables in order to bring out a certain bassoon quality of tone from the human voices on the "thee, thee," "ye," and the like, and having made the stanza itself a gaunt and bony one in metre and form, to type the trials of the early colonists as they rose before the meditative eye of Columbia out of the weltering sea of the Past; the next (Tyranny) stanza contrasted this with a renewed, but different, fury of *agitato* movement, presenting to the musical composer a lot of ideas—religious and political oppression, war, error, terror, rage, crime, a windy night, voices of land and sea, and finally a climacteric shout of the Refrain, "No! thou shalt not be," all of which were easily reproducible in tone by the resources of the modern orchestra; the next (Huguenot) stanza contrasted this with a rapid and somewhat stealthy movement of alternating hope and fear; the next brought its contrast of the outburst of Triumph in "I was; I am," etc.; the next offered an entire contrast in the Angel's song, which I wrote with the understanding that Mr. Whitney of Boston was to sing it; and finally this basso solo was contrasted by the unrestrained outburst of all the voices into the jubilation and welcome of the last stanza.

These separate characterizations were indicated upon the original copy of the form sent the musical composer by marginal notes affixed to each stanza; and the author cannot think it improper for him to avail himself of this occasion to acknowledge the intelligent comprehension with which Mr. Buck seized these ideas and the dramatic fire with which he embodied them in tone. Finally, to conclude these illustrations drawn from the Cantata—the author, desiring to experiment upon the quality of tone given out by choral voices when enunciating Saxon words, as compared with that from smoother Latin derivatives, wrote his poem almost entirely in the former. Disregarding their hardness in reading—the poem was to be sung, not read—he unhesitatingly discarded smooth Latin derivatives for the sake of Saxon ones, being all the more decided in this course by the logical propriety of it. The result was a complete vindication. The manner in which the short, sharp, vigorous Saxon words broke, rather than fell, from the lips of the chorus, and a certain suggestion of big manliness produced by the voices themselves in enunciating these abrupt vocables, will probably never be forgotten by any unprejudiced person who was in hearing of the chorus on the opening day of the International Exhibition.

In closing this paper, the author begs to remind the reader that all herein said of his cantata text has reference solely to its technical adaptability to musical interpretation, and that when he had thought out the principles herein announced, his task had but begun; for it still remained to evolve out of these materials anything possessing such unity as might entitle it to the name of poem. In point of fact, the course pursued was simply to saturate his mind with these ideas, and then wait for the poem to come.

Nor does the author desire it to be considered that he indorses all the claims of modern music so far as they profess to include the genuine reproduction of pure intellectual conceptions by orchestral tones. In the present stage of his thought, without daring to have a decided opinion either way, he simply awaits further evidence. But for the purposes of this cantata-text, inasmuch as it was to be put forth as representative—to the limit of its province—of the present state of American art, the author considered that the doctrines of what is unquestionably the predominant school of music ought to be recognized in all their fullness.

Which latter remark enables the author to close this paper by putting the following question:

Since, taking the meanest possible view of his cantata text, it was at all events a faithful attempt to embody the status of poetry with regard to the most advanced musical thought of the time, made upon carefully evolved laws and with clear artistic purposes, which is more worthy of his countrymen's acceptance, that or the far other endeavor of certain newspapers to belittle the largest anniversary celebration of our country by the treatment of one of its constituent features in a manner which evinced not only a profound unconsciousness of principles, even preliminary to the possibility of any right judgment in the matter, but also a more inexcusable disregard for the proprieties of a dignified occasion and for the laws of respectable behavior?

SIDNEY LANIER.

New York, May 19, 1876.

Offenbach in New York.

The *Music Trade Review*, May 18, writes as follows of the musical Silenus, who is now giving, in New York, orchestral performances, without singers, of selections from his own madcap operas.

Messrs. Strakosch have dearly paid for their mistake in not calculating the difference between what was and what is, and we are excessively sorry to see that so courteous, so amiable, and so reliable a manager as Mr. Maurice Grau should have fallen into the error that, with next to nothing to offer, he would make an extraordinary attraction of Mr. Offenbach. We don't mean, and we do not wish, to be uncourteous to a foreign guest, but we would ask Mr. Offenbach himself: Has he ever made five dollars in Europe as a conductor? What is there in his appearing as *chef d'orchestre* that should so much interest the American public as to justify the hope that they would flock with eagerness to see him, and pay one dollar admission to a concert which offers nothing worth paying that dollar? The curiosity of seeing him once satisfied, what enjoyment remains there for the evening?

Transferring your neighbor's dollar without his consent into your pocket is stealing, which, besides not being exactly moral, involves people engaged in that line of business in very many disagreeable consequences.

Transferring the dollar with your consent offers, in this case, very serious difficulties, because,

1st. The programme offered is composed of works monotonously like each other—no elevation, no interest, no variety of timbre, no color of light and shade; the same polkas and valses, full and cloyingly of melody, but of such superficial and unmeaning melody that it is tantamount to a conversation with a lady to whom you would say for half an hour, "How pretty you are!" There will be some light-headed, frivolous flirts whose empty vanity such talk may satisfy; but are they worth talking to? and how long will even they go on listening to nothing else but such superficial flattery?

2d. The orchestra which executes these compositions—a thousand times too good for it—is composed in so unpractical a manner for the purpose that it entirely misses its aim, and in certain parts of the garden is nearly inaudible. Strings in a dump garden where brass in quantities is wanted are a great, an unpardonable mistake.

3d. To compensate for all these shortcomings the people are desired to pay a dollar admission—for what? To see Mr. Offenbach lead. Mr. Offenbach may be called a great composer by certain reviewers, and may in conversation with a reporter speak very highly of his own "serious" compositions, and

may even by the champion donkey of the New York musical press be compared to Beethoven or Bach; those who know music and those who have common sense, and there are a goodly number in New York, will never place him as high as Johann Strauss. He has neither his originality nor his knowledge of orchestration, nor is he by any means comparable to him as a leader. He is the outgrowth of the governing demi-monde epoch of the Second Empire, the froth of tisane, neither healthy nor nourishing.

A dollar has become an important sum in these hard times, and a "show"—the only thing which we can call this production of Mr. Offenbach—has become a mighty small affair. And thus it comes that the second performance already clearly demonstrated the mistake, and the garden was frightfully empty, though the manager's excellent taste had provided it with trees and plants, in themselves a worthy attraction.

The rainy weather may have had something to do with it; the "nonsense," however, to make Mr. Offenbach's music responsible for the indecency of the words and gestures which accompanied it on the stage is perhaps not so great; we even venture to say that if he led the opéra-bouffe in all its objectionable form he would have by far a greater audience, however deeply wounding to the feelings of Puritans this immoral tendency of the wicked world may be. But the chief cause lies in the circumstance that Offenbach's music has no intrinsic value beyond what we mentioned—melody of a very undistinguished kind, that it bears all in the same strain, and having become excessively popular from its connection with doubtful, albeit amusing subjects, spiced with still more doubtful though amusing action, it cannot stand on its own merits, and, deprived of the aid which appears objectionable to the one and desirable to the other, it does not take.

The American public have been educated and have learned to assign its proper value to such productions. Music written for the voice and for the stage must have some real body, like generous wine, to be attractive in simple instrumental repetition and arrangement; but that body is not to be found in these 2-4 and 3-8. The variety of timbre in Gilmore's orchestra, the variety of style and compositions, the power and adaptability of the band for the place in which they performed were as many practical advantages as the monotony of the same style of compositions, the tameness of the music, the unpractical choice in composing the orchestra, prove disadvantageous in this instance. The so-called "serious compositions" of Offenbach, and the "masses" of which he spoke to a reporter, are failures, like everything he tried, not only in the really solemn or serious style of music, but whenever he only tried to go beyond musical farce. His "Barcouff" at the Opéra Comique was only the beginning of all the musical failures which attended his productions other than opéra-bouffe. Mlle. Aimée made the same mistake once here when she took it into her head in a Sunday concert to sing a "great air." She as well as her friend Offenbach ought to remember the proverb: *Sutor ne ultra crepidam.* We wished Mr. Offenbach, and particularly his sympathetic impresario, all possible success, but we doubt its possibility otherwise than in its proper sphere — the stage of opéra-bouffe.

Bach and his Mass in B-minor.

[From the London *Times*.]

Two great Masses have for very many years been talked of among musicians and connoisseurs as embodying the *ne plus ultra* of art in a peculiar direction—that is to say, of art as applied to the highest form of Catholic worship. We need scarcely name J. S. Bach's Mass in B minor and Beethoven's Mass in D. These, in grandeur of conception and proportions, variety of expression and elaborate development, confessedly excelled all previous and subsequent manifestations of the kind. In vastness of outline, as well as in difficulty of execution, they were equally apart from other things. We all know what obstacles stood, for a lengthened period, in the way of the full understanding of Beethoven's grand inspiration. Even now, for evident reasons, it enjoys but small chance of becoming as generally acceptable, not to say popular, as other works of the master; but it has certainly enjoyed more frequent and better chances of becoming known than the "High Mass" of his illustrious predecessor; and many who had only heard of the latter could, at all events, boast some kind of acquaintance with the former. The two productions, in almost everything save earnest purpose and independence of will, differ as widely from each other as the two musicians to whom the world is indebted for their existence. And this is not so much on account of the ninety years, there or thereabout, which separate the dates of their production, as of the entire dissimilarity between the ways in which the two men lived for themselves and worked for their art. Beethoven, though in some respects a kind of voluntary recluse, lived in a populous city, and was in frequent intercourse with the people of mark who inhabited it, many of them being his constant friends and patrons. He was also unmarried and childless. Bach, on the contrary, was a sort of patriarch. The father of a numerous family, he occupied himself in the various places where from time to time he resided, almost unreservedly with music. The number of works he composed is astonishing, and would be otherwise inexplicable, more especially taking into consideration their quality as well as their quantity. For how long a period the major part of them remained unknown, except to inquiring collectors here and there, need not be told. One after another, however, enthusiastic admirers sprang up, who, like our own Samuel Wesley the elder, and, later, Mendelssohn, at Berlin, busied themselves with the Leipsic Cantor, eloquently preached his cause, and made the promulgation of his music something like a religious duty. Aided zealously by other intelligent musicians, over whom they exercised an influence, they succeeded in making his name more and more widely known. Zelter had talked a great deal about Bach to Goethe, etc.; but his young pupil, Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, after vanquishing no end of difficulties, got up for public performance the *Matthäus Passionsmusik*, which for nearly a century had lain dead. Joseph Joachim and other enthusiasts followed in the wake of Mendelssohn, and continued their exertions as assiduously as they began them. By degrees the admiration of Bach spread far and wide, and editions of whatever of Bach's music could be obtained were multiplied with surprising rapidity. Now in Germany a Bach Society ("*Bach-gesellschaft*") has been for some years established, in which many learned and distinguished professors are employed bringing out and carefully editing volume after volume of his works, with the praiseworthy object of publishing all that can be found—printed or in manuscript, sacred or secular, vocal or instrumental—everything, in short, in an *édition de luxe*, which confers honor alike on its projectors and those who, with untiring diligence, are carrying out the scheme. Nor have our musicians and amateurs in England been idle in the matter. No one took a deeper interest in Bach's music than the late Sterndale Bennett, to whom we owe the first introduction of the *St. Matthew Passion* in this country. Others, like Mr. John Hullah, first to give us the splendid "Credo" from the B minor Mass, some quarter of a century ago, and Mr. Henry Leslie, who has labored earnestly at the Motets, deserve honorable mention; while Mr. Joseph Barnby has added, *inter alia*, the *St. John Passion* to the list. But the catalogue might be largely extended. In any case, Bach has penetrated both into our churches and our concert-rooms, and found in each a genuine welcome. His instrumental pieces for organ, pianoforte (*clavier*), violin, and even violoncello, his orchestral music, his concertos, etc., are becoming quite as familiar among us as their number is legion; the most eminent artists, foreign and native, to signalize any of whom especially by name would be invidious, delighting to play them upon all occasions. Our organists have time out of mind worshipped at Bach's shrine.

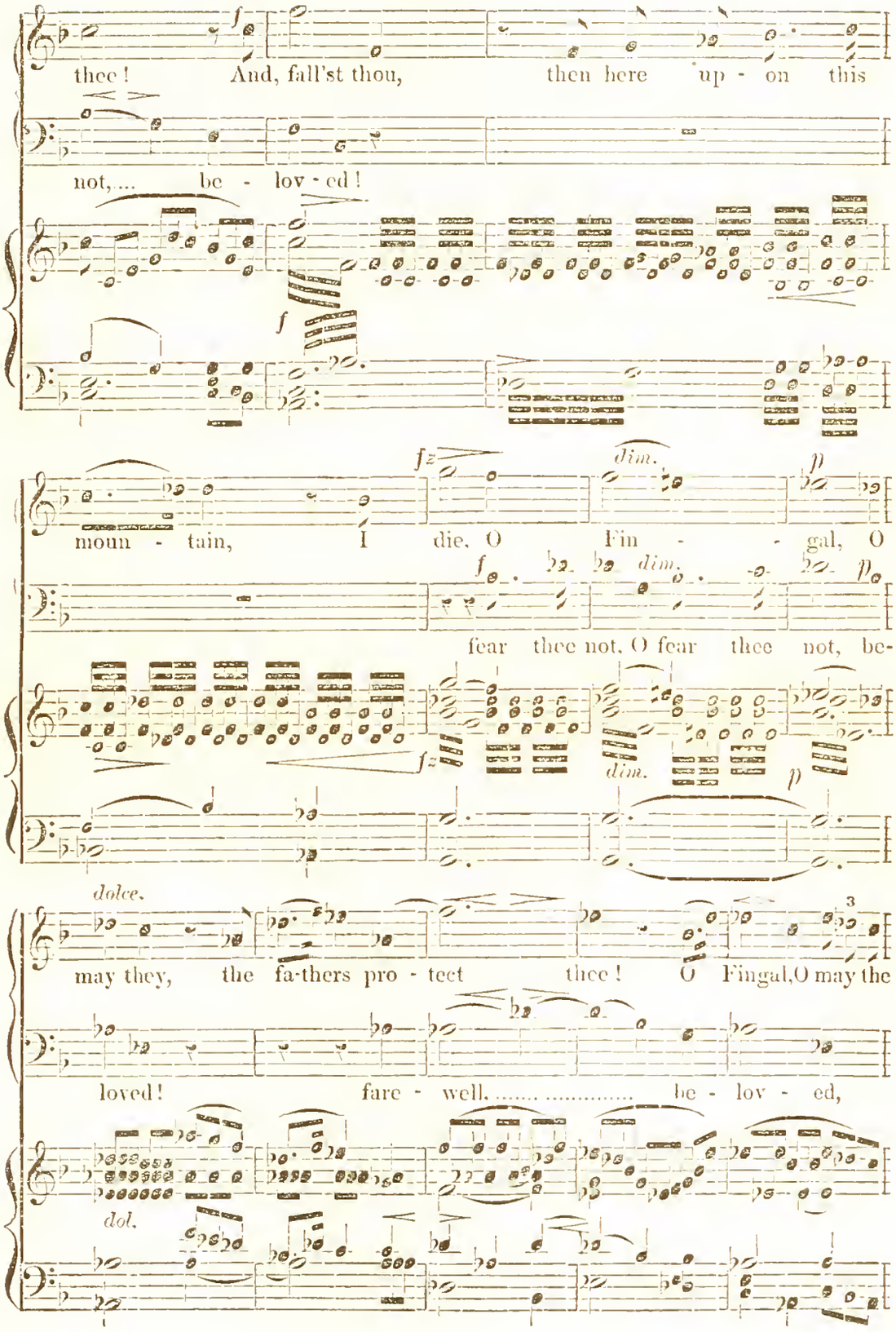
In a country where the name of Handel, Bach's most renowned contemporary (who, strange to say, never met Bach, although they were on several occasions as near to each other as Leipsic is to Halle), has been for so protracted a period a household word, it was only natural that opportunities of making the works of the Thuringian giant better and better known should be seized upon with avidity; and this has been the case. Not only musicians, but amateurs (genuine amateurs), know their Bach, and can either refer to or exemplify him, as occasion may demand. The time seemed, then, ripe for the production, as nearly as possible in its integrity, of a work which those who had studied it spoke of as Bach's masterpiece. In fact, it should have been heard sooner. None the less credit, however, is due to the sixteen noblemen and gentlemen, the majority amateurs, who formed themselves into a committee for the purpose of getting up the public performance of the Mass in B minor in as complete a form, and with as much representative efficiency, as possible; and it is gratifying to record that their expectations have been more than realized. The body of chorus, amateurs and musicians, organized by Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, was so carefully and diligently trained by that eminent professor, with the co-operation, if we are rightly informed, of his distinguished lady (who herself sits among the choristers), as to be able, when time came round, to meet all exigencies. An orchestra, too, was engaged, to fulfil what in Bach's great scores is always an important, often an arduous task, Bach's instrumentation being much more intricate than that of Handel, and, as a result, much more difficult to play. Competent solo performers were procured for the sake of the *obbligato* accompaniments to some of the airs; while a quartet of singers no less expert was selected for the solo voice parts. Some curtailments in the Mass were considered requisite on account of its great length; additional accompaniments were thought advisable here and there (as, for instance, parts for violas and organs); and alterations in various passages of the orchestration were found inevitable, considering the difference between the formation and capacities of certain instruments in Bach's time when compared with our own. These modifications, however, and some others, are most discreetly contrived, more than one of the accepted German versions of the score having, we are apprised, been consulted by Mr. Goldschmidt. Thus all was done that could easily be done for the purpose; and Bach's great work (with the omissions and re arrangements allowed for) has been given in its original shape before an English audience. The impression created at the first performance was unmistakable, and at the second, when St. James's Hall was literally crowded in every part, was even deeper.

Although little authentic information is to be obtained about the actual time at which the Mass was carried on by the author, or under what various circumstances he completed it, it suffices to know and feel that its effect as an entirety is sublime. All that can be accurately ascertained is that the two first parts—the "Kyrie" and the "Gloria"—were composed for Friedrich August II., of Saxony, in 1733. About the "Credo" and the other divisions we have yet to learn particulars, and shall know more, perhaps, about them when Herr Spitta supplies what is deficient in the catalogue of C. H. Bitter. But if ever there was coherent unity in a work, it is found in this B minor Mass. From the very beginning it takes firm hold, and never relaxes that hold until the end. Now and then occur some comparatively tame passages, to which we need not refer; they are, however, only short lived, and the power of the Colossus is immediately made manifest again. That the great musician could look back to the "Kyrie" and "Gloria" which he had vouchsafed to his Catholic Sovereign, and not desire to go on with the work thus nobly commenced, would seem impossible; and the astonishing "Credo," which is the division next following, showed with what fervor he set about resuming his task. It is remarked by C. H. Bitter that the phrase to the words "Credo in unum Deum," led off by tenors, and answered by the other voices in succession, is the melody of one of the old Gregorian Church songs; and a similar though hardly so strict appropriation from the Roman Gradual is noticed by "G." in his programme of the Mass. They may or may not have been intended.

We are not now about to point out in detail the various numbers, 25 in all, into which the five great sections of the Mass—"Kyrie," "Gloria," "Credo," "Sanctus," and "Agnus Dei"—are subdivided; nor is it requisite to collate the sources whence Bach has derived some of the material for parts of the work in its completed form. What he borrowed for his immediate purpose he borrowed invariably from his own stores—not always the case, by the way, with Handel. Enough that the Mass in B minor is all that its most ardent admirers have pronounced; a masterpiece of form, science, and religious expression; a thing, not for a day, but for all time. Since it has at length been brought forward by amateurs, a sense of obligation will probably induce our musical societies to follow their example. The more we hear of such a work the better.

Musical Correspondence.

CHICAGO, MAY 30.—The Beethoven Society closed its present season last Thursday evening with "Elijah" given in Plymouth church (for the sake of the organ accompaniment.) The chorus numbered about one hundred and fifty, and sang very fairly. The parts are not


f
thee! And, fall'st thou, then here up - on this
not,... be - lov - ed!
f
fz
dim.
p
moun - tain, I die, O Fin - - gal, O
f
dim.
p
fear thee not, O fear thee not, be-
fz
dim.
p
dolce.
may they, the fa-thers pro - tect thee! O Fingal, O may the
loved! fare - well..... ..... be - lov - ed,
dol.

fa - thers pro-tect..... thee!

fear.....thee not, O thou belov-ed, fare - well, thou be - lov - ed, fear thee

mf

p *f*

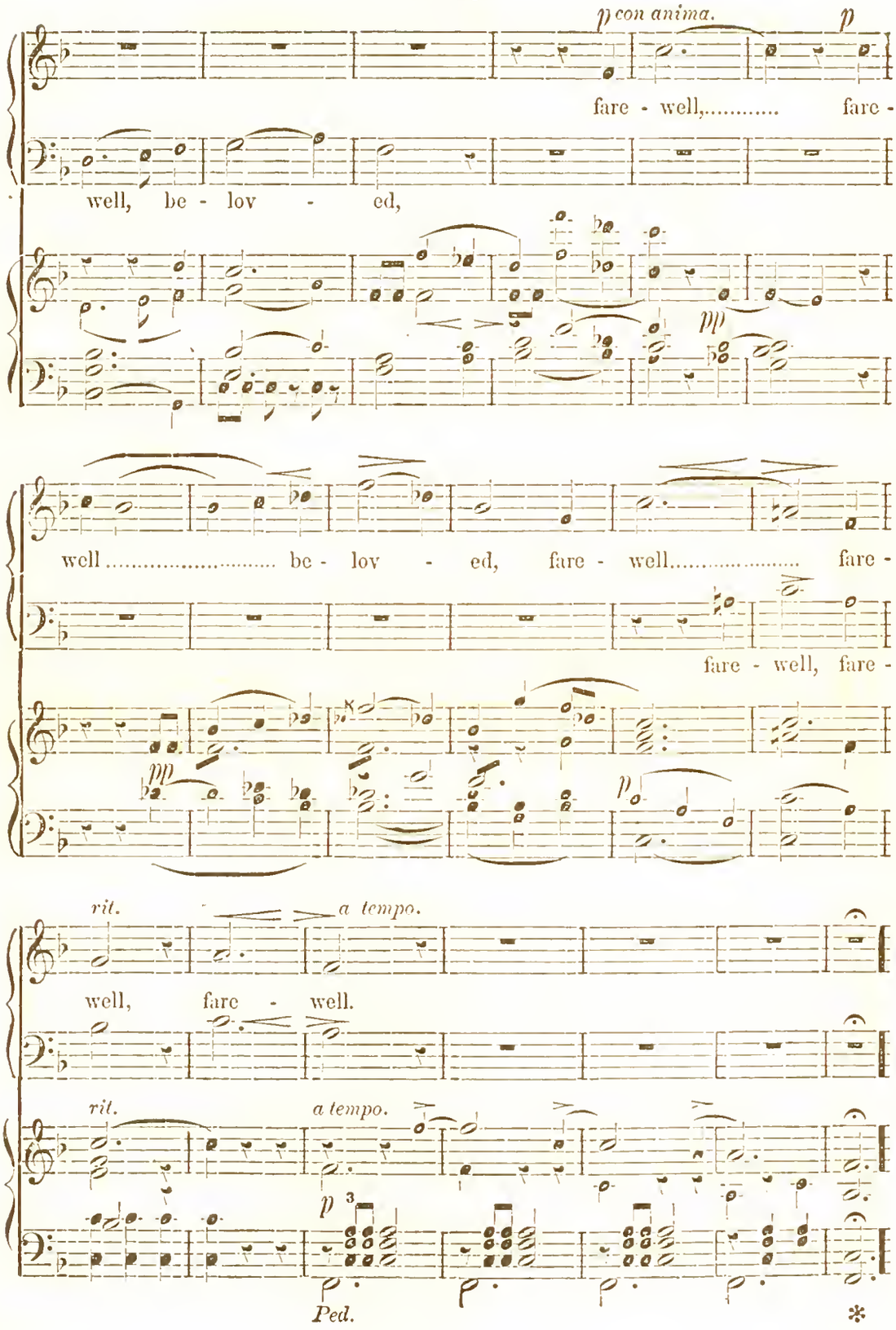
not, be-lov - ed, fear thee not, Ere yet the morning dawns, shall Caracul fall,

p *f* *fz*

p

..... and I re - turn to thee, O..... fear thee not, fare -

p *dol.* *p*


p con anima.
p
fare - well,..... fare -
well, be - lov - ed,
pp
well ..... be - lov - ed, fare - well..... fare -
fare - well, fare -
pp
p
rit.
a tempo.
well, fare - well.
rit.
a tempo.
p
Ped.
*

No. 3. CHORUS OF WARRIORS.

Allegro non troppo.

TENOR.

Chorus.

BASS.

f

On!

Corno.

Piano-Forte.

ff

ff

f

On! on! on to the fight, Fin-gal to vic-t'ry

on to the fight! on to the fight, Fin-gal to vic-t'ry

ff

leads. On! on to the fight! Fin-gal to vic-t'ry

fz

perfectly balanced, the intonation was at times unsteady, and there was a general failure in extremes of shading, the *pp ff*, and *sfz* being always insufficient. Nevertheless the results reached were creditable, and enjoyable. The principal solo parts were given by Miss Haskell, Mrs. O. K Johnson. Mr. Dexter, and Mr. Carl Bergstein (Elijah). Miss Haskell has a pure, child-like voice, very good enunciation and intonation but no oratorio school. The tenor (Mr Dexter) also lacks oratorio experience, but got along very creditably—enough so to encourage him to earnest study. Mrs. Johnson, the alto, is an extremely enjoyable singer and made a great success with the audience. Mr. Bergstein has a large bass voice; he sang the same part in Cologne fifteen or twenty years ago. His style is broad and dignified and he showed himself the artist of the evening, in spite of occasional aberrations from the pitch, and a somewhat too German pronunciation of English. There was no orchestra. The organ had all the work to do. Mr H. Clarence Eddy undertook this extremely ungrateful and difficult task and carried it through in a thoroughly artistic and masterly way. The organ itself lacked sufficient body of "eight-feet" tone, but it is pleasantly voiced and not wanting in resources, being the old eight-thousand dollar organ of Erben's to which Johnson has added some four thousand dollars' worth of reeds, compositions, pedal stops, new-voicing, etc.

The audience was very large and sat through patiently to the end. The performance as a whole was conscientious and successful; nevertheless without orchestra it is impossible to get a fair idea of the beauty of Mendelssohn's music, and unless I am much mistaken a large part of the audience found it rather tedious.

I might say a great deal about the work of the Beethoven Society. It is, as you know, directed by Mr. Carl Wolfsohn, a name long well known to the American musical public. The society is sustained by associate memberships at $10 a year, each ticket admitting three persons to the concerts and two to the recitals. The society gives four concerts annually, about eight monthly "reunions" at which fine music is performed—chamber music, songs, pianoforte, etc ; and Mr. Wolfsohn gives ten piano recitals. As will readily be seen the educational value of the organization is very great. No society could have a more self-devoted, enthusiastic leader than Mr. Wolfsohn. In spite of this, however, the society has not met the prosperity it really deserved and I am about to point out what I think the real reasons, although to do so will perhaps give offense.

To begin with, then, Mr. Wolfsohn is not a good chorus director. Although a very accomplished musical scholar, and in every way competent to select a programme, he is not able to bring the chorus to a finely finished performance. His beat is not "magnetic," and his ear not exacting. At the same time he has to do with a body of singers many of whom know nothing of modulation and read music very slowly and indefinitely, if at all. Difficult passages have to be hammered into their heads with the piano, or they are dragged through the public performance by a few leading voices. In such a state of things a fine performance is possible only after thorough preliminary training in the elements of musical notation and chorus singing, or else only in consequence of very careful and enthusiastic study of the difficult parts by the poorer singers. The Beethoven society has not attempted the former, and the leader has not been able to fully accomplish the latter.

This would not so much matter, for good chorus conductors are very rare, there being perhaps scarcely a half dozen now in the country, (so that as a matter of course most choral societies are led by men who lack the peculiar genius for this kind of work), were it not that here we happen to have a conductor of this rarely gifted kind in the person of Mr. W. L. Tomlins of the Apollo Club—a gentleman who in point of musical attainment probably bears small comparison with Mr. Wolfsohn, and who shows no distinctive gift as a musical educator. But in the ability to bring a chorus to sing in time and with delicate light and shade and effective contrast, and especially in the power of getting the very best out of every singer, he has shown a talent of superior order. Were the Beethoven society only a chorus, there would therefore be an available road to perfection in a change of conductors, provided the change were in the right direction. But as I have already pointed out, the chorus is only one branch of a great plan for educating the musical taste of the public. The monthly reunions, and the piano-recitals have been among the most productive [if not absolutely *the* most productive] of all the musical forces at work here within the last three years. The reunions have presented a formidable list of the best trios, quartets, quintets, etc., of the classic school, as well as a great deal of Raff, Rubinstein, Liszt, etc. The piano recitals gave the first year all of the Beethoven sonatas; the second, a formidable list of Schumann's pianoforte works; and this year a large part of Chopin's compositions. These have been attended by audiences of from two to five hundred people, who have listened enthusiastically and religiously—an audience amiable and appreciative almost to a fault. I have before expressed my opinion of Mr. Wolfsohn as a pianist. He has considerable technique, great enthusiasm, and plays sentimentally, in not a bad sense. His principal draw-back is nervousness, which sometimes leads him to play very badly. Take him in the "broad and the long" and he plays a great deal better than any one else in the city. The entire plan of the Beethoven Society is his, and it has been carried out with a great deal of success. To change leaders, if such a thing were thought of, would be to sacrifice the fundamental plan of the society. Still it is quite sure that the choral work must be brought to a higher standard if the approval of the press is to be secured. A higher standard cannot be reached without educating the rank and file of the chorus. If Mr. Wolfsohn, or the management, can hit on some plan of doing this, the Beethoven may yet become able to sing such choruses as those of "Elijah" with the precision, dramatic spirit, and refinement, such music requires. For them there is now no safe motto but "forward." Whither, we shall see.

In the matter of my report of Miss Benziger's effort [and great success, too] here, I ought to add what will probably be apparent to the lady herself if she will look over my remarks;—namely, that they were intended to be of general rather than particular application. It did not occur to me that a singer of sufficient reputation to be brought eight hundred miles as the bright particular star of a concert could be otherwise than amused at any opinions a country critic might venture on. Such selections *are* offered by leading singers everywhere, except in those communities where there happen to be musical critics bold enough to resent it. To what end has one the endowments of an artist, if he is only to repeat "O mio Fernando" *et id omne genus, ad nauseam.* It is precisely *because* it is the fashion to limit concert selections to some one or two songs that I commented so on her selections. While I freely admit the duty every singer owes her self-love and her bread and butter, to present herself before an audience in selections calculated to please and to show her art to the best advantage, I would have her remember the debt she owes to the improvement of the public taste, and for every time she publicly says "Good Devil," I would have her add, in equally clear enunciation, "Good Lord." I had the honor some years ago to make similar strictures on Parepa's selections, and should have been glad to have done the same for Titiens had occasion offered. Meanwhile I still survive as DER FREYSCHUETZ.

Organ Music in New York.

NEW YORK, MAY 23.—The organ concerts at the Church of the Holy Trinity, under the direction of Mr. Samuel P. Warren, which have been held during the seasons of 1874–75 and 1875–76, came to a close last Wednesday ;—the concerts having reached the sixty-first. The work and honor of sustaining these concerts and keeping them up to their high standard, fell almost exclusively upon Mr. Warren. His success in this respect has been most praiseworthy. Upon a comparison of programmes and their dates, we think you will find, that no organist in this country has done more for pure taste in organ compositions, nor shown greater enterprise in bringing out new works, particularly of the new school of German writers; nor have we ever heard selections rendered with a truer spirit to the works in hand. We subjoin the list of the works which Mr. Warren has played during the entire series. You will remark how full it is, and also that there is hardly a number to which the most fastidious taste could take exception.

The greater number of these works have not been attempted or played before in our City, and some have not been presented by any other organist here or elsewhere. Probably the greatest new work, with the notable exception perhaps of the Reubke Sonata in C minor, that has been brought out by Mr. Warren, is Liszt's colossal Fantasia and Fugue on the Choral: *Ad nos, ad salutarem undam.* The following description appeared on the programme when it was presented, and as it gives a good idea of the form of the work, we give it in full: "The Choral melody on which this composition is founded, is employed by Meyerbeer in his opera *The Prophet.* Liszt has made a formidable work from it—unique in character (unless perhaps the Reubke in C minor, which it probably inspired, be placed on the same footing) as it is colossal in dimensions. It consists of three movements. The first—the Fantasia proper—opens with a Moderato leading into an Allegro. To this succeeds an Adagio, certain passages of which will be found suggestive of an episode in the "Dante" Symphony. A short transition (*Allegro deciso*) leads to the Fugue *Allegretto con moto.*—This is wrought out very elaborately after the free, bold, impetuous manner of the composer,—regardless of traditional form and treatment. The Choral, in full, massive harmony, appears at the end as a most appropriate and impressive climax."—Mr. Warren has given us three presentations of this work, and five also of the great Reubke Sonata, of which we have spoken in a former letter. The technicality of these works is not greater than the difficulty of bringing out their true meaning and idea.

Among the many additional works which have been played by Mr. Warren only in our City, are the Adagio in A flat, and the Concert Piece in C minor, No. 3, by Thiele (both in manuscript), which were originally written for two performers, and arranged by Haupt of Berlin for one performer. The theme of the Adagio is beautiful, and the Concert Piece is fully as effective as any of Thiele's Concert works. Liszt's Prelude and Fugue on B–A–C–H, many of the felicitous but difficult arrangements by Best, Haupt's Fugue in C, Carl Piutti's works, Rheinberger's Sonatas, etc., etc., have also been presented. The concert variations on *O Sanctissima* by Mr. J. H. Cornell of this City, are admirably written, their main charm consisting in the excellent harmonies which he has employed. The new Fantasia and Fugue by Professor F. L. Ritter of Pokeepsie, proved to be a work of the dramatic order, effective and original in treatment; and both of the movements are admirably worked up to a telling climax.

These recitals have been comparatively well attended; certainly they have been highly appreciated and enjoyed by the few; and they have proved of great value to those interested in the study of organ works, the number of such being larger than is generally supposed. J. A.

MR. WARREN'S SELECTIONS (1874–5, and 1875–6.

ALBRECHTSBERGER. Fugue in B minor.
ARCHER, F. Introduction and Concert Variations in E.
BACH, J. S. Trio Sonata in E flat.
Trio Sonata in D minor.
" " " C
Andante from Sonata in E minor.
Passacaglia
Canzona, D minor.
Prelude and Fugue in G [Book 2 No. 2].
" " " A. [" 2 " 3].
Fantasia and Fugue in G minor. [Book 2 No. 4].
Prelude and Fugue in C minor. [" 2 " 6].
" " " A minor. [" 2 " 8].
" " " E minor. [" 2 " 9].
" " " B minor. [" 2 " 10].
" " " E flat. [" 3 " 1].
" " " G minor. [" 3 " 5].
Fantasia and Fugue in C minor. [" 3 " 6].
Prelude in G major. [" 8 " 11].
Fugue in G minor. [" 4 " 7].
Fantasia in G. [" 4 " 11].
Toccata in F. [" 3 " 2].
Toccata and Fugue in D minor. [" 4 " 4].
6 Choral Preludes
BERENS, H Fantasia in C minor. Op. 25.
BEST, W. T. Air and Variations in A.
Arrangements from:
Bach, Pastorale Symphony from "Christmas Oratorio"
Beethoven, "Hallelujah" [Mount of Olives].
" Andante and Variations from Septet.
" Adagio from Trio, op. 3.
Handel, "Harmonious Blacksmith" Variations.
Haydn, Andante, Quartet in F.
" "The Heavens are telling."
" Andante, Symphony in E flat.
" Andante from Symphony in D.
Mendelssohn, Canzonetta from op. 12.
" Overture in C, op. 24.
Meyerbeer, Schiller March.
Moscheles, "Hommage a Handel," op. 92.
Mozart, Motet in D. "Deus Tibi."
" Larghetto, Quartet in B flat.
" Andante, Symphony in E flat.
Romberg, Andante, Symphony in E flat]

Schubert, Pensées musicales, op. 94, No. 2.
Schumann, Finale from op. 52.
" "Pictures from the East," op. 66, No. 4.
Spohr, Overture to "Last Judgment."
" Adagio and Finale, Quartet in C.
" Larghetto, Symphony in E flat.
" Overture in D major, op. 15.
" Overture to "Jessonda."
" Andantino from Symphony, "Consecration of Sound."
BUCK, DUDLEY. Impromptu pastorale, op. 27.
CORNELL, J. H. Concert Variations on "O Sanctissima." Grand March.
FINK, CHRISTIAN. Sonata in E flat, op. 6.
FRESCOBALDI, G. Passacaglia in B flat.
GADE, N. W. 3 organ pieces op. 22, Nos. 1 and 2.
GINNONS, O. Preludium in G.
GUILMANT, A. March religieuse, op. 15.
Prière op. 16.
Fantasie in C minor, op. 17.
Grand Choeur, op. 18.
Allegro in F sharp minor, op. 18.
Première Meditation in A, op. 20.
Prelude, Theme, Variations and Finale, op. 24.
HANDEL. Concerto No. 2 in B flat.
Concerto No. 5 in F.
Concerto No. 6 in B flat.
Fugue in E minor.
Overture to "Athalia." [arr. Hennig].
HAUPT, A. Fugue in C. [Manuscript].
Chopin, Etude in C sharp minor, op. 10, No. 4. [Mss.]
HESSE, AD. Air and Variations in A flat, op. 34.
Air and Variations in A, op. 47.
Toccata in A flat, op. 84.
Larghetto, Symphony, op. 64. [arr. Archer].
HOPKINS, E. J. Andante grazioso in G.
KIEL, FRIEDRICH. Fantasia in C sharp minor, op. 58, No. 1.
KREBS, J. L. Prelude in A minor.
Fantasia and Fugue in G.
KUEHMSTEDT, FR. Fantasia Eroica, op. 29.
Sonata in C, op. 38.
LISZT, FRANZ. Prelude and Fugue on B-A-C-H.
"Ave Maria" by Arcadelt of 16th century.
"Ora pro nobis."
Fantasia and Fugue on "Ad nos, ad salutarem undam."
Nicolai, "Ein' feste Burg" Overture.
LUX, F. Fantasie de Concert "O Sanctissima."
Morceaux de Concert, "Robin des bois."
MACFARREN, G. A. Andante in G.
MAILLY, A. Sonata in D minor, op. 1.
MARTINI, PADRE. Gavotte in F.
MENDELSSOHN. Preludes and Fugues, op. 37.
Sonata in C minor, No. 2.
Sonata in A major, No. 3.
Sonata in D, No. 5.
Allegretto from "Hymn of Praise" [arr. Dunstan].
Andante from Symphony in A. [arr. Plato].
MERKEL, G. Adagio in E, op. 35.
Trio in F, op. 39, No. 1.
Sonata No. 2, G minor, op. 42.
Introduction and Variations on a theme of Beethoven op. 45.
Christmas Pastorale, op. 56.
Sonata in C minor, No. 3, op. 80.
MOZART. Fugue in C.
PETRI, J. F. Fantasia in G minor.
PIUTTI, CARL. Fantasia in Fugue form, No. 5, op. 1.
Prelude in D op. 2, No. 5.
Hymn for Organ, op. 5.
PROUT, E. Andante con moto, from Sonata, op. 4.
REUBKE J. Sonata in C minor. [Psalm 94].
RHEINBERGER, J. Fantasie Sonata, op. 65.
Pastoral Sonata, op. 88.
RICHTER, E. F. Fantasia and Fugue in A minor, op. 19.
RITTER, A. G. Sonata in D minor, No. 1, op. 11.
Sonata in E minor, op. 19.
Sonata in A minor, op. 23.
Sonata in A major, op. 31.
RITTER, F. L. Fantasia and Fugue in B flat minor and major [Ms].
SAINT-SAENS. Rhapsodie No. 1.
SCHUMANN, R. Pieces in Canon form op. 56. Nos. 4 & 5.
Sketches for pedal piano op. 58, Nos. 3 and 4.
Fugue on B-A-C-H. op. 60 No. 6.
SMART, HENRY. Andante grazioso in G.
THIELE, L. Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue.
Theme and Variations in A flat.
Theme and Variations in C.
Concert piece in C minor, No. 1.
Concert piece in E flat minor, No. 2.
Concert piece in C minor, No. 3. [Ms.]
Fugue in D minor.
Adagio in A flat. [Manuscript].
THOMAS, G. AD. Concert Fantasia in E flat, op. 6.
TOEPFER, J. G. Concert piece in F minor.
Sonata in D minor.
"Improvisation"
TOURS, BERTHOLD. Allegretto grazioso in D.
VAN EYKEN. Sonata in D minor, No. 2, op. 15.
Sonata in A minor, No. 3, op. 25.
Variations on National Song of the Netherlands.
VOLCKMAR, W. Adagio in A flat.

MISCELLANEOUS ARRANGEMENTS.

GOLDMARK. Overture to "Sakuntala."
JENSEN. Bridal Song from Wedding Music [arr. S.P.W.] Manuscript.
MENDELSSOHN. Overture, Nocturne and Scherzo from "Midsummer Night's Dream."
MOZART. "Figaro" Overture.
"Magic flute."
SCHUMANN, CLARA. Romanze in F.
SCHUMANN, ROBT. Adagio Expressive from Symphony in C. [arr. Stainer].
SPOHR. Rondoletto, op. 149.
ULRICH, H. Adagio Sym. Triomphale, [arr. S. P. W.] Ms.
VOOT, JOHANN. "Night Song."
WAGNER, R. Lohengrin Introduction.
Tannhauser Overture [arr. S. P. W.] Ms.
"Meistersinger"—Introduction to 3d Act.
WEBER, C. M. "Jubilee," "Oberon" and "Euryanthe" Overtures.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 28. At present there is no musical attraction here of importance except the Thomas orchestra, at the corner of Broad and Master Streets, on the grounds of the Forrest Mansion. A concert hall has been built, similar to the one in Central Park, New York. The Mansion is used for restaurant, etc. The attendance has been very small since the opening; but what it has lacked in quantity it has made up in quality. Visitors of high culture from other countries and from different sections of our own, members of the Cabinet, and of different branches of the government, together with a brilliant assemblage of ladies, compose the audiences.

The programmes, with the exception of the "Inauguration March" for which it is said Wagner received *five thousand dollars*—have been excellent. Why does Mr. Thomas perform this March at every concert? is a question asked repeatedly. At the bottom of the programme a note informs the reader that the march is published by —— and is for sale in the Hall. If it is played nightly by the orchestra for the purpose of advertising it, and inducing the people who hear it to purchase copies of it, I think the publishers have made a mistake. The people who buy and who will buy "The Grand Centennial Inauguration March" are those who have never heard it. Gilmore's Band play at the Exposition buildings daily; in the morning at Machinery Hall, in the afternoon in the Main Hall. They close their engagement this month and are to be succeeded by Currier's Band from Cincinnati.

Quite a number of distinguished pianists are announced to play here during the season; among others, Miss Julia Rivé, Mr. S. B. Mills, Wm. Sherwood, Max Pinner, A. H. Pease, J. H. Bonawitz (who is now in Vienna), Emil Liebling (now in Berlin), Charles Jarvis, J. N. Pattison, L. E. Levassor, and Mr. Boscovitz.—Of these, Mr. Boscovitz, Mr. Pattison, Mr. Jarvis, and Mr. Levassor are here; Mr. Boscovitz playing the Steinway piano, Mr. Jarvis the Chickering, Mr. Levassor the Decker Brothers, and Mr. Pattison the Weber. Miss Julia Rivé is engaged for a series of recitals to be given in the Hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, and she was to have opened on the 12th, but her serious illness caused a postponement. They will be given as soon as the lady's health will permit. All of the prominent (and some who are not prominent) piano and organ manufacturers are represented here, and the usual wire pulling has commenced. A laughable circumstance happened Wednesday evening; one of the exhibitors wished to satisfy himself how a Grand piano would sound out on the platform in the centre of the rotunda, where Gilmore's Band play. He applied for permission to place his instrument there after the close of the Exposition, which was granted. A rival maker, hearing of it, rushed off to the chief of the Bureau of Installation, saying that it was not just, and that all should have a chance to put their instruments out there. The chief told him "no objection would be made to any one who wished to place his piano on the platform." The manufacturer rushed off immediately, and brought his "Grand" and his performer, and notwithstanding the remonstrance of the other, placed his instrument on the platform by the side of his rival's and told his performer to commence. The first exhibitor closed his piano and retired. Very few foreign pianos are on Exhibition. Blüthner, of Leipzig, has a very fine Grand; all the rest are only mediocre. Erard of Paris have on Exhibition at the rooms of Messrs. Gould and Fischer, several fine instruments.

The fight among the piano and organ men promises to be very bitter; "War to the knife" has already been declared between the powerful piano manufacturers. C. H.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 10, 1876.

Concerts.

May and early June belong to the song birds, with and without wings. Our vocal Clubs,—it is theirs by right to sing out the long concert season, and usher in the summer. The APOLLO CLUB sang in the great Music Hall before crowds of friends twice in the last week of May. Their programme, the same for both evenings, May 3d and 26th, was as follows:—

1. Night on the Ocean*.....Brambach
2. Drinking Song*.....Lux
3. Serenade*.....Appel

Duet and Chorus.
[The duet sung by Mr. Stickney and Mr. Loring.]

4. Warder Song*..... Raff

Barytone Solo and Chorus.
[The solo sung by Mr. J. F. Winch.]

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1. Chorus of Dervishes—"Ruins of Athens" Beethoven

[The piano setting of the orchestral accompaniment by M. Saint-Saëns.]

2. Evening Scene*.....Debois
3. Italian Salad.....Genee

Tenor Solo and Chorus.
[The solo sung by Dr. Langmaid.]

4. Tenor Solo—"Adelaide".....Beethoven

[Sung by Mr. W. J. Winch].

5. Come in the Silent Night.....Petschke
6. The Almighty.....Schubert

Tenor Solo and Chorus.
[The solo sung by Dr. Langmaid; English words by Mr. Sprague].

The songs marked with an asterisk were translated for the club by Mr. Charles J. Sprague, and were sung on this occasion for the first time in this country.

We may truly say that we have never enjoyed an Apollo Concert quite so well as this one. It has long seemed as if they had about reached the last limit of attainable perfection in the balance and well blended beauty of their voices, and the nice, effective and expressive execution of whatever music they are wont to undertake. But this time they really pushed the limit farther back; the rich, full, manly, sweet ensemble of tone, the precision, force and delicacy of execution, the truth to every shade and contrast of sentiment, were more remarkable than ever. The selections, too, though still kept mostly within the rather exhausted and monotonous sphere of male part-songs, had uncommon freshness; some of them a beauty and ideal charm more and more rare in recent efforts to enrich a repertoire so narrow in its very nature. Mr. Sprague has been happy in his exploration after fresh material, as well as in his singable translations.

"Night on the Ocean" by Brambach is a piece of exquisitely soft and tranquil harmony, and was exquisitely sung; the "Evening Scene," by Debois, even more so, in which the pure upper tenors seemed for a while to hang poised in the seventh heavens, as

"The Evening Star, so golden bright,
Shines o'er the earth with tender light."

(Yet it may be that our memory plays us false in identifying this effect with the wrong piece). The "Drinking Song" by Lux gave room for so many queer and grotesque tricks of vocalism, all executed with such playful ease and certainty, that its repetition was demanded with great eagerness; yet it seemed to us more odd than really humorous. There was more true musical fun and humor in the "Italian Salad," which our German "Orpheus" used to sing sometimes in their club room. This is a singularly happy, and one may say elegant, artistic caricature of all the obvious peculiarities of modern Italian opera. By an ingenious medley of musical terms (*piano, dolce, lento, etc.*), with the commonest ear-catching words and phrases of the librettos (*O Cielo! Io tremo! Alla Vendetta*, etc., —*Con rabbia, con furia, in tempo di Polacca*), it forms a text which sings and sounds as well as any, and yet is altogether meaningless. The music is an equally ingenious potpourri of all sorts of passages which you can hardly believe were not actually written now by Rossini, now by Donizetti, now, more strikingly, by Verdi; for sometimes, by means of the undertone accompaniment in a portion of the voices, the orchestra also and the whole scene are most palpably suggested. It was all rendered to a charm, the whole Club entering into the humor of it,—especially Dr. LANGMAID, who sang the tenor solo, that runs through much of it, and sang it with

a finer quality of voice, a freer and more telling power of tone, and more artistic truth and finish of expression, than we have ever heard him sing before; though in these last respects he has long excelled. Dr. Langmaid's singing was no less satisfactory in the more serious and noble strain of Schubert's "*Die Allmacht*," which formed an edifying, grand conclusion to the concert.—The Duet (Tenor and Baritone) in Appel's "Serenade" was finely sung by Mr. STICKNEY and Mr. DAVID W. LORING.

The piece of most pretention in the programme, in grandeur of theme, and in length, breadth and elaborateness of treatment, is the "Warder Song" by Raff, including as it does a Chorale and a brilliant fugued "Hallelujah" at the end, besides a telling baritone solo to which Mr. J. F. WINCH did full justice. The work has some fine passages and is full of characteristic and ingenious effects, yet we must confess we found it heavy and fatiguing as a whole, although it had been judiciously reduced in length.

The whirling Dervish Chorus,—a little thing, but showing the imaginative creative genius of Beethoven as unmistakeably as greater things—was never sung so perfectly in Boston; and the accompaniment was well sustained on the pianoforte with a firm, unflagging hand by Mr. TUCKER; of course an orchestra would have made the impression more vivid and complete. "Adelaide" was sung (in English), with fine voice, and in an expressive, tasteful manner worthy of the immortal love song, by Mr. W. J. WINCH.

The repetition on Friday evening was equally successful, and distinguished by a presentation, without speeches or parade, which we find thus reported in the *Advertiser:*

Upon the stage of the Music Hall, during the concert of the Apollo club last evening, was to be seen a very beautiful bronze statuette of the Apollo Belvidere. This work — a Barbedienne and an exquisite specimen of its kind — was obtained through Messrs. Bigelow, Kennard & Co., expressly for the active members of the Apollo club, who last night presented it to their conductor, Mr. Lang. The gift was certainly an appropriate expression of the feeling of admiration and regard cherished by the corps for the accomplished artist under whose guidance they have won so many artistic triumphs.

THE FOSTER CLUB, an amateur choir of mixed voices to the number of forty or more, has just completed its eighth season. Its peculiar mission, and a commendable one for at least one choral society among the many, seems to be the study of new works, which are performed in several concerts every season, with pianoforte accompaniment, in halls of moderate size, before audiences of invited friends. There is a modest air of privacy about it; the programmes do not give the names of the solo singers, nor even of the accomplished conductor, Mr. GEORGE E. WHITING, who presides with marked ability at the piano, and who has composed for the use of the Club some quite elaborate and interesting works, with graphic and ornate accompaniments.

Three concerts have been given during the past season, of which the second was devoted to Gade's "Kalanus," a dramatic poem relating to Alexander in India, and in which choruses of Greeks and Indians are strikingly contrasted; it was sung here for the first time, and we regret that we had not the opportunity to hear it. On Thursday evening, May 25, two Cantatas, which we understand the Foster Club has given once before, but new to us, were sung in Mechanics Hall. The first, by Mr. Whiting, is called "Dream Pictures." A poem of eight six-line stanzas, of much beauty, describes the flitting smiles and shadows, and the shifting pictures of a sleeping maiden's dream; she "wanders alone 'mid fragrant bowers;" the scene is changed to a brilliant ball; then the Vesper bell and a religious ecstasy; then the sweet guitar "'mid orange groves and citron trees;" then the battle field, and as she is filled with terror for the fate of her hero lover, she wakes, to find it fortunately all a dream. Here are themes for a fine series of contrasted musical effects, and Mr. Whiting seems to have used them to advantage, although we thought the strong wings of his inspiration rather drooped toward the end. It is mostly chorus, with some graceful solos for Soprano and Alto (Miss Ita Welsh), which were well sung. The composition is melodious, sometimes in a delicate vein which recalls Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," the choruses well woven, and the fluent, highly figurative accompaniment is pleasingly descriptive.

The second Cantata was much longer,—Mr. John Francis Barnett's setting of the weird "Ancient Mariner," by Coleridge, entire. The work has made its mark in England. If not to be measured with similar works by Mendelssohn, Schumann, or Gade, it shows a culture imbued with these influences, well trained musicianship and mastery of form, a refined poetic sense, and frequent marks of fresh invention. Indeed the spirit, the strange fascination of the modern antique ballad are well reproduced in music, bating here and there some level and comparatively commonplace passages. Most of the choruses are effective and very graphic; some are truly pathetic and full of beauty; one of them, in light, fairy Scherzo style, happily expresses the lines:

> About, about, in reel and rout,
> The death-fires danced at night;
> The water, like a witch's oils,
> Burnt green, and blue, and white.

Another gives a vivid picture of:

> The upper air burst into life!
> And a hundred fire flags sheen,
> To and fro they were hurried about!
> And to and fro, and in and out,
> The wan stars danced between.

And there is exquisite beauty in the Soprano solo with female chorus, to the words: "This seraph band, each waved his hand," etc.

The choruses were sung with life, precision and fine light and shade, and so were the solos. The fresh, clear, brilliant, true soprano of Miss Lilian E. Norton,- a voice and talent full of promise—made a rare sensation. Miss Ita Welsh, Mr. Allen A. Brown, and Mr. David W. Loring completed the quartet of soloists, and sang their parts like artists. Mr. Whiting played the exacting accompaniments with masterly ease and grace, while he conducted the entire performance.

WE were sorry not to be able to avail ourselves of the invitation of the ladies composing the new "CECILIA QUARTETTE"—Miss ANNIE WHINNERY, Mrs. J. W. WESTON, Mrs. J. H. LONG and Mrs. H. E. SAWYER,—who, with the assistance of Mr. B. J. LANG, gave a reception to their friends at the Deacon House on Wednesday evening, May 31. We hear their singing warmly praised. The *Globe* says:

This quartette, which has recently been formed in Boston, must at once take a high position in our musical circles. Mrs. Long, after a retirement of several years, will bring back to the concert room the style and grace of an accomplished artiste, which always charmed her many friends. Mrs. Weston, with her rich voice, her culture and experience, is always a great attraction. Mrs. Sawyer has achieved great success in the concert room and oratorio, and certainly is not surpassed as a contralto by any among us, while Miss Whinnery, though not long a resident here, has already established herself in favor by her fine, pure soprano voice and her cultivated taste. A quartette of ladies is a new feature in our musical world, and is likely to attract considerable interest from this fact, while the acknowledged talent and culture of the artistes who compose it will insure the favor of the public.

MISS ANNIE LOUISE CARY, laden with laurels from St. Petersburg, had come home for brief vacation; Miss CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG, in the bloom of renewed youth and in better voice than ever, was hovering not far off; our old friend BRIGNOLI, like one risen from the dead, was ready for the vocal fray again; a new pianist, who had been praised among the foremost in Berlin, Mr. WILLIAM H. SHERWOOD, had returned to his native America with his pianist Boston bride; and Mr. LISTEMANN, with his Boston Philharmonic Club, had come in sight again after long concert wanderings in the West; and of course the warder of the Music Hall observatory, most watchful of star gazers under this portion of the musical firmament, was quick to note the fortunate conjunction and seize time by the forelock. Hence the announcement of a Grand Concert and Matinée for Friday evening, June 2, and Saturday afternoon, June 3. On both occasions the Music Hall was well filled. Each and all were successful, encores were plentiful, everybody had his money's worth, and Peck was smiling.

The two ladies were welcomed with great warmth, especially the last comer back, Miss Cary. They sang some of their more hacknied operatic pieces, such as served to show that their tuneful organs, and their facile, fluent execution, and their style and all their vocal arts were still in perfect preservation, and even better than before,—and a few sentimental ballads. Miss Kellogg's selections were: "Ah, fors e lui" from the *Traviata*, the Mad Scene from *Lucia*, two duets with Brignoli (Arditi's "Una Notte a Venezia," and "Parigi, o cara" from the *Traviata*), Sullivan's "Let me dream again," etc. Miss Cary gave: "Pietà, pietà" from *Le Prophète*, Mignon's Romanza ("Knows't thou the land") by A. Thomas, and for ballads, Sullivan's "Looking back," Marston's "Tender and true;" and each sang other ballads when recalled. It is needless to tell with what consummate art the favorite Soprano and Contralto both sang; we had them at their best, and the applause was without stint.—Sig. Brignoli, only a few weeks since prostrate with a very serious illness, looked a little pale and nervous, but his voice, well husbanded, showed much of its old power and nearly all of its old sweetness; and with his sound Italian method and sensitive expression he sang so as to be heartily applauded: "M'appari" from *Martha;* Balfe's "Come into the garden, Maud," in not very bad English; "In terra ei divisero," by Mercadante; Hatton's "Good Bye, Sweetheart," besides the Duos with Miss Kellogg.

Mr. Sherwood made a decided mark at once; first in Schubert's "Wanderer" Fantaisie, op. 15, as arranged by Liszt, very effectively, for two pianos, his wife (formerly Miss Mary N. Fay) playing the second. In this he showed a remarkably lifesome and elastic touch; strong, clear, brilliant, and yet sensitive, refined to all the subtile delicacies an l nuances of expression. His technique is of the finest we have heard in any of less note than the Rubinsteins and Buelows; and there is a certain winning individuality about his play and his interpretation, which we know not how to describe. Clearly he is in earnest; and he showed it not only in the rendering of this piece and the Liszt transcription of the great Bach Organ Fantaisie and Fugue in G minor; but also in his smaller pieces, which included a Concert Etude (*Wildesrauschen*) by Liszt; a clever Capriccio of his own; a Novelette in E major, No. 7 of Op 25, by Chopin; and a very difficult and brilliant Octave Study, in E flat, by his master Kullak.

Each concert was opened and closed by the Philharmonic Club, who played with beautiful precision and expression the Allegro and Allegretto Scherzando of Beethoven's Quartet in C minor, from op. 18; the Finale from a Quintet in C by Svendsen, op. 5; the ever welcome Allegro and wonderful Adagio from Mendelssohn's B flat Quintet, and the Presto Finale from the Beethoven Quintet in C. All very well, and admirably played, could we have only heard it in a smaller room; but in that vast Music Hall, too tantalizing and absurd!—There were instrumental solos also. Mr. LISTEMANN played the "Devil's Sonata," by Tartini, in his masterly and faultless manner, bringing out all the beauty and the nervous accent and the quaintness of the old Italian violin school; also a Hungarian Fantasia by Ernst; Mr. BELZ made his French Horn *sing* Schubert's "Am Meere" and a Song without Words by Mendelssohn; and Mr. HARTDEGEN did full justice to a Concerto for the violoncello by Servais.

Handel and Haydn Society.

The annual meeting of the Handel and Haydn Society was held May 29th. C. C. Perkins, the president, occupied the chair, and, in the absence of Parker Browne, M. Grant Daniell was chosen temporary secretary. The librarian reported that there had been added to the library during the year 100 pianoforte chorus scores of the "Messiah," and some orchestral music. He also presented a tabulated list of the works performed by the society from December 25, 1815, to April 16, 1876.

The treasurer, Mr. George W. Palmer, reported that the receipts for the year had been $19,261.00. Included among the items were the following: From the "Messiah," $3629.56; from the "Creation," $3030.25; from the Passion music, $1244.50;

portion of the Titiens concert, $1124.57; from Joshua, $1674.50. The general expenses, including the rent of the hall, etc., were $3073.04, and the expenses of the concerts have used up the remainder of the receipts, leaving a balance of $54.22 in the treasury. The indebtedness has been reduced, however, from $2750 to $2000.

Mr. Palmer, who is also chairman of the examining committee, reported that 172 candidates for membership had been examined, of which number 80 had been received and 92 rejected. Of those received 28 were sopranos, 26 altos, 10 tenors and 19 bassos.

The president made a brief address in the nature of a report. He suggested that it would be a good plan to have a library room, where the music could be kept, and of sufficient size to be a pleasant place of resort for the members; and that a double quartet of the best singers in the society should be selected to examine music and report upon its merits to the society. He reported that thirty rehearsals had been held, at which the average attendance was 340 persons, and that six concerts had been given, at which the average attendance was 475. He also suggested that a musical festival be held this year, and this suggestion was received with applause. He took the opportunity to present to the society two large folio volumes of the Handel edition of the Messiah, and he urged upon the members the importance of more frequent donations of such a character.

The thanks of the society were extended to him for his gift.

The election of officers was then proceeded with, and resulted as follows: President, C. C. Perkins; vice-president, George H. Chickering; secretary, A. P. Browne; librarian, J. H. Stickney; treasurer, George W. Palmer; directors, J. S. Sawyer, R. Beeching, F. H. Jenks, W. F. Bradbury, M. E. Daniell, A. H. Wilson, G. T. Brown and J. D. Andrews.

Mr. John A. Nowell called the attention of the society to the presence in the meeting of Mr. B. B. Davis of Brookline, who had attended regularly sixty annual meetings. Mr. Davis responded briefly, testifying to the great good he had received from his connection with the society and participation in the noble thoughts and words of the oratorios.

There was a long discussion on the advisability of laying an assessment upon the members of the society to pay off the debt. A motion to make the assessment seven dollars was lost by a vote of 21 to 34, and it was then voted to assess five dollars on each member. A motion to reconsider was lost.

The consideration of the proposed amendment to the constitution was postponed, and the meeting adjourned.—*Advertiser.*

The Handel and Haydn Society.

The following is a list of the works pertormed from December 25 1815, to April 16, 1876, prepared by the Librarian of the Society for presentation at the annual meeting, May 29, 1876:—

NAME.	COMPOSER.	FIRST TIME.	NO.	LAST TIME.
Miscellaneous.	——	Dec. 25, 1815	180	May 9, 1874
Messiah	Handel	Dec. 25 1818	65	Dec. 25, 1875
Creation	Haydn	Feb. 16, 1819	59	Dec. 26, 1875
Dettingen Te Deum	Handel	Apl. 1, ——	3	Mch. 1, 1862
The Intercession	M. P. King	Jan. 25, 1825	1	——
Mass B-flat	Haydn	Jan. 25 1829	5	Feb. 2, 1834
Mass C-flat	Mozart	Apl. 11, ——	1	——
Mass	Buhler	Dec. 13, ——	2	Mch. 27, 1831
Mount of Olives, (Engedi)	Beethoven	Dec. 22, 1833	6	Feb. 27, 1853
David	S. Neukomm	Feb. 28, 1836	57	Apl. 10, 1859
Remission of Sin	C. E. Horn	Oct. 2, ——	1	——
Hymn of the Night	S Neukomm	Oct. 1, 1837	2	Apl. 23, 1843
Mount Sinai	S. Neukomm	Oct. 4, 1840	7	Aug. 21, 1841
The Last Judgment	L. Spohr	Mch. 20, 1842	8	Mch. 17, 1844
Saint Paul	Mendelssohn	Jan. 22, 1843	9	Dec. 27, 1874
Transient and Eternal	Romberg	Apl 23, ——	5	Dec. 15, 1844
Stabat Mater	Rossini	Feb. 26, ——	20	Apl. 12, 1876
Samson	Handel	Jan. 26 1815	32	May 5 1868
Moses in Egypt	Rossini	Dec. 21, ——	45	Feb. 29, 1858
Judas Maccabæus	Handel	Dec. 15, 1847	15	May 5, 1874
Elijah	Mendelssohn	Feb. 13, 1848	40	Nov. 8, 1875
The Martyrs	Donizetti	Dec. 16, 1849	7	Jan. 27, 1850
The Ninth Symphony	Beethoven	Apl. 2, 1853	5	May 6, 1874
Solomon	Handel	Nov. 18, 1855	3	Dec. 9, 1855
Requiem Mass	Mozart	Jan. 18, 1857	2	Mch. 29, 1857
Eli	M. Costa	Feb. 15, ——	4	Nov. 27, 1864
Hymn of Praise	Mendelssohn	Apl. 10, 1858	12	Apl. 12, 1876
Israel in Egypt	Handel	Feb. 13, 1859	4	Jun. 24, 1872
Ode on St. Cecilia's Day	Handel	Nov. 28, 1863	2	Dec. 6, 1863
Festival Overture	O Nicolai	May 23, 1865	–	May 9, 1871
Psalm XLII.	Mendelssohn	May 13, 1866	1	——
Jephtha	Handel	Feb 17, 1867	1	——
Psalm XCV	Mendelssohn	May 5, 1868	1	——
Naaman	M Costa	Mch 27, 1869	2	Dec. 26, 1869
The Woman of Samaria	W. S Bennett	May 13, 1871	1	——
Hear my Prayer	Mendelssohn	May 7, 1874	2	Feb. 6, 1875
Christus	Mendelssohn	May 7 ——	1	——
Psalm XLVI.	D. Buck	May 7, ——	2	Feb. 6, 1875
The Passion Music	St. Matthew	Bach May 8, ——	2	Apl. 9, 1876
St Peter	J. K. Paine	May 9, ——	1	——
The Seasons	Haydn	Apl. 28, 1875	1	——
Joshua	Handel	Apl. 16, 1876	1	——

This enumeration does not include performances where only a portion of an oratorio was performed. Previous to the production in a complete form of *The Messiah* and *The Creation*, and *The Passion Music*, parts of each work had been sung. The first part of *Elijah* was also given at one of the concerts during the Beethoven Festival, in New York, June 1870. The Miscellaneous Concerts include the above performances, but do not include those in which the society formed a part only of the choir. Such, for instance, as the concerts of the two Jubilees in Boston—excepting that at which *Israel in Egypt* was given—and most of the concerts of the Beethoven Festival in New York. It appears from the table that the society has brought out during its sixty-one seasons forty-one important choral works, of which there were few that had previously been sung in Boston or even in the United States. The following table shows the number of performances given each year from December 25, 1815, up to April 16, 1876:—

YEAR.	NO.	YEAR.	NO.	YEAR.	NO.
1815	1	1836	16	1856	6
1816	2	1837	15	1857	11
1817	5	1838	11	1858	9
1818	9	1839	17	1859	7
1819	6	1840	19	1860	1
1820	6	1841	16	1861	5
1821	8	1842	15	1862	5
1822	8	1843	18	1863	5
1823	5	1844	18	1864	6
1824	6	1845	20	1865	13
1825	4	1846	23	1866	4
1826	5	1847	14	1867	8
1827	4	1848	19	1868	15
1828	4	1849	10	1869	6
1829	5	1850	8	1870	6
1830	6	1851	11	1871	16
1831	5	1852	9	1872	4
1832	8	1853	12	1873	7
1833	14	1854	14	1874	13
1834	17	1855	11	1875	6
1835	13			1876	3

The concert given April 16, 1876—on which occasion Handel's *Joshua* was brought out—was the five hundred and ninety-third concert of the society. The concerts were given in the following places:

Stone Chapel, No. 1 to 7, inclusive, Dec. 25, 1815, to April 8, 1817.

First Church and Chauncey-place, No. 8, July 5, 1817.

Boylston Hall, No. 9 to 199, inclusive, March 20, 1818, to Nov. 3, 1839.

Melodeon, No. 20 to 396, inclusive, Dec. 29, 1839, to April 4, 1852.

Music Hall, No. 397 to 593, inclusive, Nov. 29, 1852, to April 16, 1876.

Included in this last interval are a few concerts given in other halls. Besides the two Peace Jubilees and the Beethoven Festival—already referred to—the society took part in the opening ceremonies at the Crystal Palace, New York, 1854, and in a series of concerts in conjunction with Thomas's orchestra, at Steinway Hall, 1873.

MOZART COMPLETE.—Messrs. Breitkopf & Härtel, the eminent music publishers of Leipzig have issued a prospectus of an undertaking which can only be described as colossal. This is nothing less than the publication of a uniform edition of the entire works of Mozart, at least one-third of which exist at present only in manuscript. Some idea of the enormous extent of the work may be formed from the fact that the list of compositions given in the prospectus comprises 15 masses, 38 litanies, vespers, offertories and other small sacred pieces, 21 operas, 56 pieces of vocal music (concert airs, etc.), with orchestral accompaniment, 59 songs with piano, and canons, 41 symphonies, 77 orchestral works of other classes, 49 concertos 49 quintets and quartets, 118 pianoforte pieces with and without accompaniment, and 17 sonatas for organ with instruments—in all 540 works. This is not only more than double the number of pieces contained in the complete edition of Beethoven, published by the same firm some ten years since, but there is a much larger proportion of extensive works; the whole collection will probably fill seventy or eighty volumes! In form it will be similar to the edition just referred to, and to that of Mendelssohn now in the course of publication, and it will be issued at the same very moderate price—about seven cents per sheet.

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"O the musical, sweet clamor,
Of the New Year's chimes again."

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Norah's Message. G. 3 d to E. *Benedict.* 35

"Ah, surely thou wilt not forsake me,
Nor steal from my life all its light."

Quite pathetic.

Gentle Zephyr. (Placido Zeffiretto). F. 3. d to F. *Glover.* 30

"Digli che sei sospiro"
"Say thou'rt some lover's sighing."

A pleasing English-Italian song, which has the merit of being easily sung.

The Kiss of a Little Child. C. 2. c to D. *Hullah.* 30

"Like the first fresh scent of the violet wild,
That's kissed by the morning dew."

A charmingly sweet opera song.

Sing, little Bird. A minor. 4. e to F. *Eichberg.* 30

"Dance, little child, O child,
While sweet the small birds sing."

Words by Celia Thaxter. A gem of a song, so neatly contrived that it reminds one of Robert Franz's productions.

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With all the saints on earth,
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TELL ME THE STORY OVER.
GLAD TIDINGS.
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WHOLE No. 918. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1876. VOL. XXXVI. No. 6.

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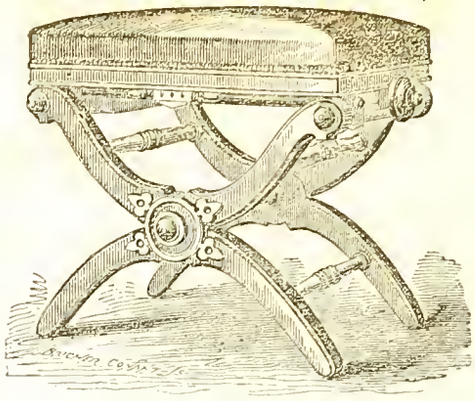

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(*From "Punch."*)

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[There is no evident reason why this very original and most fascinating composition should be styled "Fantasia" any more than the other grand compositions of the same master. That it is constructed in a wholly independent manner, and that each movement shows a certain fantastic character, is true. To analyze the so-called "Fantasia" in detail would occupy more space than can be afforded; but a brief quotation from each of the principal themes will suffice to call attention to the character and plan of each successive movement.—*Our Own Analytical Programmist.*]

Introduzione—Allegretto.

A winter evening, and a spacious room,
A creeping fog, and a mysterious gloom—
No sight nor sound that hints the picturesque—
A brass-bound piano, and a fiddler's desk.
Ladies sitting at their knitting,
Or chatting o'er their tatting;
The vast amphitheatre filling;
Modest votaries of the shilling,
And the tardy stalls, up-driving,
Just in nick of time arriving
Now the gas bursts into brightness,
And each heart leaps up in lightness,
While a fiddle's distant flourish warns each wayward sound to stop.
Do you ask me what's to-night meant
By this flutter of excitement?
'Tis the Hall of Great St. James's. We are at a Monday Pop.

Andante Cantabile.

When the soul with sorrow laden
Finds no answer to its moan
In the jocund voice of Haydn,
Or Mozart's pellucid tone;
When our Schubert's cunning lyre
Fails to draw us at its will,
And the deeps of our desire
E'en Beethoven cannot still;
When the mists that bound things human
We have sought to pierce in vain,
Then we turn to thee, O Schumann,
Bid thee sing to us our pain.

Scherzo e Trio.

Quartet in A minor—
Sure nothing is finer,
And no one e'er heard a performance diviner;
For strength and for neatness,
For purity, sweetness,
And all that is blent in the joy of completeness.

Finale. Presto agitato con brio.

Now with all the speed they can,
All four playing like one man:
And a rapture half-divine
Steeps the senses as in wine!
Joachim, Zerbini, Straus—
Steadfast pillars of the house;
Joachim, Piatti, Ries—
Where are players like to these?
And Sir Julius, their chief,
With his laurel, green of leaf.
To your sovereign long be loyal,
Children of the Chappell Royal.
Should you fail us but for one day
"*Transit gloria*" of that "Monday."
Let them cry from every steeple
We're no music-loving people—
While we're drawn from every part
By the magic of Mozart;
While two thousand souls are cloven
By the beauty of Beethoven—
They may call us what they will;
We will come and listen still!

Haydn with the Esterhazys.

(Translated for this Journal from the new Biography of Haydn, by C. F. POHL. Berlin, 1875.)

(Continued from Page 242.)

. . . Haydn now had his hands full: instruments were modelled and improved; music and chests for its safe-keeping were procured; a provisional stage was erected; compositions were delivered, rehearsals held, controversies settled, and petitions to the Prince examined and endorsed. And how modestly and timidly the young Kapellmeister ventures to draw upon the princely treasury! How diminutive one of his specifications of expenditures in comparison with the frightful ones of Concert-master Hummel afterwards! To all appearance, Haydn did not dare to charge to the Prince's account the full expense of copying out his own long and probably first Symphony which he ever composed for the princely house; he helped to do the work himself, nor did he ever afterwards hold it beneath his dignity to complete and revise parts.

The transgressions of his gay subordinates caused the master the most trouble; many were dismissed, and taken back at Haydn's supplication, again dropped and finally again restored and often with increase of salary. The indulgence and mildness of the prince made the members of the orchestra unheedful; they overstayed their time of leave, or went away without permission and committed various offenses. Then came penalties, deductions from the monthly wages, imprisonments and temporary expulsion from the Kapelle. Truly touching and heart-winning then are Haydn's entreaties for remission of penalty in the case of such as mere light-mindedness may have led astray. In a long written petition the master appeals to the heart of the prince, suggests all possible excuses for his client and, after exhausting all the counter arguments, seeks to get at the prince upon the weakest side. Thus in one case, in order to make sure, he builds upon his master's insatiable love for continually new pieces of music for his favorite instrument, the *Baryton*; begins with a warm word in behalf of three musicians threatened with serious punishment, and while he signs himself the prince's "most obedient and humble servant Haydn," adds immediately, leaving the prince no time for reflection, the flattering words: "who after the holidays will take the liberty of handing in to your Excellency a New Trio on the *Baridon*."

The C-major Symphony above alluded to, which is in five movements, and of which not only the orchestral parts but also the autograph score exists, shows that Haydn meant to offer something important and unusual; for in this work occurs the solitary instance of the insertion of an independent dramatic recitative for two principal violins. Undoubtedly the engagement of Tomasini furnished the occasion, and we see at once what tasks he could offer to this young artist scarcely twenty years of age. * * * * Haydn gave to this Symphony the title "Le Midi;" and then he also wrote a Symphony "Le Matin" and a Concertino "Le Soir." The first, *Le Matin*, in D major, for 12 Concerted parts, appeared (in MS. copies) in Hamburg and Vienna; the last, in G major, 3/8, also for two obligato violins, appeared in 1767, in MS., at Breitkopf's, and the last movement bears the inscription "*la tempesta*." Dies says that Haydn was commissioned by the prince to take "the four seasons" for the subject of a composition, and that he had set them in the form of Quartets, which are very little known. Perhaps he meant the three orchestral pieces we have just named.

Le Midi, probably the oldest autograph of a Haydn Symphony that is still preserved, bears already, like some autographs from the year 1760, the superscription "In nomine Dei," and closes with "Laus Deo." This reveals the pious sentiment of Haydn, who, like Sebastian Bach's *J. J.* (*Jesu juva*), undertook every work under the protection of his Creator. He retained this practice always, even in his secular arias and opera scores. Frequently he makes use only of the initials *L. D.*, or *S. D. G.*, (*Soli Deo Gloria*); also *Laus Deo et B. V. M.*, (*Beatæ Virgini Mariæ*), to which is sometimes added "et omnis sis (*et omnibus sanctis*)." The most emphatical conclusion is borne, among others, by his opera "L'infedeltà delusa:" *Laus omnipotenti Deo et Beatissimæ Virgini Mariæ.*

[After enumerating various compositions of the same period (1761–4)—Symphonies, Concertos, Trios, etc.; Italian "Comedies" (*La Marchesa Nevolà, La Vedova, Il Dottore, Il Spamarello*;) a Pastorale in 13 Scenes, on the same subject with Handel's "Acis and Galatea;" a *Te Deum*; a Festival Cantata for the birthday of his Prince, etc., etc.,—the biographer proceeds to tell us of a singular surprise which came upon Haydn one day.]

Haydn was surprised one day (in 1765) by a remarkable document, in which the Prince accuses him of neglect of duty and recommends to him to be more diligent in composition than he has been heretofore! If this document did not lie before us filed and dated, we might reasonably suspect some sort of mystification behind it. Haydn negligent in office, indolent in writing!—he, whom we have heard only and always praised as the most conscientious of men in his official relations, the most industrious of the industrious! But the fact is there and admits of no contradiction. "*Regulativ Chori Kissmartoniensis*"—is the superscription of this ungracious warning, which begins with the following words: "Inasmuch as very great disorder has crept into the choir of the Eisenstadt Schloss-Kapelle, through the negligence of the musicians, the bad understanding between them, and the bad care and keeping of the instruments, *therefore* the Capellmeister Haydn is hereby earnestly enjoined"—and

here follow, in six sections, the detailed statements of this threatening note. 1. Haydn must within eight days prepare a triplicate inventory of all the choir instruments and music now on hand, according to the formula appended (giving the authors, number of parts, etc.,) which he must sign and deposit one with "Us" (the Prince), one in the book-keeper's office, and the third with the choir. 2. Before each choir service Haydn must deliver the necessary music to the schoolmaster Joseph Diezl, see that the same is distributed by Diezl and, after the service, again put in order and returned to its proper chest, so that no part may get misplaced. 3. Haydn must keep a good lookout upon the school-master, that he keep all the instruments always in good condition, for which end "Er Schulmeister" has always to appear in the choir one quarter hour before the service. 4. Haydn will take especial care to have all the choir people appear conscientiously at the church service and perform their duty with good mutual understanding. 5. Haydn in "our absence" must hold every week, in the Eisenstadt officers' chamber, two musical "academies," say on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons from 2 to 4 o'clock, with all the musicians; and, that no one may undertake hereafter, as has happened heretofore, to absent himself without leave from the church service or from the academies, he must once a fortnight send us in a written report, with the name and specification of the reason, whenever one or another shall presume to stay away from service. 6. "Finally he the Capellmeister Hayden is in the best manner recommended to apply himself more assiduously than heretofore to composition, and particularly of pieces such as one may play upon the Gamba, and of which we have seen but very few as yet; and, in proof of his industry, to send us the first piece of every composition neatly and correctly copied out."

Haydn appears to have taken the princely reproof to heart, for shortly afterwards we meet a manifest mark of recognition. The Prince writes, under date of Jan. 4, 1766, to his steward Rahier: "I have this moment received 3 pieces from Hayden, with which I am very well pleased. You will therefore give the same 12 ducats from the treasury in my name, and at the same time ask him to endeavor to send me as soon as possible 6 more such pieces, besides 2 solos."

If the princely favor alone was enough to make the Kapellmeister happy, the ringing testimonies which accompanied it must have been all the more welcome, since the grim cold (the Danube ice was strong enough to bear the heaviest wagon loads) increased his personal necessities considerably. We see too from this letter the Prince's partiality for the Baryton, as well as his satisfaction with Haydn's way of writing. The letter is of still further interest: it is the first time that the Prince uses the designation "Schloss Esterhàz;" he had, it seems, re-christened the little hunting castle on the southern end of the Neusiedler lake, the favorite abode of his diseased brother, after the birthplace of the princely dynasty, the Magyar village Esterhàza on the isle of Schütt. His residence in such a cold, inhospitable, unhealthy place moreover shows how much he had at heart the remodelling of the castle, which he was impatiently pressing in August 1765 from Innsbruck.

[To be Continued.

Gregorian Music.

[From the *Musical Standard*, London, May 27].

The members of the Gregorian Association have had their annual display in St. Paul's Cathedral, and, with a vast volume of vocal sound and a literal flourishing of trumpets, have duly impressed some thousands of spectators and listeners. An army of white-robed choirmen and boys, backed by a powerful orchestra and a magnificent organ, have combined to lend a factitious grandeur to a few ungraceful airs formed upon scales which are now happily obsolete. The rude concords with which these melodies were in old time accompanied have been discarded as utterly intolerable to modern ears; and so, like a new patch upon an old garment, the latest harmonies, formed upon a totally different tonality, have been employed to render the airs which are supposed to have charmed our earliest forefathers in some degree palatable to their benighted descendants.

The various pleas which the promoters of the Gregorian music urge in favor of its use are, most of them, painfully absurd. The sentiment that in adopting these mouldy remnants of a dim antiquity, the church of to-day is joining in the same song which expressed the devoted feeling of the church of old, has a very pretty ring about it; but, as a matter of fact, our revered ancestors, had they come into the flesh again on that festival night, would have been dumb-foundered at the total change in the musical accessories—would have been unable to join in the song. A second plea is the greater devotional character of of the plain song as compared with the melodies of the present day. That there is about it a sort of grim religious cast, we admit: but how such a feature impels to greater devotion we fail to perceive, and for reasons which will presently appear.

But it is to the argument as to the more congregational character of the plain song that we would specially address ourselves. We suppose that on all hands it will be allowed that the music best suited to an average congregation is the easiest, the most attractive, and the most devotional in characacter. Now, on looking at the Gregorian melodies—especially the hymn tunes, we fail to find the first requirement. These tunes often abound in florid embellishments, with frequent passages of several notes on single syllables—a feature scarcely ever to be found in modern hymn tunes—and generally finish in a way that sounds incomplete to modern ears. There is an irregularity of rhythm which causes the uninitiated to halt and stumble in the intricate mazes of longs and breves, while even practised singers are forced, in obedience to the instinct of modern pulsation, to make triplets where they were never intended. Under these circumstances it is a perpetual marvel to us that Gregorian tunes are recommended on the score of simplicity. The fact that they are generally sung in unison is no argument whatever. To sing the harmonies which are usually put to them would tax the "skill and dexterity" of the best-trained singers. A virtue, therefore, is made of necessity; and because they *must* be sung in unison by an ordinary choir, and by the congregation, the advantages of unisonal singing are solemnly held forth. While the occasional use of the unison is productive of the grandest effects, its perpetual employment is wearisome to the last degree, and, as may be seen from the service-book used at the festival, the compilers were well aware of this fact. But, as we have already observed, they could scarcely expect that an ordinary "parish" choir would be capable of rendering many of the portions assigned to the harmony choir—notably, Bach's arrangement of the Gloria to the Magnificat. There is another point of which the more zealous of the Gregorianists and "unisonists" may be reminded. Nature, or rather let us say a wise Creator, has decreed that the compass and quality of the human voice shall vary, and has at the same time marked out four or five broad lines of demarcation between the several kinds: a note easy to one voice being difficult to another. Harmony-singing, or part-singing, as it is most commonly called, is therefore the most natural to bodies of voices; and when we hear a deep bass growling an octave beneath some high unisonal passage, it is simply the voice of nature crying out against an ignorant, if not culpable, subversion of a fundamental law. It is no answer to this to remind us that even in harmony-singing the same evil may be found, through the ignorance of many members of the congregation: a small amount of musical training may get over this difficulty; the other is a case of physical impossibility.

The general attractiveness of Gregorian melody is a point rarely insisted on by its supporters. There are, it is true, some few tunes which possess this vital qualification for popular favor, but in all cases they sound almost as if written in the modern major or minor scale. Some enthusiasts will despise this consideration (attractiveness) as weak and unnecessary, but the fact remains, and the popular taste, while it is to be improved, must not be ignored. It is but reasonable that the people should prefer to sing their hymns in church in the same scales as those in which they sing their songs at home.

Next, in respect of devotional character, the Gregorian melody lacks one great essential. Embellish it as we will with the most gorgeous accompaniments, it is to all intents and purposes a dead musical language. We cheerfully grant that when well executed it possesses a certain wild charm of its own, but at the best it is powerless to touch the heart in the way that the sacred melodies of our time do. A learned divine may preach the most powerful Latin sermon that ever was composed; he may declaim it with the most finished elocution, the most impassioned delivery; and an ordinary English congregation will go away, impressed with the grandeur of the flowing sentences and the fine action of the preacher, but unedified and untouched. One homely discourse in plain English is worth more to them than all the eloquent Latin sermons in the world.

There is an unreasonable craving in the present day for the revival of antiquities. Pre-Raphaelite pictures, antique furniture, old china, faded blues and greens and browns, have become the hobbies of the age. In like manner the Gregorianists have attempted a kind of musical renaissance, and are busily exhuming petrified scales and fossil melodies, which they proudly exhibit yearly to their admirers in a building which has long been consecrated to the strains of our greatest church musicians. But after all, Gregorianism is a fashion, a freak of the hour, and cannot obtain any permanent sway while musicians yet remain to give voice to the praises of the Almighty in a living musical tongue, that shall be "understanded of the people."

The Legend of the Nibelungen.

[The subject-matter of Wagner's "Nibelungen Trilogy," or more properly Tetralogy—soon to be presented in a series of four performances at Bayreuth—is thus given in "*Art Life and Theories of* RICHARD WAGNER," selected from his Writings and Translated by EDWARD L. BURLINGAME.]

From the womb of night and of death there sprang a race, who dwelt in Nibelheim (Nebelheim, the place of mists), that is, in dim subterranean chasms and caves. They were called *Nibelungen;* like worms in a dead body, they swarmed in varying, restless activity, through the entrails of the earth; they wrought in metals—heated and purified them. Among them Alberich gained possession of the bright and beautiful gold of the Rhine—The Rheingold;—drew it up out of the depths of the waters, and made from it, with great and cunning art, a ring, which gave him power over all his race, the Nibelungen. Thus he became their master, and forced them thenceforth to labor for him alone; and so collected the inestimable treasure of the Nibelungen, the chief jewel of which was the Tarnhelm (helmet), by means of which one could assume any figure that he chose, and which Alberich had compelled his own brother, Reigin, to forge for him. Thus equipped, Alberich strove for the mastery of the world and all that was in it. The race of the giants—the insolent, the mighty, the primeval race, was disturbed in its savage ease; its enormous strength, its simple wit, were not enough to contend against Alberich's ambitious cunning. The giants saw with apprehension how the Nibelungen forged wondrous weapons, which, in the hands of human heroes, should bring about the ruin of the giant race. The race of the gods, rapidly rising to omnipotence, made use of this conflict. Wotan agreed with the giants that they should build for the gods a castle, from which they might order and rule the world in safety; but after it was done the giants demanded the treasure of the Nibelungen as their reward. The great cunning of the gods succeeded in the capture of Alberich, and he was compelled to give the treasure as ransom for his life. The ring alone he sought to keep; but the gods, knowing well that the secret of his power lay in this, took the ring from him. Then he laid a curse upon it, that it should prove the ruin of all who should possess it. Wotan gave the treasure to the giants; but the

ring he kept, to insure his own omnipotence. The giants, however, forced it from him by their threats, and Wotan yielded at the advice of the three Fates (*Norncn*) who warned him of the approaching downfall of the gods.

The giants left the treasure and the ring on the Gnita plain (The plain of Discord) under the guardianship of an enormous dragon. By means of the ring, however, the Nibelungen, with Alberich, were kept in slavery. But the giants did not understand how to make use of their power. It was enough for their clumsy ideas to have once bound the Nibelungen. So the dragon lay from time immemorial, watching with his idle terrors over the treasure. The race of giants faded and died away powerless before the new race of gods; the Nibelungen suffered on, wretched and malicious in their fruitless activity. Alberich brooded ceaselessly over the recovery of his ring. And now the gods, in their high energy, regulated the world, controlled the elements by their wise laws and devoted themselves to the careful guardianship of the human race. Their power ruled over all. Yet the peace through which they held that power was not based upon a reconciliation; it was brought about by force and deceit. The object of their high rule over the world was a moral consciousness, but the wrong which they had themselves wrought kept its hold upon them.

From the depths of Nibelheim the consciousness of their wrong-doing rose up against them; for the slavery of the Nibelungen was not broken. Alberich had only been robbed of his mastery, and this not for a high purpose; and the soul and the freedom of the Nibelungen lay buried uselessly beneath the body of the idle dragon; Alberich was right in his reproaches against the gods.

But Wotan himself could not expiate the wrong without committing a new injustice. Only a free will independent of the gods themselves, which could take upon itself all the fault and do penance for it, had it in its power to loose the enchantment; and the gods saw the capability of such free will in man. They sought therefore to infuse their divinity into man, that they might raise his strength so high that he, conscious of this power, might withdraw himself even from the divine protection, in order to do, according to his own will, what his mind suggested to him. So the gods educated men for this high purpose, to be the expiators of their crime; and their object was to be attained when they had lost themselves in this human creation—that is, when they must give up their direct influence to the freedom of human consciousness.

And now mighty races of men, sprung from divine seed, bloomed into being; they steeled their strength in strife and conflict; Wotan's maidens watched over them as guardian angels. As Valkyres they led to Walhalla those who had fallen in battle, there to continue in Wotan's companionship a glorious life of martial games.

But the right hero was still unborn, in whom independent strength should come to its full consciousness, so that he should be able voluntarily, and with the penance of death before his eyes, to call that boldest deed his own. At last this hero was to be born of the race of the Volsungs. Wotan blessed an unfruitful marriage of this race by giving the wedded pair an apple of Hulda to eat; twins, Siegmund and Sieglinda, brother and sister, were the product of the marriage. Siegmund took a wife, Sieglinda married a husband (Hunding); but both marriages remained unfruitful; and at length, to beget a true Volsung, the brother and sister themselves joined in wedlock. Hunding, Sieglinda's husband, discovered the crime, discarded his wife, and attacked Siegmund. Brunhilda the Valkyr aided Siegmund, against the command of Wotan, who had decreed his destruction as a punishment for his sin. Siegmund had already, under Brunhilda's protection, drawn the sword which Wotan himself had given him, and was about to deal Hunding a deadly stroke, when the god caught the blow upon his spear, against which the sword broke in two pieces. Siegmund fell. Brunhilda was punished by Wotan for her disobedience; he expelled her from the company of the Valkyres, and banished her to a barren rock where she, the divine virgin, should be given in marriage to the man who should find her there and wake her from the sleep into which Wotan had cast her. But she begged as a boon, that Wotan should surround the rock with the terrors of flame, that she might be certain that only the bravest of heroes could win her.

The banished Sieglinda, after a long pregnancy, brought forth in the wilderness Siegfried (him who through victory should bring peace). Reigin (Mime), Alberich's brother, hearing the cries of Sieglinda in her labor, went to her from his caves and helped her; after the birth she died, after having revealed to Reigin her fate, and confided to him the boy.

Reigin brought up Siegfried; he taught him the arts of the smithy; told him of the death of his father; and procured for him the two pieces of the latter's broken sword, from which Siegfried, under Mime's direction, forged the sword Balmung. And now Mime urged the youth to the destruction of the dragon, telling him he would show his gratitude thereby. Siegfried, however, desired first to avenge the death of his father. He sallied forth, attacked and killed Hunding, and not till then did he fulfil Mime's wish, and overcome and slay the giant dragon.

As he put his finger, heated with the dragon's blood, into his mouth to cool it, he involuntarily tasted of the blood, and by this means suddenly gained a knowledge of the language of the birds which were singing around him. They praised Siegfried's wondrous deed, pointed out to him the treasure of the Nibelungen in the dragon's cave, and warned him against Mime, who had only made use of him to gain the treasure, and who would now seek his life in order that he might possess that treasure alone. Upon this Siegfried slew Mime and took from the treasure the ring and the helmet. He then consulted the birds again, who counselled him to win for himself Brunhilda, the most beautiful of women.

Siegfried now again sallied forth and reached Brunhilda's rocky fortress, penetrated through the fire that raged around it, and awakened Brunhilda. She joyfully recognized Siegfried, the noblest hero of the Volsung race, and yielded herself to him; he wedded her with the ring of Alberich, which he placed upon her finger. When the desire seized him of sallying forth to new feats, she communicated to him by her instructions her secret knowledge, and warned him of the dangers of treachery and faithlessness; they swore truth to each other, and Siegfried left her.

A second race of heroes, also of divine origin, was that of the Gibichungen, on the Rhine. Among them were Gunther, and Gudrun his sister. Gunther's mother, Crimhilda, had once been ravished by Alberich, and she bore him a natural son, Hagen. As the desires and hopes of the *gods* rested upon Siegfried, Alberich based *his* hope of regaining the ring on Hagen, the hero whom he had begotten. Hagen was pale, serious, and gloomy; his features hardened early; he seemed older than he was. Even while he was a child, Alberich had secretly revealed to him the knowledge of his father's fate and incited him to strive after the ring. He was strong and powerful; yet still he did not seem to Alberich mighty enough to slay the dragon.

As Alberich was now powerless, he had not been able to hinder his brother Mime, when the latter sought to gain the treasure by means of Siegfried; but now Hagen was to bring about Siegfried's ruin in order to win from him at his death the ring. Hagen was hostile to Gunther and Gudrun; they feared him, but they esteemed his cunning and experience. The secret of Hagen's wonderful birth, and the fact that he was not his real brother, was known to Gunther; he had once reproached Hagen with being a bastard. Gunther had been instructed by Hagen that Brunhilda was of all women the most to be desired, and aroused by him to a longing to possess her, when Siegfried came among the Gibichungen on the Rhine. Gudrun, inspired with love for Siegfried by the praise which Hagen had lavished upon him, gave Siegfried, by Hagen's advice, a goblet of welcome prepared through Hagen's art in such a way that it caused Siegfried to forget his life with Brunhilda, and his espousal with her. Siegfried sought Gudrun for his wife, and Gunther consented on condition that he should aid him to gain Brunhilda. Siegfried agreed to this; they swore an oath of brotherhood to one another, from which Hagen, however, held himself aloof. Siegfried and Gunther entered upon their journey, and arrived at Brunhilda's rock-fortress; Gunther remained in their ship, and Siegfried for the first and only time made use of his power as ruler of the Nibelungen, by putting on the helmet and assuming by its aid the figure and appearance of Gunther. So he penetrated through the flames to Brunhilda. She, already robbed of her maidenhood by Siegfried, had also given up her superhuman power; all her wisdom she had given over to Siegfried, who made no use of it; now she was powerless as any ordinary woman, and could make only a fruitless resistance to the new, bold suitor; he seized from her the ring, with which she was now to be espoused to Gunther, and forced her into a room where he slept by her side during the night, but, to her surprise, with his sword lying between them. In the morning he brought her to the ship, where he permitted the real Gunther to take his place unremarked by her side; and he transported himself by the powers of the helmet at once to the Gibichenburg on the Rhine. Gunther reached his home upon the Rhine with Brunhilda, who followed him in gloomy silence, Siegfried, at Gudrun's side, and Hagen, received them when they arrived.

Brunhilda was filled with rage when she saw Siegfried as Gudrun's husband; his cold, friendly indifference toward her filled her with amazement; but she guessed the treachery that had been wrought against him, and demanded the ring which did not belong to him, but which Gunther had received from her; he refused it. She demanded of Gunther that he should take the ring from Siegfried; Gunther was perplexed and hesitated. Brunhilda asked—did Siegfried then receive the ring from her? But Siegfried, who recognized the ring, said, "I received it from no woman; my own strength won it from the giant dragon; by it I am the ruler of the Nibelungen, and I will give up its power to no man." Hagen stepped between them and asked Brunhilda whether she certainly recognized the ring? If it was her ring, then Siegfried might have become possessed of it by treachery, and it could only belong to Gunther her husband. Brunhilda cried out with indignation at the trick that had been played upon her, and a terrible thirst for revenge against Siegfried filled her soul. She cried out to Gunther that he had been betrayed by Siegfried;—"I am not married to thee, but to this man; he received my favors." Siegfried reproached her with falsehood; declared that he had been true to his oath of brotherhood—that he had laid his sword between Brunhilda and himself; he demanded of her that she should bear witness to this. Purposely, and aiming solely at his ruin, she would not understand him; she declared that he lied, and falsely appealed to his sword Balmung, that she had seen hanging quietly on the wall while he lay lovingly by her side.

The men and Gudrun besought Siegfried to repel the accusation if he could, and Siegfried swore a solemn oath in confirmation of what he had said. Brunhilda accused him of perjury; he had sworn so many oaths to her and Gunther, she said, that he had broken. Now he swore to a perjury to strengthen a lie. All was in a furious excitement. Siegfried cried out to Gunther to restrain his wife, who so shamelessly maligned her own and her husband's honor; he himself departed with Gudrun into their chamber.

Gunther, in the deepest shame and wretchedness, seated himself apart and covered his face; and Hagen approached Brunhilda, who was consumed by the most fearful rage. He offered himself as the avenger of her honor; but she laughed at him, as powerless to conquer Siegfried; a single glance from his glowing eyes, such as had shone upon her even through his deceitful disguise, would break Hagen's courage. Then Hagen said he knew Siegfried's mighty strength full well;—that she must tell him, therefore, how he was to be overcome. She, who had hallowed Siegfried, and had secured him, by secret charms, against wounds, advised Hagen that he must strike him in the back; for that as she knew the hero would never turn his back to his foes, she had not made that also enchanted.

Gunther was informed of the plan of murder. They called upon him to avenge his honor, and Brunhilda covered him with accusations of cowardice and treachery, until at last he acknowledged his fault, and the necessity of ending his shame by Siegfried's death. Yet he was filled with horror at the thought of being guilty of breach of his oath of brotherhood. Brunhilda scoffed at him bitterly; what breaches of faith had not been committed against *her?* And Hagen urged him on by the prospect of gaining the Nibelungen-ring, which Siegfried would let go at his death. At last Gunther consented; Hagen planned a hunt for the next day, when Siegfried should be attacked; perhaps his murder could be concealed from even Gudrun. Gunther was anxious on her account, for Brunhilda's thirst for revenge was sharpened by jealousy of her.—Thus Siegfried's death was decided on.

Siegfried now appeared with Gudrun in the hall, brilliantly arrayed, and invited them to a sacrifice

and the marriage feast. The conspirators obeyed with hypocritical readiness, and Siegfried and Gudrun rejoiced at the apparent restoration of peace.

On the following morning, Siegfried, following the game, wandered into a lonely rocky defile on the Rhine. Three water-sprites suddenly rose from the flood before him; they were the wise daughters of those depths from which Alberich had once taken the clear Rhine-gold, to make from it his mighty mystic ring. The curse and the power of this ring would be forever at an end, if it should be given back to the waters, and thus dissolved again in its original pure element. The water-sprites longed for the ring, and besought Siegfried to give it to them; but he refused it. (He had taken upon himself, while sinless, the sin of the gods, and now he brought the penance of their wrong upon himself by his pride and unyielding spirit.)

The sprites told him of the evil and the curse connected with the ring; he must cast it into the waters, or he would not outlive the day. But Siegfried said "you shall not cheat me of my power, ye cunning women; I care not a hair for the curse or for your threats. What my own courage suggests to me is my first law; and what I do according to my own beliefs, that is decided for me. You may call this curse or blessing, but I shall obey it, and shall not strive against my own power." Then the women asked him—"Willst thou surpass the gods?"

And he said, "If you would show me the way to overcome the gods, I would fight against them with all my courage. I know three wiser women than you; and they know how the gods will some day be in bitter straits. It must be the care of those devoted to the gods, to see that I then fight on their side. Therefore I laugh at your threats; the ring remains mine,—and thus I cast life behind me," and he took up a clod of earth and threw it backward over his head.

Then the women made sport of Siegfried, who thought himself as strong and wise as he was really blind and dependent.

"He has broken his oath, though he knows it not; he has lost a thing of higher value than the ring, though he knows it not; runes and enchantments have been taught him, and he has forgotten them. Farewell, Siegfried! We know a proud woman who will have the ring to-day, when thou art slain. Let us turn to her! She will give us a better hearing!"

Siegfried looked laughing after them, as they floated singing away, and cried, "If I were not true to Gudrun, I would have captured one of you!" Then he heard his companions in the hunt approaching, and wound his horn; and the hunters, Gunther and Hagen at their head, assembled about him. They took their hunters' meal; and Siegfried, in merry mood, made sport of himself on account of his fruitless hunt;—only water-game had offered itself to him, for hunting which he was unfortunately unprepared; otherwise, he would have brought to his companions three wild water-birds, who had prophesied to him that he would die this very day. Hagen, drinking, took up the jest, and asked him if he really understood the song and speech of the birds?

Gunther was gloomy and silent, and Siegfried sought to cheer him, relating in songs the story of his youth, his adventure with Mime, his slaying of the dragon, and how it came about that he understood the song of the birds. In the remembrance which this recalled to him he suddenly recollected the advice the birds had given him to seek out Brunhilda; how he had gone to the flaming rock and awakened her. The remembrance grew clearer and clearer within him. Suddenly two ravens flew swiftly above his head. Hagen interrupted him;—"What do those ravens tell thee?" Siegfried sprang quickly up; and Hagen said, "I understood them that they hasten to announce thy coming to Wotan." With that he thrust his spear into Siegfried's back.

Gunther, guessing by Siegfried's story the truth of his incomprehensible relations with Brunhilda, and suddenly recognizing from it Siegfried's innocence, had seized Hagen's arm to save the hero, but without being able to avert the stroke. Siegfried raised his shield to dash down Hagen with it, but his strength failed him, and he sank groaning to the earth. Hagen had turned away; Gunther and his men gathered sympathizing and agitated about Siegfried, when he opened his eyes once more and cried—"Brunhilda! Brunhilda! thou glorious child of Wotan! How fair and bright thou comest to me! Thou saddlest thy steed, smiling gravely and solemnly, thy steed that strides dripping with dew through the heavens. Thou guidest his course toward me—for here there is a hero for thy choosing! O happy I, whom thou dost cherish as thy husband! Lead me now to Valhalla that I may drink there, to the honor of all heroes, the mead thou offerest me, thou glorious handmaid—the mead of the Great Father! Brunhilda! Brunhilda! I greet thee!" Thus he died. And the men raised his corpse upon his shield, and, led by Gunther, bore it away in solemn procession over the rocky heights.

They set down the corpse in the hall of the Gibichungen, the court of which opened at the rear upon the banks of the Rhine. Hagen had called forth Gudrun with a shrill cry, telling her that a wild boar had slain her husband. Filled with horror, Gudrun threw herself upon Siegfried's body; she accused the brothers of his murder; but Gunther pointed to Hagen; he was the wild boar, the murderer of the hero. And Hagen said—"If I have slain him then, whom none other dared touch, what was his, is my rightful booty. The ring is mine!" Gunther stepped before him:—"Shameless bastard! the ring is *mine*—Brunhilda meant it for me! Hear me, all of you!"

Then Hagen and Gunther fought, and Gunther fell. Hagen sought to draw the ring from the body, but it raised its hand threateningly. Hagen shrank back in horror—Gudrun shrieked aloud. Then Brunhilda strode solemnly between them: "Silence your clamor; your idle rage! Here stands his wife whom you have all betrayed! I demand my right—for what was to happen has come to pass." "Wretch!" cried Gudrun, "It was thou who wrought us ruin." But Brunhilda said, "Silence, miserable one! Thou wast but his mistress. I am his wife, to whom he swore faith before he had even seen thee!" "Woe is me!" Then cried Gudrun, "Accursed Hagen, why didst thou advise me of the draught by which I stole her husband from her? For now I know it was but the draught that made him forget Brunhilda"

Then Brunhilda said—"Oh, he is pure! Never were vows more truly kept than he kept them. And Hagen has not slain him—no, he has but marked him out for Wotan, to whom I am now to lead him. For now I too have done my penance; I am pure and free; for only he, the noble one, has had me to wife."

Then she had a funeral pyre built upon the bank to burn Siegfried's body; no horse, no slave was to be sacrificed with him; she alone would offer her body to the gods in his honor. But first she took possession of her inheritance; the helmet should be burned with him, but the ring she herself put on.

And she said:—"Thou hero overbold, how didst thou hold me bound to thee! I told thee all my knowledge; thee, a mortal—and so I had to part with my own wisdom. But thou madest no use of it—thou trustedst to thyself alone. And now that thou must needs give it up in death, my knowledge comes back to me, and I know again the runes of this ring. I know too, the runes of the primal law, the old utterance of the Fates! Hear then, ye glorious gods, your wrong is expiated! Thank him, the hero, who took your fault upon himself! He gave it into my hand to end the work; the slavery of the Nibelungen is abolished—the ring shall bind them no more! yet Alberich shall not receive it; he shall enslave you no longer; but he himself shall be as free as you. For I give this ring to you, wise sisters of the watery depths; the flame that burns me, shall purify the evil treasure. Dissolve it and keep it harmless—the Rhinegold that was stolen from you, that slavery and wrong might be forged from it! Thou only, Father of all, shalt reign! That thy power may be eternal, I lead him to thee! Receive him nobly—he is worthy of it!"

And amid solemn songs, Brunhilda mounted Siegfried's funeral pyre. Gudrun bent in bitter grief over the murdered Gunther. The flames rose above Siegfried and Brunhilda; suddenly they streamed up in brightest lustre, and above a dark cloud of smoke arose a glory, in which Brunhilda, armed and mounted upon her steed as a Valkyr, led Siegfried by the hand.

At the same moment the waves of the Rhine rose to the entrance of the hall; the three water-spirits bore away upon them the helmet and the ring. Hagen rushed madly toward them to tear the treasure from them; but they seized him and bore him with them to the depths below.

Anton Rubinstein in London.

Not long ago a report prevailed that Herr Rubinstein had made up his mind in future to abstain from public displays of his skill as a simple executant, and to devote himself unreservedly to composition. The report, however, seems to have been unfounded; and the admirers of one of the most original and famous of pianists may, for the moment at least, divest themselves of anxiety in the matter. Herr Rubinstein is again among us, playing his very best, and, it is to be hoped, not for the last time. His stay, owing to other engagements, must be short, and the opportunities of hearing him necessarily restricted; but few amateurs, with leisure at their disposal, will wittingly miss one of them.

The founder of the school of which Rubinstein is one of the most ardent disciples is undoubtedly Franz Liszt ("Abbate Liszt,") who, setting out as a boy phenomenon, soon came to the conclusion that, whatever had been done before him for the mechanism of the pianoforte, still more could and ought to be done. Impressed with this belief, he applied his inventive faculty to the task, and made wonderful progress, so much so that before arriving at maturity he had achieved a popular vogue which never until then had fallen to the lot of any performer of his class, unless we except—even if, indeed, we may except—Nicolo Paganini. After a series of uninterrupted triumphs, and despite the formidable rivalry long maintained by Sigismund Thalberg, the summit of Liszt's ambition was reached. So far content, his public appearances happened more rarely—by eccentric fits, as it were. His chief thoughts became now directed towards composition; and to this fresh inclination of his restless and wayward temperament we owe a large number of works in all forms, from the highest to the least pretending. But the subject in hand is connected not so much with Liszt the composer as with Liszt the pianist, although the compositions of Liszt have had no inconsiderable influence upon those desirous of emulating his example. Enough that, reposing on his well-earned laurels, and no longer conspicuously in front, he had led the way to a new field of activity, the exploring of which resulted in the establishment of what is known as "the modern school of pianism"—a school which, notwithstanding a certain show of æsthetics, for the most part treats exceptional powers of mechanism rather as an end than as a means towards legitimate art display. Liszt had many pupils and as many far-off devotees, who labored indefatigably in the promulgation of his ideas. From among the crowd, however, whether of pupils or devotees matters little, there have stood prominently forward Carl Tausig, Anton Rubinstein, and Hans von Buelow. The first is dead; but the remaining two, in the prime and vigor of their career, are the staunchest as well as ablest illustrators of tenets now spreading widely and more widely, in accordance with a prevalent fashion of the times. These eminent artists, it must be remembered, do not confine their efforts to the exposition of their own works. On the contrary, like Liszt, they are conversant with the music of the great composers of the past, know Beethoven, etc., by heart, and (like Liszt) entertain a special predilection for Chopin. Buelow, indeed, does not compose at all, or at any rate, never brings before the public anything he may have written; whereas, taking into account what Rubinstein has produced, from oratorio, opera, and cantata to symphony, concerto, and chamber music, instrumental and vocal in almost every shape, it is difficult to understand how, with so much incessant brain-work, he can find leisure for that assiduous practice without which it would seem impossible to keep in perfect order such manipulative skill as his playing invariably exhibits.

Herr Rubinstein's first "recital" in St. James's Hall brought an enormous audience, including a more than ordinary number of well known connoisseurs and professors, foreign and English. The programme was of a character to display to advantage, not merely the manual proficiency, but the varied resources and retentive memory of the pianist. It comprised specimens of J. S. Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, and Rubinstein himself, presented in almost strict chronological order, and so judiciously placed with reference to each other as to maintain an agreeable effect of contrast to the end. Although the sound of the unaccompanied pianoforte went on incessantly, at but short intervals, for two consecutive hours, there was scarcely at any moment a sense of monotony. The second and third numbers from Bach's *Well-tempered Clavier* ("48 Preludes and Fugues") formed a sort of contrapuntal preamble to what was coming. These were followed by Mozart's Rondo in A minor, a gem of the purest water, which served to show that Herr Rubinstein, when in self-contained repose, can be as unobtrusively tranquil and expressive as

leads, On, . Fol - low the brave king of Mor -

ven, Follow the brave king of Mor - ven. On!

On! the standard up-

Loud pealeth the horn, On, on to the fight. . . . on to the

raise, the standard upraise,

fight, . . . on to the fight! on, on,

on, fol-low him, fol - low him, fol-low, fol - low

him,

fol - low him, fol-low him, fol-low him, fol-low

him, fol - low! challenge the foemen, challenge the foemen, all

him, foll - low him,

fz

. . . to the fight, Challenge the foe to the fight, all . . to the

fz

fight, On, on to the fight, on, on to the

fight, On, to the fight, on, on, on to the fight, on,

fight, on to the fight. . . . . on, on to the

on, on to the fight, on to the fight,

fight,

fz

fz

dim.

mf

in music of another kind he can be fiery and impetuous. The grace and delicacy combined in this were perfect; and nothing in more striking contrast could have succeeded it than the magnificent Sonata Appassionata of Beethoven. Herr Rubinstein's delivery of the *allegro* and *finale* of which was as impassioned as the music itself. The *presto*—peroration to the *finale*—was taken at an incredible pace, a pace the composer could never have thought of; but, on the other hand, Beethoven himself would have been charmed with the reading of the *andante*, an interlude of surpassing loveliness, dividing the two long movements from each other, which, when suddenly interrupted by the discords announcing the approach of the irresistible *finale*, always leaves a kind of regretful feeling behind. Nothing could have been truer or more expressive than the reading of this. The whole sonata, indeed, was an exceptional performance, and stirred up the audience to unwonted enthusiasm. The *Kreisleriana* of Schumann, with their here and there grim humor, came after the "Appassionata" something like genial comedy after deep tragedy; the effect, however, was well calculated. The B minor Sonata of Chopin, an interesting but unequal work, served to exhibit in strong relief two opposite characteristics of Herr Rubinstein's talent—the repose already so notably manifested in Beethoven's *andante* and the uncontrollable impetuosity put forth in the *finale*. Chopin's *finale* was even a more prodigious feat of mechanical daring than the other; but the tuneful episode—a distinguishing trait in the otherwise solemn and gloomy Marche Funèbre—must before all be praised. It was this episode which created so profound an impression when, in 1849, at the Madeleine, a funeral service was performed to celebrate the obsequies of Chopin, and the organist, M. Lefébure-Wély, assigned the melody to a beautiful "vox humana" stop. It is but truth to say that Herr Rubinstein, with a close yet gentle touch, made the keys of the pianoforte give out tones no less sweet and musical than the "vox humana" itself. The entire sonata was a treat for the admirers of Chopin, of whom there were not a few among the audience. Equally gratified were they—as was every amateur, in fact—with a selection from those "Etudes" which, had he produced nothing more, would have made the name of their composer famous among pianists.

The programme could scarcely have been led to a conclusion more appropriately than by some of Herr Rubinstein's own compositions. These were in two groups. The first comprised four sketches, under the general title of "Miniatures;" *Au bord du Ruisseau*, *Menuet*, *Serenade*, and *Valse*, all piquant and original, and all, the first and second especially, listened to with interest. The next group included three isolated pieces: *Caprice*, *Barcarolle*, and *Valse Caprice*. The *Barcarolle* helped to show the admirable ease with which the Russian artist can sustain a melody amid showers of delicate and aerial passages, designed not so much for the sake of display as of graceful ornament; the last called forth unlimited powers of execution, with an effect that both puzzled and amazed the audience, who twice called back the pianist amid unanimous and long-continued plaudits. *Finis coronat opus.*—*Lond. Times.*

[From the *Musical Standard*, June 3.]

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS. The following are the principal numbers of the sixth (or fifth evening) concert on Monday evening, when Herr Rubinstein again came before the public; this time more ambitiously, as composer of a symphony.

Overture, "Jessonda" ..... Spohr
Concerto for Violin ..... Beethoven
Violin M. Henri Wieniawski.
Dramatic Symphony, No. 4, in D minor. Rubinstein
[First time of performance in this country]
Overture, "William Tell," ..... Rossini
Vocalists: Mr. W. Cummings and Miss Marie Duval
Conductor ..... MR W. G. CUSINS.

It does not follow that a great artist has the gift of creative genius; and several examples might be quoted in proof of the assertion. That Herr Rubinstein is a composer far above mediocrity none will deny, but his forte cannot be said to consist in the production of the works of the highest class, such as symphonies and concertos. Of the two pianoforte concertos recently played by him at the old and new Philharmonic concerts we have been obliged to speak in qualified terms; they have not we believe fired with enthusiasm the most ardent of this great man's many admirers. The dramatic symphony has been heard; the oracle has spoken; and now what is to be said? Let us avow that when the dramatic symphony came to an end, we felt relieved. It lasts one whole hour, and utterly exhausts the patience by its vagueness and prolixity. Fine writing and elegant scholarship do not compensate for the want of definite outline and distinct purpose. The first movement, introduced by a lento, is boisterous, and full of sound, but what it signifies as a whole we know not. The repetitions are insufferably tedious. The second movement, a presto in D minor and its tonic major, has a certain bold, rugged grandeur and vivid color, but no guiding idea; the style suggests the course of life pursued by people who, too indolent to steer, prefer to drift at the will of the water. A florid solo for the first violin and a descending arpeggio passage for wind instruments are salient features. The trio is in D major. The adagio (third movement) in F major, lengthy and overdone, naively relies for effect upon ingenious instrumentation; the hautboys and violins are well employed. A short largo leads to the final allegro con fuoco, a bold bustling movement, of which we much prefer the second theme (dolce) in F, tuneful, finely harmonized, and supplemented by a subject for the horns. The coda, though loud and pretentious, is ineffective, because really incoherent. The reception of the dramatic symphony was the reverse of rapturous, and one feeble demonstration at the end of a movement evidently alarmed the majority who dreaded anything like an encore. We could not sit out this symphony again.

M. Wieniawski, whose performance at his own concerts we had occasion to eulogize last week, played the concerto so finely as to confirm the deep impression made on his first appearance. He sings on his instrument most exquisitely; his facile execution almost justifies the illusion that clever violin-playing cannot be so very difficult a task after all; but it is the poetry of style that constitutes the artist's greatest charm. The cadenzas, reverent and self-denying, were clever concise recapitulations of the "ground" ideas, with a legitimate display of the solo instrument and its genius. Miss Marie Duval sang "Batti, batti" most delightfully, and Mr. Cummings delivered his well-chosen excerpt from "Euryanthe" with the taste of an accomplished artist. The concert lasted three hours!

NEW PHILHARMONIC. We subjoin the programme of the third concert, on Saturday morning, May 27:—

Overture, "La Selva incantata" [Gerusalemme liberata] ..... Benedict
Aria, "Ah rendimi quel cor" [Mitrane] ..... Rossi
Mdlle Redeker.
[Her first appearance in England].
Symphony, in A, the Italian] ..... Mendelssohn
Chanson, "Le Vallon" ..... Gounod
Signor Adolfi.
Concerto, in D minor, No. 4, Op. 70 ..... Rubinstein
Herr Anton Rubinstein.
Duets, { *a.* "Wanderer's Nachtlied" / *b.* "Sang das Vöglein" } Rubinstein
Mdlle. Thekla Friedlander and Mdlle. Redeker.
Song, "Ave Maria," ..... Schubert
Signor Adolfi.
Lieder, { *a.* "Aufenthalt," ..... Schubert / *b.* "Verständniss" ..... Berlioz }
Mdlle Redeker.
Overture [Egmont] ..... Beethoven
Conductors.... DR. WYLDE and MR. GANZ.

The appearance of Herr Rubinstein of course attracted an additional number of visitors, and the hall was filled in every part. The concerto in D minor is regarded as the composer's representative work in this country. The first (moderato) movement is begun by the full orchestra, the phrase being followed by the pianoforte, fortissimo; after this occurs a second theme in F. The character of this movement is fiery and impetuous, occasionally wild and romantic, but never extravagant or rhapsodical. The slow movement in F (moderato assai) is a simple and beautiful strain of cantabile, varied by an agitato, and pleasantly vague as a reverie or day dream; for we contend that the mind of man is not so constituted as to be always able to think according to strict logical or mathematical formulas. The allegro finale, a sort of rondo in D minor and major, is a dashing movement in which the energy of the pianoforte and the full band alternate. The different subjects are most artistically worked out; the scoring is splendid, and the final climax grand. We much prefer this concerto to the fifth in E flat, produced at the old Philharmonic Society's concert a month ago. Herr Rubinstein was rapturously recalled, and on an encore played a solo, a Notturno of Chopin.

The Italian symphony was brilliantly played under the baton of Dr. Wylde, and the audience encored the andante in D minor. The dramatic overture of Beethoven, and the march from Athalie (added to the scheme) requires no comment. Sir Julius Benedict's overture in E minor and major is intended to illustrate incidents in the career of Rinaldo; his sojourn in the Fortunate Islands, his escape from the fascinations of Armida, his final interview with her, and the prowess of the hero at the taking of Jerusalem, when Godfrey fulfilled his vow, as Tasso writes, "sciogli suo voto." We confess that we cannot find the clue to these mysteries in the programme music, finely scored, indeed, but diffuse and occasionally dry. The overture (repeated by desire) was introduced at the opening concert of the twenty-third New Philharmonic season. Mdlle. Redeker made a very favorable impression in Rossi's air, and was recalled. Signor Adolfi won a *bis*.

Music in Baltimore.—The Peabody Conservatory.

[From the Baltimore *Bulletin*, June 10.]

The closing exercises of the Peabody Conservatory of Music show the very high artistic standard which it has reached. The crop of young composers and artists executant which it is bringing on, are honors to the institution. The concerts extended through five days. The two first days were called "examination concerts," and were given in the small hall of the Mulberry street house. They were, as their name implies, examinations of the progress of the students, many of whom are in the first years of their studies. These concerts were attended chiefly by the professors and officers and a small company of musicians specially invited. The thoroughness of the training, even in the lower classes, is very satisfactory.

The last three concerts were exhibition concerts, given in the large hall of the institute, and to which a numerous public were invited. The first was the solo evening; the second the evening of concerted music; the third, the orchestral evening. They were largely attended, as well they might be; for the music was admirably chosen and always creditably, sometimes superbly, executed. On the first evening the following programme was performed:

PART I.—L. van Beethoven.—Sonata, E major, work 14, No 1; 1st movement; Miss Hollie Webster. Mendelssohn Bartholdy.—Fantasia, C major, work 16, No 1; Miss Florence Montgomery. H. Ravina.—Nocturne, D flat major, work 13; Miss Susie Campbell. Anton Rubinstein.—Fifth Barcarole, A minor. Th. Kullak.—"Müller-song; 'in the fields,' B flat major, work 89, No. 4. Miss Kate Gorton. Mendelssohn Bartholdy.—Caprice, A minor, No 1, work 33, Miss Mabel Latham.

PART II.—W. A. Mozart.—Recitative and air from the opera *Figaro's Wedding*; Miss Susie Campbell. G. Donizetti.—Rondo from the opera *Lucrezia Borgia*; Miss Henrietta Jacobs. Cavatina from the opera *Lucia*; Miss Mamie Stammers.

PART III.—L. van Beethoven.—32 Variations C minor; Miss Lizzie Beltzhoover. Fr. Liszt.—"Venezia e Napoli;" gondola-song and tarantelle; Miss Mattie Cross.

All this was prettily done. The singing showed the pure Italian schooling of Signor Baraldi. The chief objection was that the selections were sometimes too difficult for such immature artists and such young voices. But the singing was devoid of faults and bad mannerisms. The young ladies are developing their voices according to sound methods, and those who have some natural gift in that way are already blossoming out. Some of the sopranos have voices of exquisite timbre and full of promise. The piano performances were neat, and the last two—the "32 Variations" of Beethoven, played by Miss Beltzhoover, and the "Venezia e Napoli" of Liszt, played by Miss Cross—were given in a style hardly falling short of the best performances of Miss Mehlig, Miss Krebs, or Miss Topp.

On the second evening the following programme was given:

PART I.—Fr. Schubert.—Nocturne E flat major, work 148, for piano, violin, and violoncello; Miss Ida Hoen, supported by Concert-master J. H. Rosewald and Mr. Jungnickel. L. van Beethoven.—Sonata, F major, work 24 for piano and violin; *Allegro; Adagio; Scherzo, allegro molto; Rondo, allegro non troppo;* Miss Lina Stiebler, supported by Mr. H. A. Allen.

PART II.—V. Bellini.—Cavatina from the opera *Norma;* Miss Lizzie Krüger. Ch. Gounod.—"At Eve," song with piano; Miss Ettie Maddox. G. Rossini.—"Quis est homo," duet from *Stabat Mater;* Misses Kruger and Jacobs.

PART III.—String quartet, C major, 1st movement; composed for 2 violins, viola and violoncello by Flora Saudek, ex-student; Messrs. Rosewald, Schaefer, Metz and Jungnickel. Songs with piano, composed by Rebecca D. Penniman.—"The Rose that all are Praising," "Happy Hours"—Miss Kate Dickey; "Parting," "Old Times;" Mrs. Lizzie Annandale, ex-student. String quartet, D minor, composed for 2 violins, viola and violoncello by Hermine Hoen; *Allegro vivace; Andante con moto; Menuetto; Allegro;* Messrs. Rosewald, Schaefer, Metz and Jungnickel.

This was the evening of concerted music. The Schubert Nocturne was performed with good taste, Miss Ida Hoen showing spirit and understanding of the work. The Beethoven Sonata was accurately played by Miss Stiebler, supported by Professr Allen, but the move-

ments were somewhat hurried. Miss Krüger sang in lovely quality of voice and pure intonation. Miss Maddox also gave great promise. She sang her ballads with artistic feeling and in good voice.

The original compositions by the students performed at this concert were remarkable in their way. The string quartet composed by Miss Sandek showed abundance of ideas, of a darkly pathetic cast, a knowledge of counterpoint, and a genuine feeling for violin effects. It was not, however, strict in form, or in thematic treatment. It was nevertheless a remarkable composition for a young girl. The string quartet of Miss Hermine Hoen is a very scholarly composition. It is a joyous work, and suggests a familiarity with the quartets of Haydn. The first movement is decidedly Haydnesque, and works out the themes with the same dainty formality. The second movement shows a flavor of Pleyel; so it will be seen that the genius of the young composer has led her to the best studies. The music-lovers of this city will be glad to hear from Miss Sandek, and from Miss Hoen the opus 2. The songs composed by Rebecca D. Penniman are all well written, and some display fine melodic invention and skillful treatment. We learn that she writes them with great ease and rapidity, and has already produced quite a number.

The third was the orchestral evening. And here we must condemn the unwise economy that gave only one orchestral evening. The directors of the Conservatory should understand that in bringing young artists before the public they should do so in the best possible manner. An evening into which six concertos for piano and orchestra are crowded is unendurably long. If the second and third evenings had been combined, making both of them orchestral and concerted, both would have been immensely improved. Those concerts were not school-girly things. They were musical treats that the highest taste could enjoy. No advertisement of the Conservatory—to take the most sordid view of it—could be so good as splendid concerts given by the young artists and students. If the directors would only realize the fact that they are at the head of the finest art school in America; that it is no disgrace to them to be so situated, but a great honor; and that the general public does not suspect them of giving lessons on the piano scales or vocal solfeggi,—if they would understand these things, the Conservatory would soon become as famous as it is worthy of fame. It has grown to its present enviable rank, in spite of them.

The programme of the third evening was as follows:

PART I.—L. van Beethoven.—Piano-concerto, No 3, C minor, work 37; *Allegro con brio;* Mrs. Isabel Dobbin. Fr. Chopin.—Piano-concerto, No 2, F minor, work 24; *Larghetto; Allegro vivace;* Mrs. J. R Seemuller. C. M. von Weber.—Concert-piece, F minor, work 79, for piano and orchestra; *Larghetto affettuoso; Allegro passionato; Marcia e rondo giojoso;* Miss Minna Lurman. Polonaise Brilliante, E minor, work 72, adapted for piano and orchestra by Fr. Liszt; Miss Mattie Cross.

PART II.—G. Rosetti.—"Separation;" song, with piano; Miss Ettie Maddox. G. Donizetti.—Nocturne from the opera *Don Pasquale;* Misses Stammers and Maddox. Mendelssohn Bartholdy.—Caprice Brilante. B major, work 22, for piano and orchestra; Miss Nora Freeman. Piano-concerto, No. 2, D minor, work 40; *Allegro appassionato; Adagio; Finale, presto scherzando;* Miss Lizzie Beltzhoover.

The Beethoven Concerto was superbly played by Mrs. Dobbin; with a touch powerful, yet delicate, with intelligent conception of its majesty, and with precise and highly-finished execution. She is a close student of the grand school of Madame Auerbach. Mrs. Seemuller played the Chopin Concerto in the clear and elegant school of Prof. Courlaender. It was beautifully done, refined in feeling and neat in execution. Miss Lurman gave the Weber Concert-piece admirably. She has a fine hand, which gives a noble breadth and fulness of tone, and her technical skill is of a high order. Miss Mattie Cross played the Weber Polonaise with splendid dash and brilliancy. Her technique is a thing of which her teacher, Prof. Courlaender, may well be proud. Miss Nora Freeman's performance of Mendelssohn's Caprice was somewhat marred by nervous trepidation, which was the more to be regreted, as she played it exquisitely at rehearsal. She lacked nothing but confidence in her own fine capacity. Miss Beltzhoover closed the concert with the D minor Concerto of Mendelssohn, which was played with superb finish. Miss Beltzhoover is a genuine artist, and must make her mark. She has the technique and discipline of a veteran, and the enthusiasm and dash of youth. Her playing shows her immense labor and study, under Madame Auerbach, and it reveals an insight and depth of feeling that are her own. She is now fitted for any concert-room. The new Knabe piano was used in the concerted and orchestral music, and the Chickering piano in the accompaniment to the singers.

This concert showed that we have here in Baltimore a piano school that we say seriously is probably second to none whatever, here or abroad. Madame Auerbach is incomparably superior to all the pianists that have been here, except Von Bülow and Rubinstein, and she is probably a better teacher than either. Our little Katie Gaul went abroad to study and has become a great artist. It was of course good for her to see all the great art cities of Europe. But when she comes back she will find a cluster of young artists here; and if she be superior to them, it will be because she has had greater gifts—not better training.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 24, 1876.

The Boylston Club Concert.

The musical season, like a musical period, after several half cadences, has at length come to a full stop; and the Boylston Club was the last to leave the stage. In its concert at the Music Hall, on Thursday evening, June 8, the Club appeared at its best. Better male part-singing one can very seldom hear. The voices are equal in number, volume, and, with the exception of the high tenors, in quality, to those of the Apollo. The singers are united, loyal and intelligent; and their enthusiastic, firm, exacting leader, Mr. Osgood, has by judicious, careful training led them on by sure steps from good to better, and well nigh to best. The blending of voices, the clear and free delivery of tone, the truth of intonation, the certainty of attack, the sensitive right placing and gradation of accent, the light and shade, and (characteristic of this choir) the distinct enunciation of the words, is admirable. There is quick and right response to each intention of the leader; and from him they catch the spirit of each composition as a whole. Moreover it seems to be a main point with him to enlarge as fast and far as possible their musical horizon; to get them out of the beaten track and narrow circle of mere part-songs for male voices, and bring them into acquaintance with Art-works of nobler range and consequence. Such is the selection from Cherubini's *Requiem* sung on this occasion. The part-songs, too, were fresher and better for the most part (as were those at the last Apollo concerts) than we have heard in several previous seasons; so the great audience felt and showed by every sign of pleasure.

The tasteful little programme book (the miniature quarto which has become peculiar to such clubs here and in other cities) placed in each hearer's hands the words and titles of the following selections:

1. Whittier's Centennial Ode (or Hymn), with J. K. Paine's music, originally for mixed voices, but arranged for the Boylston Club by the author. It is a simple Choral or hymn tune at best; there was no call in the words, nor in the Centennial opening, for more; solid, serious, tranquil, well harmonized, and unpretending. It did not seem to inspire the audience on this occasion; how far this may have been due to the reharmonizing for male voices we cannot say; nor need we undertake to judge of the intrinsic value of the composition, since the notes are published in the original and doubtless better form in the *Atlantic*, where all may judge for themselves.

2. Then came two part-songs; the first a new and lively one by Esser: "The Beginning of Spring." The call to the flowers to "Awake! awake!" has a right cheery ring, and a fine Spring air tingles in the harmony. It was sung with spirit. "The lake in dreamy slumber lies," an exquisitely delicate and quiet piece of harmony by Schumann, was so delicately and purely rendered that the audience were transported and would not be content without a second hearing.

3. The *Dies iræ* from the second *Requiem* (in D minor), which Cherubini, at the age of 76, composed for male voices in three parts. Why Mr. Osgood found it necessary to arrange it for *four* voices, is not quite clear to us, since the work is certainly complete as Cherubini left it; we presume however that what was done was literally but *arrangement*, for the more convenient distribution of the task among the voices, with no addition of a new part or of any notes not in the chaste and perfect harmony of the original. This *Dies iræ* is a long section of the work, including several connected movements to words often treated separately, as *Tuba mirum, Rex tremendæ, Recordare, Lacrimosa*, etc. The last, which Cherubini has treated very briefly in comparison with the wonderful setting by Mozart, was here omitted. It is an intensely dramatic and impressive rendering of the emotions answering to this series of appalling texts; and some of the sublimest effects are realized by simplest means. To give full force to the scouring *agitato* orchestral introduction and accompaniment (played on the piano by Mr. PETERSILEA), and to the stern entrance of the voices (here in four parts), it should have been preceded by the quiet unaccompanied Graduale: *Requiem æternam, etc.* But it was powerfully given; and very graphic is the fragmentary, as if breathless repetition, by voice after voice on the same notes, of phrase after phrase: *solvet sæclum; teste David; cum Sybilla, etc.* Equally simple and more grand is the unison on *A* of *Tuba mirum*, dividing, like the white ray into colors, on the words: *spargens sonum.* At the word *coget* (shall compel all before the throne) the simple reinforcement, in unison, of the tones first uttered by a single part, has indeed a *cogent* and most irresistible effect, and the succession of the harmonies which complete the sentence (chords of D major, E flat, E-natural) is thrilling. *Mors stupebit* is whispered in fragmentary imitations and reiterations from voice to voice.— But we cannot here recall it all in such detail. Suffice it to say that the appalling grandeur of *Rex tremendæ majestatis;* the touching supplication: *Salva me;* the flowing, graceful Andantino (3–4) of the *Recordare*, where the three parts sing simultaneously three stanzas of the words; the fierce devouring Presto of *Confutatis maledictis*, where the searching tongues of flame are vividly suggested at the words: *flammis acribus addictis;* the slow movement which succeeds it: *Voca me cum benedictis;* the Grave: *Lacrimosa* (which we were sorry to have omitted); and the sweet resigned conclusion: *Pie Jesu*, with the gently flowing figure of accompaniment in sixteenths, bringing all back to the thought of rest eternal,—all are treated in the noble, unequivocal and unaffected way of a ripe, consummate master of his Art, endowed with a poetic rich imagination and always giving you the feeling of reserved force.

4. The rest of the vocal pieces were part-songs. Schubert's Song: "The Post-Horn" (*Der Post*), one of his best, as it was sure to be with so exciting a theme to inspire his genius, had been harmonized by some one into a four-part song; which we think no improvement, yet it sounded finely, being also finely sung, so that the audience was quite carried away by it. The others were: the well-known serious "Huntsman's Farewell," by Mendelssohn; "Auf Wiedersehn," by Becker, and "The Singer's Watchword," by Wollenhaupt, the last two for the first time; the last smacked to us of something between originality and ingenuity, though on the whole rather a labored effort; to the *Auf Wiedersehn!* we dare say echo answered.

5. Fresh interest was added to each half of the concert by the piano playing of Mr. W. H. SHERWOOD, who fully confirmed the excellent impression made on his first appearance in the Music Hall. His first group of pieces was from classical old masters: the bold and brilliant Fantaisie in C minor,

by Bach; the dancing little fugued *Gigue* in G, by Mozart; and the E-minor Fugue by Handel (lately played by Mr. Perabo). All these were rendered very clearly, with precision, freedom and expression, and with a rare vitality of accent. In the second part he played very tastefully one of the most poetic of the Nocturnes by Chopin, that in F major, *Andante Cantabile*, from Op. 15; and then, in the way of virtuosity, proved himself abundantly able to cope with all the technical requirements of Liszt's wild, incoherent, ever recommencing, fruitless and fatiguing "Mephisto Waltz." Meyerbeer lets us hear a waltz from the infernal pit in the middle of *Robert le Diable*, which is more like music, rounded into form, and short, yet telling the whole story; but this—we thought the Devil had more method in his—malice!

A New Sydney's "Defense" of a New Kind "of Poesy."

Verily the strangest and the last result of Wagnerism!

It is altogether a new invention, a new kind of Poetry,—to wit *Orchestral* Poetry—which Mr. Sydney Lanier, in his "Explanation and Defense" of his Centennial Cantata, copied from the *Tribune* in our last, seems to consider bound to supersede all other poetry for music, just as the Wagnerian "Art-Work of the Future" claims to supersede whatever we have known as Opera. And, it would seem, for simply the same reason,—because Richard Wagner lives! Plainly our Centennial poet,—who is also a musician, member of an orchestra of ultra-modern tendencies—has eaten of the insane root, and has become intensely Wagnerized. This seems to be his argument: Wagner has given a "prodigious modern development to the orchestra;" therefore the orchestra henceforth must dictate the whole form and character of poetry for human voices! We confess this looks to us like a *non sequitur*. Why and how does the fuller scoring of the modern orchestra, the addition of so many instruments, the extra brass, the improved technique of execution, change the relation of poetry to music? Does all poetry for music necessarily involve an orchestra? Has not the best of poetry, written without thought of instruments or voices, been set to music by the Handels and the Beethovens, even with their small orchestras, and so effectively that the wedding of the word and tone comes nearer the divine, than anything this modern striving after novelty can show?

But, be the relation of poetry to music what it may, can there be any reason why the poetry *as poetry* should not be *clear?* For that is the real issue between Mr. Lanier and his critics. If, as he says, to the modern composer the human voice is simply an orchestral instrument, why, then the least we can demand of it is, what we demand of every instrument (violin, flute, oboe, or what not), that it shall have something definite to say, that it shall phrase its passage rightly and distinctly, that it shall be a clear, intelligible voice. Words are supposed to contain thoughts, else why words at all. They are to be sung, and why sung if the thought can be made quite as clear without them. Doubtless the orchestra can do much to intensify, to illustrate and hold up in stronger lights the thoughts and images presented by the poet; but let him also do his part by writing just as clearly as he can. It is nonsense to imagine that verses can be any better for musical, or any other purposes, by want of clearness, whether intentional or careless. Grant that words cannot say all; that they may still, however blessed their inspiration, need the aid of music for the full and adequate expression of the conception in the poet's mind; yet to the extent that words can go, is it not better that they should be at least grammatically intelligible? A poem may be fine in spite of vagueness, never because of vagueness; and music can make no use of vague or puzzling poetry which it could not equally well make if the poetry were clear to common comprehension.—As for the analogy which Mr. Lanier suggests between poems for music, and paintings to be seen by moonlight, it seems like a reversing of his own theory, which begins with requiring that poetry, not clear in itself, shall be made clear by the orchestra; and now it seems the orchestra can only invest it with a moonlight vagueness! Far otherwise thought Mendelssohn, who on being importuned to give a verbal explanation or interpretation of some piece of music said: "Impossible; how can one explain, in words, music which expresses what it means so much more perfectly than words?" At the risk of seeming disrespectful, we are tempted to suggest that the orchestral poet's parallel is moonshine!

To return to the idea of treating the human voice as an orchestral instrument; where shall we seek the like? Not chiefly, if at all, in Wagner, nor in any of the new composers. But we must go back to good old John Sebastian; there we have it in perfection; turn to any one of his Cantatas, and you find there always every instrument a voice, and every voice an instrument. Is that the modern way? No, that is not the art of this day. Wagner, for instance, intrusts the illustration of his poetic thought or image, the revelation of the inward individualities and characters of his *dramatis personæ*, mainly to his orchestra; the voice, in rambling recitative, simply interprets, calls the names, points with a stick, as it were, to figures as they pass in the unfolding panorama. We continually wonder that so few, either of Wagner's critics or admirers, have been struck by this strange radical inconsistency between his practice and his theory. The Wagner theory begins with the denial of the validity of music *per se*, or "pure" music. Instrumental music, he asserts, uttered its last word in Beethoven; there was no more that it could do unaided and alone; poetry, words must intervene; henceforth the *Drama* is the thing; and Music must be handmaid to the masculine and master principle, the Word, or Poetry. Yet Wagner in his practice, in his operas ("dramatic actions") lays nearly all the stress, not on the voices, but upon the orchestra. With scenery and orchestra, and figures in dumb show, we fancy, we should hardly miss the singing, so paramount and so absorbing (not to say deafening) is the Carlylian "wide weltering chaos" of his restless, multitudinous, incessant sea of instruments. The Wagner poems give the Wagner instruments their themes and hints to work upon. So far, so good; why then, not content himself, like Liszt, with purely orchestral "Symphonic Poems?" And if Mr. Lanier designed his poem simply as "Argument" for orchestra, was it not quite superfluous to write a poem to be read as such, or even to be sung?

Mr. Lanier writes earnestly, and with unmistakable sincerity. There are some good thoughts in his "Defense." He is right in regard to the unity of topic and of purpose which should control all the subordinate thoughts and topics of a Cantata, as indeed of any work of Art. He has our sympathy in his partiality for Anglo-Saxon words. But he has not proved his main point, that the relation of Poetry to Music is necessarily changed by any new expansion which has been or which can be given to the orchestra. This stupendous, overshadowing modern orchestra, with the vast revolutionary Wagner phantom behind it, has disturbed his poetic spontaneity and spoiled his poem. Poet he truly is, we are persuaded. A year ago we copied in these columns a long poem of his, entitled "The Symphony," which in spite of some vagueness, contained passages of fresh and fine poetic fancy. There is a truly grand poetic thought, or image, for the central theme of this Cantata, to which the subordinate thoughts in the several stanzas are truly and poetically related. If it had not been "written for the orchestra," we think he would have made a noble poem of it; and there is no thought in it which could not have been made readily appreciable to the average reader,—and none the less singable, none the less fit for illustration by an orchestra, on that account. The ideas in themselves are right; the conception is sublime, imaginative, worthy of our Centennial occasion, and of any amount of instrumental and of vocal treatment; the fault is that a theoretic bugbear intervened to make the verbal expression purposely obscure. And now, in curious contradiction of his theory, which he took such pains to explain beforehand to the composer, Mr. Dudley Buck's music is perfectly clear as music (and very clever too in many parts),—just such music as needed no more orchestra than Beethoven had to bring out all its meaning;—yet, while so clear itself, it does not help at all to make the enigmatical lines of the poem any clearer. No, this music quietly takes them on its back and flows and winds on at "its own sweet will," unconscious of the burden. There was a chance to "welter," too, after the approved Wagner fashion; but our composer, bound before all things to write musically and clearly, is not tempted, and makes no particular ado in setting lines like:

> Yonder where the to-and-fro
> Weltering of my Long-Ago
> Moves about the moveless base
> Far below my resting place.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 19.—The Thomas Concerts are now permanently established here for the season. They were interrupted for about a week and a half through the failure of the Forrest Mansion Hotel Company to fulfil their engagement with Mr. Thomas. Mr. Thomas has now rented the gardens, and will continue the concerts on his own responsibility. The audiences are increasing, and all lovers of music here sincerely hope that he will meet with the financial success he deserves.—Gilmore has departed, and no other band has taken his place as yet, but, instead, the different piano makers give concerts on the platform in the centre of the building, lately occupied by Gilmore. The only pianists of any distinction who have as yet appeared in these concerts are Mr. J. N. Pattison and Dr. Gustave Satter. It was utterly impossible to hear the piano ten feet from the platform. Mr. Boscovitz gives recitals daily in Machinery Hall; Messrs Pattison and Levassor in Main Hall. Last Saturday evening I was present at a *Musicale* at the mansion of the Decker Brothers, and was surprised at the really fine performance of Mr. Levassor. His playing at the Exposition had not impressed me very favorably. On this occasion he played the following selections:

Rondo Capriccioso, op. 129 (posthumous)..Beethoven
Ballade in G minor ....Chopin
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 6 .....Liszt

The Rondo was played with artistic grace and feeling. The Ballade and Rhapsodie created a profound sensation. This (Monday) evening the following Musical Combination will open at the Academy of Music under the management of Mr. James W. Morrissey:

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, Miss Annie Louise Cary, (her first appearance since her return from Russia), Mrs. Zelda Seguin, Signor Brignoli, Signor Ferranti, Mr. Franz Remmertz. Miss Julia Rive and Mr. S. B. Mills, Pianists, (their first appearance together), Mlle. Esmeralda Cervantes, and Senor Joseph White.

Second Grand Operatic Concert, Wednesday June 21.
Third and Last Operatic Concert, Saturday evening, June 24.

The sale of seats has been very large, and crowded houses will be the result of the liberality and enterprise of Mr. Morrissey in bringing together such an ensemble of artists, and charging the extremely low price of one dollar for a reserved seat. It now appears that we are not to have Mr. Boscovitz, Mr. Sherwood, Mr. Pinner or Mr. Liebling here. The Exposition is so extensive and is so far from the city that visitors return at night completely worn out and all the theatres are poorly patronized. The piano and organ war has been very bitter, but the agony is over, since the judges have made their decision, which has not yet been made public. C. H.

SCHUMANN'S "GESAMMELTE SCHRIFTEN." The long promised translation, by Madame Fanny Raymond Ritter, of Schumann's Collected Writings about Music, (originally undertaken at the suggestion of Madame Clara Schumann) will appear in the autumn simultaneously in London and New York. The very appreciative and competent translator of these rich little German volumes, so full of the best sort of criticism, has further added to the value of the work by a short biography of the man, and by explanatory notes, and photographs from portraits of Robert and Clara Schumann.

Choral Music in Chicago.

JUNE 16. The Apollo Concert last Thursday evening was a very interesting occasion, of which the inclosed *Tribune* notice gives as good an idea as anything I can write. The Mendelssohn motet was one of the finest pieces of chorus singing I ever heard, — expressive, firm, elastic, spirited, and purely intoned. Your Serv't,

DER FREYSCHUETZ.

THE APOLLO CLUB CONCERT.

The Apollo Club closed its season with an extra concert at McCormick's Hall on last Thursday evening, assisted by Miss Annie Louise Cary and Mr. S B. Mills. * * * * * There has probably never been a concert given in Chicago upon the merits of which an audience has been so unanimously enthusiastic. From the first note of Dr. Arne's quaint old English glee to the last note of Handel's majestic fugue for double chorus from "Israel in Egypt," it was delightfully enjoyable, and this notwithstanding that the hall was uncomfortably hot and the atmosphere the worst possible that singers could contend with.

The success of this concert was not only an effective climax to the work of the Club for this season, but it has demonstrated the fact that we have a first-class choral leader in Chicago. Upon this point, we presume, there will be no exception taken, even by the most critical. So far as the Männerchor was concerned, there could be no doubt about Mr. Tomlins's ability. Excellent as the work of the Club has been in past seasons, it has never reached the standard of excellence displayed this season. In power, expression, enunciation, and musical correctness, in all that combines to make perfection in male singing, the Club is incomparable, and is not excelled by the Arion, of New York or its namesake of Boston. This may seem high praise, but is warranted by the judgment of those who have had opportunities of hearing all these organizations. It was a question, however, whether the same ability that drilled the male choir in a somewhat narrow range of music—narrow of necessity—would be able to accomplish proportionate results with a mixed chorus in a more comprehensive and varied repertoire. That question was most happily settled by the concert, for in a few weeks of time Mr Tomlins not only had his sopranos and altos under effective musical discipline, but they sang with the tenors and bassos, already seasoned and matured, as if they were a society of years' standing. The experiment was a successful one, and successful under a very rigid test, for the choral numbers were very diverse and exacting in character, and all of them, even to the Handel double chorus, were given without accompaniment. They embraced an eight-part motet of Mendelssohn's, "Judge me, O God;" a stirring, breezy "Hunting Chorus" by Benedict; the exquisite part song of Gallnick's, "A Shadow;" Dr. Arne's quaint glee, "Where the Bee Sucks;" Macfarren's quartet for ladies' voices, "You Spotted Snakes;" the madrigal, 'While the Bright Sun," by Byrd, an organist and madrigal writer of Queen Elizabeth's time; Webbe's song, 'Breathe Soft ye Winds;" the numbers by Kuecken and Hatton for the male chorus; and the double chorus closing 'Israel in Egypt," Miriam's song of triumph. This is certainly an array of numbers sufficiently diverse in character to test even an old society, and yet every one of them was carried through not only without scarcely an error, but with a quality of tone, a finish of expression a perfection of enunciation and a musical correctness, which have never been excelled even by our societies of long standing. The parts were splendidly led the balance was in admirable proportion, and the whole chorus kept one eye upon their conductor and the other upon their music, thus securing not only precision in attack but perfect unanimity of close. There were no laggards Theodore Thomas once hissed out to a chorus he was rehearsing in Farwell Hall, as some of them hung on affectionately to the last note as if loth to part with it "Bite it off" Tomlins's chorus understood the meaning of the musical bite. The leader's perfect control of his singers was especially shown in Benedict's "Hunting Chorus," when upon the encore he took the chorus at a greatly accelerated tempo and carried them through it magnificently, —an experiment which with less intelligent and plastic singers would have been very dangerous. This incident alone shows not only his executive ability but his personal magnetism, which is one of the most essential qualities of a good conductor.

The concert as a whole was a notable event in our local musical world. It has given choral music a new impetus, and has aroused an enthusiasm among our singers which promises well for the future. The Apollo Club will not do wisely to allow this excellent chorus to disband. The existence of such a chorus with such an excellent leader is a suggestion to Mr. Balatka to get his orchestra into good trim to co-operate with it. Chicago now stands ready to compete with Cincinnati vocally. We have as good material for an orchestra as Cincinnati, and as good a leader Combining the two, we shall have the forces for future festivals.

Music in Rome.

MISS ANNIE BREWSTER writes thus glowingly:

[Special Correspondence of the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.]

ROME, Italy, May 18, 1876.—You may not know, probably, that Rome possesses and unusual amount of musical *material*. There are in this city excellent masters, fine professional executants, and a remarkable number of *dilettanti*. That which is called classical music—that is, the chamber and chapel music dating from the days of Palestrina, and the instrumental and concerted music of Mozart and Beethoven—has been carefully studied by Roman masters and scholars. There are two prominent musical circles or sets in Rome each devoted to classic music of the highest order. One is composed of the masters of the pontifical chapels, their singers and disciples. The chief of this great set is the celebrated and musically learned Mustafa, the chapel-master of the Pope, the head of the renowned Sistine Chapel choir; Meluzzi, the leader of the St. Peter's Chapel choir; Capocci, the venerable master of St. John of Lateran, and others are men of musical note; but Mustafa is very justly regarded as the ruler of this fine body of masters and singers. He has been one of the most remarkable soprano singers of this century; from his earliest childhood he has been associated with the famous old music of the pontifical chapels—those chapels in which have been preserved religiously and jealously the traditions of the Palestrina period—the great period—of chapel music.

The other set has two rulers—Sgambati, the fine pianist, and Pinelli, the clever violinist. These two masters have been drilling for years a little army of instrumentalists. I have often told you of the Sgambati and Pinelli musical *matinées* and concerts. There is a Roman orchestral society, whose director is Pinelli, and whose members are composed of those musicians who have studied and played for many years under Ramaciotti (the uncle of Pinelli), Pinelli and Sgambati. The last concert of this society, which was given some two or three weeks ago, was such a musical treat as one rarely has the good chance to enjoy. Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music was executed with wonderful precision and feeling, especially the *Intermezzi*; and Sgambati played a concerto of Beethoven with orchestral accompaniment in the most perfect manner. This body of instrumentalists owns Liszt for king and master. With two such strong musical circles you may well believe me when I say that Rome possesses an unusual amount of musical material.

The Instrumentalists have their Roman Orchestral Society, which I have just mentioned. The Pontifical chapels and their adherents have also an association, called the "Roman Musical Society." Prince Altieri is President, and some other distinguished Roman *dilettanti* form the Directing Council. Marchese Theodoli (brother of the Prince Theodoli Marchese San Vito, who married Miss Conrad) is, with Maestro Bellotti, Musical Director. This Society has, during the last two years, shown wonderful energy and ability. Two years ago it made its *début* in the "*Moïse*" Last year it gave the "*Vestale*" of Spontini, and this spring it has covered itself with glory by executing the "*Messiah*" of Handel in a masterly manner. The Marchese Domenico Capronica translated the text into Italian verse, and Maestro Mustafa directed the execution The result has been simply perfect; this everyone admits.

Everything has contributed toward this brilliant musical success. The music of Handel descends in a direct line from Palestrina; thus Mustafa and his followers were perfectly at home in it; then, as I have already said, the *materiel* was at hand. The singers of the Roman Musical Society are composed not only of the pontifical chapel members, but of the Roman *dilettanti* of both sexes. These voices are beautiful and fresh, and they are carefully cultivated. I think no other country can boast such a set of amateur singers. Fancy such a body of singers, and the fine instrumentalists of the Roman Orchestral Society, executing the *Messiah*, led by the *bâton* of a Mustafa! Their charming, fresh, well-trained male and female voices are pure and true; they have never been worn hoarse and threadbare, "*tra le quinte*," on the boards of an opera stage. The limpid notes, the true, exact intonation make the choruses of the *Messiah* sound as if they came from one superb throat. The basses phrased magisterially, and executed the most difficult gamuts admirably. The choruses were unexceptionally perfect, and the whole composition was given by the singers without the suppression of a note, which is a rare performance; even at London, where the *Messiah* is sung every year, and Handel is one of the articles of faith, I am told that many pieces are omitted. The solo singers were also good, but the choruses could not be better.

Marchese d'Arcais, the musical critic of the *Opinione*, and one of the strong musical authorities of Italy, says; "The Roman Musical Society have given a splendid execution of the Messiah. There is not in Italy, and I doubt if there is elsewhere, a musical society that possesses a choral mass [*massa corale*] that can equal this one, where beauty and freshness of the voices are united to a truly extraordinary intelligence."

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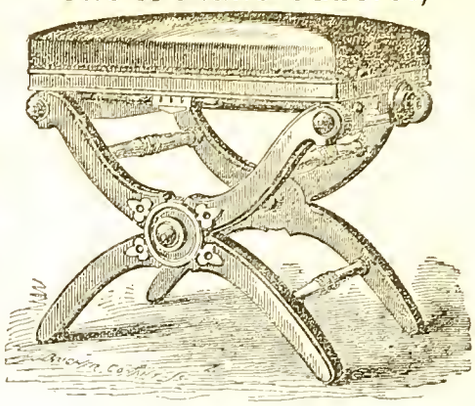

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WHOLE No. 919. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1876. VOL. XXXVI. No. 7.

Corinne—Consuelo.

Sweet sister Pleiades! together now
  Your beams you mingle in the heaven of fame,
Immortal radiance conjoined you throw
  From starry heights, where all men you acclaim.
Rejoice, Corinne! in loneliness so long
  Insphered: a sister-planet mounts at last
In triumph girt with light and song,
  Henceforth with thine her equal rays to cast.
Starred tress of Berenice, shine no more,
  And, Crown of Ariadne, hide your fire!
At length your constellated reign is o'er,
  A brighter cluster joins the starry choir,
Corinne, Consuelo, mingled splendors shed,
  Henceforth the vesper-planets of the dead!

—*Courier, June* 18. B. W. BALL.

Wagner's Theatre at Bayreuth.

(*Being the Introduction to a course of Lectures on the Poem of "Der Ring des Nibelungen," delivered at the Royal Institution by* EDWARD DANNREUTHER.)

Some hundred yards to the south of Bayreuth, on a gentle eminence overlooking a wide expanse of green hills and fields, the prominent point of a landscape almost English in its gentle undulations, stands the "Nibelungentheater"—a solid structure of red brick and wood, neither beautiful nor ugly, without the slightest attempt at architectural show, but exactly fit for its purpose. Before saying anything about the inside of the building, it will be well to answer a few questions which are constantly being asked concerning it. Why need Wagner, of all men, have a theatre to himself? and if there are people ready to build one for him, why should he have it at such an out-of-the-way place as Bayreuth? Are not the Court theatres at Munich, Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, good enough? Or could he not at least choose some snug place which all the world knows, such as Baden-Baden or Wiesbaden for instance? And, above all, how can such a theatre in such a place ever be expected to pay?

This final trump, which one's friends usually put forth with an air of triumph, may be left unanswered, seeing that matters purely artistic never did pay, and never will; and the less art has to do with money the better. But the other questions are not so easily settled, though the key to them lies in the simple fact that it is Wagner's sole aim to obtain a perfectly correct performance of his work; and with this end in view he has thought it advisable to keep that commercial element, which is the bane of all modern theatrical affairs, altogether in the back-ground.

German theatres, occasionally and at rare intervals, turn out remarkably good work. But be their work good, bad, or indifferent, they certainly turn out a great deal too much of it. The managers of German theatres—Court theatres not excepted—depend for the most part upon a public of subscribers—not per season, but per annum. You find the same people in the same seat all the year round. They have read endless newspapers, and are continually clamoring for novelty; night after night they sit and stare, with the same stolid eyes of contented Philistinism, at *Fidelio*, *Il Trovatore*, or *La Grande Duchesse*; at *Lohengrin*, *Robert le Diable*, or *Orphée aux Enfers*; proud of their musical stomach, as capacious as it is undiscriminating. They pay little and expect much; that is to say, they expect a great deal of some sort or other.

Now the inevitable result of such a condition of things among the public is, of course, a complete confusion and veritable anarchy behind the scenes: a confusion and disorganization so great that nine performances out of ten are little better than disgraceful make-shifts—dull, slovenly, inaccurate. Everybody connected with the stage has thrice as much work to do as is good for him: the singers' voices and memory are strained to the utmost: stage-managers have no time to obtain a good *ensemble*; costumiers, scene-painters, machinists, rush from blunder into blunder; chorus and orchestra, in spite of continuous rehearsals, are never sufficiently rehearsed etc. What is to become of *Der Ring des Nibelungen* in such a place? Is the theatre to be shut up, and a few weeks devoted entirely to proper preparations? But the manager is under contract to his subscribers to give so-and-so many performances per week, and he is under contract to pay his artists so-and-so much per month. Who is to indemnify him if he were rash enough to close the doors? and supposing a manager could be found with sufficient pluck and sufficient money to keep him afloat, how could the work be properly executed? No single theatre in Germany is strong enough to furnish competent performers for the principal *rôles* from its own troupe exclusively; no theatre has the proper stage appliances to produce the requisite changes of scene, though they would not present any special difficulty in London or Paris. To make a long story short, if a work like *Der Ring des Nibelungen* is to be successfully executed, the executants must have the stage to themselves, and must have leisure to devote their full energies exclusively to the task. So much for the necessity of building—yet, after all, why build at Bayreuth? Well, the trilogy is as little fit for the miscellaneous public of a fashionable watering-place as for the subscribers of a Stadt or Hoftheater; and as its performance in any case must partake somewhat of a private nature (a sort of family feast, which the musical *élite* of the world prepares for itself), it appears obvious that the less such an undertaking comes in contact with certain equivocal elements of public life in great or fashionable towns, the better for all parties concerned. Bavarian Bayreuth is a charming, quiet old town, with a literary and social past by no means despicable; healthy, prettily situated, easily accessible, in the very middle of Germany. It has no regular theatre, and consequently no theatrical or fashionable public, no leading newspaper, political, clerical, or literary; its negative credentials, in a word, are perfect. Then why not Bayreuth?

And Bayreuth being fixed upon: who built the theatre? who paid for it? who defrays the expenses inseparable from a theatrical performance on so large a scale? You will presently see how it all came to pass, as I tell you a little about the history of the trilogy.

Wagner is now close upon sixty-three years of age, and *Der Ring des Nibelungen* has occupied him more or less exclusively, as the main work of his life, ever since 1847. In 1848 appeared a little pamphlet, "Die Wibelungen, Weltgeschichte aus der Sage," the result of his studies in that vague borderland where historical facts and mythical traditions are so curiously intermingled.

At the same time, the myth of the Niblungs was sketched with a view to dramatic treatment, and a drama in three acts, *Siegfried's Tod*, with an introduction, a large portion of which is now incorporated in *Götterdämmerung*, was printed. After the completion of *Lohengrin*, the revolution of 1849 having entirely severed Wagner's connection with Germany, whilst he was living as an exile in Switzerland, the work assumed enormous dimensions under his hands. He perceived that every section of the mythos, culminating in some distinct action, some exploit of the hero's, had its root and springs in some anterior action: and so, as a dramatist should address himself to the sensuous perceptions of his audience, leaving nothing unclear, nothing unsaid or undone that would have to be supplied by some intellectual combination of inference with inference, Wagner found it necessary to compose three entire dramas, and precede them with an extensive prelude.

Thus the poem in the main, as it now stands, was finished and privately printed towards the close of 1853. After full five years of rest, as far as music is concerned, Wagner betook himself, in the beginning of 1856, to the composition of the music, and continued writing at it with such arduous enthusiasm that in the spring of 1857 the entire scores of *Das Rheingold*, *Die Walküre*, and a large portion of *Siegfried* were ready. After these herculean labors a desponding reaction set in. For full eight years Wagner had not heard one of his own works—banished from German soil, he was at that time, perhaps, the only German who had not heard *Lohengrin*. Without the faintest hope of ever attaining a performance of the trilogy, and sick of heaping one silent score upon another in his library, he took to writing *Tristan*, and subsequently *Die Meistersinger*, within more manageable dimensions, at least so as not to be utterly beyond the reach of the existing German theatre. But *Tristan*, and the sketch of *Die Meistersinger* too, remained silent in his desk. Away from his few friends, unable personally to push on matters with the managers of theatres, fiercely denounced by the press, Wagner had a deplorable time of it. The German theatres left *Tristan and Isolde* to take care of themselves, and remained content with mutilating *Tannhäuser* and *Rienzi*. Then came that noisy and disgraceful failure of *Tannhauser* at Paris in 1861, and Wagner, again disappointed, returned to Zurich, more bitter and hopeless than ever. At length, in 1863, matters took a sudden turn for the better. He was allowed to re-enter Germany, was enthusiastically received, and witnessed a performance of *Lohengrin* at Vienna. In 1864 the King of Bavaria called him to Munich. In 1865 *Tristan*, and in 1868 *Die Meistersinger*, which he had finished in the interim, were correctly performed, under the direction of Von Buelow, and everything looked bright and smooth.

King Ludwig had promised to look after the performances of the *Nibelungen* dramas, and Wagner worked hard to complete them. "But the course of true love," etc. The king was willing enough to lend his aid; his people, however, chose to think that he was making a fool of himself. Though not a penny of the public money was ever touched, or intended to be touched, for any Wagnerian purpose, a great hubbub ensued.

I presume that at the bottom of the strange panic there was some dim fear that Wagner's personal influence might prove politically inconvenient. At any rate, from all Bavarian pulpits, both clerical and secular, from church and synagogue, and from every printing press in the land, a great hue and cry was raised and persistently kept up. The matter was even discussed in the Bavarian Parliament. Munich became too hot to hold him, and Wagner once more sought refuge in Switzerland.

But before long a show of help came from unexpected quarters. Carl Tausig, the pianist at Berlin who had made the pianoforte arrangement of *Die Meistersinger*, had got hold of the

estimates concerning the probable cost of a good performance of the trilogy. These estimates amounted to about 300,000 thalers (£45,000), and with the complete confidence of a man of rare gifts in his own powers of persuasion, he undertook in the course of his pianistic peregrinations in Germany to find a thousand persons willing to lay down 300 thalers (£45) each towards such an end. And he actually succeeded, within a short period, to hunt up a goodly number of such persons. Germany, however, is essentially a poor country. There is very little accumulation of wealth, and the few people to whom a sum such as 300 thalers for an experiment in art would not seem entirely preposterous, are exactly such as are least likely to come forward with it. Neither the Hebrew bankers of the great towns, nor the military and agrarian aristocracy, are people to whom such an object would appear at all desirable. Tausig, however, did not live to be disappointed. The cholera carried him off at Leipzig in the summer of 1871, and if *Der Ring* had *then* been taken to a pawnbroker's it would assuredly not have fetched more than its weight as brass. But an enthusiastic private gentleman at Mannheim, personally unknown to Wagner, started a little association which he called "Wagner-Verein," with a view to acquiring a number of the 300 thaler shares by smaller subscriptions of the several members. This device hit the nail on the head, as the proverb has it. It soon appeared that all over Germany there were numbers of people who were ready to contribute their share, but to whom the 300 thalers Tausig wanted would have been impossible. Wagner Societies sprang up right and left in the Fatherland; all, be it remembered, *entirely* without any move on Wagner's part. One was started in London; St. Petersburg, New York, Brussels, Milan, etc., followed; and the result has been, spite of some delay, and owing to much hard work and perseverance in the face of endless obstacles, that a number of determined men have actually got together the funds required. The theatre is built and paid for, stage arrangements and preliminary rehearsals completed—in short, all expenses defrayed up to the present day, and a balance in hand of upwards of 15,000 florins. Of course this has been done so far only by means of much sacrifice on the part of all the principal persons concerned. Every *mechanical* service required for the building, the stage, the business management, etc., was chosen of the best, and paid for only in proportion as the giver can afford to give it or not. The principal singers are not paid at all, or only in proportion to the loss they sustain on the infringement of contracts they are under elsewhere. The members of the orchestra receive a salary sufficient to defray their railway fares and their livelihood during the months taken up by the rehearsals and performances, and so on with everybody concerned. And when I add that the principal singers, and the members of the orchestra, are one and all picked men from the principal theatres of the great cities, and that very many more have volunteered than could by any chance be accepted, you will agree with me that the coming performances at Bayreuth are indeed a most surprising thing.

Now for the inside of the theatre. A large stage with all the best-considered mechanical appliances, about the size of that of Covent Garden. An auditorium much smaller than that of Covent Garden—less than 1,500 seats—1,000 for the patrons of the undertaking, the remainder to be otherwise disposed of; all seats directly facing the stage, no side boxes or side galleries, no prompter's box. In front of the stage, and screened from the auditorium by a simple wooden reflector, a deep and commodious pit for the orchestra, large enough to seat 120 musicians comfortably, and so deep as to render even the conductor totally invisible. It was a desire to obtain complete scenical illusion, and to get rid of the disturbing aspects of the orchestral lamps, and the unavoidable contortions of the orchestral players, that led to this plan of sinking the orchestra and extending the auditorium in the shape of an elongated amphitheatre; for if the orchestra is to remain invisible, it is obvious that neither lofty galleries nor side boxes could be admitted. The best way to form a picture of the theatre is to fancy a wedge, the thin end of which touches the back of the stage, and the thick end the back of the auditorium. The rows of seats are arranged in slight curves, each row further from the stage being raised about ten inches above its predecessor, and the seats so arranged that every person seated looks at the stage between the heads of two persons before him.

The pit for the orchestra has proved perfectly successful from an acoustical point of view. In fact, certain short-comings of our present orchestral arrangements seem to have been removed: one of these changes for the better, which I noticed last summer at the preliminary rehearsals, is still a puzzle. The wood winds—flutes, oboes, clarinets, and bassoons—though the position occupied by them as regards the other instruments is not a bit nearer to the auditorium than in any of our opera or concert-rooms, yet have a distinctness and clearness of sound altogether surprising. The individuality of each instrument stands out so distinctly, and the actual volume of sound they produce when used together is so palpably greater than one is accustomed to hear, that I have in vain looked about for a sufficient reason. The players, no doubt, are of the first order, but there are players equally competent here or in Paris.

The brass, as might have been expected, sounds less brassy than usual. That explosive bang which seems inseparable from a sudden *forte* of trumpets and trombones in our concert-rooms is subdued, yet the power of those instruments is not perceptibly lessened. With the strings I have noticed no change worth remarking; there was an absence of clearness here and there, but as this occurred only in passages of extreme technical difficulty, and as the orchestra read at first sight (and wonderfully well too), I am convinced that after proper rehearsals every note will be as clear and bright as it should be.

The orchestra is constituted as follows:

Strings.

16 First violins.	12 Violoncellos.
16 Second violins.	8 Contrabasses.
12 Violas.*	

Wood winds.

3 Flutes.	3 Clarinets.
1 Piccolo.	1 Bass Clarinet.
3 Oboes.	3 Bassoons.
1 Corno-inglese.†	

Brass.

8 Horns.	3 Trumpets.
2 Tenor tubas. } ‡	1 Bass trumpet.
2 Bass tubas. }	3 Trombones [tenor, bass].
1 Contrabass tuba.	1 Contrabass trombone.§

Percussion Instruments.

4 Kettledrums.	1 Cymbals.
1 Sidedrum.	1 Carrillon.
1 Triangle.	

And 6 harps. Total 114.

* Amongst the violas a new instrument called *viola-alta*, invented by Hermann Ritter, of Heidelberg, is to be used. It is said to be of a clear and full sonority, free from the nasal twang of the usual viola.

† Instead of the usual corno-inglese an *alto oboe* has been constructed.

‡ The two tenor tubas and the two bass tubas are to be taken by the players of the third and fourth pair of horns.

§ The contrabass trombone is to be taken by the player of usual bass trombone.

Musical Juggleries.

Longfellow says "art is long, and time is fleeting," quoting the well-known Latin proverb; and yet there are not wanting those in this world who trifle with the one and abuse the other. The abusers of art may be divided into two classes,—men who have no creative forces of their own, and therefore live on the brains of others; and men of undoubted genius who are occasionally beguiled into frittering away their time on unworthy productions, which they themselves despise in their secret hearts. In every domain of art this evil has its existence, and in Music the affliction is especially grievous. Tons upon tons of sheet music continue to appear as the perennial off-spring of an unholy wedlock—Music married to £. s. d.

This evil existed centuries ago, though not in its present baser form. The Flemings, at one time the masters of the musical world, delighted in taxing the resources of counterpoint to an extent which banished every vestige of musical expression from their compositions. Circular canons, canons that read backwards, canons that read upside down, enigma canons, songs in scores of parts, were considered in those days the triumphs of musical genius and learning. These musical juggleries have long been things of the past, but they have been succeeded by still more reprehensible tricks and levities.

Among modern juggles the "grand transcriptions" and "fantasias" for the pianoforte take a prominent place. The usual method is as follows:—Select some well-known classical or music hall air (it does not matter which), and first give it out simply, with just a few gentle titillations of the harmony here and there to brighten it up and give it an aspect of novelty. Next put your melody in *altissimo*, or half drown it in a flood of lengthy *arpeggi*. Then double it in running octaves, or fret it into staccato triplets, upon the "double-tonguing" principle. Lastly, thump it out in full chords, with a running accompaniment of double octaves in the bass; and be sure that in this last "variation" every possible or impossible modulation is screwed in somehow. Then the "composer's" work is done, excepting that the correct thing is to accord a handsome royalty to the gifted pianist who may undertake to charm the ears of a fashionable audience with this pattern "transcription."

The most hideous and revolting examples, however, of musical jugglery are to be found in concoctions of the *pot pourri* class. We allude to such effusions as "Memories of Scotia" and "Reminiscences of Hibernia," in which there is a ghastly foregathering of national airs, linked together with a cheerful disregard of musical relativity. For a few moments we are beguiled into the pensive enjoyment of some pathetic air like the "Last Rose of Summer," then—hey, presto! before we are conscious of it, we are dancing a jig in the midst of "Donnybrook Fair." This suddenness of transition is supposed to be the distinguishing feature, and—save the mark!—merit of these lively performances.

In connection with this subject, we cannot help referring to the modern fever for "new chords." The average enterprising composer of the present day seems to consider that the best way of showing originality in a composition is to set a series of traps for the musical ear. To jump suddenly into as remote a key as possible, and as often as possible, appears to him the greatest musical triumph that can be achieved. Composers who are thus prodigal of musical "effects" have much to answer for; they are disgusting the educated ear with the very resources which, if moderately and discreetly used, are an undoubted assistance to true and varied musical expression; and a reaction is sure to follow in the shape of a predilection for the plainest and barest harmonies, caused by a previous surfeit of surprises and bewilderments; there will thus be a retrograde movement, and the true progress of musical art will consequently suffer.

Let us be rightly understood regarding these matters. On no account would we abolish the "transcription" proper; it has its legitimate province and uses. There are many fine orchestral works which, inadequately expressed as they must be when reduced to pianoforte score, would be altogether unknown to the general public except for the published transcriptions. But such transcribing is no mere mechanical operation; expert and appreciative musicians alone can treat the originals worthily. We are aware that, as a rule, classical transcriptions do not "sell," and that they are certainly not so remunerative as the ordinary pianoforte gymnastics; but we are not without the hope that composers and arrangers have in them some remaining sentiment of living for the art as well as by it. With regard to the increasing passion for new harmonies, we would by no means hang back from the highest developments of harmonic resource; but preserve us from the perpetual and frivolous ear-tickling which hinders the continuity of thought, and distracts attention from the main design of a composition. To conclude, we have had enough, and a great deal more, of musical jugglery; and in the name of all that is godlike and beautiful

in music, we appeal to the musicians of our time to have a regard to the interests of a pure art in their own generation, if not a fear for the censure and ridicule of posterity.—*Lond. Mus. Standard.*

The Purcell Society.

The new "Purcell Society" (London) has issued the following prospectus:—

THE PURCELL SOCIETY.

Founded on Monday, February 21, 1876, for the purpose of doing justice to the memory of HENRY PURCELL; firstly, by the publication of his works, most of which exist only in manuscript; and secondly, by meeting for the study and performance of his various compositions.

In his remarks upon Henry Purcell, Dr. Burney said:—"While the Frenchman is loud in the praises of a Lulli and a Rameau; the German, in that of a Handel and a Bach; and the Italian, of a Palestrina and a Pergolesi; not less is the pride of an Englishman in pointing to a name equally dear to his country; for Purcell is as much the boast of England in music as Shakespeare in the drama, Milton in epic poetry, Lock in metaphysics, or Sir Isaac Newton in mathematics and philosophy. As a musician, he shone not more by the greatness than the diversity, by the diversity than the originality of his genius; nor did the powers of his fancy prove detrimental to the solidity of his judgment. It is true that some musicians of eminence had appeared in this country previously to him, but the superior splendor of his genius eclipsed their fame. We hear with pleasure of Tallis, Gibbons, and Blow; but upon the name of Purcell we dwell with delight, and are content to identify with his the musical pretensions of our country."

These weighty utterances may be taken as still representing in substance the opinion of English musicians with regard to Henry Purcell. But while the advance of time abates nothing of that reverence for his genius, and pride in his achievements which are the inheritance of the master's countrymen, it unquestionably increases the obligation under which we all lie to do justice to his memory in a more practical way. The fame of Purcell is no longer confined to England. It has spread to every country where the art is cherished, and pages might be filled with eloquent tributes to his genius written by foreign pens. Only one will suffice as an example, and it shall be that of a Frenchman. In his "Les Clavecinists de 1637 à 1790," M. Amédée Méreaux says:—"We have here a name which is not anything like as well known as it deserves to be; it is that of a great musician whose career in the musical world left traces of remarkable progress. Nevertheless, the musical world, if it have not wholly forgotten him, has not paid the tribute justly due to his celebrity. Henry Purcell is one of the artistic glories of England. He is, without doubt, the most able and the most fertile of all the English composers."

When the genius of our countryman is thus asserted in other lands; when his music, as in the case of M. Méreaux's volumes, is printed for the use of foreign connoisseurs, and especially when foreign writers point significantly to the neglect which Purcell suffers, it is time for us to consider what practical measures of appreciation and hommage can be taken. The thought, however, is no new one. While the national tongue has for more than a century and a half lavished praises upon Purcell, the national conscience has been uneasy at the bestowal of a barren honor and nothing more. Hence the attempts made from time to time to bring his works within reach. In 1788, Goodison made a gallant effort to print such of the master's MS. compositions as were then available, and actually succeeded in publishing, in a more or less complete form, "The Tempest," "Indian Queen," "Ode for Queen Mary," "Christ Church Ode," an Organ Voluntary, several Anthems, and "The Yorkshire Feast," together with portions of "Œdipus" and "King Arthur." But the time was not ripe for such an enterprise. Only about 100 subscribers supported Goodison, and he had to retire from the field. Forty years passed before Purcell found another champion of this practical order. In 1828, Vincent Novello began the publication of the master's sacred music, and carried it on with such energy that in 1832 he had given to the world what was then thought to be a complete collection. It is impossible to look back upon Novello's achievement without admiration for the research which made it possible, and without gratitude for the service rendered to English music. But justice was done only to one phase of Purcell's genius. Great though the master was as a composer for the Church, he was, perhaps, greater as a writer for the stage, and of secular music generally. To prove this,—to reveal the treasures which ever since his death have been lying hidden, to the detriment alike of his own fame and the repute of his country, is a manifest obligation, the time for the discharge of which has fully come. But to this end there must be a widely-extended co-operation, for the work to be done is great. Of the amazing number of secular compositions bearing Purcell's name very few have been published. He himself printed but four—the "Sonatas of three Parts" (1683); the "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day" (1684); "Dioclesian" (1691), and the "Fairy Queen" (1692). Under the auspices of his widow, there were given to the world, "Lessons for the Harpsichord" (1696); "Ayres for Theatre" (1697); A second set of "Sonatas," in four parts, (1697); and the collection entitled "Orpheus Britannicus" (1698). Add to these, portions of the music to "Don Quixote," the works published by Goodison, and the three—"King Arthur," "Bonduca," "Dido and Æneas,"—issued by the Musical Antiquarian Society, and the tale of printed secular works is complete. But, how much remains! Purcell is known to have written music for nearly fifty Dramas, while his Odes and Choral Songs still in MS. number twenty-four. Moreover, since the completion of Novello's edition of the master's sacred music, discoveries of high importance have been made. A folio volume known to be in the Royal Library, but sought in vain by Vincent Novello, has come to light. It is described by Burney as "PURCELL'S COMPOSITIONS, A COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS IN HIS OWN HANDWRITING;" and contains Anthems with Symphonies and instrumental parts, and also Odes and miscellaneous Songs. At York Minster several other volumes of Sacred Music have been happily discovered. The task of completing the noblest possible monument to our English master—viz., the publication of his complete works, is thus shown to be a heavy one. But the Purcell Society enters upon it with a well-founded trust in the sympathy and support of the musical public. For that the Committee now appeal, desiring to enrich the available treasures of English art, and to wipe away a national reproach by doing justice to one of whom the nation has abundant reason to be proud.

ODES AND WELCOME SONGS BY PURCELL, CHIEFLY IN MS.

1. "A Song to Welcome Home His Majesty from Windsor, 1680."
2.—"A Welcome Song for His Royal Highness on his return from Scotland, 1680."
3.—"A Welcome Song for the King, 1681."
4.—"A Welcome Song for the King on his return from Newmarket, October 21, 1682."
5.—"A Welcome Song for the King, 1683."
6.—"Ode on the Marriage of Prince George with Lady Anne, 1683."
7.—"Ode for St. Cecilia's Day, November 22, 1683." [Printed by Playford in the following year].
8.—"A Welcome Song on the King's return to Whitehall after his Summer Progress, 1684."
9.—"A Welcome Song for the King, 1685."
10.—"A Welcome Song for the King, 1687."
11.—"A Welcome Song for the King, 1688."
12.—"The Yorkshire Feast Song, 1690." [Printed by Goodison].
13.—"A Song that was performed at Mr. Maidwell's (a School-master), on the 5th of August, 1689. The Words by one of his Scholars."
14.—"A Welcome Song at the Prince of Denmark's Coming Home."
15.—"Ode to King William, 1690."
16.—"Ode on King William's Birthday."
17.—"A Queen's Birthday Song, 1690."
18.—"Ode on Queen Mary's Birthday, April 29, 1691."
19.—"Ode on Queen Mary's Birthday, 1692."
20.—"Ode for St Cecilia's Day, Nov 22, 1692." [Printed by the Musical Antiquarian Society].
21.—"Ode for Queen Mary's Birthday, 1693."
22.—"Ode for the New Year, 1694."
23.—"Ode for Queen Mary's Birthday, 1694."
24.—"Commemoration Ode, performed at Christ Church, Dublin, January 9, 1694." [Printed by Goodison].
25.—"Ode for the Birthday of the Duke of Gloucester, July 24 1695."
26.—"An Ode," no date. Begin., "Hark how the wild musicians sing."
27.—"Ode for St. Cecilia's Day," no date. Begin., "Raise the voice, all instruments obey."
28.—"Ode by Mr. Cowley," no date. Begin., "If ever I mere riches did desire."

OPERAS AND DRAMAS.

1. Bosom Wells.
2. Aurenge Zebe.
3. The Libertine.
4. Circe.
5. Abdelazar.
6. Timon of Athens.
7. Theodosius; or, the Force of Love
8. Dido and Æneas. A complete Opera, with Musical Recitative, and without Dialogue
9. The Virtuous Wife.
10. Tyrannick Love.
11. A Fool's Preferment.
12. The Tempest.
13. Dioclesian; or, the Prophetess.
14. The Massacre of Paris.
15. Amphitryon.
16. King Arthur.
17. The Gordian Knot Untied
18. Sir Anthony Love.
19. Distressed Innocence.
20. The Indian Queen.
21. The Indian Emperor.
22. Œdipus.
23. The Fairy Queen.
24. The Wife's Excuse.
25. The Old Bachelor.
26. The Richmond Heiress.
27. The Maid's Last Prayer.
28. Henry the Second
29. The first part of Don Quixote
30. The second part of Don Quixote.
31. The Married Beau.
32. The Double Dealer.
33. The Fatal Marriage.
34. The Canterbury Guests.
35. The Mock Marriage.
36. The Rival Sisters.
37. Oroonoko.
38. The Knight of Malta.
39. Bonduca.
40. The third part of Don Quixote.
41. The Spanish Fryer.
42. The Marriage Hater.
43. The Campaigners
44. The Conquest of Grenada
45. The Old Mode and the New.

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Music as a Social Bore.

[From the London News.]

To have brought music with a meaning into fashion, and to have successfully broken the chains of indolent tradition, is a very great achievement of the German genius. It has been often noticed that change generally creeps into a stationary society through the arts, altering here a little and there a little in aesthetic rules, which have been so long accepted that people have learned to hold them sacred. The change, however, has generally been from grave to gay, from lively to severe, and it has been the task of the vast Teutonic mind to reverse this process. With the aid of what the old philosophers used to sigh for, a monarch of his own way of looking at things, Herr Wagner has made that scientific which was rather empirical, and has invested with the pale cast of thought matters which used to be transacted without any very profound metaphysical speculation. Perhaps the most amusing and obvious results of the new German influence in music have been its social consequences. Drawing-room music is not any longer the light and unconsidered thing that it once was. People used to play and sing, very badly it seems, as an "accomplishment." Music was useful to subdue the hum of conversation, and any music would do for that, just as any sort of performance on the drum will "drown the cries of the victims" in narratives of the inquisition. A young lady played or sang, and there was an end of it. Some gave more pain than others to sensitive ears, but few people thought very seriously about the matter. It was part of a girl's education to do her four hours at the piano a day, just as it was part of her education to take two hours of reclining on a "back-board." Perhaps the latter neutralized any evil effects of the former discipline. If there were enthusiasts of drawing room music in the times before science, they found but little sympathy from the giddy throng around them. Now, of course, all this is changed, and young men and maidens are capable of conversing for hours about "passages" and "movements," symphonies and fugues. It may be said that young men and maidens are capable of talking for hours upon any subject, or upon none, and that, at all events, they are better employed in prattling of symphonies than of the other over-done amusements, which it is becoming unpleasant to name and not agreeable to think about. It may also be said, from a purely social standpoint, that, the more music is made a matter of intellectual and refined study the less will unfortunate children, to whom Nature has denied an ear, be forced to pass their mornings and afternoons over the dreary school-room piano. Their hours will be free for other forms of the higher education.

Still, looking at music merely as a social institution—M. Gautier would have said a social evil—every one must notice that the life of the non-musical man or woman is being made increasingly hard to him. No "shop" is nearly so much talked as musical shop, and there is none which so absolutely baffles the uninitiated. Into the charmed realm of melody and harmony no foe can enter by violence; no one by much study and long vigils can learn to understand musical conversation. This fact marks off musical from every other form of "shop." If a person falls into the society of city men, he is not perhaps at first very greatly edified, but by degrees, and with pains, he picks up some thread, some clew to guide him in the labyrinth of technical terms. Even a lady can understand cricket "shop" if she has been brought

up with a large and determined family of brothers, and there are enthusiasts who believe that the minds of women are not incapable of understanding the state of the odds. All sports, and every form of business, touch life in some one intelligible way; but talk about music to the non-musical does not attach itself to any known or knowable link with their existence. A man may have the subtlest sense of humor, and yet be incapable of seeing the fun of a famous remark about the counterpoint of Herr Wagner, and how it is like a number of persons jostling each other in a narrow doorway. It is not only that the unmusical man does not catch the meaning, but that no amount of study and application will teach him the meaning. He can get the definition of counterpoint off by heart, but that does nothing for him, because the words cannot be by him connected with any impressions of the sense, still less with any ideas. To the non-musical, in short, musical conversation is transcendental—that it to say, gibberish. Now, considering this, it seems rather hard on a small, but not exactly despicable or nefarious class of persons, that musical slang should have stolen into all the arts. A critic tells us that the impression produced by this or that poem resembles the impression produced by a motet or a fugue. But to the lover of poetry this may mean absolutely nothing, for many lovers of poetry, like Victor Hugo, dislike all music, and specially the piano. How would a musician like to be told that the "Deutsches Requiem" resembles the third chorus in the Agamemnon of Æschylus or Shakespeare's nineteenth sonnet?

Goetz's Comic Opera, "Taming of the Shrew."

[*From a Correspondent to the "Monthly Musical Record."*]

A London journal of some standing noticed, a short time ago, a new opera, entitled *The Tamed Savage Woman*, by Götz. The reader, in blissful ignorance, had visions of a prairie, of an Indian Amazon, of some interesting aboriginal, and the like. Imagine, then, his surprise on finding that the heroine is no other than the immortal poet's own Shrew, the "curst and waspish Kate," "the brawling scold" whom Petruchio reduces from "a wild Kate to a Kate conformable, as other household Kates." The scene is not in the Far West, but in the civilized regions of Padua, "the nursery of arts;" nay, more than that, the opera rejoices in the honest title of *Der Widerspänstigen Zähmung;* and this, forsooth, is what a perverse ignoramus calls a "Tamed Savage!"

But who is Götz? Is he a rising star? Or is he only one of those musical meteors whose name is legion, "flaming lawless through the sky?" Götz is a young composer residing in Zürich, unknown to the musical world at large until about a year ago, when his *Taming of the Shrew*, the first-fruits of his labors in the field of musical drama, was brought out in Mannheim, and excited unusual interest. Thence it found its way to Vienna, Munich, Weimar, Leipzig, and Berlin; and so universal has been its success, that by common consent he already ranks high among living composers; he took the tide at its flood, and it has led him on to fortune.

And assuredly, for the purpose of opera, the composer's choice could not have fallen on a subject of fairer promise. The *Shrew* always has a peculiar charm for those who relish contest and strength of character; in none of his comedies does the poet portray contrasts more vividly, in none does the stream of his sparkling humor flow more abundantly than in the story of Katherine and Petruchio. Moreover, it is a standard play on many Continental stages, so that the composer starts with one great advantage: the audience is familiar with the subject.

The book is one of unquestionable merit. The language is vigorous, and none the worse for being occasionally colloquial, since it reproduces much of the original bluntness without sinking to vulgarity or burlesque. The author has condensed the play without impairing the force of its salient features, and but for some additions of his own with which it is difficult to agree, the book is highly effective, and admirably adapted for comic opera.

But in his *Shrew* Götz does not profess to offer a comic opera of the traditional light type. In form, he is an independent follower of Wagner; for it will be conceded that, in the contour and build of his work, he has not deviated from the principles laid down by Wagner in the *Meistersinger*. Continuity of action coupled with "infinite melody;" predominance of the orchestral element as descriptive of the dramatic action; arioso-recitative, solo, and ensemble—these are the characteristics of Götz's score as regards form. In reference to substance, on the other hand, his work is distinguished by an exuberance of pathetic melody; and this, the emanation of his own genius, constitutes the charm and lasting merit of the opera. He is a Gounod imbued with the spirit of Schumann, and it may safely be affirmed that, since *Faust*, no opera so purely lyric as Götz's *Shrew* has been offered to the public. His harmony and progression often put us in mind of Jensen, and sometimes of Brahms; but though he has evidently learnt from all the great masters, he is able to hold his ground among them all; for it is the pith and marrow of his music that give it a style of its own. But Götz gives proof of another important quality: he shows thoroughness. There are no traces of an inflatus here, and an inflatus there, committed to writing with that incorrect facility which is so often mistaken for genius; it is well digested, the result of mature reflection and earnest application, the work of a conscientious man; and if it lacks the effervescent lightness and elasticity of a French comic opera, it charms, on the other hand, by its more enduring and pathetic eloquence.

The abundance of melody which Götz has lavished on his first opera has, however, led to a very elaborate orchestral treatment. Like a given quantity of energy stored up, it had to be worked off somehow, and this task he has assigned to the orchestra. Hence it is that the musical element predominates almost throughout over the dramatic, so much so that many telling points of the book are lost in the excessive instrumental by-play, and that compartively few scenes are really comic. The arioso-recitative, in which the greater part of the dialogue is clothed, is particularly open to this objection, and often misses its aim altogether. It is in solo and ensemble that Götz shows mettle, whilst his recitative is verbose and often patched up.

The dramatic and lyric interest pivots on Petruchio and Katharine; their parts are written for baritone and soprano; while of the subordinate characters, Lucentio is tenor, Bianca soprano, Baptista bass, and Hortensio basso-buffo. The musical garb of Petruchio is a master piece; full of life, vigor, blunt humor and oddity; a man who is certain of success, but conceals his love until, after his own fashion, he has "killed his wife with kindness." Katherine, on the other hand, falls somewhat short of the ideal. The composer evidently found the Shrew hard to cope with. There is, at first, a good deal of the mad and headstrong humor of the original in her; but she succumbs too soon; she is curbed at the first meeting with Petruchio, and in the last act she is sentimental, and acquiesces in the oppressor's "politic reign" like a genuine Teutonic household Kate. Surely, this is not Shakespeare's Shrew. For his Kate holds out to the bitter end; on their arrival in Petruchio's house, his "falcon is only sharp and passing empty," and much remains to be done. Götz's Kate is not waspish enough. One would like to see Petruchio opposed by a Shrew of rather firmer texture and stronger impulse. And can she not be womanly for all that?

The overture treats, somewhat sporadically, some of the leading subjects of the opera, as that of Petruchio's tardy arrival on the wedding-day, "a very monster in apparel, an eye-sore to the solemn festival;" the subject of Katherine's defiant song, and that of the duet with Petruchio in the second act. Lucentio's serenade, his duet with Bianca, and Petruchio's grand air in the first act are full of lyric beauty, but the action and the recitative are heavy. The second and third acts are by far the best, whilst in the last the interest is not sufficiently sustained. The two duets between Petruchio and Katherine in the second and fourth acts, when at last "their jarring notes agree," are exceedingly beautiful both in conception and treatment. Again, the lesson-scene in the third act, where Bianca prefers Lucentio's Latin to Hortensio's "gamut of a briefer sort," and the haberdasher, as well as the supper-scene in the last act, bring the comic element well to the front. The climax is reached in the delicious finale of the third act; and the way in which Petruchio "bucklers his bonny Kate against a million," and carries her off, in spite of every obstacle, is enough to convince the most sceptical spectator that "such a mad marriage never was before."

Such, then, are the leading features of this charming work. It appeals to a somewhat advanced audience, and, solid and compact as it is, it should be styled a lyric rather than a comic opera. Moreover, it is by no means easy, and the part of Petruchio and Katherine are worthy of such distinguished artists as the Leipzig favorites, Gura—one of the Bayreuth "chosen"—and Peschka-Leutner, whose Shrew shows her consummate ability in an entirely new aspect.

The great success of this first work augurs well for Götz's future labors. He is on the road to fame; let us hope that the fountain of melody is not yet exhausted, and that he will not be content to rest on the laurels which he has won for himself by taming a Shrew. C. P. S.

The Sanders Theatre at Harvard University.

DESCRIPTION OF THE NEW PART OF MEMORIAL HALL. —A MAGNIFICENT STRUCTURE.

The academic theatre, which was yesterday for the first time occupied, forms the eastern division of the Memorial Hall, which is thus, eleven years after its inception, finally brought to completion. The theatre, as its name implies, is due to the munificence of the late Mr. Charles Sanders, of the class of 1802 formerly of Salem, but during the latter part of his life a resident of Cambridge. In 1863, the year before his death, he gave to the college a parcel of real estate in Cambridge, valued at twenty thousand dollars, for the erection of an Alumni Hall, and left by will the sum of twenty thousand dollars in trust to the president and fellows for the same purpose. In 1875 the property had accumulated to over sixty thousand dollars, and, an additional amount of fifteen thousand dollars being made up by private subscription, work was begun in the spring of that year.

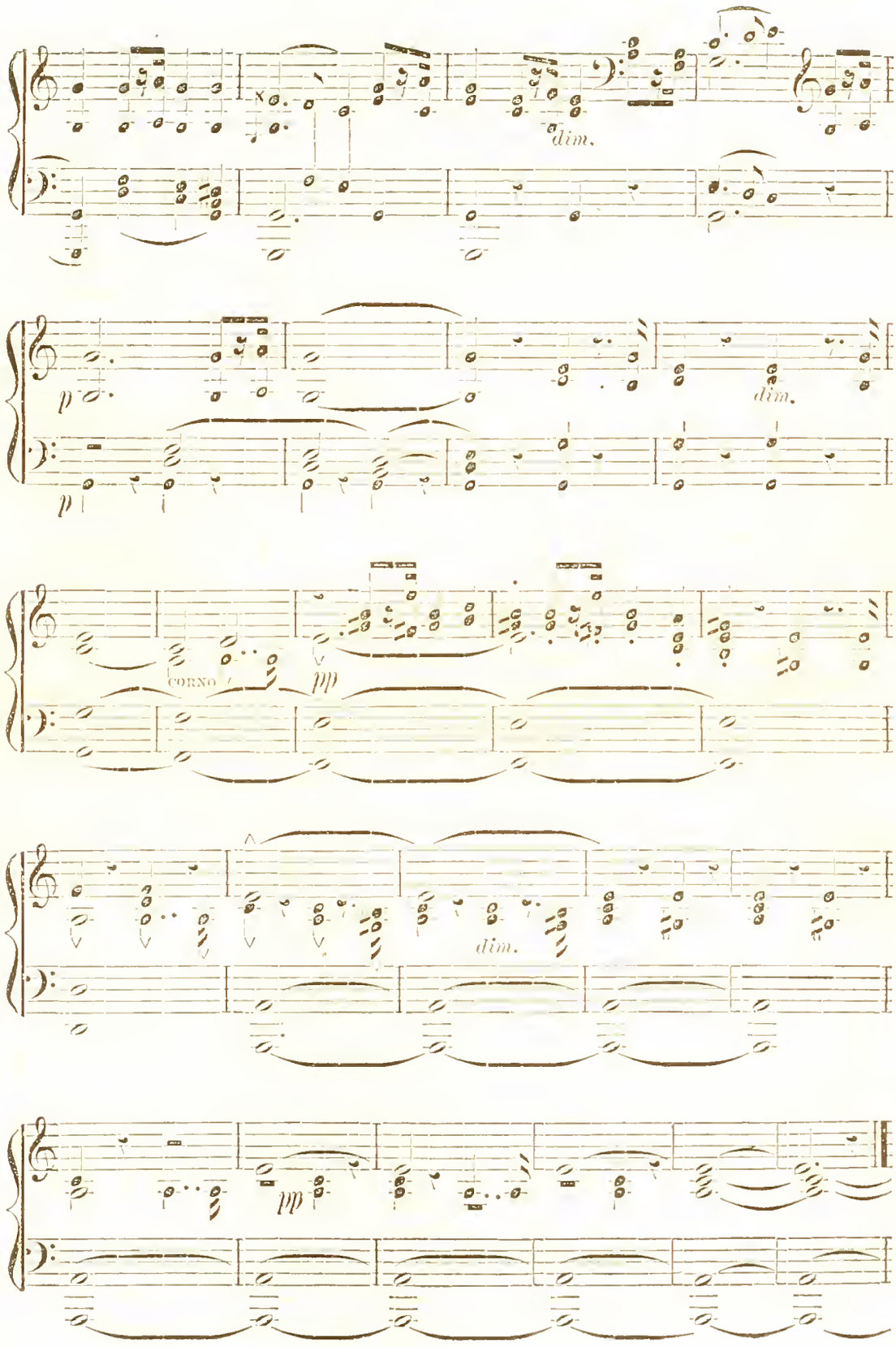
The theatre, which in its general shape recalls the theatres of antiquity, being nearly of a semi-circular form, with a shallow stage extending along the straight side, is probably the largest modern building of the kind, being about a hundred feet across in each direction. The stage, which is occupied with seats for the president and fellows, the overseers and the various faculties of the university, is about sixty feet wide by twenty-five feet deep, and accommodates two hundred persons. In the pit, or, as the Greeks would have called it, the orchestra, are about two hundred seats, occupied on commencement days by the graduating class and other candidates for degrees. The rest of the audience, to the number of about a thousand, are disposed in wedge-shaped seats, the *cunei* of the ancients, divided by narrow aisles radiating toward the centre. Above this is a gallery similarly arranged. Access is gained to these seats by staircases in the Memorial vestibule. Over the stage is a gallery for musicians or singers.

The framing of the roof consists principally of seven queen-post trusses, so arranged as to intersect each other in plan, each queen-post being common to two trusses. This construction is displayed in the architectural treatment of the ceiling, of which the long intersecting tie-beams are the most conspicuous feature, the columns which rise above the points of intersection indicating the position of the queen-posts. These columns support radiating ribs which form a sort of dome or half-dome over the pit.

The theatre is finished in brown ash, the benches and chairs being of black walnut. The walls and ceiling are boldly but simply treated in color, the ceiling being of an olive green, the upper walls of buff, the lower walls and those about the stage of red. In each surface the colors of the two others are introduced in lines and bands.

On the large wall over the stage, above the music-gallery, is the following inscription:—

HIC · IN · SILVESTRIBVS
ET · INCVLTIS · LOCIS
ANGLI · DOMO · PROFVGI
ANNO · POST · CHRISTVM · NATVM · M · D · C · XXXVI
POST · COLONIAM · HVC · DEDVCTAM · VI
SAPIENTIAM · RATI · ANTE · OMNIA · COLENDAM
SCHOLAM · PVBLICE · CONDIDERVNT
CONDITAM · CHRISTO · ET · ECCLESIAE · DICAVERVNT
QVAE · AVCTA IOHANNIS · HARVARD · MVNIFICENTIA
[EXTERNIS
A · LITTERARVM · FAVTORIBVS · CVM · NOSTRATIBVS · TVM
IDENTIDEM · ADIVTA
ALVMNORVM · DENIQVE · FIDEI · COMMISSA
[INCREMENTA
AB · EXIGVIS · PERDVCTA · INITIIS · AD · MAIORA · REBVM ·
[ACADEMICI
PRAESIDVM · SOCIORVM · INSPECTORVM · SENATVS ·
CONSILIIS · ET · PRVDENTIA . ET . CVRA
[PRIVATAS
OPTVMAS · ARTES · VIRTVTES · PVBLICAS ·
COLVIT · COLIT
[FIRMAMENTI
QVI · AVTEM · DOCTI · FVERINT · FVLGEBVNT · QVASI · SPLENDOR
ET · QVI · AD · IVSTITIAM · ERVDIVNT · MVLTOS
QVASI · STELLAE · IN · PERPETVAS · AETERNITATE.


dim.
p
dim.
p
CORNO
pp
dim.
pp

Andante. ad lib.

pp

Comala.

O, dreadful is the still - ness, My hopes, my

Piano-forte.

semper pp

pp

fond dreams are all de - part-ed, And nought but peril remains; O, dreadful is the

stillness, nothing I hear, naught but the distant stream that yonder murmurs; nothing I see, save dark and

frowning clouds that lower in the heav'ns. My hopes, my fond dreams are all departed, yes, all!

Comala.

Andantino.

Dersa-grena.

dol.

Sor - row not, why art thou weeping? Yet lives Fin - gal, the brave. O sor - row not, why

Melico-ma.

dol.

Chor. of Virgins.

p

Sor - row not, O sor - row not, why

p

Sor - row not, O sor - row not, why

Andantino.

p

p

mf.

art thou weep - ing? Yet lives Fin - gal, the brave, Yet lives Fin - gal, the brave. O

mf

mf.

art thou weep - ing? Yet lives Fin - gal, the brave, Yet lives Fin - gal, the brave. O

mf

art thou weep - ing? Yet lives Fin - gal the brave, Yet lives Fin - gal the brave. O

mf.

DERSAGRENA and MELICOMA with CHORUS.

why, why dost thou trem-ble, O, why, why dost thou trem-ble for him, who no danger

why, why dost thou trem-ble, O, why, why dost thou tremble for him, who no danger

fears? O, sor - row not, sorrow not, sor - row not, sor - row not,

fears? O, sor - row not, sorrow not, sor - row not, sor - row not,

dim. mf dim

[Here in the wilderness did English exiles, in the year after the birth of Christ the sixteen hundred and thirty-sixth, and the sixth after the foundation of their colony, believing that wisdom should first of all things be cultivated, by public enactment founded a school, and dedicated it to Christ and the church.

Increased by the munificence of John Harvard, again and again assisted by the friends of good learning, not only here but abroad, and finally entrusted to the care of its own children; brought safely through from small beginnings to larger estate by the care and judgment and foresight of presidents, fellows, overseers and faculty—all liberal arts and public and private virtues it has cultivated, it cultivates still.

"But they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that bring many to righteousness, like the stars for ever and ever."]

On the walls at the side of the stage are tablets recording the munificence of Mr. Sanders and the date of the erection of the building.

The architects are Mr. William R. Ware of the class of 1852, and Mr. Henry Van Brunt of the class of 1854. The stone work was done by Mr. J. Lynch, the masons' work by Mr. L. P. Soule, the carpenters' work by Messrs. Cressy and Noyes, the steam-heating by the Walworth Manufacturing Company, and the painting and decorating by Mr. W. J. McPherson. The colossal heads of Demosthenes, Cicero, St. Chrysostom, Bossuet, Chatham, Burke and Webster upon the outer wall, as well as the carved wood-work inside, were executed by Mr. John Evans.—*Advertiser, June 20.*

The Centennial Cantata.

[From the *Atlantic Monthly* for July.]

Mr. Dudley Buck's Centennial Cantata* is a very favorable example of the composer's style. Anything other than a masterly treatment of easily melodious and dramatically pertinent themes, coming from his facile pen, would have surprised us. We must think Mr. Buck has been unfortunate in the text to which he has written music. The greater part of Mr. Lanier's poem, apart from all considerations of its intrinsic poetical worth or unworth, is suitable to musical treatment in the dramatic, declamatory, Liszt-Wagner style, but is very ill adapted to musical treatment in the purely musical style in which Mr. Buck is so gracefully at home. Mr. Buck is, above all things, a musician, and never allows the dramatic possibilities of his text to lure him away from a musically self-dependent and consistent form

Mr. Lanier recently wrote a newspaper letter in which he defended at great length his choice of method in composing this cantata-text. He there lays down three principles (which, in his view, constitute the *a, b, c* of the matter): (*a*) that every modern musical composer must write for the human voice as a part of the orchestra; (*b*) that only one general conception is permissible in the text, with some subordinate ideas very broadly contrasted; and (*c*) that in the case in point the poem should consist mainly of Saxon words, in order to aid in producing an effect of "big, manly, and yet restrained jubilation." We have nothing to object to the sincerity of Mr. Lanier's convictions, and, as we have intimated, we think he produced various phrases and movements well adapted to dramatic musical arrangement; but we feel bound to oppose his theory that poetry written for music need no longer be "perfectly clear, smooth, and natural." There are critics quite as competent as Mr. Lanier who do not believe that the poorness of Wagner's texts for his own operas is at all essential to their musical splendor. And what does Mr. Lanier say to Schiller's ode, *An die Freude*, so magnificently set by Beethoven in his Ninth Symphony? We know of no text, either, which might so well inspire a musician of the modern school as Coleridge's Ancient Mariner (though this has been very inadequately used by the English composer, Barnett), a poem largely made up of clear and precise narrative. But, to take the example which seems to have been most immediate in its influence upon Mr. Lanier, Dr. von Buelow's orchestral rendering of Uhland's *Sanger's Fluch*, we may observe that the simple fact of the composer's skipping the "connective tissue" of narrative in that poem, and dwelling on the dramatic episodes in it, by no means proves that the intermediary narrative portions are "so much waste matter *quoad* music." Without these portions, the poem would have been comparatively worthless and ineffective, and could hardly have inspired any musician to the effort of interpretation. If Uhland had, without further explanation, given the ejaculative utterances of the king, the queen, and the singer, he would have been unintelligible; and before his poem could have been translated into tones by Von Buelow, explanatory marginal notes would have been required, similar to those which Mr. Lanier wisely took the precaution to send to Mr. Buck; and possibly a posthumous newspaper letter from Uhland would not have been amiss. Moreover, a conception to be embodied in words and music cannot safely be subjected to just the same treatment as that which is given to the *impression* derived from a clear, concise poem, and about to be translated into orchestral effects. Mr. Lanier's fundamental error appears in a simile to which he confidently calls our attention, namely, that a poet asked to write a cantata text is in precisely the predicament of a painter whimsically required to paint a picture that shall be viewed only by moonlight. This is as ludicrous as it is loose in its analogy. Mr. Lanier himself points out in one case the power of music to invest unmeaning syllables with great effect; and this alone shows that music is not an indistinct medium for the transmission of impressions, comparing with the power of non-musical vocal inflections "as moonlight . . . with sunlight." The syllable "zig, zig, zig" cannot possibly be made impressive in non-musical utterance. So that the idea that music, as contrasted with simple elocution, enfeebles and makes vague, falls to the ground. And even granting that it does make things vague, we should say that the poet, instead of adding to the dimness and mysticism of musical expression, ought to throw into his words a compensating clearness. In either case, then, Mr. Lanier is at fault. He has been misled by a simile, and has gone astray by reason of that peculiar and excessive roominess which an uncertain grasp of principles is apt to create in the mind. His law of the prevailing general idea and of the related subordinate ideas is quite correct, but not at all new; his choice of Saxon words is highly commendable; but his rejection of clearness and intelligibility is a lamentable error. It is quite possible that fine things may be produced in a mystical and indefinite vein, but no art can ever achieve greatly which sets out with forethought to be mystical and vague. Mr. Lanier says that he saturated his mind with a theory, and then waited for the poem to come. He would have done better to keep his mind more clear from theories, and to have gone ardently and without prejudice in search of his poem. As it is, in expounding the alphabet of a new poetic-musical art, he has forgotten that it must have a grammar also. And though undoubtedly revolutionary forces have been at work in music, and are now at work in poetry, which the general public may not appreciate, yet the criticisms which the Centennial cantata-text has met represent a healthy and instinctively correct popular protest against what is really a hasty and defective attempt to overthrow artistic order.

The *character* of Mr. Buck's music is almost always in keeping with the *spirit* of the text; we may be sure not to find him writing triumphal marches to words like "Cujus animam gementem," for instance; but all entering into dramatic details, to the detriment of essentially musical thematic development, seems to be repugnant to his nature. Now many of Mr. Lanier's verses are of that involved grammatical structure that makes them utterly incomprehensible when read merely prosodically. We must confess that Mr. Buck's setting often rather increases than lessens this quality in the poetry. Take, for instance, the lines,—

> "Winter cries, Ye freeze: away!
> Fever cries, Ye burn: away!
> Hunger cries, Ye starve: away!
> Vengeance cries, Your graves shall stay!"

The music to the first line is admirable: the basses thunder out, "Winter cries, Ye freeze;" upon which the whole chorus shriek, "Away!" But in the two following lines, all that the listener can understand is, "Fever cries, Ye burn away! Hunger cries, Ye starve away!" In the next line the music again makes the text wholly comprehensible and effective. There are one or two other places where the sense of the text is equally obscure to the listener.

Musically considered, the cantata is a most capital piece of writing. Mr. Buck does not write with a very Titanic pen, but his style is so pure and unforced, his effects are so easily and naturally brought about, that we cannot but overlook an occasional tendency to the trivial and commonplace. The bass solo, "Long as thine art," which sets out in a quite sufficiently commonplace and sentimental vein, gains strength as it goes on, and at the words, "Thy fame shall glow, thy fame shall shine," shows real power and effective brilliancy. The fugued final chorus is a great advance upon the composer's "The God of Jacob is our refuge," in his Forty-Sixth Psalm, and all the choral part from the words, "Mayflower, Mayflower," to the words, "Toil, give, kiss o'er and replight," is brilliant, and barring the occasional obscurity we have already mentioned, effective, dramatic even, if you will, but always in a merely general way.

* *The Centennial Meditation of Columbia.* A Cantata for the inaugural ceremonies at Philadelphia, May 10, 1876. Poem by SIDNEY LANIER. Music by DUDLEY BUCK. New York: G. Schirmer.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 8, 1876.

Encores in Concerts.

The privilege of the *encore* is one which the sovereign public, in the uncontainableness of its enthusiasm, is continually abusing. The cry of *encore*, in its strict meaning, to which in practice it seems not half of the time confined, is simply Again! And it is both natural and reasonable that an audience should ask sometimes for a repetition of a piece of music, which, either in itself or in the performance, has caused peculiar and unanimous satisfaction. But it is a privilege most easily abused; it soon ceases to be a distinction and becomes a bore. To keep its exercise within due limits, there are several things to be considered: as,

1. The unity of the concert, regarded as an artistic whole.
2. The rights of the rest of the audience.
3. Justice to the performers.
4. Justice to the music and the composer, and our own musical culture in regard to them.

All these, and perhaps more, properly take precedence of our own momentary pleasure, which would prolong itself by an *encore*.

1. On the first point, consider that the programme of a good concert is itself a work of art, wisely made up and proportioned as to length, quantity, quality, variety, and with a skilful study of contrasts. If it be a programme of the solid, classical kind, substantially made up of symphony and overtures, or of quartets and sonatas, and if a vocal piece or two, or an instrumental solo of a long string of variations, is introduced by way of foil and contrast, the bearer blindly defeats his own intention by vociferously encoring one or more of these latter, as he will find to his cost before the programme is finished; for he has added so much to its total length, indulging too long in that single sweetmeat, till the whole grows heavy. And it seems to be the fatality that it is almost always the lighter and secondary matters, the solos—for the poor reason that these are personal,—that get the encores. The demanding of a repetition of a movement in a symphony or quartet, sometimes,—for instance, an andante of Beethoven, shows better taste; but even this is dangerous and should be kept exceptional, for it alters the proportions of the work and of the concert. Justice to the idea and plan of the concert, then, should teach us to be sparing of our interference to disturb its fair proportions. If artists, rather say virtuosos, have been so much spoiled by these unstinted encores, that they actually allow for them *in* their programmes, as items understood, the more the better,—why this is all the stronger illustration of the evil we are pointing out.

2. Justice to our fellow auditors is equally important, even justice to the minority,—certainly to the more quiet, undemonstrative, but not for that less truly music-loving majority. It is not the best music-lovers, who most readily express their pleasure by the clapping of hands. Such noisy demonstrations, too, come in unnaturally after the

best kind of music. When we are most deeply moved and interested by works which speak to the intellect and to the soul, we are inclined to the most silent form of approbation. At least such is the case with persons of that quiet, meditative and harmonious temperament, which is most likely to be found *en rapport* with music of the most classical and intellectual character. Now it not unfrequently happens that where the mass of an audience are of this class, and the piece of Beethoven or Mendelssohn has passed off deeply and quietly enjoyed, but not vociferously applauded, a few of the younger and more thoughtless, by sheer force of hands and feet and lungs, have raised one of those thundering encores after the most hacknied overture, or operatic cavatina, or fantasia upon "Hail Columbia," which there is no resisting. The hacknied and the trifling are crammed down our throats by this means; since the silent, music-loving many are no match for the others in the way of noise. The worst of all this is, too, that it depraves the artist, if he be not a person of high and unflinching artist aim and force of character. The virtuoso of the voice or violin, even the conductor of the orchestra, thinks that the polka is far more appreciated and desired by the audience than the symphony of Mozart or the overture of Cherubini, because it is far more loudly applauded and redemanded by the imperative and forward likers of that sort of thing. So he adapts his programme, as he fancies, to the general will; for he must manage at some rate to be popular; he gives no credit for the silent sympathy for his nobler efforts, which if truly counted should outweigh the noisy demonstrations of the others, and he commences catering systematically to what he falsely takes to be the public taste.

3. Justice to the performer. The *encore* frequently becomes a nuisance, where it signifies not approbation or delight, so much as a gluttonous and unreasonable demand for *more*. If the audience in this case were a musically half-starved Oliver Twist, it would be well; but it is commonly in a state of positive plethora, that this greedy, avaricious appetite of a portion of an audience insists upon the singer or pianist coming back, to follow up the long and arduous solo, by an extra set of rigmarole, ear-tickling variations, ten to one on the most hacknied national or negro melody. It seems as if some people were possessed at concerts with a jealous eagerness to get out of an artist their full money's worth. And so cheap as our concerts are! Think what amount and quality and variety of music is open not unfrequently to thousands at a price that would be moderate for the mere privilege of sitting for a social hour in so agreeable a place! A popular pianist, though he play twice, seldom escapes two of these greedy encores; *because* he has played once, they hold him bound to play again, and make the most of his good nature, seeing that they have got him there. The infant phenomenon (say some little maiden violinist) is invariably a victim. The physical strength or weakness of the child are not considered,—still less the possibility that the young brain, after long concentration as intense and earnest as is required by the grave studies of mature manhood, or the young heart's over-stimulated capacity of impulse and emotion, can become fatigued. Beautiful as it is, it is also a sad sight to see the little girl so overtasked and victimized, a gentle gladiator, for the pleasure of a thoughtless, self-indulgent multitude, who seem to know as little what is good for themselves, as they do what is just and kind for her.

4. What should be most, but with the majority of concert-goers is least, regarded in the exercise of the *encore*, is justice to the Art and the composer, and our own culture in regard to them. We have the most familiar, even hacknied piece repeated, when we let the noblest and (to us) the newest pass half heard and not half comprehended. We make a personal matter of an *encore*, redemanding the singer to do over again a brilliant feat and receive new plaudits, when we hear once through with barely a patient civility some one of the master-works, to which Music owes all its dignity as Art. If Beethoven or Mozart be in the concert, in one of their most living and eternal products, is there less due to these, bodily absent, than to Signor Whiskeroso Urlo, the *tenore*, or Signorina Screecherina, the *prima donna assoluta*, who have been so emphatically *on hand* with their bravura runs and shakes, in some thread-bare and long-suffering cavatina? Is it not wise sometimes to try to find the best in that which time and the judgment of all qualified to judge have shown to be the best? Surely no less is due to Art and to our own culture. This principle, if practiced upon, would sometimes lead us to *encore* the piece, that was *not* the most perfectly performed, for the very reason that it might be done a second time and done better; that the performer might do better justice to himself and to the composer, and that the piece itself (new to us and poorly comprehended, while we have abundant outward evidence that it is good and worth our pains to understand it) might be found better and clearer on a second hearing. We remember a case. Miss ——— sang a scena from *Fidelio*, the only opera that divides the world's opinion with Mozart's *Don Juan*. It was wholly new to a Boston audience; the music was strange and had too much in it to allow it to pass lightly and triumphantly off upon a single trial. The singer too was less effective, less herself in it, (perchance some momentary embarrassment) than she was usually. Here were two of the best of reasons for an *encore*, namely, the strong probability that the singer would render it much more effectively, and that the audience would "get the hang" of the music better, on a second trial. Would not the time spent on a repetition of the *Fidelio* air, that was accorded to a repetition of the "Last Rose of Summer," have been a far better economy of our musical opportunities?

These are mere hints. It is easier, we know, to point out abuses, than to regulate by set rules a matter necessarily so indefinite and complex in its manifestations as the instinct (for it must be after all a thing of instinct, perfectly spontaneous) which dictates the *encore* in musical performances. It certainly can do no harm, and may do some good, to *think a little* of these things.

The Lower Rhine Musical Festival.

In these hot midsummer days we have to look abroad for music of much interest.. These are our days of rest,—these longest, fullest, sweetest days of all the year, in spite of the thermometer,—when it is good to surrender oneself, soul and body, to the restoring influences of Nature. If there were operas and concerts we should feel little disposition to listen to them in the crowd, still less to bear away their burden on the mind and write about them.

A correspondent of the London *Times* gives the following account of the opening of this famous music meeting, which has been held at Aix-la-Chapelle:

The festival of 1876 may be said to have commenced on Friday last, on which day and on Saturday morning most careful rehearsals were held. For the three concerts six full rehearsals are insured, and these are perhaps the distinguishing feature of a German festival, and the main cause of such finished performances as those to which *habitués* on these occasions are accustomed. To musicians present these 'Proben' are perhaps even more interesting than the concerts themselves, as giving an opportunity of observing the manner in which a good conductor drills his forces and works them up to the required pitch of efficiency, and elicits with care and patience all *nuances* of light and shade, giving finish, polish, and brilliancy to the selections. The *chef-d'orchestre* on the occasion under notice is Ferdinand Breunung, one of Hiller's best students at the Cologne Conservatorium some twenty years ago, and appointed Music Director here about 1866. It was hoped that Brahms would have conducted a portion of the music, but some hitch occurred in securing the aid of that eminent composer. This disappointment, together with the absence of Fräulein Lehmann, the rising soprano at Berlin, who, with other artistes, is reported to be detained at the Bayreuth rehearsals, and perhaps also counter-attractions connected with that forthcoming Wagner Festival, as well as less genial Whitsuntide weather than usual in Germany, combined to cause a smaller attendance of musicians this year than at such previous gatherings at Aachen. As the hall here in which the festival is held is considerably smaller than either the 'Gurzenich' at Cologne, or the new 'Tönhalle' at Düsseldorf—in fact, far too small for the occasion—the number of performers, though less than that usually assembled at those towns, is nevertheless too great for the inadequate 'Kurhaus,' which scarcely accommodates an audience of 1,000 persons. The interior of this building has been embellished since the festival of 1873, and a fine organ of 43 stops and 2,500 pipes, by Stahlhuth of Aachen, has been recently erected.

The chorus contains 102 sopranos, 77 altos, 79 tenors, and 120 basses—total, 378. The orchestra comprises 46 violins, 18 violas, 16 violoncellos, and 12 double-basses, with the 'wind' doubled (six horns), making, inclusive of harpist and organist, 121 players, and a total number of 502 performers, about the number of those at our Birmingham festivals. The principal soloists are Fräulein Meysenheym (soprano), of the Munich Opera; Fräulein Kling (contralto), from Berlin; Herren Ernst (tenor), of the Berlin Opera; Wassnöfer (baritone), from Vienna; Pfeiffer (bass), from Hildburghausen and Schradieck (violin), from Leipzig; and Mme. Essipoff (pianoforte), from St. Petersburg.

On the first day—Whit-Sunday—Handel's oratorio 'Solomon' was given almost in its integrity according to the original score, with the excellent organ part, made by Mendelssohn in 1835, and as performed under Hiller's direction at the Cologne Festival of 1862. The translation of the English text, written by Dr. Morell in 1748, consisted partly of the version made for Mendelssohn by his friend Klingemann and partly of that published in the Leipsic edition of the Handel Society, Vol. 26, 1867. The compromise is satisfactory, and the music of 'Solomon' suffers less than either 'Israel,' 'Messiah,' or 'Judas' by the adaptation to it of German words. The overture, with its bright fugue, but minus its third movement, played by strings and oboes only, showed off the old-fashioned scoring to the greatest advantage, the fugal subject standing out in as bold relief from the subordinate harmony as a sharply-defined outline of the Alps against a background of early morning sky. The fine lead of the basses in the open chorus, 'Your harps and cymbals sound,' told of wonted efficiency in that register of voice. Seldom, indeed, is such cultivated and intelligent singing elicited from a large chorus. But here, as at the recent performances in London of Bach's B minor 'Mass,' under the able direction of Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, the chorus mainly consisted of ladies and gentlemen of superior education, who had for months worked *con amore* at numerous rehearsals. Among the choruses best given at Aachen was that ending with 'Till distant nations catch the song,' with the graphic and effective reiteration of those words, as if the Levite priest were endeavoring to burn the great lesson into the memory of all and for ever, and resolving that the Hymn of Praise should be echoed 'Throughout the land,' to quote the opening words of the glorious fugue for eight voices which shortly after is taken up by the chorus of Israelites. The 'Nightingale chorus,' always so finely given at our Handel Festivals, would have produced a greater impression had more light and shade been infused into the vocal part. The splendid incense chorus, 'From the censer,' in which the words, 'Happy, happy Solomon,' are tossed about from one choir to the other with such fine antiphonal effect, and the melodious little five-part chorus, 'From the East unto the West,' were, as usual, most striking choral items in the second part of the work. The third act, containing the visit of the Queen of Sheba, and the grand chain of 'Passion choruses,' as they are known in England, or, as in Germany they are called, 'Wechselgesängen,' could not produce a very deep impression on an English listener remembering their unequalled performance under Sir Michael Costa at the Crystal Palace in 1862, 1868, and 1871. The finest of them, 'Draw the tear from hopeless love,' which is seldom sung in tune, was in that respect immaculate at Aachen, but the sublime modulations at

'Lengthen out the solemn air,
Full of death and wild despair,'

seemed to need the support of additional accompaniments; and the introduction of these chords in the organ part—evidently to aid the choral intonation in taking a difficult 'discord'—after the word 'death,' and where Handel has indicated silence, marred the effect of one of the greatest things in music.

Two of the five principal soloists engaged possessed good voices and sang with much taste—namely, Fräulein Kling and Herr Pfeiffer. The Berlin contralto often recalled the style and manner of Mme. Joachim, and sang well in oratorio. But, with these exceptions, the solo vocalists were unworthy of the occasion—the soprano, tenor, and barytone being much below par. In the part of *Solomon*, which Mme. Sainton-Dolby has made memorable, Fräulein Kling was very efficient, and her rendering of 'What though I trace' was excellent, despite some slight slips as to time, and was the one redeeming feature in the solo singing in the oratorio. The voice, method, and intonation of the Viennese barytone are alike unfortunate, and neither he nor the Berlin tenor seems to have an idea of singing Handel's bravura passages, which, being

extremely difficult, require special study. The Munich soprano has some dramatic power, but her intonation in the upper part of her voice is uncertain, and her mode of attacking high notes is unrestrained and inartistic. In fact, the less said about the solos, especially in the oratorio, the better. The tempi taken by the conductor, though sometimes very different from those to which English hearers are accustomed, were on the whole commendable. The bright and charming instrumental introduction to the third act was taken presto rather than allegro, which made its resemblance in style and in key to the overture to 'Acis and Galatea' all the more noticeable, and was played with the utmost brilliancy, eliciting prolonged applause.

This first festival concert commenced at half past six o'clock, and, including a pause of nearly an hour, when performers and audience strolled out of the heated room into the adjoining garden for a moonlight promenade *al fresco*, lasted more than four hours.

The concert on Whit Monday, the second day, possessed, as has been already hinted, much interest. Without a symphony by Beethoven, a Rhenish festival is not considered complete unless, indeed, the great master should be otherwise adequately represented in some large choral work. But, as is urged in the excellent prefatory remarks in the festival books, if the latter course is adopted, and the symphony is one of the masterpieces of Mozart, Schubert, or Schumann, a return is ever made the following year to the sublime 'Sinfonie-Tempel' reared by the unsurpassable master, in which temple the third, fifth, seventh, and ninth symphonies form the corner pillars. 'Aachen has on this occasion selected the first of these corner pillars ("Eckpfeiler") to support the programme of the second day, and doubts not that the "Eroica" will kindle enthusiasm in all hearts, and attune them to thorough enjoyment.' That great work was grandly given.

Schumann's cantata, 'The Singer's Curse,' came next in the programme. The text is modified by Pohl from Uhland's ballad, and the composition was first heard at the thirty fifth of these festivals in 1857. As generally in Greek plays, the chorus in this work is a mere beholder or listener, the *dramatis personæ*, or soloists, being unusually prominent. The solo element at this year's festival being its weakest feature, the choice of 'Des Sanger's Fluch' was not happy. Fräulein Kling, as the 'Erzähler-in,' or narrator, and Herr Pfeiffer, as the King, left little to be desired; but Herren Ernst and Wallnofer, respectively representing 'the old harpist,' and 'the youth,' were scarcely more efficient than in singing Handel's music the previous day. The music introduced by Schumann as the 'Provençal song,' with harp *obbligato*, is too charming to escape a re-demand, with which Herr Ernst complied. The last chorus, ending

'Versunken und vergessen!
Das ist des Sängers Fluch''

is thoroughly worthy of the composer, to whose romantic and poetical mind a subject so Schumannesque as Uhland's ballad could hardly fail to suggest music conceived in a thoroughly kindred spirit. But some of the work is so difficult and so unvocal, even were it undertaken by the very best artistes, as to become intolerable when executed by indifferent vocalists; and "The Singer's Curse" is thus not likely to become popular. Its title, may, indeed, have a meaning for those who undertake some of its solos which may not have been foreseen by either author or composer.

"Mendelssohn's bright and charming *finale* to 'Loreley' followed in excellent contrast, and, both as a Rhine legend and the work of one who did much for Rhine festivals, was an appropriate selection. The chorus and band were thoroughly efficient. Fräulein Meysenheym received unbounded applause for a spirited and dramatic reading of the part of *Leonore*, despite her tendency to exaggerate and to sing out of tune in high notes; but the well known voice of Mlle. Tietjens, who so often and so finely takes the principal solo, was much missed by English hearers. The limited space of the "Kurhaus" was also a drawback; and, to quote one instance, at the passage 'Denn der Wind und der Sturm sind wilde Gesell'n,' the noise was terrific. Otherwise, all went well, and Mendelssohn's music gains very considerably by being sung to the charming poetry of Geibel, instead of to a translation.

The second part of the programme opened with Weber's glorious overture to 'Euryanthe' taken a trifle slower than usual, after which Brahms' 'Triumphlied' followed. Written to commemorate the German victories in 1870-1871, and inscribed to the Emperor, this important work was given by Hiller at the Cologne festival two years ago.

On the third day—Whit-Tuesday—the so-called 'artists' concert' was given. This interesting addition to the original two days' festival was introduced by Mendelssohn and is now a permanent institution. On this occasion the soloists are brought prominently forward, and generally give some admirable specimens of 'Lieder,' sung to pianoforte accompaniment. The programme began with an admirable overture by the conductor, in which Herr Breunung proved himself a thorough musician of the school of Schumann. Gade's charming overture, 'Nachklänge von Ossian,' which has been heard in England, was one of the most interesting items in the Aachen programme. Solos by Gluck, Beethoven, Schubert, Weber, Mendelssohn, Liszt, and Brahms were contributed by the principal artists, each of them leaving the platform covered with honor and flowers. The celebrated pianiste, Mme. Annette Essipoff, who is on her way to London, where she had last year so great a success, played Weber's Concertstuck with the orchestra, and (alone) variations by Rameau, Fantasiestuck and 'Traumeswirren' by Schumann, and Liszt's grand Etude in D flat. On being recalled Mme. Essipoff played an arrangement of the minuet and trio in Mozart's E flat Symphony, but the enthusiastic audience cheered until she played again. The two choruses which had taken most at this festival—the 'Nightingale' and 'Praise the Lord,' from 'Solomon,' having been repeated by the splendid Rhenish choristers, the festival of 1876 came to an end with a well-merited demonstration to the director, Breunung. The rain came down in torrents as the audience were leaving the concert room.

The introduction of an organ solo, as at the Düsseldorf festival of 1863, was a feature of special interest. The instrument lately erected by Stalhuth, of Aachen, was worthily inaugurated by a fine performance by Breunung, who thus appeared in the capacity of organist as well as composer and conductor. The soft stops are unusually excellent; and in the second movement of Mendelssohn's Sonata, No. 1, the contrast of wood and metal was admirable. But in the first and last movements the effect was not good, the louder stops, as well as the balance of manuals and pedal organ, being quite unsatisfactory. The latter portion contains a '32 ft. reed,' and is altogether far too heavy for the manuals. In the *finale* of the sonata the roaring of the leviathan 'bombarde,' and the undue prominence throughout of the bass part caused confusion and indistinctness. The example here set might be advantageously followed at our festivals this year at Birmingham and Bristol, where grand organs are usually silent on such occasions, excepting in accompaniment.

"SAVE THE OLD SOUTH!" No music thrills the patriotic soul just now with so much power as this appeal, which comes to us on all sides. No true Bostonian, no true American, can help responding to it. We can add nothing in the way of exhortation or of argument, which has not been most eloquently presented over and over again. But among the many forms of the appeal we are struck with the force of the following suggestion made in the columns of the *Daily Globe*. In copying it, we take the liberty to make a single correction: The German Valhalla is just out of Ratisbon (or Regensburg), not Munich, which is 70 or 80 miles away.

In Bavaria, just out of Munich on a swell of land overlooking the beautiful suburbs of that city, so elevated that it may be seen from afar, stands the Valhalla—the Hall of the Immortals—erected by the State in memory of its illustrious dead. In the old Norse mythology the Valhalla is the Hall of the Immortals, where those who have made great sacrifices for their country feast with the gods. The building is a Doric colonnade surrounding three sides of a quadrangle. Its marble frieze is adorned with figures of exquisite design and sculpture, representing the arts, sciences, professions and occupations of civilized life, while ranged in niches and on pedestals are the statues of those who in war and in peace have made themselves illustrious. In the centre of the quadrangle stands a colossal bronze statue sixty-one feet high, representing Bavaria their protectress. In her right hand she holds the sword of state, and in her left the chaplet which he will wreath around the brows of those worthy of her honor. In the Tuileries and at Versailles, by statuary and painting, France keeps in remembrance her honored dead. England also has her Valhalla—Westminster Abbey—where she crowns her sovereigns, and where, when life's fitful fever is over, she entombs them, where by mutial cenotaph and tablet she commemmorates not only her sovereigns, but her poets, statesmen and warriors.

America too has her Valhalla, the one place above all others on earth where men have accomplished great things for the human race—giving a mighty uplight to human freedom. What other building in the wide world is so identified with the progress of human liberty and the equal rights of man as the place where James Otis, Samuel Adams, John Adams, John Hancock and their compatriots withstood kingly prerogative and ministerial privilege—the Old South? Were Westminster Abbey to be burned or overthrown by an earthquake the whole world would lament its destruction. If in some civil commotion or foreign invasion the tide of battle were to surge around it and it were to become a ruin, a wail of sorrow would be heard from every land. Were a London mob in a moment of frenzy to level it with the ground there would be a universal outburst of indignation.

But worse than such a calamity is the prospective fate of the Old South, unless a united effort is put forth to save it. America's Hall of the Immortals knocked off to the highest bidder! Is there a citizen of Boston, of Massachusetts, of the United States, whose cheek does not mantle with shame and indignation at the thought? Harvard and Yale and all the colleges of the land are erecting memorial halls in honor of those who laid down their lives for their country, and yet we have permitted the auctioneer to knock down to the highest bidder the edifice forever consecrated to the advancement of the human race by the undying patriotism of those who established the nation.

Fellow citizens, the Old South must stand! The city or the State must assume its control, and preserve it forever as America's Hall of the Immortals. If Bavaria can erect a temple in honor of her illustrious dead, if England guards with reverential care the spot where she commemorates departed worth, if Harvard and Yale can rear splendid edifices in honor of those who have done honor to their Alma Mater, shall Boston—shall Massachusetts—be so dead to all noble sentiment, so mercenary, as to permit the Old South to be carried away piecemeal as so much rubbish? Never! It must stand. Art must beautify it. Within its hallowed walls let the effigies in marble of Otis, Mayhew, the Adamses, Franklin, Hancock, Warren, Revere, Prescott, Pomeroy, Lincoln, Ward, Webster, Wilson, Sumner, Andrew, Everett, and the long list of her illustrious dead be placed. Let cenotaph and tablet commemorate their virtues. So shall we make the edifice, consecrated by prayer and praise, by eloquence and heroic action, forever an inspiration—the one place above all others glorious in the land.

CHARLES CARLTON COFFIN.

Music in Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 27, 1876. The garden concerts of the Thomas orchestra are becoming more and more popular, and are crowded nightly. The programmes are somewhat higher in their character than those usually given by Mr. Thomas. As yet, no solo attractions beyond those belonging to the orchestra have appeared; but quite a number of eminent pianists are expected to appear during the season among whom may be mentioned Miss Julia Rive and Mr. S. B. Mills.

OFFENBACH, AIMÉE AND OPERA BOUFFE.

Opera bouffe is a subject that a discreet critic would rather shun. If he has any regard for his conscience and for the public morals or the public taste, he cannot well commend it. To condemn it, is not only to pronounce the public taste all wrong and the public morals no better than they should be, but suggests an assumption of superior virtue, toward which, when exhibited in newspaper criticism, a scoffing public is somehow apt to take an attitude of scepticism. Opera bouffe is not an isolated phenomenon. It is but one manifestation of a spirit that just now pervades the art of Continental Europe and is shown in painting and sculpture and literature no less than in music and the drama. Take the works of the fashionable French painter, or more especially the pictures of the Spanish-Italian school which our rich amateurs import at such fabulous prices. It is nothing but opera bouffe on canvas. Amorous old men in fantastical attire leering at immodest girls loitering in palace gardens, setting traps for wealth and station, court jesters making sport of dignitaries, whatever the subject, the picture has nothing in it, but reckless laughter or a cynical sneer. The spirit of opera bouffe is deeper than its indecency. It is not so much that vice triumphs over virtue, as that there is no such thing as virtue. Honor and earnestness, love and duty, purity, sincerity and the rest—all these are the silliest abstractions, and life but a prodigious joke. A generation ago all this would have been incomprehensible to Americans, to whom life had always been very real and earnest, but later years have made a change—we have seen so much opera bouffe in our own affairs—the rogues in prosperity, the incapables in power, the flash and glitter and tinsel everywhere, that we have learned to laugh at it—of course the license that goes with this leads to licentiousness; and yet we will do the good people who crowded the Arch Street Theatre last evening the justice to say that we do not believe that many of them understood the nastiness of the play. They saw Aimée looking as fresh and mischievous as ever in her youth, singing and chattering as gaily as a girl; they saw the irrepressible Frenchman laughing and strutting upon the stage in the utmost good humor with himself and everybody. They saw a whole party in short, apparently enjoying themselves to the utmost, singing the jolliest tunes, and though they did not understand one single word of it, they laughed at it heartily and cheered the composer who created all this—nastiness. It is of very little use to tell the people that the play is indecent, the music trifling and the whole thing unworthy of an earnest, sober minded community. Be virtuous and you will be laughed at, is the motto of opera bouffe.

THE MUSICAL CONGRESS.

The grand operatic concerts given at the Academy of Music by Mr. James W. Morrissey, as I predicted in my last letter, were a great success. The large Academy of Music was crowded each evening, and on Saturday night one thousand chairs were placed upon the stage, and the aisles filled with camp stools, yet hundreds were turned away unable to purchase standing room even. Miss Cary received quite an ovation on her appearance. She was in splendid voice and sang magnificently, receiving tumultuous encores; she is so well known to both your readers and yourself, that it is only necessary for me to record her success. She appeared Wednesday and Saturday evenings. Miss Kellogg was also enthusiastically received and sang well as she always does. But to me, she is as cold as a marble statue; her voice lacks that pathos, or that almost indefinable something, that many term soul, and when brought into close companionship with an artist like Miss Cary, her cold, unsympathetic vocalization is very noticeable. She sang Monday and Wednesday evening. Mrs. Zelda Seguin, always a great favorite here, never sang so well as on Monday evening; she was called time after time to the stage. She is a pams-

taking, thoroughly conscientious artist. Her efforts and success were not so marked, on Wednesday evening. She sang Monday and Wednesday evenings. Mlle. Cervantes is a very pleasant young lady of sixteen summers, Harpist to H I H. Dom Pedro; dresses magnificently, wears a number of medals; but, in all kindness, I cannot say very much in her praise as an artist; perhaps in time she may make a performer; at present her performance is not above mediocrity. Mr. Joseph White, the Cuban violinist, made a hit with the audience; his tone is pure and sweet, but not powerful; he has a beautiful technique and considerable execution; but he lacks breadth of conception and depth of sentiment. Signor Brignoli has seen his palmiest days, but knows it not. He still clings to his old loves: "Come into the garden, Maud," and "Good bye, Sweet heart, good bye," etc. The audience treated him very kindly, encoring all his numbers, more I suspect on account of what he has been than for what he is now. Mr. Remmertz has a magnificent voice, with the exception of some of his upper tones which sound throaty. Sig. Ferranti is also growing old, and his voice has lost much of its freshness; yet he was recalled five times. He appeared on Wednesday evening only. Miss Julia Rivé and Mr. S. B. Mills were down on the programme for a duet the first evening, but the lady having just arisen from a sick bed and not knowing that she had been advertised, refused to appear on account of her extreme weakness. Mr. Mills played a little Barcarolle of his own instead. On Wednesday evening the young lady under a tremendous pressure was induced to play the Faust Waltz.—The effect of her recent illness was very apparent in her looks, but was not so noticeable in her performance. Mr. Mills played one of his own compositions [a Barcarole] and the tenth Rhapsodie by Liszt, [the programme called it the Spring Song]. Mr. Mills played Monday and Wednesday. On Saturday evening Mr. William Sherwood made his Philadelphia *début*, his numbers were:

[*a*]. "A Capriccio of his own.
[*b*]. Octave study by Kullak.

His selections and place in the programme were both unfortunate, being the last but one in a programme of fifteen numbers. Mr. Sherwood is a thorough artist, having great power, delicacy, expression and fire, with a fairly good technique. You certainly will hear a good account of him in the future, notwithstanding his success here was not very marked.

Miss Julia Rivé was the recipient of a handsome compliment from His Imperial Highness Dom Pedro on Saturday evening. Her performance on Wednesday evening had fatigued her greatly and she had notified the management that it would be impossible for her to appear; but the Emperor having sent a request to Mr. Morrisey to have Miss Rivé play the Second Rhapsodie by Liszt, after much persuasion she consented to do so. Her performance on this occasion was like a wonderful revelation. It was a surprise and delight to the whole house, and was rendered beyond all criticism. Her beautiful touch, the limpid quality of her tone, and the dazzling brilliancy of her execution, the fire and passionate abandon, which she infuses into her performance, delicate and intelligent phrasing, power, depth and breadth of contrast, I have never heard surpassed by any artist on or off the stage. At the conclusion of her performance the Emperor and suite arose and applauded heartily, and Miss Rivé was most enthusiastically recalled, but on account of her extreme fatigue only bowed her acknowledgments. She was engaged for six months at the Centennial to give recitals in the ladies' pavilion on the Centennial grounds and for a series of recitals to be given at the Hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, but on account of her health she has been compelled to cancel both engagements.

RECEPTION TO MISS CARY.

On Wednesday evening after the concert, the Messrs. Decker Brothers gave Miss Cary a reception at their Centennial residence. Among the distinguished people present were: Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, Mrs. Zelda Seguin, Miss Julia Rivé, Mrs. and Mlle Cervantes, Sig. Brignoli, Sig. Ferranti, Mr. Joseph White, Geo. N. Colby, Mr. Behrens, Mr. Remmertz, S. B. Mills, Wm. Sherwood, Mr. and Mrs. Levassor, Mrs. Parry, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, representatives of the Press, etc., etc. A most enjoyable reception it was, and one of the most brilliant of the season. Your correspondent desires to publicly thank Mr. Charles A. Decker and Mr. James M. Morrissey for their kindness on the above occasion.

C. H.

Wagnerian Flotsam and Jetsam.

The *Bayreuther Correspondenz* has published the full "cast" of the Tetralogical-Trilogy to be performed at Bayreuth next August. The following are the names of the artists, the places they hail from, and the characters they sustain: Herr Niemann (Berlin), Siegmund; Herr Betz (Berlin), Wodan; Herr Hill (Schwerin), Alberich; Herr Unger (Bayreuth), Siegfried and Froh; Herr Gura (Leipsic), Gunther; Herr Schlosser (Munich), Mime; Herr Vogl (Munich), Loge; Herr Kögl (Hamburg), Hagen; Herr Reichenberg (Stettin), Fafner; Herr Eilers (Coburg), Fasolt; Herr Nieriner (Darmstadt), Hunding; Herr Ehnblad (Berlin), Donner; Mad. Friedrich-Materna (Vienna), Brunhilde; Mdlle. Scheffzky (Munich), Sieglinde; Mad. Grün (Coburg), Fricka, a Norne; Mad. Jaide (Darmstadt), Waltraute, Erda, a Norne; Mad. Jachmann Wagner (Berlin), Schwertleite, a Norne; Mdlle. Weckerlin (Munich), Gutrune; Mad. Reicher-Kindermann (Munich), Rossweisse; Mdlle. Lilli Lehmann (Berlin), Helmwige, Woglinde; Mdlle. Marie Lehmann (Berlin), Orlinde, Wellgunde; Mdlle. Haupt (Kassel), Gerhilde; Mdlle. Ammann (Vienna), Siegrune; Mdlle. Lammert (Berlin), Grimmgarde, Flosshilde.

The *Berliner Fremdenblatt*, in one of its recent numbers, says:—

"The Managing Council of the great Bayreuth joint-stock speculation, trading under the style and title of 'Richard Wagner and Wife,' have begun issuing their certificates of musical-future legitimation in the shape of cards for the grand general four days' meeting, at which, fortunately, only the share-holders will have seats. Let us hope that the singers may come in good voice. The Three-Hundred-Mark-Cards for the Bayreuth Stage-Festival-Play, lasting from the 13th to the 16th August—those cards which are the unattainable object of the yearnings of so many among 'Richard Wagner's less wealthy adherents'—were distributed and dispatched a few days ago. To day we have received the cards for the gentlemen who report for the press, each reporter having four different cards of four different colors; yellow, grey, blue, and red. There are full directions on each card, stating for what day of the Stage-Festival-Play, *Der Ring der Nibelungen*, and for what seat it is available and through which door of the Stage-Festival-Play-House its bearer has to pass. Furthermore, not only is the commencement of the performances generally marked upon the cards, but the beginning of each separate act, namely: Sunday the 13th August, as preparatory evening *Rheingold*, at five p m; Monday, the 14th August, as first day *Walküre*, 1st Act at four o'clock p.m, 2nd Act at six o'clock p.m, 3rd Act at eight o'clock p m.; Tuesday, the 15th August, as second day, *Siegfried*, 1st Act at four o'clock p m, 2nd Act at six o'clock p m, 3rd Act at eight o'clock p m.; Wednesday, the 16th August, as third day, *Götterdämmerung* 1st Act at four o'clock p.m., 2nd Act at half-past six o'clock p.m., 3rd Act at half-past eight o'clock p m; so on the whole, there will be ten acts, occupying at least fifteen hours. As the reader may, however perceive, from the distribution of the time, the persons having aught to do with the *Ring* are allowed, after each act, a tolerably long pause—to recover from the treat, and to partake of creature comforts—as a coupon, that can be torn off each card entitles the bearer to visit the Refreshment Department free of cost. One thing is certain—the treat will be a very fatiguing treat, and we trust that the musical battle-field will have a properly-organized sanitary staff, as well as everything else. Professor Pollitzer, who, as one of Wagner's most enthusiastic admirers, is certain to be in Bayreuth, may, perhaps be induced, in the interest of art, to undertake the direction of the ear-ambulance and the mending of broken tympana."

The visitors "of importance" who may with certainty be expected to be present during the Grand-National-Festival-Stage-Play-Performances will include, according to the officially-inspired *Bayreuther Correspondenz* already mentioned, Sig. Francesco Lucca, music-publisher, of Milan, Donna Laura di Minghetti, of Rome, Mad. Maria Muchanoff, of Warsaw, the Grand Duchess Helena of Russia, the Khedive of Egypt, the Emperor of Germany, and the Baroness von Schleinitz, of Berlin. The late Sultan, also, figured in the list. The name of his successor does not appear there; this must of course be due to an accidental omission on the part of the printer.

Curious anecdotes are related concerning the applications for free admissions, of which there are to be two hundred. The number of applicants who base their request for a pass upon their boundless admiration for Herr R. Wagner and all his works is not simply legion, but legions. Their letters, however, are mostly consigned to the waste-paper basket. But some of the petitioners are more knowing, and, in consequence, more successful. Thus, one person, writing from Vienna, proved with mathematical accuracy that he had a right to claim a free pass, and that the composer was bound to send him one. His line of reasoning ran somewhat to this effect. He had heard *Tannhaüser* 60 times. This, at 60 kreutzers a time, makes 36 florins. He had attended 54 performances of *Lohengrin*; 49 of *Der Fliegende*; and 6 of *Rienzi*. He had also purchased all Wagner's books and scores. In this way he showed that the sums Wagner had cost him would, if collected and invested, have produced every year at least enough to purchase a seat at the Grand-National-Festival-Stage-Play-Performances. His argument was apparently irrefutable, for he obtained his free admission.—*Lond. Musical World, June 17.*

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Song of the Forge. D*b*. 4. d to d. (Bass Staff.) *Felton.* 30
"Then strike, boys, strike, keep time with me,
While work and song go cheerily."
A fine rolling, manly song for Bass voice.

Dear Home of my Childhood. D. 3. d to F. *Abt.* 30
"That sunlit old dwelling."
One more first-class "Song of Home."

Little Bud of Loveliness. Song and Cho. C. 3. c to F. *Danks.* 30
"Put your arms around me tight,
Kiss me just once more tonight."
A charming "home" song.

One sweet sunny Face. Song and Cho. G. 3. d to F. *Danks.* 35
"Some dear loving heart, always true."
A rich and varied melody.

He would not say "good-night." Song and Cho. C. 3. d to F. *Pratt.* 30
"Although I loved him all the while."
A very pretty musical description of a lover's "tiff."

Just where the Brook winds. F. 3. c to F. *Abt.* 30
"Do you remember, in days of yore,
When life was but a summer time of glee."
The refrain, "just where the brook winds" comes in frequently. An elegant song, and may be sung as a duet, if one pleases.

Half Confessions. 'I will not tell, but you may guess." F. 5. d to b. *Sturmeck.* 40
"Who it is I met at eve,
With winsome face and simple dress."
As will be seen, it requires a high soprano voice. Will be a very effective concert song.

Speed the Plow. Song of the Grangers. Song and Chorus. G. 2. d to F. *Merton.* 30
"Then speed the plow, the mighty plow,
And bless our homes so dear."
An easy going, spirited song for the farmers.

Instrumental.

Gov. Rutherford B. Hayes' Grand March. With Portrait. E. 2. *Mack.* 40
The fine portrait on the title will be valued as a fair presentment of the features of the distinguished candidate. The music is decidedly good.

Forest Scenes. (Complete). *Schumann.* 1.50
Already noticed in the [9] separate numbers. A fine classic collection.

Susinetta Waltz. F. 2. *Shepherd.* 30
Very pretty and easy.

La Creole Galop. D. 3. *Aronson.* 40
A neat arrangement from Offenbach's opera.

Fun in a Fog. Galop Brillante. F. 3. *Knight.* 35
Doubtless this brilliant dance would create as much "fun" as any other. But don't dance out in the fog. Unhealthy.

Merry Thought. Capricietto. E*b*. 4. *Jules de Sivrai.* 50
The "merry" idea is admirably carried out, the piece being full of lightness and grace.

Minnie Waltzes. 3. *Miss Draper.* 60
Three fine waltzes, with the customary prelude and coda.

One Hundred Years ago. Reverie. C. 4. *Mack.* 40
Full of rich harmonies, and rather bright than "pensive," as the name "reverie" might suggest.

Petite Marie. (Little Bride) Waltzes. 3. *Aronson.* 60
Pretty waltzes from Offenbach's opera.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, B*b*, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E" means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter, c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space.

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"Golden Hours," J. R. Thomas . . 40

Another new song by Mr. Thomas. The sentiment is bright and happy, and the musical setting very attractive. The title carries a fine lithographic likeness of Mr. Thomas which will be highly treasured by his countless admirers.

"Let Me Dream again," Arthur Sullivan . . 40

"One of a thousand." A thoroughly good song, worthy of the reputation of the author of "Hush thee, my baby," "Little Maid of Arcadee," "Looking Back," &c., &c. (Alto or baritone in key of C, soprano or tenor in key of E flat.)

"Brown eyes has that Little Maiden," Geo. L. Osgood . . 35

A bright, joyous little song, merry and winsome. As an *encore* song it is exceedingly effective. Alto or baritone in A, soprano or tenor in C.

"One Hundred Years Ago, Ed. E. Rice. . . 40

"We fought and fell, and ages tell the story which you know,
Of how the sun of glory rose one hundred years ago."

A rousing Centennial song which will be in great demand.

"I Hear the Banjo Play," H. P. Danks . . 30

"Katie, the Rose of Kildare," " . . 30

"Angels Whisper Sweet Good Night," H. P. Danks . . 40

Three new songs by Mr. Danks, in different styles, but showing the remarkable versatility of this well known writer. The first is in the "Log Cabin" style, the second is a charming Irish ballad; and the third is a song of the day, like the same author's "Silver Threads," "Little Darling," "Little Bright Eyes," &c. All bid fair to be popular, and can be heartily recommended.

"My Sailor Boy," Chas. E. Pratt . . 50

"Blow gently, fresh'ning gales, Good angels hover round."

A fine inspiring song by the author of "Golden Locks are silver now," "Spring gentle Spring," Waltz, &c.

INSTRUMENTAL.

PRICE

"Red Cross March," G. D. Wilson . . 75

A bright, thrilling march, full of fire and spirit, which will be welcomed by the lovers of brilliant piano-forte music. It is of heavier calibre than the previous compositions of Mr. Wilson, the "Shepherd Boy," "Night in June," "Memory," &c., but is no way inferior. It is embellished with a magnificent title in colors, and will, with Mr. Thomas' song above mentioned, be displayed at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, as the best product of American skill in lithographic titles. The March is dedicated to "My Brother Sir Knights of Washington Commandery No. 33, K. T."

"Pride of our Home," G. D. Wilson . . 66

A nocturne for piano, in the style of the "Summer Idyls." It is graceful, effective, and of medium difficulty."

"Centennial March," Mack . . 50

"Memorial March," " . . 50

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THE GOD OF ISRAEL, Grand Chorus.....*Rossini.*
O FATHER, BY WHOSE ALMIGHTY POWER. From the Oratorio of Judas Maccabeus.....*Handel.*
O, FOR THE WINGS OF A DOVE, with Soprano Solo.*Mendelssohn.*
O, MAGNIFY THE LORD WITH ME. Duet for Soprano and Alto.....*Wm. Carter.*
GOD'S MERCY IS ON THEM THAT FEAR HIM. Chorus with Duet.....*Wm. Carter.*
GLORIA, from Farmer's Mass in Bb.....
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FAIRY SONG. Chorus Glee.....*Agnes Zimmerman.*
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BRIGHTLY THE MORNING. From the Opera. "Euryanthe." Arranged by L. H. Southard, with Solo for Soprano.....*Von Weber.*
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Dwight's Journal of Music,

A Paper of Art and Literature.

WHOLE No. 920. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1876. VOL. XXXVI. No. 8.

DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC,
Published every other Saturday
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JOHN S. DWIGHT, EDITOR.

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New Music for July.

VOCAL.

Centennial Hymn. Whittier.—Paine. Arr. for Male voices. Key of F. 30
If in thy Heart I bear a Part. D. 3. d to g. *Abt.* 30
Letter from Cousin Mary to Cousin Fred. G. 2. d to E. *Lecocq.* 30
New Year's Chimes. C. 3. d to F. *Wrighton.* 30
Norah's Message. G. 3. d to E. *Benedict.* 35
Gentle Zephyr. (Placido Zeffiretto). F. 3. d to F. *Glover.* 30
The Kiss of a Little Child. C. 2. e to D. *Hullah.* 30
Sing, little Bird. A minor. 4. c to F. *Eichberg.* 30
Keeping Step together. March for Reform Clubs. Solo and Cho. A. 2. E to F. *Locke.* 30
Mizpah. C major and minor. 4. b to E. *Barri.* 40
A Centennial Flight. B♭. 3. F to f. *Lyding.* 30
Our Banner of Glory. Solo and Cho. A. 3. E to F. *Becker.* 30
The Village Church. E♭. 3. d to F. *Hatton.* 35
Farther On. G. 2. d to F. *Hodges.* 30
My Ch m mer. (Ma Charmante). E♭. 4. d to F. *Millard.* 50

Instrumental.

Centennial Galop. C. 2. *Solan.* 40
Centennial Waltzes. 3. *Fliege.* 75
Martha Washington Waltzes. 3. *Aronson.* 75
Martha Washington March. *Mack.* 50
Wash ngton's (Old) " G. 2. 40
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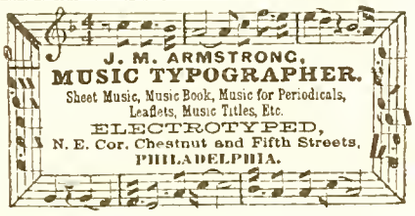

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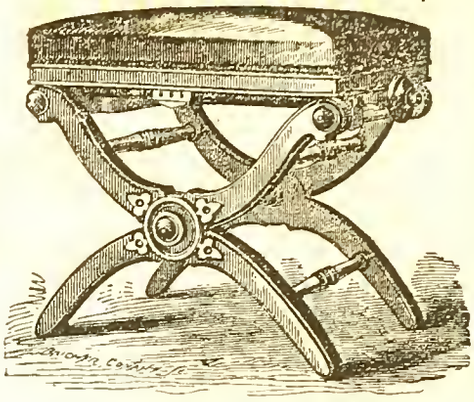

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WHOLE No. 920. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1876. VOL. XXXVI. No. 8.

The National Centennial Ode.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 4, 1876.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

I.—1.

Sun of the stately Day,
Let Asia in the shadow drift,
Let Europe bask in thy ripened ray,
And over the severing ocean lift
A brow of broader splendor!
Give light to the eager eyes
Of the Land that waits to behold thee rise:
The gladness of morning lend her,
With the triumph of noon attend her,
And the peace of the vesper skies!
For lo! she cometh now
With hope on the lip and pride on the brow,
Stronger, and dearer, and fairer,
To smile on the love we bear her,—
To live, as we dreamed her and sought her,
Liberty's latest daughter!
In the clefts of the rocks, in the secret places,
We found her traces;
On the hills, in the crash of woods that fall,
We heard her call;
When the lines of battle broke,
We saw her face in the fiery smoke;
Through toil, and anguish, and desolation,
We followed, and found her
With the grace of a virgin Nation
As a sacred zone around her!
Who shall rejoice
With a righteous voice,
Far-heard through the ages, if not she?
For the menace is dumb that defied her,
The doubt is dead that denied her,
And she stands acknowledged, and strong and free!

II.—1.

Ah, hark! the solemn undertone
On every wind of human story blown,
A large, divinely-moulded Fate
Questions the right and purpose of a State,
And in its plan sublime
Our eras are the dust of Time.
The far-off Yesterday of power
Creeps back with stealthy feet,
Invades the lordship of the hour,
And at our banquet takes the unbidden seat.
From all unchronicled and silent ages
Before the Future first begot the Past,
Till History dared at last,
To write eternal words on granite pages;
From Egypt's tawny drift, and Assur's mound,
And where uplifted white and far,
Earth highest yearns to meet a star,
And Man his manhood by the Ganges found,—
Imperial heads of old millennial sway,
And still by some pale splendor crowned,
Chill as a corpse-light in our full-orbed day,
In ghostly grandeur rise
And say, through stony lips and vacant eyes:
"Thou hast asserted freedom, power and fame,
Declare to us thy claim!"

I.—2.

On the shores of a Continent east,
She won the inviolate soil
By loss of heirdom of all the Past,
And faith in the royal right of Toil!
She planted homes on the savage sod;
into the wilderness lone
She walked with fearless feet,
In her hand the divining-rod,
Till the veins of the mountains beat
With fire of metal and force of stone!
She set the speed of the river-head
To turn the mills of her bread;
She drove her ploughshare deep
Through the prairie's thousand-centuried sleep;
To the South, and West, and North,
She called Pathfinder forth,
Her faithful and sole companion,
Where the flushed Sierra snowy-starred,
Her way to the sunset barred,
And the nameless rivers in thunder and foam
Channelled the terrible canyon!
Nor paused, till her uttermost home
Was built in the smile of a softer sky
And the glory of beauty still to be,
Where the haunted waves of Asia die
On the strand of the world-wide sea!

II.—2.

The race, in conquering,
Some fierce Titanic joy of conquest knows;
Whether in veins of serf or king,
Our ancient blood beats restless in repose.
Challenge of nature unsubdued
Awaits not man's defiant answer long;
For hardship, even as wrong,
Provokes the level-eyed heroic mood.
This for herself she did; but that which lies,
As over earth the skies,
Blending all forms in one benignant glow,—
Crowned conscience, tender care,
Justice, that answers every bondman's prayer,
Freedom where faith may lead or thought may dare,
The power of minds that know,
Passion of hearts that feel,
Purchased by blood and woe,
Guarded by fire and steel,—
Hath she secured? What blazon on her shield,
In the clear century's light
Shines to the world revealed,
Declaring nobler triumph, born of right?

I.—3.

Foreseen in the vision of sages,
Foretold when martyrs bled,
She was born of the longing of ages,
By the truth of the noble dead
And the faith of the living fed!
No blood in her highest veins
Frets at remembered chains,
Nor shame of bondage has bowed her head.
In her form and features still
The unblenching Puritan will,
Cavalier honor, Huguenot grace,
The Quaker truth and sweetness,
And the strength of the danger-girdled race
Of Holland, blend in a proud completeness.
From the homes of all, where her being began,
She took what she gave to Man:
Justice, that knew no station,
Belief, as soul decreed,
Free air for aspiration,
Free force for independent deed!
She takes, but to give again,
As the sea returns the rivers in rain;
And gathers the chosen of her seed
From the hunted of every crown and creed.
Her Germany dwells by a gentler Rhine;
Her Ireland sees the old sunburst shine;
Her France pursues some dream divine;
Her Norway keeps his mountain pine;
Her Italy waits by the western brine;
And broad-based under all,
Is planted England's oaken-hearted mood,
As rich in fortitude
As e'er went worldward from the island-wall!
Fused in her candid light,
To one strong race all races here unite,
Tongues melt in hers, hereditary foemen
Forget their sword and slogan, kith and clan;
'Twas glory, once, to be a Roman;
She makes it glory, now, to be a Man!

II.—3.

Bow down!
Doff thine Œnian crown!
One hour forget
The glory, and recall the debt:
Make expiation,
Of humbler mood,
For the pride of thine exultation
O'er peril conquered and strife subdued,
But half the right is wrested
When victory yields her prize,
And half the marrow tested
When old endurance dies.
In the sight of them that love thee,
Bow to the Greater above thee!
He faileth not to smite
The idle ownership of right,
Nor spares to sinews fresh from trial,
And virtue schooled in long denial,
The tests that wait for thee
In larger perils of prosperity.
Here, at the century's awful shrine,
Bow to thy fathers' God—and thine!

I.—4.

Behold! she bendeth now,
Humbling the chaplet of her hundred years:
There is a solemn sweetness on her brow,
And in her eyes are sacred tears.
Can she forget,
In present joy, the burden of her debt,
When for a captive race
She grandly staked and won
The total promise of her power begun,
And bared her bosom's grace
To the sharp wound that inly torturs yet?
Can she forget
The million graves her young devotion set,
The hands that clasp above
From either side, in sad, returning love?
Can she forget,
Here where the Ruler of to-day,
The Citizen of to-morrow,
And equal thousands to rejoice and pray
Beside these holy walls are met,
Her birth-cry, mined of keenest bliss and sorrow?
Where, on July's immortal morn
Held forth, the people saw her head
And shouted to the world: "The King is dead,
But lo! the Heir is born!"
When fire of Youth, and sober trust of Age,
In Farmer Soldier, Priest and Sage,
Arose and cast upon her
Baptismal garments,—never robes so fair
Clad prince in Old-World air,—
Their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor!

II.—4.

Arise! Recrown thy head,
Radiant with blessing of the Dead!
Bear from this hallowed place
The prayer that purifies thy lies,
The light of courage that defies eclipse,
The rose of Man's new morning on thy face!
Let no iconoclast
Invade thy rising Pantheon of the Past,
To make a blank where Adams stood,
To touch the Father's sheathed and sacred blade,
Spoil crowns on Jefferson and Franklin laid,
Or wash from Freedom's feet the stain of Lincoln's blood!
Hearken, as from that haunted hall
Their voices call:
"We lived and died for thee:
We greatly dared that thou might'st be:
So, from thy children still
We claim denials which at last fulfil,
And freedom yielded to preserve thee free!
Beside clear-hearted Right
That smiles at Power's uplifted rod,
Plant Duties that requite,
And Order that sustains upon thy sod,
And stand in stainless might
Above all self, and only less than God!"

III.—1.

Here may thy solemn challenge end,
All-proving Past, and each discordance die
Of doubtful augury.
Or in one choral with the Present blend,
And that half-heard, sweet harmony
Of something nobler that our sons may see!
Though poignant memories may burn
Of days that were, and may again return
When thy fleet foot, O Huntress of the Woods,
The slippery brinks of danger knew,
And dim the eyesight grew
That was so sure in thine old solitudes,—
Yet stays some richer sense
Won from the mixture of thine elements,
To guide the vagrant scheme,
And winnow truth from each conflicting dream!
Yet in thy blood shall live
Some force unspent, some essence primitive,
To seize the highest use of things;
For Fate, to mould thee to her plan,
Denied thee food of kings,
Withheld the udder and the orchard fruits,
Fed thee with savage roots,
And forced thy harsher milk from barren breasts of man!

III.—2.

O sacred woman-form!
Of the first People's need and passion wrought,—
No thin, pale ghost of Thought,
But fair as Morning and as heart's-blood warm,—
Wearing thy priestly tiar on Judah's hills;
Clear-eyed beneath Athene's helm of gold;
Or from Rome's central seat,
Hearing the pulses of the continents beat
In thunder where her legions rolled;
Compact of high heroic hearts and wills
Whose being circles all
The selfish aims of men, and all fulfils;
Thyself not free, so long as one is thrall;
Goddess, that as a nation lives,
And as a nation dies,
That for her children as a man defies,
And to her children as a mother gives,—
Take our fresh fealty now!
No more a chieftainess, with wampum-zone
And feather-cinctured brow,—
No more a new Britannia, grown
To spread an equal banner to the breeze,
And lift thy trident o'er the double seas;
But with unborrowed crest,
In thine own native beauty dressed,—
The front of pure command, the unflinching eye, thine own!

III.—3.

Look up, look forth, and on!
There's light in the dawning sky;
The clouds are parting, the night is gone;
Prepare for the work of the day!
Fallow thy pastures lie
And far thy shepherds stray,
And the fields of thy vast domain
Are waiting for purer seed
Of knowledge, desire, and deed,
For keener sunshine and mellower rain!
But keep thy garments pure;
Pluck them back, with the old disdain,
From touch of the hands that stain!
So shall thy strength endure,
Transmute into good the gold of Gain,
Compel to beauty thy ruder powers,
Till the bounty of coming hours
Shall plant, on thy fields apart,
With the oak of Toil, the rose of Art!
Be watchful and keep us so:
Be strong, and fear no foe;
Be just, and the world shall know!
With the same love love us, as we give;
And the day shall never come,
That finds us weak or dumb
To join and smite and cry
In the great task, for thee to die,
And the greater task, for thee to live!

The Musical Water-Pest.—Offenbach, etc.*

[From the German of A. W. Ambros.]

Motto: "He's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps."—*Hamlet.*

* * * * While the old Auber's sun was sinking to its rest, without his ceasing to produce, there arose in Paris a German composer (i.e., one accidentally born in Germany), one of the same race with Meyerbeer, a reverse of Goethe's Antonio Montecatino, at whose cradle the Graces had appeared with gifts, though all the other gods seem to have kept away,—a composer, who perhaps did not himself dream at first, that he was destined to become a musical power in the world: Jacques Offenbach.

When his *Orphée aux Enfers* crossed the Rhine, one could laugh heartily, without misgivings, to see Olympus stand upon its head. Who could help being amused when Orpheus, grateful to every God for ridding him of his Euridice, was compelled by the allegorically incarnate "public opinion" to bring her back again out of the lower world? (Offenbach hardly imagined, that in Monteverde's *Orfe* the hero was in like manner accompanied down to Orcus by Hope—*la Speme!*) But *Le Mariage aux Lanternes* showed Offenbach upon the way of Auber. He seems to have abandoned it soon enough. The bottomless corruption of the Second Empire was not served by *Geist* and wit *alone;* it craved a moral game flavor, the stronger, the better! Offenbach's Comic Muse (or whatever we may call the capricious nature that inspired him) began more and more decidedly to show the grinning faun; and *La belle Hélène* finally struck the key which ever since has been the ruling one for Offenbach and for the *servum pecus imitatorum* who have composed after him.

The Offenbach Operetta—as we must call the whole *genre*, even where he himself is not the composer—this so-called "Operette" began to reign in all the theatres even in Germany; to rob the public of desire for, and even of capacity to relish, things not seasoned with this Spanish pepper; to crowd out everything else, and on all operatic stages, at least in the Comic department, to maintain the monopoly. There is a certain plant, which, where it has once nestled, ineradicably and past help overspreads with its green mould all the clear water mirrors, in which once the heavens and the stars were mirrored;—it is called (in Germany) *the Water-pest.*†

Offenbach in all places has his public, which knows only him, and only cares to know him. Alfred Meissner once wrote words of weight: "The new industrial relations have created a new society with purely material interests, a society, which nothing warms, but what yields downright profit. Swarms of ordinary men have grown rich in our days, and these flatten down the better circles into which they have crept by means of their money. Such people fill and give the tone to the theatres, where only the commonest tickling of the senses, the insipid farce and hacknied joke have their attraction. Such is the explanation of Jacques Offenbach, who has long been not the only one in his department, and of much that is kindred to him."

The Offenbach city proper on this side of the Rhine, is Vienna. In many a week of the year 1872, any one who stepped to the corners of the streets to read the theatre bills, could find announced for the Grand Opera some *Mignon* of Thomas; for the Burg-Theater, some drama of Sardou; but, for the Theatres an der Wien, in the Leopoldstadt, and the so-called Strampfer-Theater, three different Operettas by Offenbach. *Vivat* German Art!

The people's theatre, so unique in its way, for which once Raimund wrote his dramatic magic tales, where the witty joke and the glorious, imperishable humor of the old, merry, true-hearted Vienna celebrated its triumphs,—the old theatre in the Leopoldstadt long ago became metamorphosed from the old modest house, whilome Marinelli's, into that sumptuous and showy edifice, the "Karltheater," and is an outworn tradition—although there lurked perhaps more good sound fun in umbrella-maker Staberl and in sergeant Klapperl, than in all modern caricatures together. The peculiar Art temple of the Muse of Offenbach in the beautiful imperial city is the theatre for which Mozart once composed the *Magic Flute*, the Theater-an-der-Wien.

People, who know the ground, assure us that the respectable citizen class of Vienna (and Vienna, thank Heaven, has such a class) has finally withdrawn from the everlasting Offenbach histories. And really one could not, as he looked around on the overflowing house, help thinking of that accusation of Meissner's. The great "*Börsenkrach,*" as they called the financial catastrophe of May 1873 in Vienna, seems to have been the turning point in this too. How they sat there, before the storm scattered them, in long rows, the jobbers well known on the exchange, the millionaire second-hand dealers, the funguses that had shot up overnight out of the bog and marsh of our social relations, the founders and swindlers, the *escrocs* of the money market,—while their wives in silk and satin, laden ridiculously with ornament, costly enormous bouquets beside them, raised their haughty nostrils from their boxes! Vienna has not a *single* public; it has publics in the plural, from the best and most intelligent down to the worst and most depraved. Where the specifically Offenbach public belongs, we leave it to the reader to determine.

In the year 1872 Offenbach brought to Vienna not less than three novelties: "Fantasio," "La Boule de Neige," and "Le Corsaire Noir."

Among these works, the most significant, if one may speak here of significance,—at all events the most pleasing and of most value musically speaking, is *Fantasio.* Offenbach himself conducted the first performance,—evidently in the best humor, for which indeed he had every reason.

A composer, who has the satisfaction every day, at the street corners of a great and famous musical capital, of reading in colossal letters on the bills of those three different theatres the titles of his newest operatic works; who then in the evening, can listen to an excellent performance of one of the three works in one of the three theatres, nay, can even conduct the performance himself; and whom the houses, every seat sold, overwhelm with their enthusiastic plaudits,—such a composer has at least no cause to chime in with the old complaint of genius unrecognized, "kept back" and "not appreciated." The striking affinity between the two great capitals of middle Europe, Paris and Vienna, is often enough harped upon: we might add that it is precisely these two cities in which Offenbach in person seeks and finds his triumphs. But Paris begins already to be a little discontented with her musical adopted son; it is well known that the success of *Le Roi Carotte*, in spite of the splendor with which it was put upon the stage, was but a very doubtful one; and a Paris correspondent of the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung* passed this severe judgment on it: "The Egyptian plague of the last decade was the Muse of Sardou and of Offenbach, was that sensual depravation of taste by which vulgarity has become classic in the theatre."

If Offenbach could pass for the musical embodiment of the Parisian light-heartedness during the second Empire, it would be comprehensible that, after the downfall of the Empire, *his* star also should begin to pale. But the peculiar good and evil there is in him, is not so easy of description as it might appear: reject him altogether, grant him nothing, and there is nothing gained by that. Offenbach in his music is often truly brilliant, often piquant and bubbling, often amiable, and has a genuine French grace of *tournure;* but on the other hand he is also often enough flighty, empty, light and wanton even to frivolity and looseness. With him we are never sure; now, as a fine talent, he delights us with some really charming melody, depicts some burlesque situation with an irresistible comic power, lets some bold, original conceit flash out, to surprise and dazzle us: but in the next moment he descends to merest jingle, or to a questionably over-nice and artificial manner. We are never sure, that after really fine moments we shall not be suddenly annoyed by some sort of an ordinary galopade melody, or by a piece of music, which is no music, or by movements which by their outward and obstreperous vivacity but poorly hide their inward nothingness and hollowness. Offenbach speculates, and with success, upon the peculiarities of our time, but not upon the best and most commendable peculiarities. That luxury and lavish waste of means, which cannot be called tranquillizing symptoms of a period of Art, with him are characteristic. If—to give a definite example—Mozart (whom we have no wish to bring into any parallel with Offenbach!) in his *Figaro* contents himself with a single Cherubino, and invests this form with an indescribable charm of poesy, Offenbach, hand in hand with his librettist, brings upon the stage whole choirs of Cherubinos, whole choirs of pages, where the female chorus must disguise themselves in *tricot* and velvet jackets, as in the *Princesse de Trebizonde*, or in *Fantasio;* and in the last opera the principal and title-rôle again is an intensified page's part. In his orchestration also Offenbach never disdains to use the

* Translated, for this Journal, from: *Bunte Blätter* (*Neue Folge*), Leipzig, 1874.

† In Worcester's Dictionary we find "*Water-flannel*, a species of conferva which forms beds of entangled filaments on the surface of water."

most super-refined combinations of sound, the overstrained and far-fetched ways of the most modern French orchestra, the "prickly" passages, the coquettish *agaceries*. Listen, for example, to the instrumental prelude of *Fantasio*. The musical texture is as loose as possible, the meaning of the single motives is just nothing; but instead of this we have piquant little tweedle-deeing of the violins, piquant little chit-chat of the wind instruments in abundance; right after places simple to monotony, on purpose, suddenly comes a swarm of tones like ants; sighing and dying pianissimos, which the accidental cough of a neighbor would render inaudible, are followed by ear-splitting explosions.

Meanwhile we often meet in the course of *Fantasio* quite charming mixtures of colors; the horn, the clarinet sing in the sweetest tones; the violins play round them in graceful motion; and even the common drum is once (in an aria of the Prince of Mantua) successfully employed for a comical effect; its *crescendo* roll ushers in admirably the fearful *rinforzatos*, with which the noble prince, in the course of his aria, repeatedly startles the ear of the listening princess. This and other analogous pieces show where Offenbach's original tendency and value lie,—in burlesque musical comedy, in musical caricature,—a caricature which, often enough, is hardly better than a nonsensical exaggeration, a hideous distortion, or any buffoonery (such as a droll fagotto accent); but elsewhere also a musical caricature which shows spirit, wit, and even grace, in spite of the fact that it is caricature. In this sort of comical production the French are masters (recall, for example, the outlines of Grandville, the well known busts of Dantan, etc., etc.,) and Offenbach has learned it of them for music. This decided and not to be altogether underrated talent, which Offenbach brought with him from his home, and which he developed in just the fittest place, to-wit Paris, led him also to proceed with a right insight in the choice of his texts, treading the path on which this talent could most brilliantly assert itself.

In comparison with the mad figures capering about in "Blue-Beard," in the "Grand Duchess of Gerolstein," in the "Princess of Trebizond," Rossini's Doctor Bartolo is a second Cato. In this mad, merry world of caricature, this unnecked carnival of fun, we may shake our heads ever so seriously at times, but we cannot help feeling cheerfully excited, and the complaint we would fain raise is smothered in the inextinguishable laughter into which we break out against our will. So then, after all, these comical vaudevilles have their significance in the history of musical art, which is by no means saying that it is classical music and of lasting worth. Offenbach is an original, and if not precisely laudable and exemplary, yet a remarkable phenomenon in its way. But from his imitators, who are already beginning to pop up here and there, may Heaven preserve us! They have copied not the style, but the deformities of their model. We have no desire to see the noble art of music run to waste in boundless triviality, in utter shallowness and dreary dissipation.

Offenbach, by the peculiar direction of his talent, has moved by preference in the sphere of parody, and, judging from his reception with the public, with success,—always of course working in good mutual understanding with the authors of his texts. The deities of the ancient world (*Orpheus*), the hero world of Homer (*Helène*), the Arcadian shepherd world (*Daphnis and Chloe*), the mediæval romance (*Genevieve de Brabant*), the popular legend (*Bluebeard*), even the specifically Venetian romance (*Bridge of Sighs*), all had to submit to be brought before the mirror of caricature and grin at us with comical grimaces. The matter is not so innocent and unobjectionable as it appears. All subjects, of which artists have heretofore availed themselves, in which they have sought their ideals, are here brought to the *reductio ad absurdum*; it is as if Mephisto mockingly smiled at us in the elegant mask of a "modern man," and asked us: whether all the rubbish of the Antique and the Romantic is, after all, worth anything. Dante's *Divina Commedia* Offenbach has not yet parodied, but who knows what may happen? And then what will be left, when such a *tabula rasa* has been made? The jubilant *Cancan*, flinging up its heels with shouts to heaven, to which others lift their arms in reverence;—or, it may be, as the last residuum, the final "positif," *La Vie Parisienne*, which in fact Offenbach has also composed!

[To be Continued.]

The Boston Art Museum.

FORMAL OPENING OF THE COMPLETED WING.

[From the Daily Advertiser, July 4.]

One of the most significant of the events which mark the constant development of public appreciation of the fine arts in this community was the formal opening of the Museum of Fine Arts, in the completed wing of the building yesterday noon. The exercises were simple and appropriate, consisting solely of brief speeches by the Hon. Martin Brimmer, his honor Mayor Cobb, Dr. Samuel Eliot and C. C. Perkins, esq. There was present a small company of ladies and gentlemen numbering not more than two hundred, who both before and after the speeches examined the collections and the interior with apparent interest. In the remarks printed in full below will be found a complete history of the institution, and a full description of the collections assembled. The exterior is unique in the architecture of the city, and is constructed mainly of brick with terra-cotta ornaments, the latter being used as a building material for the first time in this country. The ornamentation is quite profuse and prominent. The most noticeable piece of terra-cotta is a large bas-relief representing the genius of Art, and the heads of the celebrated artists and patrons of art in high-relief occupy rondels between the windows. The whole building, of which the wing already finished is only one-seventh, is on the plan of a double hollow square, 300 feet long by 210 wide, with two court yards 55 by 86 feet in area. The rooms now ready for use are a series of basement apartments for the curator, janitor, committees and other purposes; a large room for the sculptures on the first floor; the picture-gallery; a room for the bronzes, textiles and porcelains, for the Lawrence collection and for the Gray collection of engravings. The cast-room is painted a very light gray, and is lighted from the side. The color of the terra-cotta on the exterior is very nearly repeated in the tone of the walls of the staircase hall and the picture-gallery, and the light seems everywhere good, and especially in the picture-gallery, where there is a double skylight. Ventilation in this room is secured by perforated ornamentation, which communicates with an air space above and again with the exterior through the upper windows. The collections are arranged with care and fill the building well. One of the objects of the Museum, as stated in the "Act of Incorporation," is "to provide opportunities and means for giving instruction in drawing, painting, modelling and designing, with their industrial applications, through lectures, practical schools and a special library, and of affording instruction in the fine arts." The trustees hope to obtain subscriptions to enable them to carry out these important projects. Admission to the museum will be free on Saturday, and on other days the admission will be twenty-five cents.

THE PROCEEDINGS.

The company was called to order at noon. The first speaker was the Hon. Martin Brimmer, who spoke as follows:—

REMARKS OF THE HON. MARTIN BRIMMER.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—In behalf of the trustees of the Museum I welcome you to its rooms. I congratulate you that Boston has, at last, a building devoted to the fine arts—a building mainly incomplete, and very far from adequate in size,—but, we trust, well adapted to its purposes, and filled with works interesting and instructive.

Let me recall to you in a few words the origin and history of this undertaking. In 1869 the late Colonel T. B. Lawrence left to the Boston Athenæum a valuable collection of armory and arms, which he had long been engaged in obtaining; but the Athenæum had no means to exhibit it in a suitable way, and Mr. Lawrence offered the sum of $25,000 towards the erection of the building for that purpose. At the same time, the American Social Science Association was considering the means of obtaining for Boston a collection of plaster casts of the best sculptors. It was proposed to combine the two plans, and soon the scheme of establishing a museum of larger proportions was put forward, and met with such favor that it was determined to undertake it. The Athenæum, cramped for want of room, readily offered the use of its collections; Harvard College, the possessor of a collection of engravings made by the late Francis C. Gray, welcomed the opportunity to make them more accessible to the public; the trustees of the public library and the Institute of Technology promised their co-operation. A charter was obtained from the legislature, and a board of trustees organized under it. The first need of the new corporation, that of land to be built upon, had been already provided for. By the exertions of a few gentlemen, who anticipated the future want, the Boston Water Power Company had been induced to convey to the city of Boston this piece of ground to be used for an institute of fine arts, and the city council of Boston, having confidence in the permanence and the usefulness of the proposed museum, granted the land to the trustees upon condition that it be appropriated for the public interest. After an open competition and careful consideration, the trustees selected plans for the building, prepared by Messrs. Sturgis and Brigham; an appeal was made to the public for funds, which was generously responded to, and within a year from the organization, or a little more than a year from the organization of the museum, about $250,000 had been subscribed. It was hoped that this sum would be considerably increased, but some unfortunate events succeeding each other, the Chicago fire, which turned the liberality of the public in that direction, and later the Boston fire and the subsequent depression in business, prevented the renewal of the effort. The size of that portion of the building which it was proposed to erect at first had to be curtailed, and some delay was incurred in filling this out of it. In opening it to the public now we are painfully reminded of the loss by the great fire of the Lawrence arms, which we hoped would be its most striking ornament. But still there is very much we can congratulate ourselves on possessing. Besides the Athenæum collection and the Gray engravings we have a collection of Egyptian antiquities given by Mr. Way, and the pictures bequeathed by Mr. Sumner. With the proceeds of the sale of a portion of these which was wisely provided for by Mr. Sumner, an excellent collection of casts has been bought. These, with many other gifts and purchases of value, enable us to offer to the public an exhibition which we trust you will not find unworthy. We cannot of course compare this collection with those important museums of Europe, but we may remark that those too had a beginning, and some of them a less promising beginning than ours.

Our needs are obvious. We need funds to complete the whole front of the building, which would require not a very formidable sum; we need funds to add to the collections in many of the departments. These are our most pressing want. But we hope some day that the museum will have an endowment which will allow its doors to be open to the public free of charge, not one day only, but on every day of the week, and we have the fullest confidence that this community, alive to the value of a great collection of art, will generously provide for the rapid growth and for the free use of this museum.

Ladies and gentlemen,—Our greatest benefactor is the city of Boston. I am sure you will be glad to hear from its chief magistrate words of welcome and of encouragement. Allow me to present His Honor Mayor Cobb. [Applause.]

ADDRESS OF MAYOR COBB.

Mr. President:—I congratulate you and your associates, the trustees of the Museum of Fine Arts, on having arrived at such a stage in your noble enterprise, that you are prepared to receive us in this beautiful structure, with your art treasures around and before us, and ready to be exhibited to the whole public. The city has done all that could perhaps be properly expected of it, as a corporation, in providing the land and putting its surroundings in order. The rest has all been done by the never-failing munificence of her private citizens. It is a splendid beginning, for I suppose you regard it as only the beginning of an institution which I have no doubt is to become the pride and the delight of our city. This building, though not insignificant, is but a segment

of that which is intended to stand here; and your collections, already copious and beautiful, are but an earnest of what you expect the coming years to show.

It is the nature of such an institution to grow. In an appreciative community, which we flatter ourselves ours is, it cannot fail to grow rapidly and luxuriantly. It will furnish the needful inspiration and guidance to the artistic genius which is sure to appear here and there among the multitudes of a large city, and which needs but the fitting influence to secure its development and open its path to fame and fortune.

It will be a favorite resort of the cultured few who find a supreme delight in the finer creations of art. And what is most important, all classes of our people will derive benefit and pleasure from barely looking upon objects that appeal to the sense of the beautiful. Even the least favored and least cultivated of persons cannot fail to derive some refining and elevating influences from the sight of beautiful things. Beauty no less than wisdom has an educating and uplifting power. We may well regard this museum, together with our public library, as the crown of our educational system. [Applause].

Dr. Samuel Eliot was the next speaker. The text of his address was the value of the museum as a means of education.

ADDRESS BY DR. SAMUEL ELIOT.

Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen:—I am glad that his honor the mayor, in the remarks which he has made at the opening of this institution, should speak of it as the crown of our educational systems. The value and the importance of this museum are not to be measured by that one word "museum." Every museum, every museum of fine arts particularly, is not only a museum, but a school,—a school in which some of the best and noblest faculties of our nature find their daily, their yearly, their constant claim. In such a building as this, surrounded by these objects, so much beauty in themselves, so much beauty in their associations, we find the power to attract, which must always be the first power in every means of education. Here we have not only outward form and outward beauty to win our minds and hearts; but we have what lies beneath, the inward feeling, the depth of expression, the aspiration of all that is noble and true which have animated these brushes and the chisels, represented by the casts below, in long gone generations. We come into such a presence as this, and there is something which draws out from every responsive fibre of our nature a longing, a love and a delight which it would be vain for me to attempt to express; and it is not only power to attract that will make this institution forever, as I trust, memorable among the educational institutions of Boston; it is the power to hold after the attraction has once been felt. Here are forms which have proved their power for hundreds, some of them for thousands of years. Here are truths expressed in form, outline, color, which have been proved capable of moulding the minds and purposes of generation after generation; and here they speak to us, here they speak to our children. When the poet Rogers went to the monastery of Padua and saw on the wall before him a painting representing "The Last Supper," he looked up to it and asked of the monk who accompanied him into the room something of its story, and the monk, after he had told him what the picture was said, "Thirty or forty years I have been an inmate of this monastery, and from that wall these figures have looked down upon me and upon my brethren. Most of them are gone; those whom I knew here when I first came are now in another world; these remain the same and I have thought again and again as I looked upon their unchanging presence and felt what they have to tell me how they all bid me live. I have felt that we are the shadows that pass away." These forms here, and those that are scattered all about this building, and those which will be multiplied here after this building is completed, they will be the realities, and we who have begun this enterprise, and they who take it up and carry it forward, will be the shadows that pass away. Let us make the most of this great educational power; let us cherish it and use it and extend it until the Museum of Fine Arts shall be even more than any single school, more than any single university even to this city and to the whole Commonwealth, because in it are kindred resources and gifts of so many years. [Applause.]

Mr. Charles C. Perkins, who was introduced as one of the earliest promoters of the museum, then spoke as follows:—

REMARKS OF CHARLES C. PERKINS.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—The president of the board of trustees of this Boston Museum of Fine Arts has deputed me as its honorary director to declare it open from this day forth, and to bid you and all future comers welcome. It is with no slight feeling of pleasure that I now discharge this duty; nor is it without a more than ordinary amount of emotion, for the day of fulfilment has come after many days of hope, and it is a day which, as marking an epoch in the partial accomplishment of a great enterprise in which my interest has been deep, has brought more to pass than could reasonably have been anticipated by those of us who started it six years ago.

That the opening of the new museum building should take place in the Centennial year, and that the public should be first admitted to it on the 4th of July of that year, seems to me ominous of success and singularly appropriate, for it is, to some extent, a national event. It may be called so if considered in its possible influences for good upon people of all classes and professions, and especially may it be called so in this country, where we have had as yet but scant opportunity to feel the influences which radiate from fine collections of works of art. This museum is a place dedicated to the enjoyment and profitable instruction of all who enter it. Already it contains much that is precious, much that is of high interest; and yet this building, with its contents, is but the sixth part of what it will be when the whole quadrangle is completed, with its two great courts, capable of containing casts of colossal statues and architectural fragments; when its picture gallery is doubled in size; when its schools of art are established and in operation; when, in short, it has grown to be a rival, as we hope it will, of the great industrial museums of Kensington and Vienna. If such are its probabilities, ladies and gentlemen, we may, without exaggeration, call the opening of our museum a matter of national importance, for who can tell how many from all parts of our great republic may here be led by gentle influences to aspire, and by contemplating the works of art here gathered together, may be taught upon them "as stairs to climb" to higher and nobler results than they would otherwise have attained. To this will come the "myriad sons of toil" for relaxation and refreshment; the archæologist to study ancient monuments and inscriptions; the painter to find material for the backgrounds of his pictures, and stuffs for the robes of his fair sitters; the designer to take hints for patterns from mediæval brocades and Oriental enamels, and porcelain; the poet, to take inspiration from masterpieces of art; the musician, to seek fresh ideas for melodious utterance. Many men of many minds will come here looking for that which they need, and will gratefully remember those who helped to create this museum. May I ask you to listen to me a few moments while I briefly relate the history of its foundation and of its growth up to its present condition. Six years ago next October, a few gentlemen met in the rooms of the Social Science Association to take the first steps which resulted in the foundation of an incorporated institution, administered by a board of trustees composed of these prime movers in the matter, and of persons annually chosen to represent Harvard University, the Institute of Technology, the Lowell Institute, the Public Library and the Athenæum.

By these happily-adopted relations we have secured the perpetual interest of these literary and scientific bodies, and have raised the museum upon solid foundations which cannot be shaken. A movement was immediately set on foot to obtain subscriptions through meetings calculated to arouse the interest of public-spirited persons. At these meetings the importance of the undertaking was eloquently urged by many influential persons, some of whom are present here to-day, with a success which warranted active measures. The city gave us the land on which to build; plans were offered by many architects of repute, and those of Messrs. Sturgis & Brigham having been accepted, that portion of the building in which we are now assembled was commenced.

It was within the possibilities of any rich and liberal community to erect a handsome and suitable building; but to fill it worthily, which is a much more important matter, might have been impossible without a concurrence of fortunate circumstances. It is not the building which makes the museum, but the works of art which find place in it. You see before you what these are and if you examine many of them carefully and intelligently you will agree with me that to have obtained some of them at all, and all without spending a dollar of the money given by our subscribers, is little short of miraculous. Take, for instance, the Egyptian room, which, although the export of antiquities from Egypt has been put a stop to by the government, and now that pseudo-Egyptian objects are manufactured by the thousand at Birmingham and elsewhere, has been filled with a collection of genuine, rare and most interesting objects. Our good fortune did not stop with the original gift of the Way collection by Mr. Charles G. Way, which consisted for the most part of small objects. To make it complete we needed some examples of sculpture on a large scale, and those which we could, perhaps, never have procured, were found, not on the banks of the Nile, whence they would have gone to swell the treasure of the Boulay Museum, but here in our very midst at Waltham and Roxbury, waiting until the time should come, Mr John Amory Lowell, Miss Lowell and the heir of Mr. Frank Lowell could generously bestow them upon us with a certainty that they would be appreciated. This rising tide of our good fortune ebbed somewhat when the flames destroyed the Lawrence armor, which was to have been our chiefest ornament; but we have reason to hope that the loss of these precious things will be in some measure made up to us by the purchase of objects of another class, of an even greater educational value. The Lawrence room can indeed never be what it would have been had the disaster not occurred, but thanks to the way in which it has been decorated with the carved oak panels of Henry VIIIth time, given by Mrs. Lawrence, it is not only beautiful, but unique on our side of the water. The bequest of Charles Sumner continued the succession of benefactions to the museum, for without it we should not have been able to purchase the greater part of the excellent casts of antique statues which you have admired in the sculpture galleries. One more cast, and that the finest, will soon be added to this collection,—a full size cast of the Portico of the Caryatides at Athens, given by Mr. George B. Dow, and not his only gift. I can only briefly allude to the ancient pottery given by Mr. Appleton and Mr. Dixwell, which with that bought from General Cesada by a number of subscribers has made it possible for us to exhibit specimens of fictile art covering a period of time from about 1000 to 100 B.C. The tapestries loaned by Mr Hovey, and the exquisite piece of arras of the XVIth century, lent by Signor Castellani, the gifts of Mr. Shaw, Mr. Kidder Mr. Brimmer and Mr. Wales together with the porcelains and cloisonne enamels and jades contributed to our present exhibition by other kind friends, must not go unmentioned; nor could I without special ingratitude forget to refer to the admirable Gray collection of engravings, lent to us by Harvard College, with the consent and approbation of Mr. William Gray, and also to the Limoges enamels, the pictures, casts and statues which we have been allowed to bring hither from the Athenæum. The trustees of the museum owe this public expression of their gratitude, which I take it upon myself to make, to the trustees of the Athenæum, who have never failed in their generous support of the museum. All that they had of value in the way of art objects they placed at our disposal. Even the precious portraits of General and Mrs. Washington, which would alone make this museum a shrine to be visited by all patriotic Americans, were not withheld. Nor is this all; for five years they have allowed us to occupy their picture-gallery without price, as a cradle in which we could nurse our growing infant until it had become too large to be confined within such narrow bounds. Thanks to them and to all who have in any way aided us in a work which has now reached a not unworthy status. That it may continue to increase in quality even more than quantity as years roll on is a wish in which you will, I know, heartily join. Having, I fear, seriously trespassed upon your patience, and much exceeded the time allotted to me by our judicious presiding officer it now only remains to me, ladies and gentlemen, to do that for which I came before you, namely, to declare this Boston Museum of Fine Arts open, and while I do so to express the hope that the next Centennial year may find it in a condition of prosperity, with possibilities of usefulness to this community even greater than those which its founders desire for it.

The proceedings then closed.

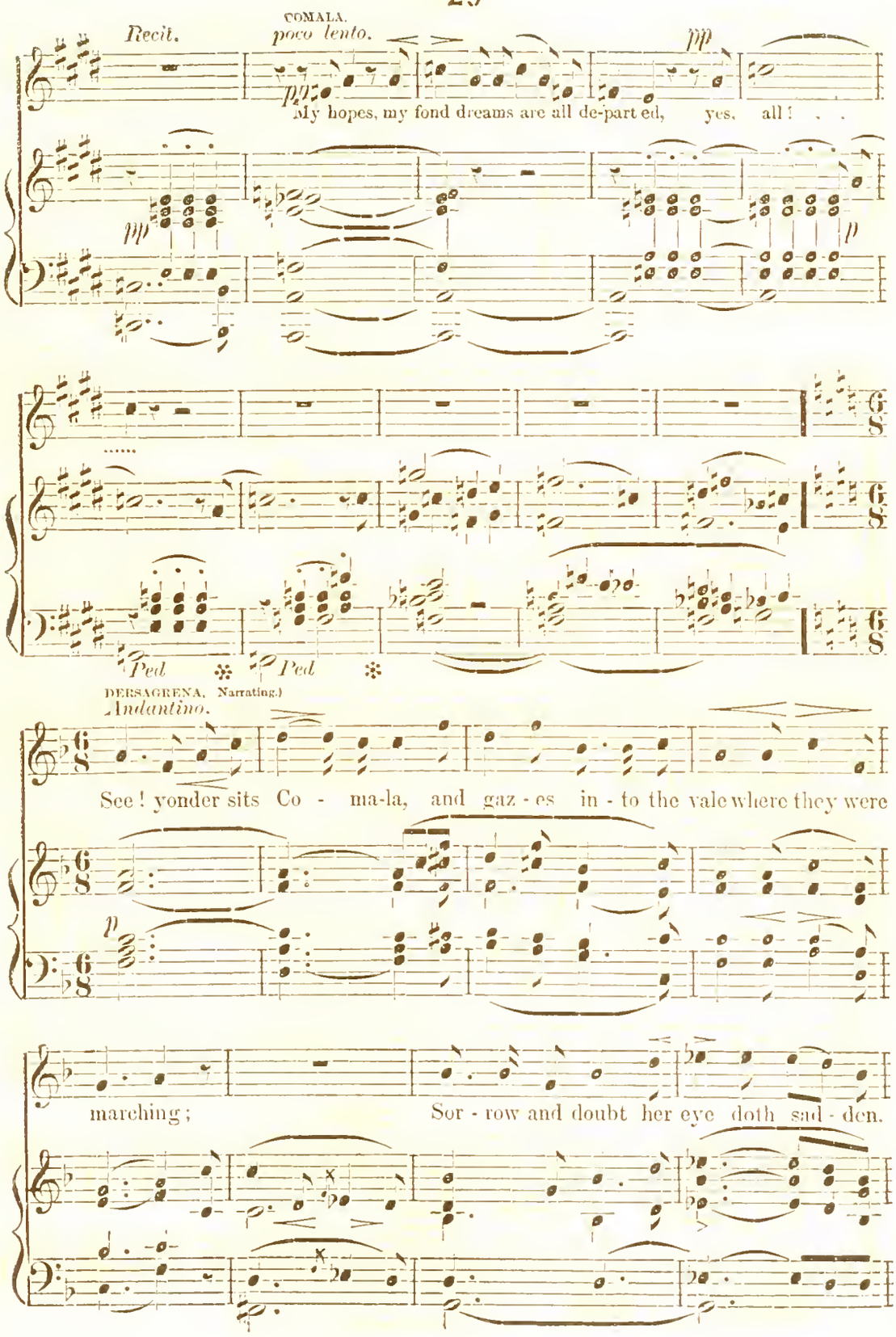
Music in Belgium.

[The initials appended to the following letter, printed last month in *Bell's Weekly Messenger*, London, will be familiar to some of our older musical Bostonians. They are those of a former British Consul in this city, who made many friends here, and was one of our most zealous and most cultivated amateurs in Music,—Mr. Edmund Grattan (the younger), now representing her Majesty's government in the same capacity at Antwerp.]

Whilst Brussels has been enjoying during the past season the usual series of admirable *Conservatoire* concerts, under the able direction of M. Gevaert, M. Fétis's successor, besides the interesting *séances* of classical chamber music provided by Messrs. Brassin and Servais, the provinces have had no cause to be dissatisfied with the musical advantages and opportunities offered to them. The votaries of Enterpe in Ghent have been singularly fortunate in having now amongst them, as director of their *Conservatoire*, M. Ad. Samuel, the late experienced conductor of the Brussels Popular Concerts; and Antwerp has been specially favored by the recent production in that famed old city of two musical novelties of considerable interest in their respective departments of art. Of these, the first, to which I propose to refer, is the performance of a grand MS. Concerto, with full orchestral accompaniments for the violoncello, composed by the great violinist Henri Vieuxtemps, and executed with great success by M. Joseph Servais, under the direction of the composer himself, at the Concert of the Société Royale d'Harmonie on the 23d of last month. The other, of which I shall speak afterwards, consists in an Overture and other incidental music composed for the drama of *Charlotte Corday*, by M. P. Benoit, Director of the Antwerp School of Music.

Amateurs of the violoncello are aware that the *répertoire* of classical solos for that instrument is comparatively limited, in consequence, partly, of the inherent difficulties presented by the instrument itself, and that of real concertos proper there have been but few since Romberg's, which are now considered, in a great measure, out of date, and are rarely performed in public. Rubinstein, St. Saëns, and Schumann have, it is true, written Concertos for the violoncello; but the appearance of a work of this description by M. Vieuxtemps—who, himself a composer of world-wide reputation, possesses, also, as an executant of the highest order, the greatest possible experience of stringed instruments and of their capabilities, could hardly fail to excite very great interest and attention.

A majestic Allegro forms the first movement. This is followed by a charming and beautifully harmonized *Andante con moto*, after which comes, in due course, a sparkling Rondo in M. Vieuxtemps' best style, full of brilliant and effective passages. The whole is so artistically composed as to bring


COMALA.
Recit.
poco lento.
pp
My hopes, my fond dreams are all de-part ed, yes, all! . . .
Ped
Ped
DERSAGRENA, Narrating.)
Andantino.
See! yonder sits Co - ma-la, and gaz - es in - to the vale where they were
marching;
Sor - row and doubt her eye doth sad - den.

Animato.

Come, come, Me-li - co - ma, and strive with your song..... to cheer her

Animato.

MELICOMA. *ad lib.*

spir - - it. So let us then sing her a

rit.

song of Fin-gal's ex - - ploits, till e - cho come from the hills of Mor - -

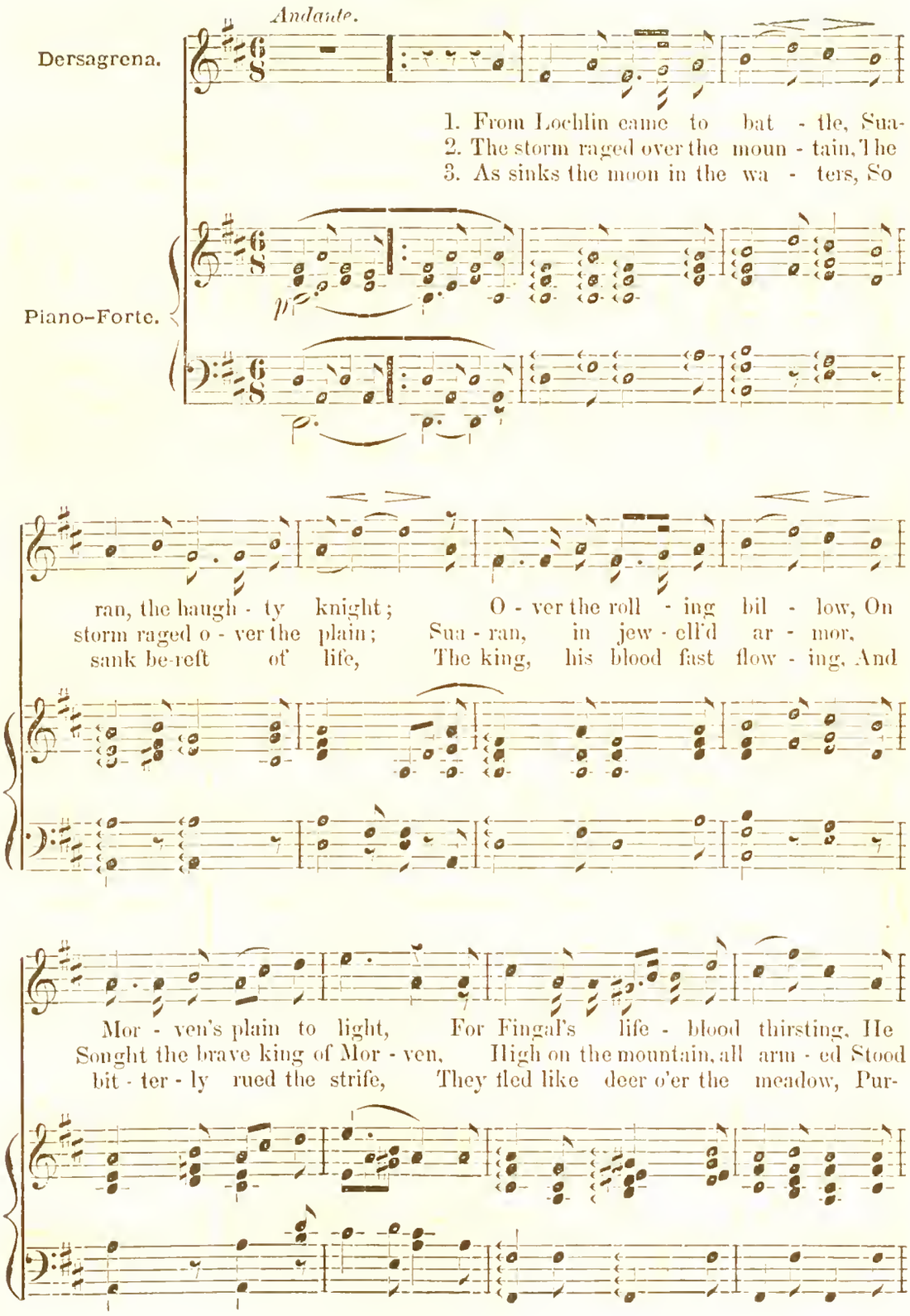
rit.

ven.

rit.

mf

No. 5. BALLAD.


Andante.
Dersagrena.
1. From Lochlin came to bat - tle, Sua-
2. The storm raged over the moun - tain, The
3. As sinks the moon in the wa - ters, So
Piano-Forte.
p
ran, the haugh - ty knight; O - ver the roll - ing bil - low, On
storm raged o - ver the plain; Sua - ran, in jew - ell'd ar - mor,
sank be-reft of life, The king, his blood fast flow - ing, And
Mor - ven's plain to light, For Fingal's life - blood thirsting, He
Sought the brave king of Mor - ven, High on the mountain, all arm - ed Stood
bit - ter - ly rued the strife, They fled like deer o'er the meadow, Pur-

f *un poco rit.*

vow'd re-venge to take, And came for land and scep-tre, With him the lance to
Fin-gal, a flash in the night; Came king Su-a-ran to meet him, All ready was he to
sued by the huntsman bold; For there in his jewelled ar - mor Lay he all dead and

un poco rit.

mf *p* *fz*

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.
DERSAGRENA with CHORUS.

mf

dim. *p*

break.
fight.
cold.

O hear'st thou,

MELICOMA.

mf

O hear'st thou, Co - mala, what Fingal hath done?

mf

O hear'st thou,

SOPRANO II. SOLO.

mf

mf

mf

into prominent relief the best effects of the melodious instrument for which it is written, and violoncello players have reason to feel most grateful to M. Vieuxtemps for so fine a work as he has produced. M. Servais' playing was magnificent. Though quite a young man, he has followed closely upon the footsteps of his father, the late M. F. Servais, the founder, it may be said, of the most recent school of violoncello playing, possessing all the best qualities of that distinguished artist—a splendid tone, a style of bowing alike elegant and vigorous, besides the most complete mastery over all the mechanical difficulties of the instrument.

The music of *Charlotte Corday* derives considerable interest from the fact that M. Benoit is one of the leaders of a movement which has sprung up of late years in the Flemish Provinces of Belgium, the object of which is the promotion or encouragement of a local school of literature and art, the play in question being written in the Flemish language and having been performed during the last season at the new National (Flemish) Theatre, the rival to the *Théâtre Royale*, where the performances are conducted in French. Notwithstanding his claim to occupy a somewhat distinctive position on this account, it must be said that M. Benoit's works—which include two oratorios, "Lucifer" and the "Oorlogy"—are largely flavored with the modern German or Wagner element, and in his music to *Charlotte Corday* he is accused of having drawn heavily upon the last-named composer for his effects, if not actually for his inspirations. Admitting this to a certain extent, we cannot but say that his compositions show considerable talent and originality. The overture of *Charlotte Corday* is especially interesting, from the attempt made in it to typify—as far as this can be done by music—the troubled period, in which the incidents of the drama are laid. Its principal subject in theme is a combination of the *Marseillaise* and of the popular Revolutionary air "ça ira," woven together with much ingenuity, the bold and startling character of the orchestral effects which succeed each other producing in truth a strong impression. In its wild and confused utterances the orchestra really seems at times to breathe forth the tumultuous passions of that fearful epoch. "But this is not music," say some of the critics. "It is neither harmonious nor pleasing." No! but was the Reign of Terror harmonious or pleasing?

The most difficult achievement in music is believed to be the invention or production of melodies expressing calm and tender sentiments; but should we be justified in placing much lower in the scale the efforts of those, whose genius leads them to the interpretation of the more vehement emotions of the soul, in which the modern school so largely deals? E. G.

"Aida" in London. This showy opera, which Verdi wrote for the Viceroy of Egypt, was lately given for the first time in England at Covent Garden. *Figaro* says of it:

Some attempt has been made in those reports of foreign performances which have reached this country to credit Signor Verdi with a more or less slavish adherence to the theories of Herr Wagner. It should at once be stated that such ideas are totally erroneous. That "Aida" is cast in a far more ambitious mould than is "La Traviata," is certain; but the assertion that the influence of Wagner can be traced in it to any appreciable extent will not bear analysis. So poverty-stricken a poem as that supplied by M. du Locle could not possibly be amalgamated with the music; we have plenty of the "Syren melodies," and the "dance-forms," which Wagner so heartily despises; and, although there is less of that "objectionable juxtaposition of absolute recitatives and absolute arie" to which Wagner objects, and more independence in the instrumentation, and less using of the orchestra "as a gigantic guitar," than is usual in Verdi's operas, "Aida" is yet formed exclusively upon the recognized Italian model. That Signor Verdi has paid some deference to the exigencies of art in that he has given the chief singers few absolute solos, and fewer still of arie in which they may display the special agility or the compass of their voices, cannot be denied; but that it can be recognized as the starting point of a new school of thought, or that it will hereafter be deemed anything but an amplified and highly-finished specimen of the later Italian school, it would be impossible to affirm. Herr Wagner scornfully says that in Italian opera interesting arie must interrupt the conversation at least six times, but a composer who is able to fix the attention of his audience for a whole dozen of times is praised as an inexhaustible melodic genius. Signor Verdi has, perhaps, remembered this taunt, and has behaved with commendable self-restraint. Yet, if he have given his prima donna very few pretty tunes upon which she may exercise her voice, he has revelled in his finales and in his part songs—when they are not too dull to be interesting—in some of the most Verdi-ish and un-Wagnerite of melodies. In the first act Radamès has a love-song, the far-famed "Celeste Aida," while Aida has a lengthy solo, in which she tells of her love for her father, and prays the gods that her parent may be restored to her; but in the finale to this act (at Covent Garden, for scenic considerations, made an act of itself), the music written for the great scene of the consecration is, on the whole, almost trivial. The glittering show is a fine one, but in this scene, which should have been a strong one, no question of high art is involved. So, again, in the second act, the chorus of the waiting women of Amneris is frivolous, and the dance of Moorish slaves so utterly pantomimic and out of place, that it was warmly hissed by a minority in the galleries. The great and lengthy duet between Amneris and Aïda is, however, cast in a more ambitious mould, and there is some attempt at a genuine dramatic effect at the point where the haughty princess seeks to deceive her slave in order to discover the secret of her love, and where the slave—a king's daughter—for an instant as proud as her rival, sinks at the royal feet and begs for pardon. When the soldiers enter there is some more attempt at tawdry grandeur, but the introduction of the Egyptian trumpets, on which the most trivial of airs is played, can only be considered a gross pandering to sensationalism. The third act is indisputably the strongest, in a musical sense, in the opera, containing as it does the Prayer and Romance of Aida, and the highly dramatic duets between Aida and her father and between the Ethiopian and her lover. In a dramatic sense, the fourth act is powerfully conceived, and when—the stage being divided latitudinally in twain—Aida, sinks to the earth in her voluntary tomb, and Radamès, bending over her, hears in the Temple above, the priests singing hymns and the dancers executing sacred dances, while the remorseful Amneris, in their midst, sinks on the stone which has closed the living tomb of her affianced husband, the effect is indisputably fine.

The performance on the part of the orchestra was a good, and on the part of the chorus a fair, one, the mise-en-scène being of the most elaborate, if occasionally a somewhat tawdry sort, and the stage management being quite adequate. No praise can also be too high for the representative of Aida—Madame Adelina Patti—and the great cantatrice has rarely worked more heartily, nor with more self-restraint for the sake of art and for the success of the opera. Mdlle. Gindele, too, a mezzo-soprano recently imported from Italy, was an excellent vocal and dramatic Amneris. But for the rest of the cast little can be said, except by way of apology. Signor Graziani's voice is not what it was twenty-one years ago, when he made his début at Covent garden as Carlo, in Signor Verdi's "Ernani," and, though he sang and acted with his habitual earnestness, his Amonasro left a good deal to be desired. The tremulous Signor Nicolini made but a weak Radamès, M. Feitlinger was but a poor king, while Signor Capponi, as Ramphis, upheld the credit of operatic high priests, by singing pretty persistently out of tune. A special word of praise must, however, be awarded to Mdlle. Bianchi, who sang the music of the High Priestess, in the great consecration scene in the Temple of Vulcan, and who consented to take so small a part in order to complete the cast, but who was not rewarded for her generosity by seeing her name in the programme books. The spectators left the theatre wondering whether "Aida" would ever be as popular as "Il Trovatore," but a comparison between the two is impossible. "Aida," written in Verdi's most grandiloquent style, depends chiefly upon its gorgeous mise-en-scène, and, so long as this is preserved, and Madame Patti retains her part, its success is assured. But it appeals to the eye, and not to the heart: its leading feature is glittering sensationalism, its libretto teaches no new lesson of morality, and, indeed, points no moral at all, except that the fact that two women simultaneously loving one man makes it terribly inconvenient for the object of the dual affection, while the music has no decided individuality, save that which Sig. Verdi has so often shown us. It resembles his Requiem Mass far more than it does his "La Traviata," and yet, with a delightful disregard of historical propriety, the composer places in the mouths of his Egyptian priests music which would not be unsuited to the Roman Catholic Church. As the brilliant audience at midnight slowly filed out of the Royal Italian Opera House, they found, opposite the Royal Opera Hotel, a miserable street beggar, distending his cheeks and warbling on the cornet the melody of "Il balen del suo sorriso," as if in mockery to show how greatly the Verdi of to-day differs from the Verdi of twenty-three years ago.

Berlin. From a work just published in the Prussian capital, and entitled, *Statistischer Rückblick auf das Königliche Theater in Berlin, während des fünfundzwanzigjährigen Zeitraums der Verwaltung des Herrn von Hulsen, vom 1 Juni, 1851, bis 1 Juni, 1876* (*A statistical Retrospect of the Theatres Royal, Berlin, during the five-and-twenty years of Herr von Hulsen's Management, from the 1st June, 1851, to the 1st June, 1876*), we learn the following facts. The number of persons connected with the above theatre was, on the 1st June, 1851, 446; while on the 1st June, 1876, it was 518. The dramatic and operatic companies, including the chorus of 189, are now increased to 206. Within the period named 238 dramatic "stars" or "guests" have given 1,132 dramatic performances; 469 operatic ditto, 1,846; and 73 Terpsichorean ditto, 272. There were 461 novelties and 329 revivals. The total number of performances in the Theatre Royal were 6,320; and in the Royal Operahouse, 6,227; making a total of 12,547. That classical works have been duly represented, satisfactory proof is afforded by the *Retrospect*. There were 3,796 performances of such works, 2,477 dramatic, and 1,319 operatic; that is, an average of 150 every year. Shakspeare is represented by 23 pieces and 880 performances: Mozart, by 8 operas and 460 performances; Schiller, who follows Shakespeare in the list of classic poets, by 15 pieces and 615 performances; Gothe, 9 pieces and 327 performances: Lessing, 4 pieces and 276 performances. Among classical composers, Weber comes next to Mozart, with 4 operas and 350 performances. Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice* was played 89 times; Schiller's *Maria Stuart*, 103; Gothe's First Part of *Faust*, 115; Lessing's *Nathan der Weise*, 112; Mozart's *Don Juan*, 149; Weber's *Der Freischütz*, 174; and Beethoven's *Fidelio*, 148.

Bielfeld. The Second Westphalian Musical Festival proved very successful. The charming site, the Johannsberg, where the performances took place, with the fine view extending to the Teutoburger Forest and the Hermann Monument, render Bielefeld extraordinarily well suited for such festivals, and the interest taken in the latest by the public was proportionately great. The chorus numbered 218 members, and the orchestra 53, making, with the soloists, a total of 277. The programme comprised on the first day: the overture, *Zur Weihe des Hauses*, Beethoven; and the oratorio of *Joshua*, Handel. The pieces on the second day were: overture to *Der Freischutz*, Weber; air from *Iphigenia*, Gluck, and "Liebeslied," from *Die Walkure*, Wagner (sung by Herr Lederer, of Bremen); *Schicksalslied* for Chorus and Orchestra, Brahms; G major Romance, Beethoven, and three Hungarian Dances for violin (played by Herr Barth, from Münster); Songs, Schumann and Brahms (Mdlle. Assmann, of Berlin); D minor Symphony, Schumann; Songs from Scheffel's *Trompeter* (composed and sung by Herr Henschel, of Berlin); Songs, Haydn and Mendelssohn (Mdlle. Sartorius, of Cologne); and the Finale to *Lorelei*, Mendelssohn; The festival was under the direction of Herr Nachtmann.

The *Trovatore* directs attention to a contrast. Comparing what was done in the course of one and the same week at five leading European Operahouses, it finds that from the 4th to the 11th June, at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, the performances were: on the 4th, Kreutzer's *Nachtlager von Granada*; on the 5th, *Der Freischütz*; on the 6th, the ballet of *Flick und Flack*; on the 7th, nothing; on the 8th, *Guillaume Tell*; on the 9th, *Oberon*; on the 10th, nothing; and on the 11th *Czaar and Zimmermann*. At the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, on the 6th, *La Part du Diable*; on the 7th, *L'Africaine*; on the 8th, Gounod's *Romeo e Giulietta*; on the 9th, the same composer's *Reine de Saba*; on the 10th, the ballet of *Spridifeuer*; and on the 11th, *La Part du Diable*. At the Royal Italian Opera,

Covent Garden, on the 3rd, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, with Signore D'Angeri, Scalchi, Bianchi, Signori Bolis and Graziani; on the 5th, *Lohengrin*, with Signore Albani, D'Angeri, Signori Carpi, Cotogni, etc.; on the 6th, *L'Etoile du Nord*, with Signore Patti, Bianchi, Ghiotti, Cottino, Signori Bettini, Maurel, Ciampi; on the 7th, *L'Africaine*, with Signore D'Angeri, Bianchi, Signori Grazianni, Bagagiolo, Capponi, Tagliafico, etc.; on the 8th, *Dinorah*, with Signore Patti, Cottino, Scalchi, Signori Marini, Capponi, Sabatier, and Graziani; on the 9th, *Tannhäuser*, with Signore Albani, D'Angeri, Cottino, Signori Carpi, M. Maurel, etc.; and on the 10th, *L Elisir d'Amare*, with Signore Zaré Thalberg, Cottino, Signori Cotogni and Conti. At Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane, on the 3rd, *Il Barbière*, with Signora Varesi, Signori Dorini, Del Puente, etc.; on the 5th, *Les Huguenots*, with Signore Tietjens, Varesi, Trebelli-Bettini, Signori Fancelli, Rota, M. Faure, and Herr Rokitansky; on the 6th, *Faust*, with Mdme. Nilsson, Signora Trebelli-Bettini, and M. Faure; on the 8th, *Don Giovanni*, with Mesdmes. Tietjens, Nilsson, Signora Varesi, Herren Behrens, Rokitansky, and M. Faure; and on the 10th, *Il Barbière*, with Signore Varesi, etc. During the same week M. Halanzier gave his patrons, at the Grand Opéra, Paris—an establishment enjoying an annual grant from Government of 800,000 francs—*three* performances: one of *Les Huguenots*, one of *Faust*, and one of *Jeanne d'Arc!*

The Oldest Piano in America. We desire to draw the attention of such of our readers as propose going to Philadelphia to an old clavichord, which will be on exhibition there among musical instruments. It is beyond a doubt the oldest instrument of that kind in existence in our country. At least we have never yet heard of one of greater age. We first noticed it in 1870, while visiting the store of our friend John Kevinski, of Lancaster, Pa. Observing at a glance the approximate age of the instrument, we made every effort to learn something definite concerning its history. The facts which we ascertained are but few. After examining old family records and papers, originally belonging to the Dickert family, and after requesting the President of the Female College at Bethlehem, Pa., to examine certain parts of the records of the institution, and furthermore, after making diligent enquiry in the town of Lancaster, we learned that the only piano (clavichord) was brought to Lancaster, Pa., in 1766. It belonged to the Dickert family. An aged person remembered that the instrument attracted considerable attention, and that many persons would gather around the window to hear its sounds. We also learned that the instrument was probably brought over by Moravians, who came with Count Zinzendorf in 1741. The old relic came into the possession of Mr. W. S. Gill, of Lancaster, and from him it passed to its present owner, Mr. John Kevinski. It is "*gebunden*"—that is, several tones are produced by one and the same string, it being struck and raised at different places, thereby lengthening or shortening it. As this style of making instruments was abandoned as early as 1700, that is, as clavichords were after that time so built that each key was supplied with its own string, which was then called "*bundfrei*," the age of the clavichord may be guessed at, without going very far astray.—*Brainard's Musical World.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 22, 1876.

Musica Peripatetica.

We do not propose to treat of dog-day music,—of organ grinders and street minstrels, who like mosquitoes haunt the ear the most when days are hottest. That sort of music we have with us always, and doubtless always shall have, and in its way it is all well enough. But our attention is now drawn to the comparatively new aspect which music, as a matter of performance and of hearing, presents in this country to-day. Music in its more pretentious forms has grown peripatetic; and the travelling propensity seems more and more to take possession of all competent musicians. Music in this follows the laws of trade, and trade has been drawn into new ways and methods by the vastly increased facilities of travel and of transportation; the railroad system brings the seller to the buyer; the great houses in the cities, which formerly transacted their business at their own centre, now sell their goods through travelling agents, *commis voyageurs*, and drummers, who go forth taking orders over all the land. It is getting to be somewhat so with Art, especially with Music. It has already gone so far that every music-loving city and large town finds it more and more difficult to keep up a local orchestra, or even a string quartet club, with any certainty of permanence, or any fair chance of improvement. The local organization cannot compete with the travelling band, which, backed with capital, and organized for permanence, to levy contribution throughout all the land, equipped and disciplined for constant service all the year round, can by sharp management and enterprise, by means of railroads, like Moltke's flying batteries, present itself at any moment at any point of the vast field.

It is well to consider the evil and the good of this. One example will suffice for many; and we may as well look at home for it. The recent musical history of our own city is a case in point. With a reputation for culture, and a zeal for all that makes for culture, moral, intellectual or æsthetic, Boston has for many years been one of the chief musical centres of America; and has become so famous for it, that travelling singers, virtuosos, and even orchestras at last, have for years past been attracted here in swarms to gather *golden* honey in so fair a field. Full forty years ago we had our local orchestra—such as it was in the days of the old "Academy of Music"—and we heard the Symphonies of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven. Many learned to love them; others listened with respect, for they could feel the soul, the Man, behind the great Fifth Symphony, however great their ignorance of Music. This lasted for some years and formed the nucleus of an audience, to which the Musical Fund Society (composed of the musicians themselves) afterwards ministered for another period of say a dozen years, with most imperfect means, and wavering success. During the same time came the small "Germania," led by Carl Bergmann, and by frequent visits made us acquainted with a higher style of orchestral performance, while they greatly enlarged the repertoire of truly classical and noble works for us. When they disbanded, leaving good musicians with us, the good work was taken up by individual hands, an ex-Germanian, Carl Zerrahn, and carried on for several seasons longer, until about the beginning of the War of the Rebellion, when subscriptions fell off, and for the remaining period of those dark years Boston was uncheered by Symphony concerts or orchestra of any kind.

By this long and almost continuous schooling—that is, frequent hearing, a considerable audience was formed here always eager to listen to any passable performance of programmes of the highest kind of instrumental music; and their support went far toward encouraging and building up a Boston orchestra. To rally this true audience, and give it assurance that it should hear programmes worthy of its constant and unanimous support, in the best style of execution possible under the circumstances, was the task undertaken by a purely amateur and private society of gentlemen, mostly graduates of Harvard, who believed in music earnestly enough to wish and try to have it recognized among the "humanities" in all true schemes of liberal education,—the Harvard Musical Association. The "Symphony Concerts" were begun in the fall of 1865. The first point was to organize the nucleus of the best audience—"fit though few,"—and that by a guaranty subscription among its members and the music-loving circles whom they represented. This plan was thought to have in it elements of permanence, and therefore of progress. And for six seasons, certainly, the success was remarkable, and all the signs encouraging. The attendance was enthusiastic, and from year to year increased in numbers; so much so that a considerable surplus from the receipts could be set aside as a reserved fund for making up deficiencies in any non-paying seasons which might follow, as well as for the strengthening and improving of the orchestra. This unwelcome exigency came at last; the ninth, tenth and eleventh seasons have been kept up only by large drafts on this fund; and the remainder of it may be needed to carry the concerts through another season. What has brought about the change? Not a deterioration in the orchestra, and the performance formerly hailed as excellent; for it will be agreed that the orchestra, imperfect as it must be with its limited support and short engagements, has played much better during these last years than it ever did before. Not any fault in the programmes; for these, from first to last, have always (with a very few accidental exceptions, and these only through experimental, momentary compromise with captious criticisms) been of the very highest, purest order; for that was a vital point in the plan from the beginning. What brought the change about then? Partly, no doubt, that restless love of change, the passion for novelty, the caprice of Fashion, exercising something of the same tyranny in music as in dress,—a weakness of the "modern Athens" as well as of its namesake. But chiefly it has been the influence of the new peripatetic phase in music, as exemplified in a remarkably well organized, thoroughly drilled, *unceasingly employed*, and altogether admirable and brilliant travelling orchestra, which seeks its public year in and year out over all the land, which brings with it all the new fashions in the way of modern composition, all the sensuous appeal and stimulus of modern instrumentation and intense high coloring and contrast, all that excites momentary wonder, while at the same time it applies all these means, all this perfection of technical training, to remarkably clear, well-phrased, intelligible, if not always sympathetic and inspiring readings of the classical great masters.

Now there is no denying that there is a great deal of good in all this. Every town and city in the Thomas circuit is indebted to him for much good music which it would not otherwise have heard, and even for awakening the musical perception, doubtless, in thousands. It has raised the public standard of orchestral playing, and put musicians everywhere upon their mettle. It has enlarged the repertoire,—whether for good or evil may be still a question; but at any rate it has gratified curiosity, and allowed many to judge, or get impressions, through their own ears, of new composers, new works, new schools, so much read and talked about. It is something, indeed, to minister to the small and prematurely old class of amateurs and half professionals in every musical city, who seem to have run through everything, and who always remind us of the inveterate novel-reader, never easy till he has the last new novel in his hands.

So much for the cause; and now for the effects. Partly we have reckoned up the good effects already, and we are willing to make a liberal allowance beyond that. But there are some other effects which we can only look upon as bad. Let us hope that they are only temporary. In the first place, the travelling orchestra, composed as it is of musicians who find in it their sole employment and support the whole year round, naturally excels the local orchestra in technical precision and brilliancy of performance. The competition is too unequal.

It produces a very marked sensation, and soon begins to divide the public, none too large at best, for music of that kind, withdrawing much of the sympathy and the support on which the other was dependent for its means of growth. A large portion of the public, too, are easily run away with by the brilliant novelties and new fashions brought before it by a virtuoso orchestra, just as one virtuoso solo player after another used to run away with us. Robbed of the means, our own musicians are robbed also of the motive for improvement. They cannot give much of their time to practicing together as an orchestra, if the orchestral concerts are not well supported. Their orchestral engagements become a secondary, incidental matter with them, among other more sure and permanent, and more remunerative, albeit perhaps less artistic duties. It is a matter of dollars and cents for them, in short of bread and shelter for their families, and no one can blame them. The Society which now for eleven seasons has employed them and done its best to build up a permanent orchestra among us, worthy of the musical name, as well as the support, of Boston, labors in vain so long as the musical public, in seeking its own pleasure and in welcoming and heartily admiring the good things from abroad, forgets the duty which we owe to our own local institutions, and suffers them to languish and die out, until we realize the mortifying prospect of *Boston without an orchestra!*

The worst of it is, that it becomes more and more difficult to keep good musicians in our city. If they are not encouraged by all the orchestral employment that can be given them; if these nobler tasks are withdrawn from them; if, instead of twenty Symphony concerts, or even one every week throughout the season or the year, they cease to find support for ten only in a year, what motive have they any longer, either artistic or material, for continuing to reside with us? Every orchestra requires certain pairs of reed or other instruments (clarinets, oboes, bassoons, etc.,) for which such a city offers very little employment outside of an orchestra; to keep these with us we must keep alive our orchestra, support it generously, so that it may constantly improve and build itself up into an organization to whose performances we shall be proud to listen even with a Thomas orchestra at hand.—This is the way it works in Boston; it must be more or less the same in all our cities, hardly excepting New York, which is the great centre of musicians in this country, and which has always at hand the materials for a dozen orchestras; its noble Philharmonic Society has felt the chilling influence of the peripatetic rival.

But this is not all. If the peripatetic movement weakens and destroys our orchestra, no less is it destructive to our chances of good Chamber concerts,—the string Quartets, Quintets, etc., which did count among the choicest musical resources of a community long favored in this way. Never before has it been so hard to keep among us first-class violinists, 'cellists, etc. Our Mendelssohn Quintette Club long since caught the fever, and though their families reside in Boston, they as musicians scarcely can be claimed as ours. Others, of the cream of the orchestral string department, followed suit, formed Quintette Clubs likewise, and spend the chief part of the musical season in concert tours North, West and South. A new bow of promise shone out for a moment when the Listemanns returned to us, with excellent associates, having parted company with Mr. Thomas; but for our orchestra they were of no avail, having become peripatetic in their turn under the name of "Boston" Philharmonic Club.

Is our good city, then, as truly musical as it was half a dozen or a dozen years ago? Can we call that a musical city which has not a fair established orchestra of its own, nor even any sure and ever present means of keeping up the old acquaintance with the Beethoven Quartets, Quintets, and the like? For, we take it, the first condition of a really musical capital or centre, is the possession of its own good orchestra. Piano-players, many and excellent as we can boast, cover a narrow portion of the field. Our vocal societies may do us honor; they are composed of amateurs, and we still lack musicians; nor can the great Oratorio or Cantata be produced in its true character without an orchestra, and must we always go abroad for that? For indeed we shall have to go abroad for it erelong, if the interest in our own Symphony concerts reach so low an ebb that any Orchestra as such will cease to exist among us. In short what are we, musically, or what is any city, without an orchestra? What are we musically as a people, a great Nation, at this moment celebrating its proud century of progress, if every town and city is to depend for everything orchestral on the periodical or chance visits of a travelling company, however admirable, just as we have always had to depend on speculating impresarios for Opera?

Thus there is evil as well as good done by the fine travelling orchestras. Let us hope, as we said before, that the evil will be short lived and the good survive. But in the present strait there is another threatening element to aggravate the trouble,—namely, the general financial depression. We for one, however, have full faith, *if* the friends of Music will only make a little extra sacrifice to help our own concerts to tide over the "hard times," that soon the good time will be coming when the music from within and from without may safely flourish side by side, cooperating to uphold and to inspire each other. *Now* the weaker claims regard.

Improved Brass Instruments. We are no expert in brass instruments—except through our ears, like any other layman, sensitive in that organ, and that, too, often to our sore discomfort. The most that we can do toward an answer to the question contained in the following letter, is to give it to our readers, in the hope that it may so reach some Arbuckle or Gilmore, or other magnate in the realm of sounding brass, and interest him to the extent that he may give the new "patent" instruments a fair trial and render a true verdict on their merit.

Lancaster, Ohio, July 10, 1876.

Mr. Editor: I have a set of Brass Band instruments that can be played by ordinary players in any key or degree of the Chromatic scale without changes of crooks or shanks.

It comprises a division of the octave without a hiatus, and theoretically is as complete as is the double discord of the double false fifth. It is capable of giving any music in the reach of Brass, in any key, or making any modulation known to the science. *It is the best contrivance since the invention of valves.* How can I bring it to the notice of Musicians in Brass?

I have written explanations to some of our "Professors," and have told it over to others. But to no good end. They are able to give comprehensive ears when the *Flats* are spoken of; but when the intervals of the scale in E (four sharps) are mentioned, they show the bottoms of both feet at once.

I know that my plan—patented—is worth the attention of accomplished musicians, if for no other reason than as a curiosity; and I want to make an effort to bring it before such for their entertainment if not adoption. Will Mr. John S. Dwight be kind enough to make me a suggestion?

Yours Verily,

R. H. Gates.

ST. MARY'S CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.

This flourishing Institution, of twenty one years' growth, ranks foremost among the music schools of the West.

Besides all the advantages of the Conservatory, by its proximity to the Academy the pupils have opportunity to take Drawing, Painting, Languages, or some other particular branch of study.

This year, after a strict examination of the various "grades," the Musical course closed with a concert, given in conjunction with the graduating exercises of the Academical department.

The music, both vocal and instrumental, selected from the works of the best masters, was rendered in a manner which showed at once, not only the culture, but what is rare to find even among fine performers, a thorough appreciation of the Form, and proper mode of expressing the intention of the composer.

At St. Mary's, young ladies can obtain all that is necessary to fit themselves for future teachers, or agreeable amateurs. † †.

Music at the Centennial.

Philadelphia, July 13. As we pass along through the Agricultural, the Horticultural, the Art building, the Main and Machinery buildings, and witness the products of all branches of industry and art; as we consider the immense strides that have been made in all departments, particularly in that of mechanics, so well exemplified by the giant Corlis Engine, not more however than in the minute machinery which constitutes a Waltham Watch, we feel a deep sense of mortification when exchanging opinions with our foreign exhibitors and foreign visitors that *music*, in which we have made as rapid progress perhaps as in any other one department, has not been fitly represented.

If we cannot furnish a military Band in this country, (and that question is beyond controversy) equal to those we were favored with at the World's Jubilee in Boston in 1872, from England, France and Germany; we can, and did, at the inaugural, exhibit an Orchestra equal in many particulars to any to be found in the old world, albeit they are not Americans; but what shall we say for the music performed on that occasion, and again by another organization on the great Centennial day! The women of this country, it would seem, are responsible for the order that was sent over to Richard Wagner for a Grand Centennial March, for which the enormous sum of Five thousand dollars was paid; a work of little, if any real genius; the famous "triplet" so often spoken of, repeated *ad libitum*, being the only marked feature of the composition. A Centennial Cantata written by Sidney Lanier, which required several newspaper columns from the pen of the author in explanation of his motives and intentions in stringing together so many apparently unmeaning words and phrases, leaving it however in the minds of most people just about where it first found lodgment, as an illogical, incomprehensible effusion, was sent to Mr. Buck, who in his musical setting has probably succeeded as well as any one could in giving it a presentable appearance. Those were the main features of the musical exercises on the opening day.

The musical portion of the celebration on the Centennial of the day of the nation's birth was still more significant of our deficiency as a nation in the musical art, if we are to take the two occasions named as evidences of our *progress* (!). Mr. Gilmore was entrusted with the music for that occasion, and, not to be outdone by Mr. Thomas in procuring the Wagner March, he applied to his friend Dom Pedro, who in turn commanded his chief musician, (have forgotten his name), to write a March for that occasion. We believe it was furnished, and played, but have never heard anything more about it.

Now in the face of all this abortion in the way of Centennial music, is it not humiliating, when it is known that we have at least one musician of note in this country, who could have furnished something

creditable if requested. Mr. Paine has earned the proud distinction of being known and acknowledged as a composer of decided merit; and it is not creditable to us as a people to bring such compositions from abroad, at great cost, when it is believed that better could have been supplied at home.

Three of the six months of the Exhibition have already passed. Is it too late to have one grand Choral and Orchestral demonstration in connexion with either the Rosevelt, or the Hook organ, in the Main building, on some day before the closing of the Exhibition?

We ask the Commissioners to consider this, and let some of the best known, oldest, and most efficient societies of the country be invited to perform an Oratorio, and let Mr. Paine's Symphony be given, if the time may be considered too short to write a work particularly adapted to a closing of the great exposition. The *performance* of an Oratorio by American singers would be a test of musical progress, as well as the composition of a work by an American writer.

Such a gathering as is here hinted at, and such performances as would be sure to follow, would draw thousands inside the gates, and would go far towards wiping out the stigma which now rests upon us as a people boastful of musical culture and appreciation, yet at this most important time, not represented. L. B. B.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 13. Last Sunday evening the police closed the Offenbach Garden at Broad and Cherry Streets, arresting Henry R. Seibrecht, one of the proprietors, and two of his employes. The affidavit was sworn out on complaint of the pastors and members of Dr. Seiss's Lutheran Church at Broad and Arch streets, and of Dr. Boardman's Baptist on the opposite corner; the pastor and members of Dr Hatfield's Methodist church, on the South-east corner, were also subpœnaed for the prosecution. The affidavit set forth that the proprietors of the Garden kept and maintained a nuisance by selling liquor and holding concerts on Sunday nights. The defendants were taken before Magistrate Carpenter for a hearing, but owing to the absence of important witnesses the hearing was postponed. The churches are determined to abate what they pronounce a "flagrant desecration of the Lord's Holy day." Dr. Boardman says that the concerts on Sunday night sadly interfere with the religious services of his congregation, and the neighboring clergymen reiterate the assertion. The garden is likely to remain closed, as the musicians have not been paid since July 1, and they have been doing a very poor business.

The Thomas Concerts continue growing in popular favor and, notwithstanding the intense heat, the beautiful gardens are crowded nightly; but very few Philadelphians are seen in the audiences. I do not think they realize how much they are losing; for an opportunity like the present for hearing so much good music performed by one of the finest orchestras in the world, at such a trifling expense, will probably not occur in their city soon again. But it is encouraging to Mr. Thomas that the visitors patronize him so liberally.

PIANO-FORTE RECITALS.

MR. J. N. PATTISON gave his fiftieth recital at Weber's piano space, in Main building, yesterday with the following programme:

1. Minuetto and Scherzo from Sonata, op 31. Beethoven
2. [a] Fugue in E minor.....Handel
   [b] Pattison
3. Rhapsodie Hongroise, No 12.....Liszt

The Minuetto and Scherzo and the Fugue were magnificently rendered. Mr. Pattison has a fine technique, great power, extreme delicacy, intelligence and conception of a high order; he has become quite popular here. The Rhapsodie unfortunately I did not hear.

MR. LEVASSOR gave his twenty-fifth recital yesterday, at the space of Decker Bros.

1. Ballade in A flat.....Chopin
2. Allegro, Fasbingschwank.....Schumann
3. Pilgrim Birds.....Satter
4. Spinning Song, Wagner, arr. by.....Liszt

Mr. Levassor has also become very popular here, his playing is always intelligent and enjoyable.

MR. BOSCOVITZ continues to give recitals daily in Machinery Hall. His programmes certainly are the best of any of the pianists performing in the Exposition. No trashy compositions ever appear on them. His programme yesterday was:

1. Marche Simphonique [new].....Bargiel
2. In the Forrest [new].....Stephen Heller
3. Waldes Rauschen, Etude [new].....Liszt
4. Hungarian Dances.....Brahms

Mr. Boscovitz plays very intelligently and artistically, but lacks power, is especially weak in his right hand.

MR GETTINGS, from Pittsburgh, I believe played during the past week at Messrs Decker Bros.' stand, several solos, also some duets with Mr Levassor. He is a fine pianist and Pittsburg may be proud of him.

The only pianist who has given recitals in the city is MISS JULIA RIVE. Although still suffering from weakness, she has given three recitals. I append programmes in the order in which she gave them:

Bach—
Sarabande et Passepied.
Beethoven—
[a] Sonata Characteristique, in E flat, op. 81.
Les Adieux—L'Absence—Le Retour.
[b] Andante, from the 5th Symphony, [arranged by Liszt],
Weber—
[a] Rondo Brillante, op. 62.
[b] Movement Perpetual,
Schumann—
[a] Blumenstuck, op. 19.
[b] Genoveva-Fantasia.
Chopin—
Sonata in B flat Minor, op. 35.
Adagio—Scherzo—Marche Funerbre—Finale.
Rubinstein—
[a] Fourth Barcarole.
[b] Valse Allemande.
Raff—
Grand Suite, op. 91.
Fantasia e Fuga—Giga con variazioni—Cavatina—Marcia
Liszt—
[a] At the Lake.
[b] Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 12.

II.

Handel—
Chaconne.
Mozart—
Minuette et Gigue.
Beethoven—
Sonata Appassionata in F minor, op 57.
Allegro assai—Andante con variazioni—Allegro ma non troppo e Presto.
Schumann—
Etude Symphoniques, op. 13. [Theme and Variations.]
Schubert—
[a] Ave Maria. } Arranged by Liszt.
[b] Valse Caprice. }
Mendelssohn—
[a] Three Capriccios, from op. 33.
[b] Rondo Brillante in E flat, op. 29.
Chopin—
Sonata, op. 58.
Allegro—Scherzo—Largo—Presto.
Liszt—
[a] Venezia e Napoli. [Gondoliera e Tarantella].
[b] Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 14.

III.

Bach—
Organ Prelude and Grand Fugue in G minor (arranged by Liszt).
Beethoven—
Sonata, op. 111, in C Minor.
Maestoso—Allegro con brio ed appassionata—Adagio—Arietta con variazione.
Schumann—
Kreisleriana, op. 16. [Eight Fantasies].
Mendelssohn—
Overture, Midsummer Night's Dream [arranged by Liszt].
Schubert—
Erl King [arranged by Liszt].
Chopin—
(a) Polish Song [arranged by Liszt].
(b) Nocturne, op. 27, No 2.
(c) Valse Brillante, op. 42.
Strauss—
Waltz, op. 167—Man lebt nur einmal—(arranged by Taussig).
Liszt—
Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 6.

The above programmes were given entirely from memory, and in the most brilliant and masterly style, with but two omissions from the entire programmes. Her repertoire is astonishing; her memory more so. She plays entirely without notes, seldom makes a slip or strikes a wrong note. Bach, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, Raff and Liszt, seem alike familiar to her. Her beautiful, magnetic touch, clear and flexible *technique;* the high intelligence and artistic style and finish of her performance; her thorough training from such masters as Mills, Bruchner, Blassman, Reinecke and Liszt; her great power and endurance, give her what few—very few—artists are possessed of. Miss Rivé certainly occupies the high position of America's first pianist, and to her credit be it said that her astonishing success with the public, and the immense amount of praise from the press, has not made her in the least vain. She is a very modest, unassuming young lady, and has a bright future in store. C. H.

Special Notices.

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LATEST MUSIC,

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Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

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"Roll along! Roll along!
Shout the campaign battle song."

A bright campaign ballad for the Republicans. The title contains a view of an "honest load of Hayes," Wheel-er-ing along toward Washington.

Heart for Heart. G. 3. d to F. *Danks.* 30

"It only asks a home, a place
To act a truthful part."

A pleasing ballad that will be very popular.

Bells, oh! Changing Bells. Eb. 3. d to F. *Smart.* 40

"A joyous wedding peal
Now breaks upon my ear."

The accompaniment keeps up the idea of the merry chimes, and the song is one of the best of the kind.

The Heart. (Il cuore). Vocal Duet. D 5. to a. *Hackensollner.* 40

"Dicini il core sia certa machina."
"People say the heart is a mere machine for beating."

Lively Italian-English duet. Just the one to choose for exhibition singing.

Sweet, sweeter, sweetest. Waltz Song. Bb. 4. F to a. *C. H. Smith.* 30

"Sweet thy beauty,
Sweeter thy love,
Sweetest thy spirit."

Not rapid and brilliant, but rather a smooth waltz movement.

Only remembered by what I have done. Eb. 3. E to 3. *Bentley.* 40

Mr. Bentley is a famous "Sabbath School" man and revivalsinger. The song is creditable to his taste and a remarkably pleasant portrait of the composer appears on the title.

Instrumental.

Song of Spring. Love Song. A. 3. *Jungmann.* 35

Full of sweetness, as Jungmann's music must be.

Second Rhapsodie Hongroise. 4 hands. 6. *Liszt.* 1.50

Is divided pretty equally between 3 keys. Has the Hungarian wildness of construction, and will be one of the most brilliant for a show piece.

La Boulangere a des Ecus. Lanciers. 3. *Aronson.* 40

Nice arrangement from the opera indicated.

Sounds of Peace. March. (Friedensklange). G. 3. *Carl Faust.* 30

Very cheerful and brilliant quick march.

Press Club March. C and F. 3. *Malary.* 35

A bright and powerful march, with which the press club should be well satisfied.

Hattie Galop. Eb. 3. *Wiegand.* 40

Decidedly above the standard of ordinary galops, which are pretty and "petite." But this is a piece requiring some prsetice

Rose of Castile. Piano Arrangements by *J. S. Knight.*

There are four arrangements: A "Potpourri" (75 cts); a "March" (30 cts); a "Waltz" (30 cts), and "Galop" (35 cts); all of able and brilliant workmanship.

Beauties of "Amy Cassonet." 3. *Tryon.* 75

Here are half a dozen airs of agreeable songs, neatly combined into a pleasing piano piece.

Cradle Song. (Berceuse). 4 hands. G. 3. *Nichol.* 35

Has an easy swaying, rocking motion that will please. A quiet and pretty duet.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C 5, c to E" means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space.

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PRICE

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"Golden Hours," J. R. Thomas . . 40

Another new song by Mr. Thomas. The sentiment is bright and happy, and the musical setting very attractive. The title carries a fine lithographic likeness of Mr. Thomas which will be highly treasured by his countless admirers.

"Let Me Dream again," Arthur Sullivan . . 40

"One of a thousand." A thoroughly good song, worthy of the reputation of the author of "Hush thee, my baby," "Little Maid of Arcadee," "Looking Back," &c., &c. (Alto or baritone in key of C, soprano or tenor in key of E flat.)

"Brown eyes has that Little Maiden," Geo. L. Osgood . . 35

A bright, joyous little song, merry and winsome. As an *encore* song it is exceedingly effective. Alto or baritone in A, soprano or tenor in C.

"One Hundred Years Ago, Ed. E. Rice. . . 40

"We fought and fell, and ages tell the story which you know,
Of how the sun of glory rose one hundred years ago."

A rousing Centennial song which will be in great demand.

"I Hear the Banjo Play," H. P. Danks . . 30

"Katie, the Rose of Kildare," " . . 30

"Angels Whisper Sweet Good Night," H. P. Danks . . 40

Three new songs by Mr. Danks, in different styles, but showing the remarkable versatility of this well known writer. The first is in the "Log Cabin" style, the second is a charming Irish ballad; and the third is a song of the day, like the same author's "Silver Threads," "Little Darling," "Little Bright Eyes," &c. All bid fair to be popular, and can be heartily recommended.

"My Sailor Boy," Chas. E. Pratt . . 50

"Blow gently, fresh'ning gales, Good angels hover round."

A fine inspiring song by the author of "Golden Locks are silver now," "Spring, gentle Spring," Waltz, &c.

INSTRUMENTAL.

PRICE

"Red Cross March," G. D. Wilson . . 75

A bright, thrilling march, full of fire and spirit, which will be welcomed by the lovers of brilliant piano-forte music. It is of heavier calibre than the previous compositions of Mr. Wilson, the "Shepherd Boy," "Night in June," "Memory," &c., but is no way inferior. It is embellished with a magnificent title in colors, and will, with Mr. Thomas' song above mentioned, be displayed at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, as the best product of American skill in lithographic titles. The March is dedicated to "My Brother Sir Knights of Washington Commandery No. 33, K. T."

"Pride of our Home," G. D. Wilson . . 60

A nocturne for piano, in the style of the "Summer Idyls." It is graceful, effective, and of medium difficulty."

"Centennial March," Mack . . 50

"Memorial March," " . . 50

Two new marches by this famous march writer, whose "Grant's March," and "Nellie Grant's Wedding March" have run through numberless editions. The above are in Mr. Mack's happiest vein, and are besides of value, as they contain superb views of the Exposition Buildings.

"Bella Waltz," G. Lamothe . . 50

A delightful, fascinating waltz, not difficult, but extremely pleasing and melodious. It sets all hearers dancing, and is also a charming piano piece.

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MIGHTY JEHOVAH, Chorus, with Baritone Solo.....*Bellini.*
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THE GOD OF ISRAEL, Grand Chorus.....*Rossini.*
O FATHER, BY WHOSE ALMIGHTY POWER. From the Oratorio of Judas Maccabeus.....*Handel.*
O, FOR THE WINGS OF A DOVE, with Soprano Solo.*Mendelssohn.*
O, MAGNIFY THE LORD WITH ME. Duet for Soprano and Alto.....*Wm. Carter.*
GOD'S MERCY IS ON THEM THAT FEAR HIM. Chorus with Duet.....*Wm. Carter.*
GLORIA, from Farmer's Mass in Bb.....
O, PRAISE THE MIGHTY GOD. Chorus with Soprano Solo.....*L. O. Emerson.*
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Dwight's Journal of Music,

A Paper of Art and Literature.

WHOLE No. 921. BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 5, 1876. VOL. XXXVI. No. 9.

DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC,
Published every other Saturday
OLIVER DITSON & CO.
451 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

JOHN S. DWIGHT, EDITOR.

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The attention of conductors and members of Musical Societies is directed to this fine book. In reading the titles below, you will notice that most of the choruses make here their first appearance. All are selected and arranged by L. O. Emerson, who has shown his usual good taste and judgment.

Sacred.

Mighty Jehovah.....*Bellini*
God of Israel.....*Rossini*
O for the Wings. *Mendels'n*
O magnify the Lord..*Carter*
Gloria.....*Farmer*
O praise the Mighty God.....*Emerson*
The day is past....*Emerson*
Inflammatus.....*Rossini*
Father by whose Almighty Power .....*Handel*
God's mercy on them that fear him.....*Carter*
Come, ye blessed Children.....*Emerson*

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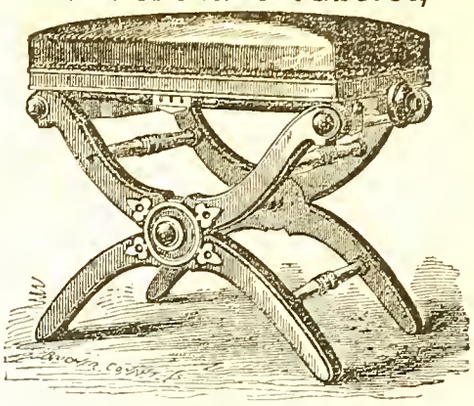

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 921. BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 5, 1876. VOL. XXXVI. No. 9.

August.

Silence again. The glorious symphony
Hath need of pause and interval of peace.
Some subtle signal bids all sweet sounds cease,
Save hum of insects' aimless industry.
Pathetic, summer seeks by blazonry
Of color to conceal her swift decrease.
Weak subterfuge! Each mocking day doth fleece
A blossom and lay bare her poverty.
Poor, middle-aged summer! Vain this show!
Whole fields of golden-rod cannot offset
One meadow with a single violet;
And well the singing thrush and lily know,
Spite of all artifice which her regret
Can deck in splendid guise, their time to go!

H. H., *in August Atlantic.*

The Musical Water-Pest. — Offenbach, etc.

[From the German of A. W. AMBROS.]

(Continued from Page 267.)

Through this subversive tendency, this mockery and denial of all that was of worth to former periods, these nonsense plays are a genuine sign of our times, and thus the fun turns in the end to bitter earnest. If the parody is not to annihilate outright the model which it parodies, then with all its seeming wantonness it must either conceal a real moral kernel, as with Aristophanes, or it must be as thoroughly good-natured as the old Viennese parodies of the Leopoldstadt theatre (*ancien régime*), from 1805 to about 1825. We can laugh at the voracity of Hercules in the "Birds" and then stand in wonder before the Farnesian marble statue; we could be amused with "Dido" parodied, when Aeneas introduced himself and his followers with the words: "The sufferers by the Trojan fire go about and beg for a viaticum," and then we could still read Virgil in a serious mood. But whether we could look on the Homeric heroes without laughing after *La Belle Hélène*, is a question. When the "moral kernel" is changed so completely to its opposite, as in *Hélène*, then the joke ceases, and we have, in spite of the "sold out houses" and the overwhelming applause, only one short condemnatory word to utter!

Fantasio seems to mark a turning point. Of the libretto surely there is not much good to be said, the moment we apply to it a measure in the least severe. A student, who has fallen in love with the princess daughter of the reigning prince, introduces himself as court fool; in this by no means prepossessing mask he wins the love of the lady, drives the bridegroom from the field (or rather his adjutant who represents him, while the master plays the adjutant,—see "Cinderella") by juggling the peruke from his bald head before the whole assembled court; whereupon he, by skilful mediation, avoids the war that threatens to break out on account of the affair of the peruke (!), is at once named Prince by the Duke papa, and is rewarded with the hand of the Princess:—such an invention goes beyond what is allowable! Moreover the plot has scenes that drag, the dialogue much empty filling up and patchwork, whereby the nonsense lasts as many hours as any heroic opera or tragedy in high style.

* * * * "Fool"—that is the keynote of the whole; beside the official fools in cap and bells stand the Prince and the Adjutant as unofficial fools; and when at last, for the most thorough carrying out of the theme, the whole chorus treads the stage in fool's dress and in triumphant procession, the rest of us here in the public begin to wonder whether we too do not belong as "foreign members" to the honorable corporation.

Offenbach went to work in the composition of this book with more love and care than ever before. He wanted to show us that he was the man to write a comic opera of the higher kind. By the side of successful comic pieces, like the duet in the first act between the prince and the adjutant, or the excellent ensemble in the second finale: "Sir Adjutant, be still,"—we meet sentimental, tenderly felt, even impassioned and dramatically colored moments, carefully wrought and finely instrumented periods, etc. The conclusion of the first act, with the singing students marching through the moonlight, is really poetic in effect; Fantasio's waltz serenade is charming and graceful. At the beginning of the second act we suddenly meet, to our astonishment, the famous *coloratur* princess of Meyerbeer, but translated out of the Meyerbeer-ian into the Offenbach-ian dialect; the same act has a very stately finale, of which the beginning happily characterizes the single groups as they come in, and in the following ensemble already mentioned reaches the acme of the musically comic. The closing *stretta* proper, to be sure, is more a thing of outward brilliancy, an un-Meyerbeering and an Offenbach-ing of that modern grand finale style, where all the *dramatis personæ*, with uplifted arms like a row of capital Y's, and widely opened mouths, stand close to the prompter's box and scream with all their might. There are people who find that sort of thing magnificently "grand."

We leave aside the insignificant polar bear story, *La Boule de Neige*, and turn to *Le Corsaire Noire*, where matters have a far more questionable aspect than in *Fantasio*.

Offenbach's "Black Corsair" (*Corsaire Noir*), an opera or operetta, which—what an honor for Vienna!—he brought out in Vienna earlier than in Paris, cannot complain that not enough was done for it beforehand to awaken attention and keep expectation on the stretch. It had been already announced, and then on account of various hindrances put aside, in the season of 1871; consequently the Viennese had a whole summer's time, with still and hopeful hearts, to await the moment when the promise should become reality. Already it was rumored that unheard of things had been accomplished in the way of *tricots*—and we did not dream at that time that these *tricots*, with the *figurantes* concealed in them, were to arise before us in the transfiguration of the famous sun in the *Prophète*, in the dazzling splendor of an electro-magnetic light rayed down upon them from the soffits as if from the better world beyond. And when at last the longed for moment came, then rumor made haste to inform us that there were reporters come (twelve, it was said) expressly all the way from Paris for the first performance. For Paris, after the terrible reverses and irreparable losses it has suffered, it must be, one can readily imagine, a great consolation to learn, as quickly as possible, that Offenbach has won another great fight, which to be sure is not announced, as formerly, by four and twenty trumpeting postilions, but anyhow with twelve reporters. Thanks to the invention of the telegraph, and to "the Twelve" that were sent, the Parisians were soon set at ease about the vital question, whether the *Corsair* had pleased in Vienna. We have long since ceased to look into the opera books of Offenbach for what in common life we call sense and understanding. But we were accustomed to meet in these mad drolleries, good humor, sometimes even wit and fancy. Sheer fun, buffoonery, which is nothing but buffoonery, has its justification in life too at the right time and place, and it would be unfair to wish to meet it with a Cato gravity of countenance, instead of hearty laughter. The fool, even if he stand not on a level with his Shakspearian colleagues, the jester, who by a felicitous joke, by a burlesque play of words, or by any means, can make us laugh, are welcome people to us. But when the farce parades its pranks to an unheard of tediousness, without a trace of genius or of real wit, then the surfeit grows on us from minute to minute, and instead of being enlivened we go home thoroughly out of tune. This, in two words, is the impression which Offenbach's latest burlesque leaves behind it.

The operetta swarms with comic figures, yet not a single one of them is really comic. We get new editions of long outworn types: the well known ensign Rummelpuff (only more so) in the Offenbach version; the deaf man, who misunderstands every moment, but who here, for the sharpening of the comical effect, is also a musical dilettante, according to that correct definition, that a musical dilettante is commonly one who makes music for *his own*, seldom for other people's gratification. Our deaf dilettante is a violinist, who with his fiddle solaces himself and tortures others—including *us*, poor innocent spectators doomed to sit there outside of the action,—for the joke of cacophonous music is hunted almost to the death in Opera Bouffe. Besides the violinist hard of hearing, the devil of dilettantism possesses also the other persons of the drama; they want to perform Herold's *Zampa* and what not. The

"Corsair" theme is singularly varied in the action,—Zampa, in the opera which bears his name, is a mythical "black Corsair" at the mention of whom the Philistines of the piece tremble exceedingly, who is supposed to make the neighboring seas and coasts unsafe, and under whose mask the lover of the play entices his beloved from the unwilling uncle. No actual corsair once appears. Disguises play a great part in it all. Our great great grandfathers in times of yore found similar delight in the Jackpudding comedy, and even the title set forth, for example: "Triumph of Roman virtue and valor, or Gordianus the Great with Jack-pudding, the laughable love ambassador, the curious commander, the supposed dead, the awkward murderers, the coerced spy, and what more the Comedy itself will explain."—Jackpudding (*Hanswürst*) was long ago buried through Gottsched and the Neubers, but we might frame a title in the same style: "The Black Corsair, with the lovers as Persian pedlars, gallant gentlemen of fashion, Italian bagpipers, supposed Corsairs, and what more besides the Comedy itself will explain." And it does explain more, much more! A "part in tights" formerly passed for a very piquant seasoning. Continual heightenings have brought us to such a pitch that we now get the pepper peppered and the sugar sugared. All three ladies in the *Corsair*, after they have first been introduced as ladies, appear in the course of the piece in ideal, picturesque-romantic, parrot-like and motley men's costume, — the prima donna in three different dresses of this sort, each more gorgeous than the last. In fact the whole female chorus in like fabulous costume, which this time is supposed to represent the warlike dress of the men on the pirate ship, perform their evolutions in the aforesaid electro-magnetic light,—for the chorus of pages in the *Princess of Trebizond*, the students' chorus in *Fantasio*, had of course to be outdone by some sort of heightening of effect. How the helmets, the shields, the armor sparkle in the imitated sunshine, how the motley feathers wave!

But it goes beyond all bounds in the third act, where the rentier Lambrequin, the apothecary Toulard and his son Antoninus, after a narcotic has been administered to them at a banquet in the finale of the second act, wake up in a room furnished like a ship's cabin, and are made aware that they are prisoners on the ship of "the black Corsair;" when they are rocked in rocking chairs until they become sea-sick!—and when during a pretended sea-fight the pretended Corsair exhorts them to catch and smother the explosive hollow shot, that is flying about, in leaden pot-lids, and now great balls of indian rubber, such as the children play with, are tossed in and, to the delight of the public, hop round on the stage, while they with their potlids strive in vain to catch them.

Poet and composer seem to have pledged their word to one another, that they would try for once what and how much it will do to offer to the public. Poet and composer? This time it is Offenbach himself who unites the double laurel crown upon his head! Double glory or double—shame. And in fact, we are already so admirably disciplined in the Offenbach school that we scarcely notice it when probability, good sense, nay when morality and decency are slapped in the face. Certain tricks of silly pageantry return continually: all the persons on the stage form in front before the footlights and, tripping to some sort of a march melody, march crab-like backwards to the bottom of the stage, then forward again to the foot-lights; or they dance to some polka melody that is struck up in the orchestra,—not as if this were meant for dance music at the appropriate dramatic moment, but simply and solely because it is a polka tune, which sets their feet in motion.

Offenbach's score brings in a drinking song with chorus in the second act, in which his original and brilliant talent is expressed. But this is the first and the last instance in this composition. Yet the music of the Dilettanti, too, is treated with good humor, and even with a sort of geniality. One must have some little insight into the technicalities of composing, in order fully to appreciate what an excellent piece, for example, the frightful Symphony is, with which the first act closes (there exists a similar musical joke by Mozart). Only the joke repeats itself too often—first at the raising of the curtain in the musical rehearsal, where a pedantic instrumental quatuor (or whatever it may be), at which the deaf man fiddles away with his friends, is very skilfully combined with the quatuor (here as trio) from *Zampa:* "le voici;" then, for the close of the act, that symphony; then in the second act the scene, where Lambrequin tries, with the aid of his bassoon, to impart to the cook Susanna the passage: "He is here, is here, is here!" from the aforesaid *Zampa* fragment; then the scene of the *pifferari*, whose snarling music (Meyerbeer had expressed a passionate fondness for it in Rome) is amusingly parodied, but also caricatured; and finally in the opera rehearsal of *Zampa*. Herold would die of laughter, if he were to hear how Offenbach has dressed up his overture.

But it is too much torture to the ears for one evening, as we said before; and what amuses once soon satiates when it occurs twice, thrice, and so on. For the rest we find in the score some graceful moments, some piquant hits, but along with them much, very much that is hackneied or unmeaning, noise, dance-hall music, stop-gaps, which betray the haste in which the composer was to fill some pages of his score as rapidly as possible with note-heads. But one to whom Heaven has given so enviable a talent, one who has at his disposal such a sum of artistic experiences, one who possesses such a felicitous and facile hand, ought to be more careful for his own artistic fame. For this there is no assurance in the fact that the public laugh and shout at the first performance. To wish to build up his success on thoughtless love for show, on trivial sensuality, on the cheap laughter of a public at each good or wretched joke, is the worst kind of tactics. In Paris it is less important. There the "Bouffes" is but a single little theatre, and, as in a library, upon whose shelves stand all the works of all the seven wise men, we can take up from the table, lying among other journals, some sheet of wit and caricature, amuse ourselves for a moment with it, and then throw it down again, so we may like to go to the "Bouffes" occasionally, for just an evening, to laugh at *Orphée* or the *Grande Duchesse*. But where these quips and quirks are offered us for daily bread, nay almost for exclusive nutriment, then it is time to point out emphatically that the true end and calling of a theatre is to be an Art institution, and no mere vaudeville hall, no dramatically transformed *Café chantant;* and that the Muses protest against being represented as ladies of the *demi-monde*.

[Conclusion next time.]

Bartolommeo Cristofori.

THE INVENTOR OF THE PIANO FORTE, AND THE FESTA HELD IN HIS HONOR AT FLORENCE.

[Correspondence of the *Springfield Republican*].

FLORENCE, Saturday, May 20.

This may be called the era of remembrance in Italy. Now that the kingdom is united under a beloved sovereign, and has rest within and without, the people are at leisure to recall the glorious memories of the past, and without provincial jealousy to join in doing honor to the great men whom their country has produced. The last ten years have seen such tardy honors paid to Dante, Galileo, Machiavelli, Michael Angelo, Ariosto, Boccaccio, Foscolo, Botta and many others more or less celebrated; and their works and their personal characteristics have been brought vividly before the minds of the present generation. The latest recipient of these testimonials is Bartolommeo Cristofori, the inventor of the piano-forte. The week commencing May 7 has been devoted to a festival in commemoration of him at Florence, which, though not his native city, was the place of his residence during the greater part of his life, and the place also, where the first piano-forte was constructed.

I am aware that the invention of this instrument has been variously contested, though not so strenuously as its importance to the musical world would have warranted. Even in Italy, attention has but recently been called to the subject; and it is greatly owing to the efforts of that accomplished and lamented scholar, the late Cavaliere Leto Pulitti, that the priority of Cristofori's claim has been vindicated in his own country, though it had previously been acknowledged in England by Rimbault in his treatise on the "Origin of the Piano-Forte," published at London in 1860. Signor Pulitti examined more than 20,000 documents existing in the library of the Pitti palace at Florence, in which mention is made of Cristofori. They form a part of the archives of the Medici, Cristofori having been an employé of the ducal family. But the most irrefragable proof of Cristofori's claim is found in a remarkable article by the Marquis Scipio Maffei, a celebrated Veronese writer, who lived from 1675 to 1755. He was the author of a number of valued works, and also founded a periodical called the Literary Journal (Giornale dei Litterati). In this periodical he published, in the year 1711, an account of "The Piano-Forte as Recently Invented by Bartolommeo Cristofori, Harpsichord-Maker to the Court of Ferdinand dei Medici, Prince of Tuscany." This account is so full and minute in its details that from it Signor Cesare Ponsicchi, tuner to the royal institute of Music at Florence, has been able to execute a model, of which he says: "As to certain details of proportion I am a little doubtful, but as to the exactness of the mechanical principles there can be no question." The authenticity of Maffei's statement has also received the most valuable confirmation from the discovery of a Cristofori piano-forte of 1720, which has the same mechanism as that described by Maffei in 1711, with the exception of a few slight improvements, such as would naturally suggest themselves to an inventor studious of perfecting his discovery. Of this also Ponsicchi has made a model (as well as of several others of the earliest known piano-fortes), and I quote his remarks in regard to it from his very interesting pamphlet entitled "The Origin and Development of the Piano-forte," published on the occasion of the Cristofori festival, and to which I am much indebted. "Let us now examine" he says, "the second model, and we shall see that here the check on the hammers is added, and that there are slight changes in the arrangement of the mechanism. Or, better still, let us examine the piano-forte itself, from which this model has been executed, and which was constructed by Cristofori in 1720. By the

kindness of the proprietor, Mme. Ernesta Martelli of Florence, it is on exhibition, and we are no longer obliged to trust to induction, but have the reality before our eyes. This instrument had remained for many years neglected in a lumber-room, when by chance some one, opening it, discovered the inscription, 'Bartholommeus Cristophori Patavinus, inventor, faciebat Florentia, MDCXX. Though of course useless in its actual condition, this discovery led the owner to inquire for some one who could inform her as to its worth, and Prof. Leto Puliti was the person selected. It happened curiously that at this very time, Prof. Puliti was making researches among the letters of Ferdinand de Medici, with the express purpose of finding whether any traces could be gained of Cristofori's pianos, or of documents proving their existence. His delight at this discovery may be imagined. The instrument was soon consigned to me for repairs, and put in its present order, and I gave a detailed report to Mme. Martelli of the restorations I had made."

The Marquis Maffei states, in the article above referred to, that Cristofori had then (1711) made three piano-fortes of the kind which he described, and one of a less complicated structure; so that it is probable that the actual date of manufacture of his first instrument was considerably earlier even than 1711. It seems, therefore, hardly possible to doubt that to Cristofori belongs the glory of having substituted, for the quills of the ancient harpsichord and spinet, the invention of the hammer, and to have been the first who succeeded in evoking from a keyed instrument that variety of tone which gave to the transfigured harpsichord the name of "Piano-Forte." Cristofori's name for his new instrument was "The Harpsichord with Piano and Forte." (Gravecembalo con Piano e Forte). In 1716 Marius presented to the Royal academy of France some models having the same scope as those of Cristofori, and in 1721 Schroeter exhibited at Dresden his piano-forte. But it is known that Handel had been at the court of Ferdinand de Medici, and there is some reason to suppose that from him Schroeter had gained some valuable hints as to the improvements in musical instruments which the Florentine mechanician had accomplished. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that the action of the harpsichord was by means of small pieces of wood with a quill (usually a raven's quill) attached to their ends; the quill striking the strings somewhat as the fingers strike the harp strings. The spinet was similar, but more ancient and less powerful in tone.

But little is known of Cristofori himself, except as to his business life. He was born in Padua, May 4, 1655, of parents belonging to the common people, and probably enjoyed very little in the way of educational advantages. But that he possessed resolution and perseverance, as well as confidence in his own capabilities, is shown by his being willing, for the sake of prosecuting his studies and inventions, to leave Padua for Florence, which was in those days to expatriate himself, a step which Italians are more reluctant to take than a nation of travelers like ourselves can imagine. At this period Cosmo III. dei Medici was reigning, and was as distinguished for his aversion to music as his ancestor, Lorenzo the magnificent, had been for his encouragement of it, and the sister arts. But his oldest son, Prince Ferdinand, was passionately fond of music, and always anxious to encourage whatever could promote it's cultivation. He seems to have first heard of Cristofori as a maker of musical instruments of some celebrity, in passing through Padua on his return from Venice in 1687, and to have made investigations which rendered him desirous to take the mechanism into his own service. At any rate, it appears, from the accounts of the royal household, that, in August of 1690, Cristofori was at Florence, and already at work for the Medici. Nor was he disappointed in finding in Prince Ferdinand "a liberal and appreciative patron, justifying his reputation as the Mæcenas of the Arts." The first bill Cristofori sends to his royal master is for repairs to different instruments, the second for the manufacture of a spinet, and so on, it appearing that his time was by no means given up entirely to inventive studies. The following is a specimen of Cristofori's bills, as preserved in the Royal library of the Pitti palace:—

1st September, 1693.

Due to Bartolommeo Cristofori from the treasury of His Most Serene Highness, Prince Ferdinand of Tuscany, for a Spinet of two Registers, made of Cypress inlaid with Ebony:—

Native Cypress-wood and sawing, LIRE	5 10
Ornament of Cypress-wood,	4 00
Iron pegs painted brown,	5 00
Brass, cloth, leather, nails, etc.,	32 00
Wood work and carving,	339 00
My own work,	800 00

The lira of that period was equal to Fr. 0.84, or 16.4-5 cents of our money.

In 1709, he appears to have been lodging in an apartment hired for him by the prince, and there is another entry to the same effect dated 1711. Two years later, he had the great misfortune to lose his royal patron by death, and the court of Tuscany no longer offered to musicians a congenial atmosphere. The sunshine of favor was over for the inventor. Henceforward, he seems to have carried on his old occupation as a maker and repairer of musical instruments in general, only occasionally constructing a piano-forte, and not too much encouraged by the appreciation of his discovery. He died on the 27th of January, 1731. It is not known whether he was ever married or left any descendants. Had Prince Ferdinand lived to afford him the opportunity and means to improve his great discovery and to make it known, we cannot doubt that much more would have been transmitted to us as to Cristofori; that with encouragement would have come fame. But, instead of this, his remaining years were passed in the labor necessary to meet his daily wants, and his later pianos do not show any material advance upon his first model. However, his right to the title of inventor of the pianoforte is indisputably proved, and justice has at length been done to his memory.

After the extinction of the Medicean dynasty in 1737, and the subjection of Tuscany to Austrian rule, the Viennese pianos, which were beginning to be celebrated, naturally became the fashion in court circles, and the nascent enterprise of Cristofori was almost forgotten. This rage for Viennese pianos spread through all Italy; and even France, after a vigorous struggle to maintain the supremacy of the harpsichord, had to yield to the claims of the new instrument, the superiority of which Sebastian Erard, who established himself in Paris, in 1768, soon succeeded in proving. "Thus," says Ponsicchi, "Cristofori's chrysalis, which had lain dormant, took to itself wings and was called by the name of Erard." The fame of these French pianos soon outstripped that of the Viennese. In 1807, the establishment of Pleyel was founded, and soon after that of Herz. Meanwhile England had not been idle, as the names of Clementi, Broadwood, Collard and Stoddart will suggest to many minds. In 1827, the first piano factory was opened in Switzerland at Zurich, by M. Nicholas Hubert, which has now become celebrated under the firm name of Huni & Hubert. The German establishments are many, and the pianos of usually thorough workmanship. That of Bechstein, at Berlin, is best known abroad, and the model is similar to the American Steinway. It is powerful rather than delicate in tone; somewhat deficient in the "singing" quality, but admirable for a large salon or concert room, and has the advantage (even of the vertical pianos) of not easily getting out of tune.

As to Italy, which formerly furnished not only the singers and players on instruments, but the instruments themselves, to the world, in musical matters she has fallen far behind other nations. Germany has outstripped her in composition, and has become a formidable rival in musical instruction, while almost all other nations excel her in the manufacture of whatever demands delicacy and precision of mechanism. Especially is this the case with the piano forte. There are factories in almost every Italian city, but their wares do not find a foreign market, and Bechstein, Pleyel and Erard take the precedence even here when a first-class article is wanted. The vertical piano is the one ordinarily in family use, and there is a greater demand for cheapness than perfection. Whether it would "pay" to introduce here the expensive machinery necessary to manufacture such pianos as the Bechstein, Chickering and Steinway establishments turn out, is a problem which I fear is not likely to be solved by experiment for many years to come.

As to the ceremonial part of the Cristofori festival, it has been simple and appropriate. On Sunday, May 7, a memorial tablet, which had been placed in the cloisters of Santa Croce, was unveiled in the presence of the local and state authorities and invited guests, with brief and fitting speeches. The tablet is a square slab of white marble, and bears an inscription in gilt letters; above is a wreath of laurel, encircling a bar of music on which the scale is written; and a hand holding a piano-forte key. On the ribbon which ties the garlands is the motto, from Lucan; "Digiti cum voce locuti." Two grand concerts have been given, the first of which was a so-called "historical concert," consisting of selections from the most eminent composers from the time of Cristofori to the present day. The order was as follows: Handel, Scarlatti, Rameau, J. S. and J. C. Bach, Mozart, Clementi, Beethoven, Hummel, Field, Weber, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Henselt, Schumann, Liszt, Thalberg, Rubinstein and Brahms. The music was excellently rendered by Italian performers, and the concert was a classical feast. Prof. Alessandro Biagi, an eminent musician of Florence, executed an andante of Handel's, and a minuet and jig of Scarlatti's on one of Cristofori's pianos, much to the gratification of the audience. There have been banquets and speech-making, on such occasions, and a medal has been struck for distribution among the artists present, in commemoration of the fetes.

One of the most attractive features of the festival has been the opening by Messrs. Brizzi & Nicolai, at their warerooms, of an exhibition of musical instruments, ancient and modern. First and foremost in interest in this exhibition, of course, are two Cristofori pianos; the one of 1720, of which we have spoken, and another of 1726, owned in Modena. In appearance these pianos are sufficiently curious. That of 1720 (which as to mechanism is like its companion, but rather plainer as to the exterior) is in form like the so called "grand," but more slender, being about eight feet in length and two feet and nine inches in width. The case is of cypress-wood, painted a dark olive-green, and without varnish. The keys are of olive wood and ebony, the strings are of very fine wire, and the whole instrument is fragile looking in the extreme. It has a compass of four and a half octaves, and in sound is not unlike a powerful guitar, the bass being exceedingly weak. Not far from this venerable instrument stands a magnificent "Steinway grand," one of the most observed and admired of the modern pianos in the exhibition. With its elegant Louis XIV. rosewood case, its iron frame and massive strings; bright, new and powerful, it seems at first sight to dwarf and abash its plain and antiquated companion. But a living idea was breathed into that dilapidated shell; and in its decrepitude it inspired more interest and respect than do all its modern associates. It is the embodiment of a thought, which has had a wide influence upon the musical and commercial fortunes of the world. The models of early pianofortes, by Ponsicchi, to which reference has been made, are worthy of much attention, but the inspector will inevitably be led to the conclusion that they do not present any evidence of material improvement upon Cristofori's idea; and that of Marius is decidedly clumsy in comparison. There are to be seen piano fortes from all the leading European houses. Steinway's is the only American house represented.

There are also many which are interesting principally or solely on account of their associations, as for instance that of the Empress Maria Louisa; one given by Maria Theresa to the composer Pacini in 1829; and that one on which Rouget de l'Isle first performed the Marseillaise, and which afterward became the property of André Chénier. There is a Pleyel which belonged to Chopin, and a Bosendorfer which was Theodore Dohler's, and is still owned by his family. There is a large and interesting collection of instruments more ancient than the pianoforte; spinets of 1559 and 1571; a harp of 1690; a harpsichord of 1707, which was used by Rossini; and all sorts of musical curiosities and anomalies; a harp with keys, a harpsichord folded up like a box; a pyramidal piano forte with flute attachment, etc., etc. Messrs. Brizzi & Nicolai and their co-laborers deserve much credit for the pains they have taken to make this exhibition as complete as possible, and for the courtesy and patience with which they afford all facilities to visitors for examining instruments.

E. D. R. B.

A Brief History of Two Austrian Firms.

[From the London Musical World.

At the end of last year the Vienna music-publishing business of Carl [*quondam* Tobias] Haslinger was sold to the Berlin firm of Schlesinger [Robert Lienau]. A fortnight ago that conducted by F. Schreiber, before him by Spina and before Spina by Diabelli, passed into the hands of A. Cranz, of Hamburg. The founders of both were Austrians. Anton Diabelli was born, in 1781, at Matsee, in the Salzburg district. Giving up the ecclesiastical profession, for which he was intended, he began business at Vienna, carrying it on from 1824 to 1854, when [four years previous to his death] he disposed of it to Spina, who, retiring in 1872 sold his stock and good will to Schreiber for 350,000 florins. Herr Schreiber, however, having no turn for practical business, and finding his own as well as every other branch of commerce suffering under the pressure of the times, disposed of

his interest [at a profit of 25,000 florins], and the business was merged into that of Cranz, of Hamburg. The purchase-money was 380,000 florins.—Tobias Haslinger, born, in 1787, at Zell-am-See, six years later than Diabelli, entered, in 1828, on the once famous business of S. A. Steiner. On the decease of Tobias, his son Karl continued the firm down to the year of his death, 1868. The firm still exists, the widow, Mdme. Josefine Haslinger, having carried it on for a period under the old style, in which she is imitated by the actual proprietor. The house of Haslinger had been connected with some distinguished names, conspicuous among which are those of Beethoven and Schubert.* Then came an imposing array of smaller men, who once enjoyed much honor and profit, and did the firm no harm. Joined with theirs in the catalogue—which already contains about 14,000 different compositions—are the names of the most popular Austrian dance composers—Lanner, Ferdinand, Johann and Joseph Strauss, Labitzky, etc. But Diabelli and Spina succeeded in giving their business still greater extension. At the present day Cranz's catalogue has reached the Opus number, 24,058. This includes works published by the extinct firm of Mechetti. Whatever compositions of Schubert's were not published by Haslinger came out at Diabelli's. Till within ten years ago several Vienna firms had an interest in Johann Strauss; but latterly the name has, in a manner, been monopolized by the house of Spina-Schreiber. It was Spina's predecessor, Diabelli, who first published Bellini's *Norma*, as well as Donizetti's *Linda*, *Don Pasquale*, and *Maria di Rohan*. To him also Verdi confided the scores of *Nabucco*, *Il Trovatore*, and *Un Ballo in Maschera*. Spina also published a few of Offenbach's operabouffes and all of Strauss's. Such are some of the principal facts connected with the foundation and history of these eminent firms.†

* Poor Schubert! he owed but little gratitude to those fat, thriving, short-sighted firms. Beethoven owed not much more.—D. P.

† Which did a vast deal more for themselves than for art, and on no single occasion were the original discoverers and encouragers of promising genius—in fact, could never understand the impassable gulf, nay, the immeasurable distance, that separates Kalkbrenner from Schubert.—D. P.

Publisher and Composer Again—Clanship.

[From the Same.]

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Well, Dr. Slim?

DR. SLIM.—I have brought you, sir——

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—I cannot attend to it now; I have been reading a history of my distinguished ancestors, the Bumpuses of Vienna.

DR. SLIM.—I never heard of them, sir.

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—I mean the Haslingers, Diabellis, Schreibers, Artarias, Steiners, Spinas, Cranzes, &c., who created Beethoven, Schubert, and others.

DR. SLIM.—A queer lot, sir. Were *they* Bumpuses?

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—What would musicians have been without them?—what the art?

DR. SLIM.—Schubert died lean, sir; and Beethoven had to pay compliments to Philharmonic directors for paying him an eighth per cent. on the money they had gained by his music; and——

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Tush! Dr. Slim; we owe to them the Ninth Symphony.

DR. SLIM.—Indeed, sir? I was not aware of that. I have brought for your inspection——

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Have you seen the *Musical World* of to-day? There is a "Brief History of Austrian Firms," which may enlighten and interest you.

DR. SLIM.—I have read it, sir, and also the footnotes of "D. P."

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—"D. P." doesn't know what he talks about. But for my ancestors, Beethoven and Schubert——

DR. SLIM.—Your ancestors, sir, got the best of it—like the Philharmonic. I have brought you——

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Are you going to Bayreuth, Dr. Slim?

DR. SLIM.—I am, sir; but——

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—Then go. Bring me back a *fantasia* upon the *Walküre* and *Götterdammerung*.

DR. SLIM.—I have already composed one upon——

PUBLISHER BUMPUS.—I cannot attend to you now. I must read about my ancestors. Come on your return from Bayreuth, and we will talk over it. You may find find something to add to, and——

DR. SLIM.—It cannot be improved, sir. Shall I play it?

[*Exit* PUBLISHER BUMPUS *with his copy of the "Musical World."*]

DR. SLIM [*solus*].—I shall take my MS. elsewhere.

[*Exit elsewhere, with MS.*

Mozart in Italy.

It was for the Royal Ducal Theatre, as we have ascertained by investigations made on the spot, that Mozart composed his two operas, "Mitridate" and "Lucio Silla," which Henry Beyle [de Stendahl] states to have been written for the Scala. There is no more delightful episode in all musical history than that of these fledgeling flights of the composer of the "Zauberflöte." When old Luitpold Mozart took Wolfgang Amadeo to Milan the musical world was already cognizant of the existence of the wonderful child who, at six years of age, had written a full scored concerto the only objection to which was that it was so difficult nobody could play it; but his operatic genius had yet to be revealed. At this time he was a merry, joyous boy, brimming over with fun and drollery—somewhat of an *enfant terrible*, who told his mind to kings and princes, more especially if they played the violin out of tune in his hearing—but the most loving and lovable little soul on earth. An entire child, revelling in the "Arabian Nights," toiling over his sums, jumping and capering from one end of the room to the other, sending millions of kisses to his "dear mamma," and tender inquiries after "Mr. Canary" to his "Cara sorella," but already a splendid performer on the clavier, an exquisite composer, and an acute musical critic! Such letters were never written as those despatched by the brother at Milan to the sister at Salzburg. With what charming naïveté the boy speaks of his compositions and of his successes, seeming to have not the slightest suspicion that he is the extraordinary phenomenon every one else considers him. What exuberance of gladness is shown in the multifarious little jokes and mystifications banded to and fro between Nannerl and Wolfgang! He writes to his sister after one of these playful sallies, "I immediately said to papa, 'Oh! how I do wish I was as clever and witty as she is!' Then papa answered, 'Indeed, that is true enough;' on which I rejoined, 'Oh! I am so sleepy!' so he merely replied 'Then stop writing.' *Addio!* pray to God that my opera may be successful. I am, your brother, W. M., whose fingers are weary from writing." It is to be feared that this was very often the case just at that time, for little Wolfgang was working tremendously hard at the opera "Mitridate, Re di Ponte," for which he had been *scritturato* at the Royal Ducal Theatre in the year 1770. Indeed, his father seemed rather anxious about the too serious look which appeared on the bright child-face as the result of this severe application, and begged kind friends at home to put a little mirth into their letters so as to make Wolfgang laugh. The boy amused himself in odd moments by talking on his fingers to the deaf and dumb son of the people with whom they lodged; he was exceedingly proud of his proficiency in this art. When 'Mitridate" was nearly finished a terrible panic occurred—the prima donna expressed her doubts about the arias she had to sing. How was it possible that the small boy of fourteen should have composed a part worthy of being interpreted by the Signorina Antonia Bernasconi? She asked to see her music. Wolfgang desired nothing better. He handed her one, two three arias. The cantatrice eagerly tried them over, and then retired, completely bewildered with the genius of the marvellous child. Not only was the music lovely in itself, but it suited her voice and style to a nicety. She rehearsed the airs with her *maestro*, Signor Lanpugnani, and the two could find no words for their joy in Wolfgang's compositions. But envious tongues were not wanting; some one went secretly to the signorina and did his best, or worst, to turn little Wolfgang into ridicule; he had armed himself with a whole set of new airs to the same words by a Turinese Abbé, and he would fain have dissuaded the artist from singing a single note of the original music. However, La Antonia remained stanch and proof against all temptations, and the first stage rehearsal went off so well that the whole array of spiteful folk was completely discomfited. At last the great day arrived—the *festa* of San Stefano, Nov. 26, 1770. "Maestro Don Amadeo," as old Luitpold Mozart laughingly calls him, took his place at the clavier. The Royal Ducal Theatre was crammed to the ceiling; the opera was a magnificent success. All over the house were heard ringing cries of '*Evviva il Maestrino*,' intermingled with salvos of applause. What must have been Luitpold Mozart's feelings when he looked out from his box and beheld Wolfgang make his best bow to the vast and delighted audience? The year after that Wolfgang brought out at Milan a dramatic *serenata*, which the Empress Maria Theresa had deputed him to compose for the nuptials of the Archduke Ferdinand with a Modenean princess. The veteran Hasse had to write an opera in honor of the same event, but the Milanese quite forgot to applaud "*Il Divino*," as they used to call him, in their enthusiasm for "*Il Cavaliere Filarmonico*." Old Mozart declared that he was "quite sorry" that Wolfgang's *serenata* had so utterly knocked Hasse's opera on the head. But the veteran composer seems to have borne no enmity toward his young rival, for he said when he heard the music of "Ascanio in Alba" [the festal *serenata*], "This boy will cause us all to be forgotten"—a prophecy which the sequel almost pathetically verified. In the following year Mozart, then sixteen, wrote "Lucio Silla," the last work he produced in Italy. During the preparations for its performance he had to undergo numberless annoyances—"through the mismanagement of the blessed theatrical people" old Luitpold wrote; nor did these cease on the night of the first representation [Nov. 26, 1772], for the whole audience was kept waiting in the theatre three hours after the proper time before the performance began. Moreover, the tenor had fallen ill and a cathedral singer who was hastily put in his place, being quite unaccustomed to the boards, and having in one part to upbraid the prima donna, appeared so painfully in earnest that he looked as if he was going to box her ears. Of course the audience laughed, and it tells much in favor of the discrimination of these Milanese opera-goers that, notwithstanding all the attendant mishaps, the opera came off triumphant and ran some thirty nights. "Wolfgang is well," wrote Luitpold Mozart just at this time, "and while I am writing is making caprioles about the room."—*Cornhill Magazine.*

A Clarinet Concerto.

When Döhler once advertised a concert in Germany, a stranger presented himself with the following announcement:

My name is W——, sir. I am a *great clarinet player*, and I have come to H——with the intention of exhibiting my talent. But, as I am known but little here, you will do me a great service by allowing me to perform a solo in the concert you are about to give. The effect which I hope to produce will attract attention, and I shall thus owe you the success of my first concert."

"What do you wish to perform at my concert?" asked the obliging Dohler.

"A grand clarinet concerto."

"Well, sir, I accept your offer, and will put you down in my programme. Come to the rehearsal this evening. I am delighted to be of service to you."

The evening arrived, the orchestra assembled, our soloist appeared, and the grand concerto was begun. According to the fashionable custom of some musicians, he refrained from the performance of his own part, merely marking the time for the orchestral rehearsal. The principal *tutti* strongly resembled the peasant march in the *Freischütz*, and sounded rather oddly to the listeners. Döhler was uneasy. "But," thought he, "the principal part will make it all right. The gentleman is probably a skillful performer, and we cant expect that a *great clarinet player* should also be a great composer."

The next evening the clarinet player enters upon the stage, somewhat dashed by the immense applause bestowed on Döhler himself. The orchestra perform the *tutti*, which ends in a hold on the chord of the dominant, after which the solo commences "Tram, pam, pam, tire, lire la re la," like the march in the *Freischütz*. When the hold is reached, the orchestra stops, the performer advances his right foot, raises his instrument, and holding his elbows horizontally spread, appears ready to begin, his cheeks swell out, he puffs, he breathes, he groans;—but in vain! no sound comes forth from the rebellious instrument. He then places his right eye to the bell end and looks through it as though it were a telescope, and discovering nothing, tries again, blowing with rage;—but not a sound! In despair, he motions to the musicians to recommence the *tutti*: "Tram, pam, pam, tire, lire, la re la," and while the orchestra plays, the great clarinet player, putting the instrument between his legs, hastily removes the reed, and passes the swab into the tube.

All this took time, and the pitiless orchestra having finished its *tutti*, again came to the hold at the chord of the dominant.

"Encore! Encore! begin again!" cries out the great player, and again the musicians resume the "Tram, pam, pam." For the third time they sound the chord which precedes the solo. But the clarinet is not ready: "*Da capo!* encore, encore!" and the now laughing musicians again repeat: "Tram, pam, pam, tire, lire, la re la."

During this last repeat, the performer, having readjusted the disarticulated joints of the importunate instrument, replaces it between his legs, and begins to scrape the reed with a penknife. By this time the audience was shaking with laughter, at the novelty and ridiculousness of the scene.

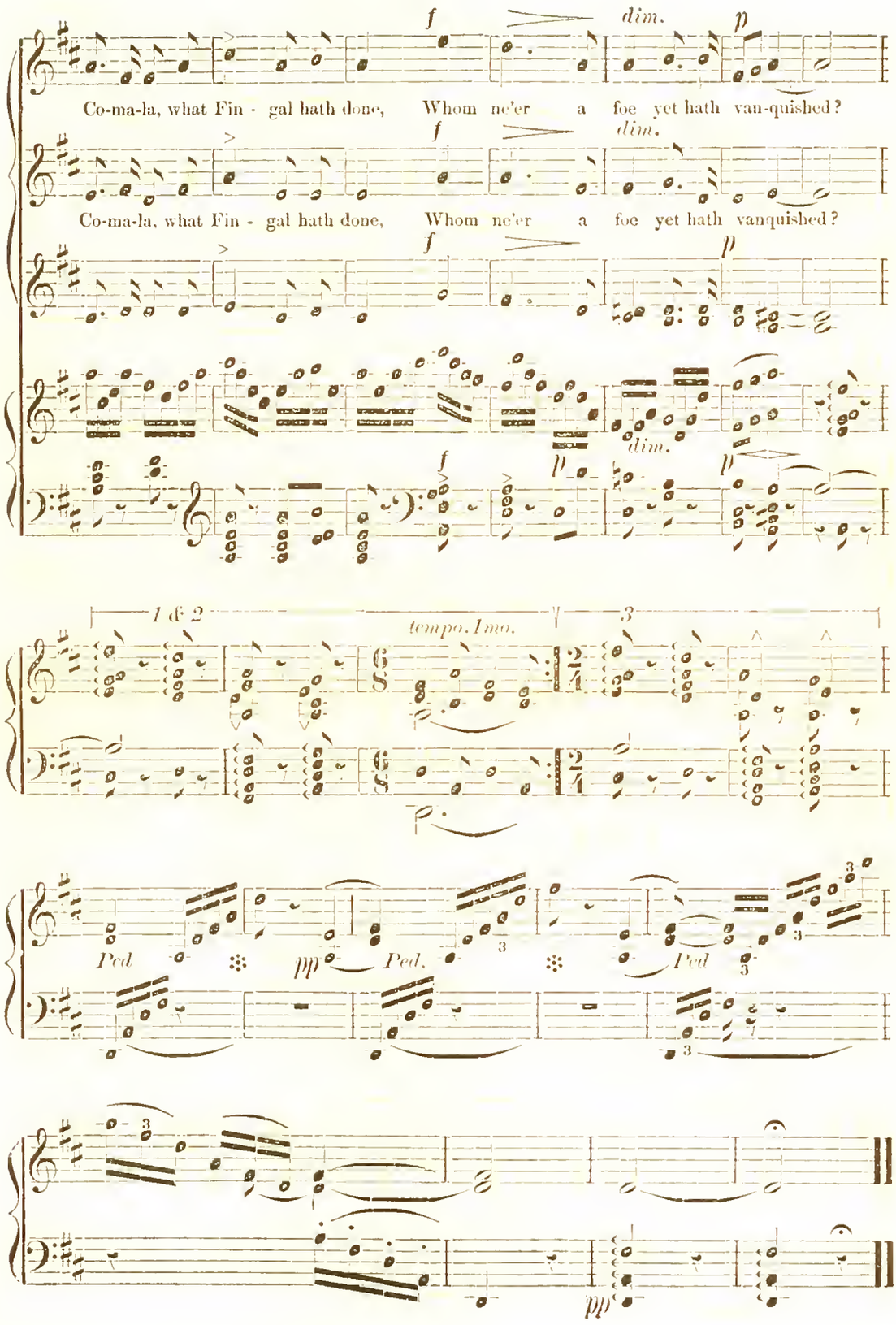
At last, he thinks all is right; for the fourth time the orchestra reaches the hold of the *tutti*, the soloist raises his instrument, spreads anew his elbows, puffs, sweats, reddens, swells;—but nothing comes forth! Finally, one supreme effort calls forth, with violent explosion, the most terrible *couac* that ever issued from a tortured reed. A hundred pieces of satin, torn in unison, the scream of a flock of vampires, could never equal this frightful ear-piercing *couac*.

The hall echoed with a spontaneous *ugh* of horror, followed by a tremendous applause; and the trembling soloist, advancing to the footlights, stammered out: "Ladies and gentlemen, I don't know—an ac—cident—to my clar—inet—but I will mend it and—I beg that you—will come to my soirée—next Mon—day, and hear the—*end of my concerto.*"

H. BERLIOZ.

Offenbach on Music in America.

Offenbach promises to write a little book about music in America when he gets back. Now, we should like to know what Offenbach knows about music in America. Did he glean his information at the Lotos Club and the Gilmore Garden, or did he have it translated from the papers after his concerts were over?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dim.
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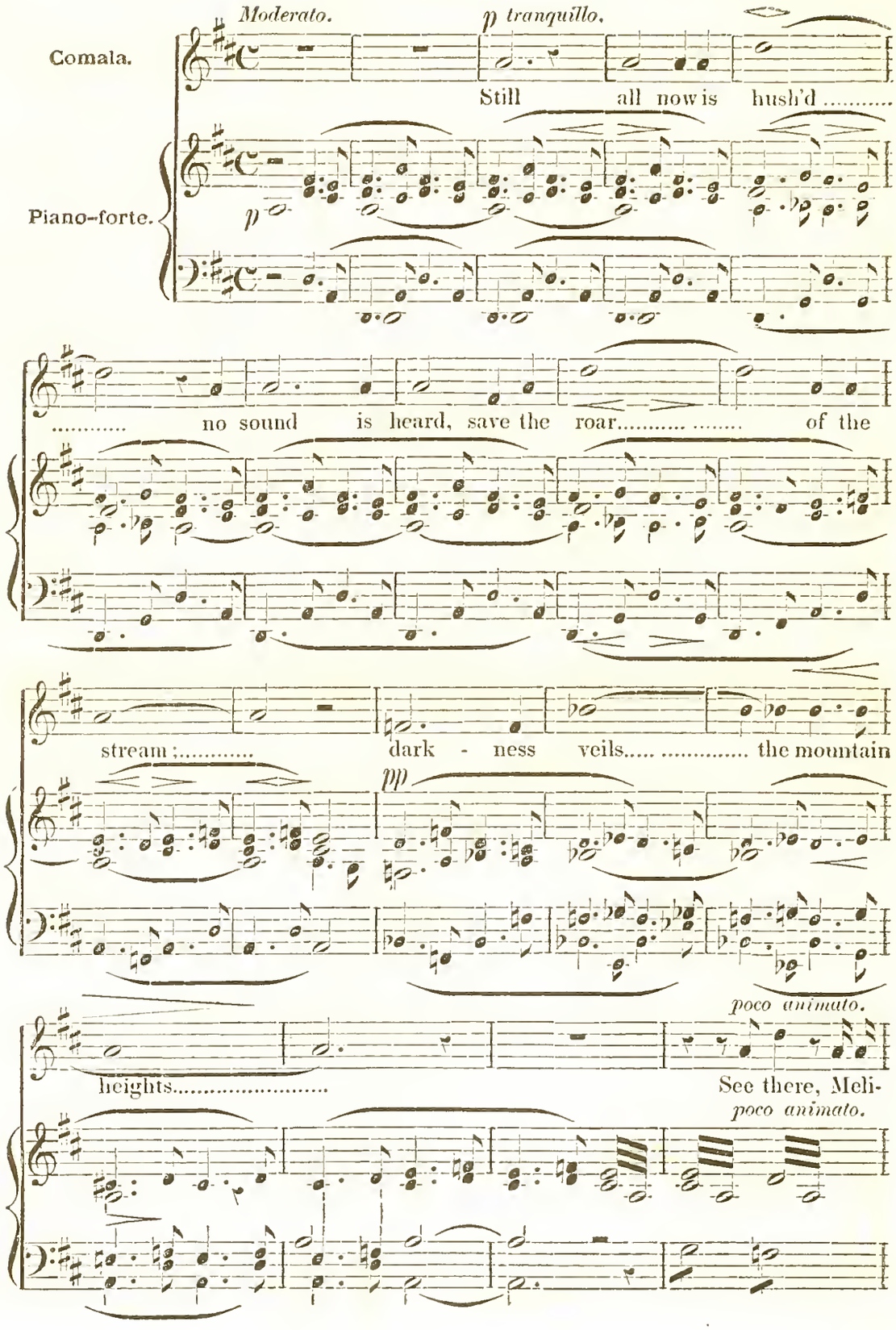
Co-ma-la, what Fin - gal hath done, Whom ne'er a foe yet hath van-quished?
f
dim.
Co-ma-la, what Fin - gal hath done, Whom ne'er a foe yet hath vanquished?
f
p
dim.
f
p
p
1 & 2
tempo. 1mo.
3
Ped.
pp
Ped.
Ped
pp


Moderato.
p tranquillo.
Comala.
Still all now is hush'd .....
Piano-forte.
p
..... no sound is heard, save the roar..... ..... of the
stream ;..... dark - ness veils..... ..... the mountain
pp
poco animato.
heights.....
See there, Meli-
poco animato.

co-ma, what is't near yonder wood, that so quick - - - - ly

mf

f

moves, O woe is me! Is it not one of Fin - - gal's

f *fz* *mf*

f

tempo 1o.

war - - - riors?

f *dim.* *p*

MELICOMA

dol.

O ba - nish thine anxious vis-ion, 'Tis a deer thou see' - st,

swift darting thro' the vale.

COMALA.

Agitato. poco. stringendo.

See ye the pale moving sha - dows, gi - ant like? See

cres. stringendo.

f

how they're hov'ring o'er us,

f

f ad lib.

The light -

f

ff tempo 1o.

ning did reveal their aw - - ful forms ap - proach - ing.

ff tempo 1o.

dim.

This is the most recent and ridiculous instance of a common error, which is, that the musical taste and attainments of a people are to be summarized in the public beer-garden. The daily papers are in great part responsible for this notion that the divertissement-loving crowd are the patrons of art. Music is constantly being rated in its quality and success by the public-amusement standard. If a badly-managed concert-troupe goes to pieces, the musical taste of the community is assailed; if a prima donna sings to overflowing houses, the discrimination and culture of our people rise.

The simple fact is that none of these things are so materially affected by the entertainments and their perturbations as our contemporaries imagine. There is outside of and beyond the habitués of the halls an enormous public of which the press takes no account, as it certainly should in all attempts to estimate the advancement of a community in art culture. We should like to know how much knowledge can be gained of the actual growth of musical taste in America by a study of the performances and the audiences at Mr. Gilmore's concerts; or, indeed, at any concerts? What account is there taken of all the ceaseless activities in the homes and schools and conservatories? What estimate can there be made of the thousands of sincere students in private who are mastering the art; of the hundreds who are looking into the literature no less than the science of music; of the numbers sent abroad every year; of the enormous manufacture of instruments; of the expansion of the music trade; the growth of musical literature, indicating that our people are no longer only able to feel, but have begun to think; the employment of teachers; the development, slowly enough it is true, of musical criticism, and the increased demand for a higher order of musical compositions?

While we are feeling the pulse of the opera manager, and patting the foreign conductor on the back, music is making silent strides in the ranks of the people who are not at the show. Let us not forget this.

If the Centennial year could disclose all its triumphs, music would shine among its garlands. A hundred years ago was a voiceless void for us compared with the native voices and native workers who now know a sonnet from a saraband. We owe very little to Offenbach and his congeners for the progress we have made out of the barbarism of negro minstrelsy. He tickled us a while, and we danced, but in our soberer and sincerer moments we sought out the masters, and set about studying the essentials.

So we got on and no thanks to him.

It is hardly possible that he can discern our progress, for he wore spectacles and we did not worship him ardently.—*Music Trade Review.*

Liszt at a Matinee.

[From the Daily Advertiser.]

Mr. S. G. Pratt is a young westerner, who has made musical composition the aspiration of his life. His history is a touching one. Thrown upon his own resources when a little lad of 12, he supported himself in Chicago and studied music without a teacher until, in 10 or 12 years he had saved enough to take him to Berlin. Here he began the study of music under Kullak, and gave every promise of coming out a brilliant artist; but, before the end of the first year, he strained his hand so that it was impossible for him to continue his practice. Instead of being crushed, his courage rose higher, and he decided to be a composer. He set himself, therefore, to this new ambition, and has been buffeting the world manfully and cheerfully for it, ever since, first in Berlin and then in Chicago. Now again he has gone to Germany to try and gain there such a recognition as will assist him in his own country, and at this time he was in Weimar in the hope of some kindly encouragement from Liszt. He conceived the idea of giving an entire matinee of his own compositions, to which the musical circle of Weimar should be invited. As he mentioned Liszt's name, "You will not think of inviting him!" interrupted I, appalled at a presumption which I should conceive parallelled in my own case if I should ask Alfred Tennyson or George Eliot, great literary successes at the top of the ladder, to listen to the efforts of my humble self, at the bottom. "Of course I shall ask him. I should consider I insulted him if I left him out," answered this typical American.

The afternoon was rainy, and the ladies of the class did not venture out. Pinner and one or two others dropped in, and I began to fear that our friend would not have an audience. But, a little after 5, the door suddenly opened and in its frame appeared Liszt's striking presence, with a dozen or more young men behind him. I was completely "taken down." But there is never any telling what Liszt will do. He is said to rise at 5 or 6 in the morning, and to work until 11 or 12, after which it does not make much difference to him how he spends the rest of the day. Probably he would as soon *flaner* in one place as another. At any rate, there he was, and in such an angelic mood, too, that he looked like a saint, all ready to be translated. (It must be confessed that he either looks that way or like something exactly the opposite.) He took Mr. Pratt's notes in his hand, and immediately made himself comfortable, with the sympathetic Pinner on one side of him and another congenial spirit on the other. He was always looking around for Pinner, by the way. "Where is Pinner?" he would say; and, in fact, if people wonder why Liszt has been so loved and adored, it is partly because few are so dependent upon human sympathy as he. As my friend says, "he is putting out his tendrils all the time," and I have observed that this infantine need of response, which some natures have, calls it universally out.

Mr. Pratt had asked me to sit near him, so that he could have the support of feeling as if he were playing to some special person, and I accordingly took my place facing him at the left hand, or bass of the piano, all the rest of the company being on the other side. At the end of every piece, Liszt would come and place the notes on the instrument, sit down to it, and question this, that or the other, or suggest here and there an alteration. It was pretty to see them together, and made me think of nothing so much as of a great, grave, shaggy lion, and an audacious but apprehensive little hare. The young composer went persistently through his whole programme, but after every piece would receive Liszt's criticisms with the most genial acquiescence in his own mistakes or failures. This made Liszt very gentle, and it was truly exquisite to hear him put his hands on some chord in a piece, and by one of his subtle modulations transform the whole phrase. He teaches just as some masters of literature might discourse on poetry, and illustrates any point in hand by snatches from this composer and that throughout the whole range of music.

When Mr. Pratt was about two-thirds through his programme, he had lights brought in, as the rain made it very dark, and also some wine. Then Mr. Gericke had the brilliant thought to offer the "Master" a cigar, and in five minutes all the men in the room were smoking and happy. I confess that I was happier with them, and I admire the good sense of the German women in making friends with the tobacco smoke, for why should we *gêner* the other sex in so innocent an indulgence? Certainly it seemed very friendly to me, that afternoon, as I sat at the bass of the piano, facing the performer, and that performer Liszt, cigar in mouth, talking in German or French, while his hands wandered over the keys even though only in snatches. I saw, too, one tableau through the blue smoke-wreaths and the candles that I shall never forget. Liszt was seated at the piano, pointing to the notes and talking, and Mr. Pratt was standing behind him, listening most docilely. Liszt's long gray hair, large, time-beaten features and clerical dress were already in picturesque contrast to Mr. Pratt's short, black curls and rounded Italian contours; but just beyond the instrument stood in line at right angles to him, tranquilly smoking and looking on, three young men of such striking and differing beauty as to be almost a revelation. These were Pinner, Maas, and De Schemiss. The latter is a young painter of great promise who has a studio at Weimar, and who, being very fond of music, was often present at our musical gatherings. Pinner is small and slight, with very dark hair and eyes, a small head with regular, Persian features, and the most musical, sensitive face in the world. Next him stood Maas, taller, and German in type, with auburn hair, broad brow, calm, expressive and extremely large and luminous hazel eyes. Behind, taller still, perfect in height and shape, was De Schemiss, an absolute blonde, with hair and mustache of a peculiar amber-gold, deep-blue and living eyes, and the features and throat of a Greek statue; in short, such a specimen of humanity as, in these days of crossed breeds and mixed races, I had supposed impossible. This Narcissus, we heard, was the last lonely scion of an ancestry of ages, and, with a change of name, what Henry James, Jr., said in his last novel of the Neapolitan prince, Casamassima might have been written for him: "Nature had evidently been making De Schemisses for a great many centuries, and has learned to mix her materials to an extraordinary fineness, and to perform the whole operation with extreme smoothness." Looking at the exquisite, thorough-bred creature, I could not help thinking that, if unlike Narcissus, he can rise above his own beauty sufficiently to become a great, or even a fine artist, he will be a genius indeed.

When, after about two hours, Liszt finally took his leave with his train, my friend and I embraced each other, and almost embraced Mr. Pratt—so delighted were we for his sake to feel that his own tact, and graceful position of learner merely toward the master, had made the matinee we had so dreaded a charming occasion. Never was the maxim "Be bold, be bold, but not too bold," more applicable in regard to any undertaking than the somewhat hazardous one of making approaches to Liszt, and Mr. Pratt had hit the happy medium to perfection,—the more marvel to me, as I never thought of venturing so much as a word to the great man!

London.

Her Majesty's Opera. The *Musical Standard* (July 8), regrets to report the continued indisposition of Mdlle. Titiens, in consequence of which both "Fidelio" and "Semiramide" have been temporarily withdrawn from the bills. "La Figlia del Reggimento" had been announced for repetition on Saturday, but at the last moment Flotow's "Marta" was substituted, inasmuch as the new débutante, Mdlle. Rodani, had also succumbed to illness. This pretty opera, however different in style from Donizetti's, is of the same light, agreeable, sparkling character, and is grateful, after dinner, and a heavy day's work, as a beaker of Moet or Silléry. Mdlle. Varesi sustained the title-part, and evoked a well-merited encore for the "Rose" song in F. Signor Fancelli won a *bis* for "M'appari tutt' amor," and Madame Trebelli-Bettini, the Nancy, achieved her triumph in the air, "Il tuo stral." Herr Behrens undertook the part of Sir Tristan, and Signor Fiorini was the Plunkett. The opera was repeated on Monday, in default of "Semiramide," when the audience again encored the two popular numbers.

"Lohengrin" and "Faust" have been the other operas of the week, and "Figaro" is fixed for to-night. At the last performance of "Don Giovanni," the charming French prima donna, Madame Roze-Perkins, filled the part of Donna Anna with brilliant success, in the absence of Mdlle. Titiens.

On Saturday, *July* 15, in place of "Figaro," was repeated "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini as Rosina, a part not the best adapted to this excellent and most versatile artist. Mdme. Trebelli, however, if she fails to realize the character of the saucy, coquettish Rosina, who boasts that she can be a sucking dove or a viper as she may choose, sings the music most artistically. She evoked a furore after "Una voce poco fà," and repeated, by request, a rather poor polka by Alary (from a forgotten opera), introduced in the Lesson Scene of Act II.

"Marta" was repeated on Tuesday, and a morning performance of "Lohengrin" took place on Wednesday. "Fidelio" was promised for Thursday. With reference to Wagner's opera, it should be stated that Mdme. Roze-Perkins has taken the part of Ortrude (as well as Donna Anna) during the indisposition of Mdlle. Titiens.

Musical Union. The eighth and last matinée on Tuesday was remarkable for two new works, and the presence of two eminent pianists, both, by the way, now settled in Paris:—

Programme.

Quartet in D, Op 11 ..... P. Tschaikowsky
[First time in England.]
Quartet, B flat, Op. 41, Piano, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello..... Saint-Saëns
[First time in England.]
Solo Violin, Intro and Gavotte ..... F. Ries
Air from the Suite, in D ..... Bach
[With Quartet accompaniment.]
Duet, for two Pianofortes, Op 35 ..... Saint-Saëns
[Variations on a Theme (the trio of Beethoven's sonata, in E flat, Op 31.)]
MM. Saint-Saëns and Alfred Jaell.
Pianoforte Solo..... Saint-Saëns.

Executants.

First Violin..... Leopold Auer
Second Violin..... M. Otto Bernhardt
Viola..... M. Hollander
Violoncello..... M. Lasserre
Pianists..... Signor Alfred Jaell
M. Saint-Saëns.

Tschaikowsky, a Russian composer of noble birth, aged 35, has worthily adopted the maxim, *noblesse oblige*, by devoting himself to the study of a fine art, for which he seems to have discarded the law. Tschaikowsky is now Professor of Harmony at St. Petersburgh. He has produced two operas, some chamber and orchestral compositions, and a long list of songs. The quartet for strings in D, performed on Tuesday, a fine and original work, at once commanded an unequivocal success, and was received with enthusiasm, a temper of mind rarely excited at the Musical Union. The first movement, very pleasing and characteristic, struck us—to be critical—as rather incoherent; but as the quartet is an early work, the composer may not have then acquired the art of continuity. There is a second subject in A, on the fourth string of the violin: the whole movement displays much scholarship. The andante cantabile, in B flat, is unquestionably the gem of the work. The style is tender and plaintive, and a pizzicato pedal figure for the violoncello imparts much piquancy. The coda suggests the idea of "linked sweetness, long drawn out." A second theme occurs in D flat. This andante was repeated by general desire. The scherzo, in D minor, a weird, gipsy-like movement, is marked by mixed accents and syncopations, and other features which denote the inventive faculty of the writer. The finale in D major, based on a rustic or pastoral theme of great simplicity, leads to a second subject in F. The whole is well worked out, and, in the second part, florid counterpoint embellishes the text. This quartet is a valuable addition to the repertoire of Professor Ella. Let us specially praise the admirable and well-woven part-writing.

Next came the pianoforte quartet of M. Saint-Saëns, organist of La Madeleine, and in high repute on the Continent both as an organist and a pianoforte-player. The quartet comprises an allegretto in B flat, of poetical and fanciful style; an andante maestoso in G minor, originally and unaffectedly antique; a poco allegretto (or scherzo) in D minor; and an allegro finale which begins in D minor (à la Beethoven), but ends in the original key of B flat. The quartet was much admired, particularly the two second and the third movements. The themes invariably arrest the attention, the subjects are well amalgamated, the distribution of parts is clever, and the leading instrument fully asserts its proud prerogative, although without arrogance or intrusiveness. M. Saint-Saëns chose for his solo a couple of "Transcriptions d'après Sebastian Bach," and a well-known gavotte of the same master, often played by Joachim. He is a grand player, but we reserve further remarks on this point for his own Recital.

Leopold Auer was recalled after his delicious solos, the first accompanied on the pianoforte by Saint-Saëns, and the second by the full string quartet. The melody of Bach moved the audience with electrical effect. The grand climax of the matinée, however, was the duet for two pianofortes, first played by M. and Madame Jaell, at Paris in 1874, and a year ago (1875) at the Musical Union by Madame Mentigny-Rémaury and M. Alphonse Duvernoy. Here is, indeed, a diamond set in pearls! —*Ibid, July* 8.

The Philharmonic Society closed their sixty-fourth season on Monday last, in a style right worthy of themselves. The following was the programme:—

Two Movements of the Unfinished Symphony in B-minor.....Schubert
Recit. ed { "Chi per pietà mi dice" } Aria { "Ah! parlate"..... } [Abramo], Mdme Edith Wynne.
Concerto in E minor, for the Pianoforte.....Chopin
Pianoforte, Mdme. Essipoff.

Eroica Symphony.....Beethoven
Recit. ed Aria, "Mi tradi" [Don Giovanni]..Mozart
Mdme. Edith Wynne.
Solos for Pianoforte { *a.* Theme and Variations.....Rameau
b. Etude de Concert.....Liszt }
Pianoforte, Mdme. Essipoff.
Jubilee Overture.....Weber
Conductor.....Mr. W. G. CUSINS.

The concert opened with Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, the two movements of which, although sublime and gratifying in the extreme, cannot but leave behind a feeling of disappointment at not being able to hear such a work in its entirety. Mdme. Edith Wynne, absent on account of ill health, was substituted by Miss Emma Beasley, an able vocalist with a fine voice at her command. Handel's "From Mighty Kings" (Judas Maccabæus) she sang with accuracy and spirit, two absolutely necessary ingredients in its performance; whilst in Taubert's "Cradle Song" she exhibited great taste, and in both was heartily applauded. The name of Mdme. Essipoff, as a pianist, is too well know to admit of much comment upon her powers, suffice it to say that the audience were simply electrified as well in her rendering of Chopin's pianoforte Concerto in E minor, as in Rameau's Theme and Variations and the Etude de Concert by Liszt. Beethoven's immortal work, the Eroica Symphony, was, of course, a feature of great interest. The attention which it received throughout is a sufficient proof that an English audience, though sometimes unappreciative, knows how to do honor to a great masterpiece. After Weber's Jubilee Overture, the audience, evidently reluctant, left the hall to ponder over the past season and enjoy the anticipation of the next.

Birmingham Festival. The scheme for the Birmingham Musical Festival has now been finally settled, the following being an outline:—On Tuesday morning, August 29, according to custom, Mendelssohn's "Elijah" will be given, the "Messiah" occupying its accustomed place on the following Thursday. A new cantata by Mr. F. H. Cowen, bearing the title of "The Corsair," and miscellaneous selection, are down for Tuesday; while on Wednesday morning Prof. Macfarren's oratorio "The Resurrection," specially composed, Hummel's "Alma Virgo," and Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer," will be rendered. For Wednesday evening Niel Gade's sacred cantata, "Zion," and a miscellaneous selection, including a symphony, are underlined; and the Thursday evening will be devoted to Niel Gade's cantata, "The Crusaders," and a miscellaneous selection, comprising the incomparable overture to "William Tell." For Friday morning three sacred works are chosen, viz., Spohr's "Last Judgment," Wagner's "Holy Supper" (first time in England), Beethoven's mass, No. 1, in C; Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" bringing the Festival to a close on the Friday evening.

The principal vocalists are—soprani, Mdlle. Titiens, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, and Mdlle. Albani; contralti, Mesdames Patey and Trebelli-Bettini; tenors, Mr. Vernon Rigby and Mr. E. Lloyd; bassi, Mr. Santley, Mr. Cecil Tovey, and Mr. Foli. Although there is an absence of star artists, the enormous expense placing them almost beyond reach, the above list, for the rendering especially of the sacred works, could not be better selected. The only cause for regret that can possibly be felt will be the name of our celebrated tenor, Mr. Sims Reeves, being eliminated. The band, as usual, will be made up of 140 of the finest procurable instrumentalists; and the chorus, 360 strong, will be under the conductorship of Sir Michael Costa, Mr. Stimpson presiding at the organ.

Altembourg. A festival has been lately held at Altembourg in Germany. The programme contained the following names: Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Berlioz, Liszt, Stade, Saint-Saëns, Rubinstein, Tschirch, Lassen, Winterberger, Fr: Kiel, Volkmann, Raff, Herzogenbusch, Fitzenhagen, Zopff, Dräseke, Bruch, Taubert, Bungert, Beer, Becker, Müller, Schulz-Beuthen, Pierre Cornelius, Grieg et Rimski Korsakow. The first day was devoted entirely to sacred music. A concert was held in the morning at 11 o'clock in the church attached to the duke's palace, when were performed Psalms by Stade, a Kyrie by Tschirch, the 38th Psalm by Marcello Winterberger's "Airs religieux," two numbers of Liszt's "Consolations," arranged for violoncello, largo and allegro, from a sonata by Tartini, with organ accompaniment, the solo part being beautifully rendered by the violinist Heckmann, concertmeister at Cologne, an Interludium by Piatti for the organ, executed by M. Preity, the organist of Leipzig, and Bach's celebrated Fugue in six parts, composed by him upon a motif which Frederic the Great gave him in 1747, during Bach's visit to Berlin. This difficult work was performed by M. Stade, director of music at the court of Altembourg. A modern oratorio by Fr. Kiel, entitled "Christus," was performed on the afternoon of the same day. The second day of the festival was held in the large hall of the Schützenhauss and was marked by the performance of Berlioz's "Romeo et Juliette," Liszt's "Prometheus," and a Concerto of Volkmann's. This is the first occasion upon which Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliette" has been heard in its entirety in Germany and it seems to have created a highly favorable impression. Liszt who was present at the performance of his own work, received an enthusiastic ovation. These two days of grand instrumental and vocal music were succeeded by concerts of chamber and symphonic music, etc. The principal numbers were Brahm's Quatuor, Op. 52, a Quatuor by Herzogenbusch, a Vocal Quartet by Ratisbonne, the chief point of which was the introduction of some ancient four-part songs known under the name of madrigals and another Quatuor by Saint-Saëns, Op. 41, several violoncello solos performed by the celebrated German violoncellist, Grutzmacher and a series of lieder and four part choruses. At the last concert M. Brassin obtained a most brilliant success by his playing of Grieg's concerto. The greater part of the programme was occupied by Liszt's "Bataille des Huns," at the performance of which Liszt himself took the organ. A talented young pianist, Mdlle. Remmert, a pupil of Liszt's, played a fantasia upon Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens" with such skill and taste that Liszt himself raised his hands to applaud her. The four days' festival drew together a large concourse of people from all parts of Germany, and especially from Belgium. A considerable number of foreigners were also present.—*Lond. Mus. Standard.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 5, 1876.

Dr. August Wilhelm Ambros.

Musical literature and criticism have met with a serious loss. German papers contain a simple announcement of the death, June 28, in Vienna, of the well known musical critic of the "*Wiener Zeitung*" and the "*Wiener Abendpost*," Professor A. W. Ambros, the distinguished musical historian, essayist and critic, from whose lighter miscellaneous writings we were even now translating for our readers the paper about Offenbach and his school, having heretofore presented to their notice his excellent appreciation of Robert Franz, his article on "Music in Italy," etc. These are from the two very interesting volumes of his miscellaneous papers, not only about Music, but about other arts, delightful reminiscences of Italy, etc., which he had collected and published in 1872 and 1874, under the title of "Bunte Blätter." These very readable and genial essays, together with a work upon "The Limits of Music and Poetry," are full of valuable suggestion, just discrimination, and deep insight, while they have almost the wit and sparkle of Hector Berlioz, and place him in the front rank with such contemporary German writers about music as Ferdinand Hiller, and Hanslick of Vienna. His most important work is his (alas, unfinished!) "History of Music," of which three octavo volumes have appeared, (1861–68), bringing the history down only to the time of Palestrina. It promised to be the most elaborate, complete and thoroughly digested of all histories of Music. Vol. I. treats of the first beginnings of the art, and of the music of the ancient world, the pre-Hellenic and the Antique-Classic periods. Vol. II. contains: 1. The first ages of the new Christian world and art; 2. The development of vocal music in parts. Vol. III. the period of the Renaissance down to the time of Palestrina, including the period of the Netherlanders, music in Germany and England, and the Italian music of the fifteenth century. We know not in what state of forwardness he has left the execution of the remainder of his plan; but it is to be hoped that further volumes will appear.

Ambros also won distinction, in the earlier portion of his life, as a composer; although none of his music, so far as we are aware, has made itself known on this side of the Atlantic, nor can we remember that it has figured in European programmes during the last ten or twenty years. Doubtless the German musical journals will soon bring us full and appreciative notices of his career. Meanwhile we gather from an article by Moritz Bermann, found in Bernsdorff's *Universal Lexicon der Tonkunst*, the following particulars of his earlier and middle life. It will be seen that the account stops short of the period in which the literary works by which we know him were produced.

Ambros was born at Mauth, near Prague, Nov. 17, 1816; so that he had not completed his sixtieth year. The musical instinct appeared early in him. He was hardly four years old when he could sing by ear, correctly, every melody he heard, and he soon began to play them also on the piano, and even to attempt all sorts of variations on them. But his parents had destined him for the state service, and he received a very careful education to that end, without any sort of regard to his musical talents. It was the same at the gymnasium in Prague, where the poet Uffo Horn was his roommate. In fact his musical tendency was so kept down, that the art impulse of the boy sought to make air for itself upon another way; he obtained a place in the Prague Academy of Design, which he attended very assiduously for several years, and so kept his imaginative faculty alive and strong.

At last the decisive moment arrived, when it became clear to him, that plaster busts and modelling in clay were not enough to satisfy his longing. He had been present at a performance of *Don Juan*, came home from the theatre in a prodigious state of excitement, and now all his thoughts and dreams were music. Whenever he passed the windows of the music shops, he paused and said to himself: If I only knew which of these notes is called *c* and which *d*, I would find out all the rest for myself." To realize this thought he begged one of his schoolmates, who passed for a great musician with the young troop, for some instruction in notation, and offered him as a reward the whole of his somewhat slender allowance of pocket money. Declining the remuneration, the friend fulfilled his wish with great alacrity, adding also much with regard to the

principles of music, so far as he knew them, and thereby laid the foundation for Ambros's further musical self-culture.

In 1837 he had finished the study of Jurisprudence, and at the same time had made himself a good pianist, and become well acquainted with the theoretic works of Türk and Reicha. Passing the next two years partly in rural seclusion, partly in travels, which essentially enriched his musical perceptions, he underwent the prescribed four severe examinations before the juristic faculty of Prague, and in 1839 obtained the degree of Doctor of Laws; then he entered the state service in the imperial fiscal office at Prague, where he had time to devote himself with greater zeal than ever to the art of music, and soon attracted the attention of those excellent artists, Kittl, Veit, and others, so strongly, that they readily helped him with advice and instruction, especially in composition, in which he had already made a few attempts.

About this time he had made the acquaintance of Robert Schumann, then the centre of a circle of young and earnest artists under the name of "Davidsbündler," and our Ambros soon became one of the most zealous members of that humoristic and fantastic "David-league," working in its spirit very earnestly in word and deed. Especially is it to be ascribed to his exertions, with those of the able critic B. Gutt, that the almost proverbially stiff conservatism of Prague in musical matters gradually gave room to a freer movement. While Gutt in his critical essays searched and discriminated with sharpness and with clearness, Ambros wrote, under the name "Flamin, der letzte Davidsbündler," more in the spirit of the "storm and pressure" period, to win ground for Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Gade, etc., but very often in a manner imitated, even to certain favorite turns of expression, from Jean Paul, which certainly could not be called an excellence.

In 1847 he was for the first time moved to come before the public with a composition; a concert overture, after the manner of Mendelssohn, of which the subject is taken from the *Genovera* legend. It succeeded so well in the first performance, that it had to be repeated in the following concert. And now Ambros came out under his real name, and produced a few weeks later in a concert of the Cecilia, under his own personal direction, an Overture, to *Othello*, which was received with such uncommon favor, that the composer was exhorted to write music for this great tragedy entire. This task was completed and at once brought to hearing, and won the good opinion of the famous Alexander Dreyschock, who took the score with him to London, where even now, in Drury Lane theatre, ("to our knowledge," says Bermann), Shakspeare's tragedy is given with Ambros's music, to which, moreover, a connecting declamation has been written for concert performances by A Meissner and M. Hartmann. An overture to *Käthchen von Heilbronn* also found deserved recognition some time later.

In 1848 Ambros was appointed state solicitor in matters of the Press, a position which, in the course of that stormy period, particularly in Prague, grew more and more difficult and threatened almost to wear him out bodily and mentally. But a long stay in Vienna during the next year restored his strength, and here he completed a grand *Stabat Mater*, which was performed with success by the Singakademie of Prague. In 1850 he received the appointment of state attorney of the Prague provincial tribunal, and was shortly after called to the directorship of the Conservatory there, to which he dedicated his grand Symphony in E minor. Moreover several pianoforte compositions (Sonatas, Trios, etc.), and songs have appeared by him. As a composer he belongs fully to the direction struck out by Mendelssohn and after him by Gade; and, as with them, a peculiarly religious and folk-song element, a leaning toward Nature and the Idyl, characterizes him. At the same time, in consequence of his strict school, he has kept clear of all the modern extravagances. He is chiefly an instrumental composer, his treatment of voice parts being not seldom hard and awkward. A multitude of his æsthetical and critical writings have been printed in the journals, particularly in the *Neue Zeitschrift* founded by Schumann.

Free Organ Recitals. We were not able to attend any of the five afternoon recitals given in the months of May and June, by Mr. H. E. Parkhurst, on the fine Walcker organ, of which he has charge, in the beautiful First Church (corner Berkeley and Marlboro' streets). But we had intended, before this, to record the programmes, which do credit to his taste while report speaks highly of his interpretations. We make room for them now.

May 18.

First Organ Sonata, in F minor.... .. Mendelssohn
Allegro moll, Adagio, Andante, Allegro vivace.
Prelude and Fugue, in C ... . Bach
Fifth Organ Concerto, in F ... ...Handel
Larghetto, Allegro, Alla Siciliana, Presto.
a Gavotte..... .. ..Gluck
b Andante. .. ..Beethoven
Offertoire, in F minor .....Batiste

June 1.

Fantasia and Fugue, in G minor..... .....Bach
Fifth Organ Sonata, in D ....Mendelssohn
Andante, Andante con moto, Allegro maestoso
Marche Religieuse . ...Adolphe Adam
a Prelude ... ...Chopin
b. Bourree..... .... Bach
c. Minuet..... ....Handel
Offertoire in D .....Batiste

June 8.

a. Vorspiel, "Komm, Gott, Schoepfer,"..... .Bach
b. Fugue, in E minor.... . ...Parkhurst
a. Gavotte ....Gluck
b. Song without words.....Mendelssohn
c. Presto..... ....Beethoven
First Organ Concerto, in G minor . ...Handel
Larghetto, Allegro, Adagio, Andante.
First Organ Sonata in E flat ... ...Bach
Allegro moderato, Adagio, Allegro.
Schiller March.....Meyerbeer

June 15.

Offertoire, in C minor ..... Batiste
Prelude and Fugue in G ... ...Bach
a. Andantino ....Schumann
b. Musette .... Handel
c. Bagatelle ..... . .Beethoven
Second Organ Sonata, in C minor ...Mendelssohn
Grave, Adagio, Allegro, Fuga
Second Organ Concerto, in B flat .. ..Handel
Andante maestoso, Allegro, Adagio, Allegro.

June 22

Concert Satz ... . .Thiele
Theme and Variations .. ..Hesse
Prelude and Fugue, in C minor .....Mendelssohn
a. Gavotte.... ... . Bach
b Andante ....Schumann
c Minuet..... .. .. Handel
Concert Fantasie ... .Freyer

Utile cum Dulci. The *Times* of last Sunday gives the following attractive picture of summer studies and diversions among the teachers and pupils under Dr. Tourjee's charge, at their temporary home on the cool shore of Narragansett Bay.

The Musical Institute at East Greenwich, R. I., is in the midst of its summer labors, and we may as well add pleasures, for Dr. Tourjee recognizes that healthful recreations as well as study, is a prime necessity. On the 21st, Prof. Cyr of Boston, gave an interesting lecture on the French language, its euphony and its relation to music. This was followed by an illustration of the musical capabilities of the Italian language, by E. S. Metcalf of Boston. The studies were continued through Saturday, and on Monday the students made an excursion to Block Island, in the fine steamer Canonicus. Tuesday morning, Miss Charlotte Hawes, of Boston, gave a sketch of Liszt, the composer. On the same day, Prof. J. O'Neil gave an interesting lecture on the voice. The same evening Prof. B. D. Allen gave a lecture on Haydn, with illustrations from his piano and vocal works. Wednesday, Mr. Francis H. Brown, a pianist and author, of New York, gave a lecture upon the question "Why Women have never attained a position as musical composers," and Mr. Kielblock discoursed upon the "Art of Teaching." In the afternoon, Mr. G. E. Whiting gave an organ recital, and in the evening Mr. J. C. D. Parker conducted the Institute chorus through a rehearsal of "The Messiah" and Mendelssohn's "Loreley." Thursday, Mr. W. F. Apthorp delivered a lecture upon "Wagner's Theory of the Drama, and his poem of the Nibelungen." The students were to make an excursion to Newport yesterday, and on Saturday next they are to visit Boston. In this city they will listen to a concert on the great organ at Music Hall and visit the Fine Art Museum, Natural History Rooms, Public Library, Faneuil Hall, State House, Bunker Hill Monument, etc. The grand musical festival at Rocky Point, in which the Institute chorus will take part, will come off on Friday, August 11.

"Encore" Again. Apropos of our remarks, a few weeks since, about the "encore nuisance," or the abuse of the encore, one of our readers writes to us as follows:

"Mr. Editor, In enumerating reasons against encores, I think you have omitted one of importance. Frequently when a piece of classical music is given in a concert, it may be for the first time, and if not, classical music seems to be the hardest thing to make people repeat, the hardest thing to hear often enough for familiarity; people wish to hear it again and encore the singer or player. They coolly give in return some piece of doggerel, or some piece of their own, just what no one wishes to hear. We try to apologize for them and say classical music is fatiguing, they are too tired to give a repetition, so they give something easier. But I don't believe that is the reason. I think they take the applause as entirely personal and give what they think will draw more applause, and leave a pleased impression of them and their voices, or their execution, on the bulk of the audience. Whereas the encore, as an intention and a purpose, came from a few people and was for the music, not the performer. I think it ought to be gratified. I suppose there is no possibility of distinguishing between different kinds of applause; but the present habit is very provoking, to say the least. A mere repetition would take much less time and interfere generally much less with the programme."

Detroit Conservatory.—The final musical rehearsal took place Friday evening, June 9, with the following programme:

Concerto in C Minor—(I Movement, with *Cadenza*).
Quintet Accompaniment ....Mozart
Miss Kitty Carrington.

Concerto—Op. 25—(II and III Movements)—Quintet Accompaniment ... . Mendelssohn
Miss Mary Harrah.

Concerto—Op. 19—(I and III Movements)—Quintet Accompaniment .. ..Bennett
Miss Mary Andrus.

Rondo Brillante—Op. 29,—Quintet Accompaniment, Mendelssohn
Miss Kate Jacobs.

Concerto—Op. 185—(II and III Movements)—Quintet Accompaniment ... .Raff
Miss Eliza Jenking.

Rakoczy March—Two Pianos—Eight hands....Liszt
Misses Colby, Stearns, Ward, Baxter.

The five solo performances (says the Detroit *Free Press*) were all remarkably fine, each pupil displaying an almost faultless technique, and elegant touch, a full, clear vibrating quality of tone in the *legato* passages, and an unusually careful attention to phrasing and finish.

The Concertos, by Mozart and Raff, and the E flat Rondo, by Mendelssohn, were heard in public for the first time in this city.

From the time of Mr. Hahn's first public rehearsal at the Detroit Female Seminary, three years since, our citizens have been treated to a succession of surprises in the line of piano-forte playing, which on this occasion culminated in a climax hitherto unknown in this locality; and the successful rendering of such a programme, before an audience composed largely of our best known professional and amateur musicians, demand for Mr. Hahn a high place as an instructor.

Musical events like this, are productive of only the very best results and frequent recurrences cannot be too strongly urged.

Music in Philadelphia.

THOMAS CONCERTS.—AMERICAN MUSIC.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 26.—Wednesday evening, July 19, Mr. Thomas devoted entirely to the works of American composers. Of course such a programme must be meagre, and there will be many to find fault with its omissions if nothing else gave reasons for fault finding. This is in the nature of such an undertaking. Several able American composers were not represented; but where all could not appear, the names of Fry and Paine were perhaps as appropriate as any, for Fry and Paine represent the two eras of American Music—the one when it whistled as it went for "want of thought," the other after the culture of half a generation had set up the American art intellect on something like a level with that of other nations. William H. Fry, our late esteemed townsman, had many fine qualities and much ability; but as a composer he was not great. At a time when the æsthetic condition of the whole country was a feeble copy of that in other countries, he produced *Leonora*, the first opera ever written by an American. Other compositions of his will be recalled, and it was a grateful tribute to a genial man that Mr. Thomas should have opened his American programme with the little symphony: "A Day in the Country." Twenty years ago Mr. Fry delivered a racy and interesting lecture on music in this city, before the last Harmonic Society. In the course of his remarks he said: "It is the little ship which gets over the bar; the big one sticks fast in the sand." I am bound to say that Mr. Fry got over the bar—got over a great many bars in fact—of very dry, uninteresting music. But as a contribution to a chronological programme the "Day in the Country," was interesting and deserved its place.

Prof. John K. Paine, of Harvard University, born in Portland, Maine, is the most scholarly of all American composers. He earned his reputation early and has retained it; but none of his somewhat numerous and occasionally ambitious productions is at all comparable to his Symphony in C minor. The conception and the whole treatment of this work show the brain and handiwork of a master. The themes are so agreeable, the instrumentation so rich, natural and unforced, the spirit of the whole composition so healthy, and its form so symmetrical that Mr. Paine's new symphony is unquestionably the best large orchestral work yet produced by any native composer. The first movement is calm and dignified, the strings being very busily engaged. The brass is but moderately employed, and the flutes and clarinets used with rare taste and judgment. There is a slight resemblance to Mendelssohn in the graceful appropriateness of this instrumentation, although not the slightest suggestion of Mendelssohn in the subjects. The Scherzo is admirable, and contains a "trio" which is the undoubted gem of the whole symphony. This introduces the longest solo, given out first by the clarinet, then by the oboes, then the first violins take it, which then recur to the Scherzo. This theme is simply exquisite. The Adagio opens at once with a beautiful motive for the violoncellos and is handled with consummate skill and feeling.—The fourth and last movement, "Allegro vivace," is less interesting than the others, but they of themselves secure for Mr. Paine's symphony a high position among musical creations; and I entirely agree with L. B. B., in your last issue that Mr. Paine's pen should have been employed to write the March for the opening of our Centennial, and strongly urge his suggestion to the Centennial Committee to close with his new symphony if no work for the occasion can be arranged for, or produced.

"The first Concerto in E-flat," by Mr. Alfred H. Pease, was given for the second time. Its first performance was at one of the Peabody concerts in Baltimore some months since, where its success was said to be quite marked. It is a work of a very high order of merit, very effective, and is finely instrumentated. Too many octave passages abound and he too frequently makes the piano merely the accompanist, while the orchestra carries the burden of nearly all the themes. Mr. Pease performed the piano part well; he is a good player, having a firm and even touch. The success of the concerto here was quite pronounced and Mr. Pease was recalled by a storm of applause, in which the entire orchestra joined, and was taken by the hand by Mr. Thomas and congratulated on his success.

Mr. J. N. Pattison, Mr. L. E. Levassor, Mr. Fred. Boscovitz, Mr. Bialla, and Mr. Courlander give pianoforte recitals at the Exposition daily. Mr. Pattison's and Levassor's recitals are better attended than any of the others. Miss Drasdil, Sig. Brignoli, Sig. Ferranti, Mr. S. B. Mills, and Mr. Levassor, are advertised to give a series of concerts at Atlantic City, Cape May, Long Branch, and Newport, under the management of John W. Morrissey.

The Brass Band competition advertised by the Centennial Commission to take place this month failed to come off. Only eight bands entered, and on the day of trial only two put in an appearance, who refused to play, so that there was no playing for a prize at all. Quite a number of Band Masters were present who gave various reasons for their Bands not competing; some said the conditions did not suit them; others that it was not soon enough; and again some said it was not late enough, etc.

NOTES.

Miss Julia Rivé is at the Clifton House, Atlantic City, where she is rapidly regaining her health. She is engaged to make a concert tour this fall, and will go to California.——Mr. Alfred H. Pease is stopping at the La Pierre House in this city.——Mr. J. N. Pattison is a guest of the Belmont House.——Mr. Fred. Boscovitz resides on Girard Avenue near Eleventh Street.——Mr. J. H. Hohn, one of the proprietors of the Detroit Conservatory of Music, is "doing the Centennial." He returns to Detroit this week.——Mr. Louis Levassor is the acting "Mine Host" of the Decker Brothers. Centennial residence 350 South 15th street.——Mr. Bialla, the organist, boards corner Fortieth and Oregon streets.——Miss Emma Cranch, the contralto of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, is visiting friends here, and the Centennial.——Mr. Arthur Mees, a Cincinnati pianist, is spending his summer vacation here.——Mr. Wm. Sherwood, of your city, is spending a few weeks with his parents at Kansas City.——Mr. Mills plays with the Thomas orchestra next month.——Miss Annie J. Borie, the fine soprano of New York city, is also here. Address care of Weber's Piano space.——Mr. Julius Schiedmayer, one of the judges of musical instruments, has received his discharge and sailed for Stuttgart.——The old House of "Lee and Walker," under the new management of the Messrs. Ditsons, is becoming quite popular, and deservedly so, for more courteous and pleasant gentlemen are not to be found in this city in any business; from the head of the house down to the porter, the same polite attention is paid the customer or visitor.——Theodore Thomas has taken a furnished house here.——Mr. Robert Goldbeck, of St. Louis, is expected here in August.——Mr. L. Jasenier of Dayton, Ohio, is here. Address, care Knabe Piano stand.——Mr. W. S. B. Mathews, of Chicago, will probably be here the last two weeks in August. Address care Weber piano stand. C. H.

CHICAGO, JULY 26.—I lately had the pleasure of hearing Mr. H. Clarence Eddy play the following programme on the organ:

Sonata, No 1.....Alex. Guilmant
[First time in America.]
Marche Nuptiale.....Alex. Guilmant
Cantilena Pastorale..... " "
Marche Religieu-e..... " "
Concert-satz in E flat minor.....Thiele
Passacaglia in C minor.....Bach
Sonata in E minor.....Ritter

Here, as will be seen, are four works of the first order of difficulty; namely, the sonatas, passacaglia, and concert-satz. The Guilmant sonata is a splendid composition, a work of real genius. While it shows its French blood, its elevated and serious character place it entirely above the works of other French composers for the organ. It is of a brighter order of imagination than the sonatas by Ritter and Merkel, nearly as scholarly, and far more effective. It is extremely difficult. All of these pieces were rendered virtuoso-wise, and artistically.

DER FREYSCHÜTZ.

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"Hurrah for Seventy-Six, and Yankee Doodle too."
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The Songs my Mother loved to sing. Song and Cho. F. 3. F to F. "*Gus Phillips.*" 40
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Song of the Old Bell. E. 3. b to E. *Barri.* 30
"Ding, dong, my careless song,
Merry or sad, but neither long."
A fine old, ringing song for Alto or Baritone.

Happy Days gone by. Quartet. G to g. *Smith.* 35
"Cheerily, cheerily, on we float
Over the rippling tide."
A first-rate, merry boat song.

Far from thee. (Loin de toi). E♭. 4. d to g. *Brugiere.* 30
"How can I ever say 'farewell'
To thee, my own true heart."
Just the one to select for concert singing. Capable of great expression.

Bow down and hear me. Quartet. 4. C. E to a. *Wiegand.* 50
For mixed voices. The subject is quiet, but there is so much variety that the treatment may be called brilliant. Solo for Bass, followed by Duet, Trio and Quartet.

Instrumental.

Encore Galop. D. 3. *M. F. H. Smith.* 35
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" 2. Galop. F. 2.
" 3. Polka. F. 3.
" 4. Polka Redowa. B♭. 3.
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A bright, joyous little song, merry and winsome. As an *encore* song it is exceedingly effective. Alto or baritone in A, soprano or tenor in C.

"One Hundred Years Ago, Ed. E. Rice. . . 40

"We fought and fell, and ages tell the story which you know,
Of how the sun of glory rose one hundred years ago."

A rousing Centennial song which will be in great demand.

"I Hear the Banjo Play," H. P. Danks . . 30

"Katie, the Rose of Kildare," " . . 30

"Angels Whisper Sweet Good Night," H. P. Danks . . 40

Three new songs by Mr. Danks, in different styles, but showing the remarkable versatility of this well known writer. The first is in the "Log Cabin" style, the second is a charming Irish ballad; and the third is a song of the day, like the same author's "Silver Threads," "Little Darling," "Little Bright Eyes," &c. All bid fair to be popular, and can be heartily recommended.

"My Sailor Boy," Chas. E. Pratt . . 50

"Blow gently, fresh'ning gales, Good angels hover round."

A fine inspiring song by the author of "Golden Locks are silver now," "Spring gentle Spring," Waltz, &c.

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"Red Cross March," G. D. Wilson . . 75

A bright, thrilling march, full of fire and spirit, which will be welcomed by the lovers of brilliant piano-forte music. It is of heavier calibre than the previous compositions of Mr. Wilson, the "Shepherd Boy," "Night in June," "Memory," &c. but is no way inferior. It is embellished with a magnificent title in colors, and will, with Mr. Thomas' song above mentioned, be displayed at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia as the best product of American skill in lithographic titles. The March is dedicated to "My Brother Sir Knights of Washington Commandery No. 33, K. T."

"Pride of our Home," G. D. Wilson . . 60

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Dwight's Journal of Music,

A Paper of Art and Literature.

WHOLE No. 922. BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 19, 1876. VOL. XXXVI. No. 10.

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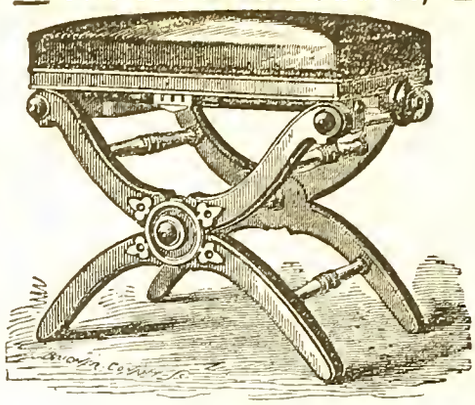

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WHOLE No. 922. BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 19, 1876. VOL. XXXVI. No. 10.

The Musical Water-Pest. — Offenbach, etc.

[From the German of A. W. AMBROS.]

(Concluded from Page 274.)

The trophies of Miltiades would not allow Themistocles to sleep; and after Offenbach's Vienna triumphs, there was found a man, who with valiant pride exclaimed: "*anch' io, etc.* That man was Johann Strauss the younger.

Great was the jubilation when Johann Strauss, long known to the world, like his father, the senior Johann, and most favorably, as the composer of graceful dance music, stepped forth with his opera "Indigo." A second Offenbach! Our Paris on the "beautiful blue Danube" could now offer in return to the Vienna on the Seine its own native Offenbach, and offset the operettas of the Bouffes Parisiennes with an operetta on home ground. In fact, the tumult of joy and exultation reminded one of the moment after the battle of Aspern, which gave proof that the till then unconquered Emperor of the French could after all be beaten. The right tone was indeed hit well enough, both in the book and in the score. As Offenbach's libretti sneer at all that is possible, the antique, the romantic, etc., so here a universally known story, out of the Arabian Nights, was set upon its head; and, if the music might have been more enjoyable with dancing feet than with listening ears, yet the dance melodies were altogether charming, and almost warranted the hope of seeing a new *genre* of opera bloom forth, namely, the Dance-Opera,—a sort of companion-piece to Heine's "Dance Poem." Really it would not look bad if, in a re-modelled *Iphigenia*, King Thoas were to express his anger in the rhythms of a waltz, and the Furies sing a polka to Orestes.

The success of "Indigo" might have set Herr Johann Strauss's mind at rest about his immortality as an opera composer; but the Offenbach ian flowery path along an alley of laurel trees, once entered, lay before him too enticing. *Where it leads*—we did not for the time concern ourselves. But if the world once had its seven wonders, and Greece its seven wise men, yet, after all, the present has but one Offenbach, and with this one can be as well contented as the earth and the other planets with one sun. Offenbach, moreover, has one quality, which no man will deny him,—he has *esprit*. Take that away, with the French piquant humor of his melodies—at least the best among them—and what is left? Sheer frivolity, that empty musical jingle which, after one has listened to a composition of this stamp for three hours and a half (in flat contradiction of the diminutive "operetta), leaves behind it such a feeling in the head and nerves, as if one had been travelling so many hours on runners, and could not get rid of the jingle of the sleigh-bells.

Whoever, therefore, would be Offenbach the Second, or the Third, had best consider beforehand whether he *can* be that. Strauss seems to be clear in his own mind about this previous question;—he has brought us a new Operetta: "The Carnival in Rome." The theatre bill already displayed for us as it were the riches of the world and the glories thereof: "The decorations all composed and painted by Herr A. Bredow, decorator of the Imperial Russian Court Theatre at St. Petersburg and Moscow, with the assistance of Herr L. Grünfeld, decorator of this stage. The new costumes, partly after the designs of Herren F. Franceschini and Alfred Schreiber, prepared by upper-wardrobe-keeper Herr Eberius and by Costumer Mr. Chalain, in Paris, executed in cartoons by Charles Hallé, in Paris. The living flowers (*Fleurs animées*) after the design of Herr Eberius, from the flower manufactory of Herr Schlesinger. The velocipede chariots and velocipedes from the iron foundry of Herr Karl Lenz. The occasional dances arranged by the ballet-mistress Frau Therese Kilany." Then followed a list of the persons, 17 of the male sex and 18 of the female; and for a good ending: "Shepherds, shepherdesses, lads and lasses, children, canonesses, models, grisettes, painters, papal zouaves, Roman gensdarmes, abbés, monks, water-carriers, flower-girls, ice-dealers, hawkers, beggars, sailors, servants, butlers, Roman peasants." It makes one giddy! — *Ci son tutti; è come la valle di Giosafat,* as Manzoni's Doctor Azecca Garbugli would say.

Adolph Müller, the once much praised poet of "Die Schuld," defined Opera as a "jumble of Art and nonsense." This definition suits the *genre* of the modern so-called Operetta perfectly; only one must leave out "Art," and put in its place some other kind of word, such as frivolity, obscenity, scandal, or the like. Such works as "*La Timbale d' Argent*," or "*Abélard et Héloïse*," are certainly in shameless impudence the last extreme that has been seen upon the stage since the "*Calandra*" of Bibbirno. It is time at last for a very serious word, and truly we shall not lack the courage to speak that word where it is needed.

And so we confess, that we came away from the *Carnival in Rome* with a sort of moral and æsthetic sea-sickness. The charming piece by Sardou, which Herr Joseph Braun took for the groundwork of his libretto, without deeming it worth the while to name its source by even a syllable, brings into the action what residuum of sense and of consistency are left after this re-working up; all that is added, and that makes the "piquant spice," is of such a kind as to demand of us the serious resolution, while we write, to express ourselves as moderately as possible about it. The unblushing openness, the faun-like laughing *naïveté*, with which the adulterous connection between the young painter Arthur and the Countess Falconi, is here treated as something perfectly natural,—a matter-of-course,—something that can not be otherwise, can not but disturb the composure of everyone who has any shame or shyness left from the old times of "darkness" and of "spiritual bondage."

The Countess might have also formed a *liaison* with the silly coxcomb Benvenuti, in the first act, had not the Count woke up at just the right time in the railroad carriage. The Count, whose family arms are a pair of antlers on a gold, or blue, or red field, steps forth with this escutcheon plastically chased in silver on his cap, like Actæon after the transformation! In Rome Madame Countess is put into a nunnery, as a security for her virtue. The theatre bill, indeed, alludes to such an institution, and the nuns appear in an unheard-of *red* dress of their order, like boiled lobsters —— but no man can for a moment be deceived as to what is meant. The "nunnery" has a Capucin (!!) for porter—of course a hideous caricature of a monk. Near the cloister is an *osteria*, where the "German painters" with their "models" hold uproarious orgy. If scenes of this stamp are to be described, it may be done as Hogarth has done it on one of the pages of "The Rake's Progress." The friend of Art, who possesses Hogarth's engravings, can lock them up from his daughters and half-grown sons. But to see a wild bacchanalian tumult, from which the Graces have fled away with scorn, and where only the Manads are left, represented in glaring gaslight on the open stage, while from all sides of the auditorium maiden faces look toward the stage; to see it, too, all treated as a harmless amusement by the gentleman who wrote the text,—that is indeed rather strong.

Such are not at all the manners or the morals of the painters and the models in Rome; and Rome, altogether, as it is *here* portrayed, is only a monster off-spring of a diseased fancy, in which every feature of truth is wanting. With the young German painters in Rome, upon whom the eternal city is wont to exercise, almost without exception, a grand, uplifting, morally strengthening and purifying influence, it is a real pleasure to associate; profligates, such as are here presented to us, one will hardly ever find among them. And so far as the female models are concerned, the strictest morality is, so to say, a point of honor with these mostly poor, and also in the great majority of cases, brave and blameless girls in Rome. They give every year, in a hall at the fountain of Trevi, a ball, where reign propriety, morality, and that peculiar native grace of children of the South. At all events it is not the Rome of artists that we see in this new Operetta.

The decoration in the Vienna performance, with the dome on the left floating in the clouds (a piece of painting for which the "Imperial Russian Decorateur" did not require a great deal of imagination) represented the "Liberian Basilica:" so, by a strange and curious acci-

dent, the orgy was celebrated on the very spot where, in reality, the noble German painter Overbeck had his studio. By the side of the *osteria*, however, is the nun cloister, the stage being divided; while on the left the painters, with their girls, are shouting their "*Juchhes*" and *tral-la-las*, the nuns in procession, bleating something intended to sound "pious," file into the cloister church. But so soon as they hear the jubilation and the dance music, they, too, begin to dance, and fall into a wild *can-can* ——!

If Carl Borromeo, Thomas à Kempis, Vincent de Paul and Fenelon were to come back to-day, it would not at all surprise us, as things stand, to meet them next week in the best comic journal, caricatured with distorted monkey faces; but *cancan*-izing nuns have indeed sowewhat astonished us. We take the liberty to earnestly invite the poet's attention to the *Ragionamenti capricciosi* of Pietro Aretino. The monstrosities of the cloister-scenes, which he will find there, have nothing to do with actual life; they belong only to the bestial fancy of Aretino;—but perhaps much of it, draped, if need be, with an apparent and transparent mantle of decency, and executed by the Ballet in a good arrangement, would appear not badly. Since we have had the experience in Vienna of seeing an image of the Virgin Mary carried at the head of a mock procession, on All Fool's day, we look with composure upon anything and everything. And we may almost thank Heaven for it; for when it has reached the uttermost extremity, there will and must come the reaction,—all things have their limits, even patience.

How the action goes on; how Arthur climbs over the dividing wall, from the osteria into the cloister, to a rendezvous with the Countess Falconi, and what further passes; how the Capuchin bursts in with a lantern and a big stick in his hand, and so on—all this one may see for himself, if he desire it; we have no wish to follow the libretto any further.

About the score of Herr Strauss we will be short. That one who has for years conducted an excellent dance orchestra, and has provided it with distinguished dance compositions, should have an accurate knowledge of the orchestral instruments, their mixture and effect, is understood of course. The make of the opera, too, in the orchestral part, is fitted together with a sure hand, and the voice-parts are well and effectively treated, even to the extremely curious bravura aria of the Countess in the cloister court. Occasionally there emerges a piquant polka motive, which certainly would please us greatly in the ball-room. The Polka plays a great part through the whole; down to the drinking song of Arthur, we heard this graceful dance at least 12 or 13 times. Interspersed are waltzes, ländler, etc., among them a very pretty beginning, which really rings in one's head after the opera, but soon, very soon the darling polka, or something like it, hops into the midst of it; the composer is like a canary bird, who begins the little pieces that have been taught him, but before you know it, relapses into his native wood song. Much, like the close of the first act, comes on with all the pretention of a grand opera, with massive effects, etc. Herr Strauss had celebrated a great triumph, and carried a rich harvest of laurels home with him. Should a new Gluck, Mozart or Rossini appear, we earnestly beg he may be pelted with rotten apples, so that there may be some distinction.

If we have any longing expectation for the promised theatre of "Comic Opera" in Vienna, it is because we hope that it will purify the polluted scene of the Muse of Musical Comedy, and will teach us once more to find pleasure in refinement, spirit, wit, true comedy; not in frivolities, tomfoolery and showy spectacle, —in really beautiful and graceful melody,—not in dance-jingle, for hours long,—in short, in real works of Art. Heavens! what comparatively idyllic times were those, full of paradisaical innocence, when *Fra Diavolo* was found "questionable," on account of the very harmless evening toilet of Zerlina, and when some people took offence at the *Domino Noir*, which in our day would rather seem to be a piece for English young ladies' boarding-schools. May the leaders of the future new enterprise be mindful of the rich literature which stands at their service; and may new talents tread upon a field where many and genuine laurels may be gathered! Yes, may heaven grant us a new itinerant ballad-singer (*Bänkelsänger*) like Wenzel Müller, whose popular music—a genuine product of the merry, hearty old Vienna—was sound to the core; whose tunes, in good part, live on as people's melodies, and to whom Riehl has raised a monument well merited. But away with the corrupt and prurient Parisian over-fineness!

This newest operetta paints us the sacred and the secular Rome with such astounding fidelity and truth, that it is no wonder if we are reminded of one notability of Rome, to which we wish the whole genus of the so-called "modern operettas" might be consigned; it is the—*cloaca maxima*.

Vienna, it is said, is soon to have a theatre for comic-opera exclusively. We fear, we fear, it will be only one Offenbach-theatre more. One cannot exclaim, like the Crusaders of old: "Deus le volt," but he can say: "Populus le volt." The Muse of the comic opera has rich treasures in store, the thing is only to bring them out. They have recently gone back in Paris to Pergolese's *Serva Padrona*, in Florence to Cimarosa! We apprehend, a public, nourished on the pure milk of Offenbach operettas, will find all else distasteful. Besides, our singers, who every evening must outscream the brazen masses of the most modern orchestra, have as good as unlearned how to *sing;* whether they ever could *act*, is a question. To comic opera, in the true sense, both arts belong. When we have once got so far that levies *en masse* of half-naked *figurantes* can compensate us for all else,—for singing and acting, for wit, art, beauty,—then we may fondly bury the better Art-work, and inscribe *hic jacet* on its grave. Hemmed in between the giant hospitality of our modern giant operas, which with gigantic means labor for gigantic effects, and the platitudes, the childish frivolities of the Opera Bouffe, it is no wonder if the public, in the end, should lose all judgment, all artistic taste,—should yawn over Mozart, fall asleep over Gluck, and even discover a fine cue upon the head of its once deified Rossini.

On the Treatment of Bach's Organ Music.

The following is the text of the paper read at a meeting of the London College of Organists, July 5th, by Mr. James Higgs, Mus. Bac., Oxon: —

One of the chief features of Bach's music generally, and of his organ music especially, is its contrapuntal character. To most of those present the expression contrapuntal will, of course, need no explanation, but I may perhaps be permitted to say in passing, that the term is applied to the combination of melodies, such as by their incidental intersection, produce harmony. Harmony, mere harmony, takes cognizance of the succession of individual chords; counterpoint of the construction of melodies designed to combine together. In a word, to borrow the idea of Mr. Hullah, counterpoint is horizontal music, harmony is perpendicular; counterpoint is constructed in layers, harmony on columns.

Contrapuntal music seldom or never commends itself to the taste of the uninitiated or musically inexperienced, at the first hearing. There are many reasons that help to explain this; I will mention but two. Firstly, the ear is embarrassed by the very richness of the melodic feast presented to it; and, secondly, the phrasing, which in ordinary music is generally coincident in all the parts, is otherwise in contrapuntal music; the close of a phrase in one part, will here most often fall in the middle of a phrase in some other part, and the hearer loses interest when he fails to follow parts that overlap and entangle one with another. The fault is in the hearer, not in the music. It will be readily admitted that if some culture and power of analysis is helpful to the mere hearer, such qualification, but in a far higher degree, becomes absolutely necessary to all who would essay the performance of the higher class of contrapuntal music.

The fugue is the central form of all Bach's organ music, and is indeed the true foundation of the art of organ playing. We shall find that if the manifold difficulties of this class of composition be vanquished, Bach's preludes and choral-preludes, his trios and concertos (all written more or less in fugal counterpoint) will offer little difficulty to the player; and while I shall hope, if time permit, to return to detailed mention of some of these other works, I will now call attention to some of the more prominent features of fugue.

"Fugue" is defined by the writer of the article in the recent and valuable *Dictionary of Musical Terms* as "A polyphonic composition, constructed on one or more short subjects or themes, which are harmonized according to the laws of counterpoint, and introduced from time to time with various contrapuntal devices; the interest in these frequently heard themes being sustained by diminishing the interval of time at which they follow each other out (the *stretto*); and monotony being avoided by the occasional use of episodes, or passages open to free treatment."

The subject of a fugue should be a short and striking melodic phrase, with features so well defined as easily to impress the memory, in order that its re-appearance, from time to time, may be recognized. The subject, being led by one part, is answered or responded to by another part. The answer is really a repetition of the subject, generally in the key of the dominant. Sometimes, however, there is a slight modification of the subject when it appears as the answer, and this is the case when a skip or modulation from tonic to dominant, or *vice versa*, has occurred in the original subject; for in this case the rule is that the tonic shall be answered by the dominant, and the dominant by the tonic.

The scale is divided into two unequal parts, one extending from the tonic to the dominant (a fifth), and the other extending from the fifth to the upper tonic (a fourth). Whatever in its skip or modulation has occupied the larger half of the scale, is in the answer compressed within the smaller half; and whatever was contained in the smaller portion, is expanded to cover and occupy the larger half.

The counter-subject is the melody that follows the subject and accompanies the answer; it is usually constructed in double counterpoint, that is, in counterpoint that will admit of inversion. (A familiar example of double counterpoint, known probably to every one present, is furnished by the leading subject of the finale of Beethoven's sonata in A flat, Op. 26.) The counter-subject, being thus constructed, is available for employment both above and below the subject.

In the analysis of a fugue, it is desirable to ascertain where the subject closes and where the

counter-subject begins, for they are not always closely adjacent one to another, but are frequently separated by a few notes of coda. An examination of the first response and subsequent early entries of the subject and counter-subject, will serve to determine these limits.

Here may be the most fitting place to mention some of the changes often practiced on subject and counter-subject by means of *augmentation*, the value of the notes being commonly doubled; or by *diminution*, the value of the notes being halved; or by *inversion*, ascending intervals being represented by descending intervals, and descending by ascending. The subject is often embellished; an example is afforded by the great G minor organ fugue. A subject is sometimes constructed to furnish its counter-subject by diminution, or by reversed diminution; Bach's *Art of Fugue* will furnish examples.

In the study of a fugue, the student will find it a profitable method to divide it into sections. By observing the order in which the several parts are made to enter, he will find that the composition will naturally range itself into more or less distinct groups of subject and answer, and these will be separated by what are variously termed *episodes*, *intermediate harmony*, or *digressions*. In the first group he will uniformly find the subject led into each of the parts. This group is called the *exposition* of the fugue; here the material to be used is set forth, the principal key established, and the group ends probably with a modulation toward the dominant.

The middle group is devoted to such modulations as the composer may select. Fugue does not invite to distant modulation, but is usually confined to the principal key and its immediate relatives. In this group the subject may not perhaps appear with regularity in each part, and the interval of reply may be more varied than in the exposition.

The last group has again to establish a key. This is the group in which the stretto and pedal, if employed, will appear. The term *stretto* is applied to that part of a fugue where the subject and answer are drawn closer together, the reply beginning before the antecedent is finished. This device may occur once or oftener, but where it is repeated it is usual to make each repetition of the stretto closer and closer; to this end the strict rules of fugue are often relaxed, and the theme itself frequently undergoes some slight but necessary modification.

The *pedal*, or organ point, is the technical name given to the tonic or dominant, when employed as a holding note during many changes of harmony. It is often used towards the end of a fugue or other composition. The stretto of a fugue is not unfrequently constructed upon a pedal point.—(The expression will not be confounded by any one present with the *pedal part*.) One principal rule with regard to a pedal point, is that the pedal note shall form an essential note of the first and last harmony heard upon it. When toward the end of a composition, dominant and tonic pedals are both employed, the dominant pedal is used earlier than the tonic pedal; on the other hand, a tonic pedal is frequently heard at the commencement of a composition. The grand toccata in F major is a noteworthy example of this.

Episodes are employed in fugues to afford some relief from the monotony that would result from a too incessant use of subject and counter subject. Yet the themes of the several episodes are generally drawn from fragments of one of the more essential parts of the fugue, and as the more strict parts of the fugue may be reversed or inverted, augmented or diminished, so recourse is often had to these devices to furnish ideas for an episode. Underlying all such variation of subject and counter-subject, is a deep æsthetic meaning and regard for that natural and universal law of beauty and order, that teaches us to seek and admire unity in variety, and variety in unity. Two chief features characterize every melodic phrase, viz., the length and the order of tones. In seeking to develop, from a given melody, other kindred melodies, what so natural as to try a lengthened or shortened form? The similarity of interval and direction being the link that binds the varied to the original theme; or the rhythmical form and uniformity of melodic step may be retained, while the *direction* of the step is reversed, and still a connection with the original will be recognized, even by those who may be quite unconscious of the means by which the variation is effected, and wholly ignorant of the technical signification of *augmentation*, *diminution*, or *inversion*. Other and more remote deductions from a given theme are useful to the same end, that of preserving the unity of the composition, and it does not detract from their value that the method of their deduction is not at once fully comprehended by the hearer. "Deep in our nature (says a thoughtful and eloquent writer) there exists a tendency to seek among all interesting objects points of resemblance, and when some intuition, keener than our own, reveals that resemblance, we bow to its truth or acclaim its beauty." Such is the admiration with which we must regard the discovery, by Bach, of the latent capabilities of many of his subjects.

As I deem the power of analyzing a composition to be of vital importance to a performer, and as absolutely essential to a proper treatment of the work he undertakes to interpret, I shall not apologize for the time this branch of the subject has occupied, nor for saying yet a few more words in the same direction.

There are many varieties of fugue, as simple fugue with changeable counterpoint and without regular counter-subject. These is the more regular fugue, with its counter-subject in double counterpoint. There are fugues on two or more subjects.

Fugues on two subjects are written on two wholly distinct plans; in the first kind the two subjects appear together or nearly so, and the fugue is worked throughout with these two subjects mutually attending one another [Ex. Organ Fugue B minor, vol. iv., page 46 German edition].

In the second kind of fugue on two subjects the first subject is announced and worked with a counter subject, and then a new subject is started and developed by itself; afterwards the two subjects are combined together [Ex. Fugue, C minor, vol. iv., page 36] Three subjects are sometimes combined in the same manner [Ex. B minor Fugue, vol. ii. page 83].

The well known St. Ann's fugue is an example of three subjects combined on a different plan. The work is in reality a chain of three fugues held together by the chorale subject of the first movement. The first portion is in allabreve time, and takes the opening of St Ann's psalm tune for its subject. This is worked with an appropriate counter-subject for thirty-six bars, when it closes with a perfect cadence in the principal key: from amidst the final chord of this cadence there arises a new principal subject in 6/4 time; this has, at first, its own counter-subject, but is afterwards combined with a modified form of the original subject. This middle part, by its lightness and elegance, is in marked contrast with the solidity and dignity of the first part, and also with the brilliant and energetic final movement in 12/8 time, founded on another subject, with which is again combined the chorale subject of the allabreve. The extremely diversified nature of this beautiful composition invites a correspondingly contrasted use of the organ; but of this more hereafter.

There are other kinds of fugue, as the well known "Giant," the theme of which is from a chorale. The fugue is really in three parts, with an added special figure assigned only to the pedal. It is no doubt from the giant-like step of the pedal that the fugue has obtained its name.

Some fugues are specially rich in the possession of episodes of marked contrast. I will mention as an example, the great E minor fugue [vol. ii page 70], that which is sometimes called the "Wedge Fugue" from the shape of its subject. It is a fugue of great beauty and interest, and affords, I believe, a solitary instance of Bach's application of the da capo form to an organ fugue. The contrast of the brilliant episode, with the solid grandeur of the first and last movement is, I think, rarely equalled even by Bach himself. In speaking, as I hope shortly to do, on the registering proper for Bach's organ works, I may probably desire to refer again to this magnificent work.

In what I have hitherto said, my object has been to call attention to the importance of an intelligent understanding of a composition, as one means to assist toward an intelligible performance of it, and as the greater must include the lesser, so understanding somewhat of the construction of fugues, must prepare for a ready comprehension of all other organ music, in which imitative and polyphonic elements, combined by florid and syncopated counterpoint, are essential features. But if a correct conception of the intention of the composer is indispensable, it is not the only qualification the performer needs, for of course there must be ability to reproduce, with the fingers and feet, those impressions which the mind has received. The fingers must attain to perfect independence, that such a degree of legato and staccato may be employed as is necessary, and that the phrasing proper to one part may be attained without interfering with that due to another part, played by the same hand, for all polyphonic music consists of parts of individual interest; and to incise the various melodies, so as to resolve them into their several sections and periods, is one chief difficulty in the way of a transparent performance of such music.

While the nature of the organ demands smooth and connected playing, yet a mere mechanical performance of the notes, be it ever so exact, without phrasing, and due separation into its constituent parts, will bear no more resemblance to the true rendering of the composer's intention, than would a rapid and uniformily connected articulation of the letters, or words, of the "Paradise Lost" convey to the mind of the hearer any idea of Milton's poem; or to take another illustration; the ear will be as much bewildered by such a disjointed grinding out of mere notes, ungrouped into section or phrase, as would the eye, if some morning we should receive our *Times* printed without capitals, marks of punctuation, or spaces between the words, but presenting only a conglomeration of letters extending over 16 or 20 pages. We should then as little enjoy our newspaper as some specimens of the "execution" of contrapuntal music that we at times have to endure.

The difficulty of correct phrasing is much enhanced by the fact that all Bach's organ music is entirely without phrase marking and musical punctuation. We must not, however, conclude that because no marks of phrasing occur in the printed music, that therefore, it is to be unpunctuated in performance, but as Professor Griepenkerl says: "It will impose on the player a necessity for a previous and careful analysis of the piece to be played, an accurate division of it into its principal and secondary passages, so that he can declaim it like a speech with a correct observation of the unexpressed punctuation. In order to effect this object, he must very often not hold the notes as long as they are written, particularly at the conclusion of a period or passage. It has been and still is the custom of composers to write out fully the concluding notes of the principal and secondary passages, in cases where they should be held, at most, only three fourths of their written value. Attention to this will often facilitate the fingering, as it will allow the same finger to be applied to two successive notes; but the player would totally mistake the tendency of these well meant and well founded hints, if he thought to follow them by conveying to the hearer the principal and secondary passages as separate pieces, for he ought to deliver one connected whole." Another point that demands a few words in passing is the vast importance of the careful cultivation of the power of the ear, as after all it is the supreme arbitrator in musical matters. It may be laid down as a rule that no performance can give pleasure to the hearers, in which the performer himself does not participate, and this participation in the enjoyment of contrapuntal music will be founded in a great measure on the power of hearing concurrent melodies. Toward the attainment of this power I believe the study and practice of two-part music to be invaluable. The Fifteen Inventions in two parts, and some of the Preludes, among the forty-eight, will be found useful, and after they have been mastered on the piano, if they be taken to an organ with two manuals, their practice will be found very improving, and will open the mind of the student to the enjoyment of many combinations and contrasts of organ tone. Still with a view of cultivating the hearing powers, I would recommend the subsequent practice of three-part music, such as many of the Forty-Eight Fugues, the Three-part Inventions, and above all, when the student is advanced enough, the Six Grand Trios or Sonatas for two manuals and pedal. I am fully aware that many of these are mechanically more difficult than some four or five parts music that may be named, but as a rule they are easier of comprehension by reason of the smaller number of parts.

The rate of performance is another important element in the treatment of any composition. Now while every musical work has internal evidence of its rate, within certain narrow limits, yet within those limits the consideration of the combination of organ tone *on* which it is to be played, the space *in* which it is to be played, and the skill of the performer *by* whom it is to be played, are all important. For manifold combinations with ponderous tones are not so well suited for rapid playing, as is more simple, light and flexible tone. A large and resonant building being more apt to confuse sounds, will require a more measured rate than would be proper for a smaller space, and it is better

for any performer to take a composition at a rate thoroughly within his power, than in attempting a greater pace, to over-tax his execution, and so assuredly fail in his performance.

A right understanding of the signs employed by Bach seems very essential to a right treatment of his works; yet in many cases I can but regard the beats and other graces he employed as rather due to the fashion of the day than essential to the spirit of his music. The age was much influenced by the perishable tone of the harpsichord, and other similar instruments; no tone of any considerable length was available on these instruments without the freshening influence of a beat, a turn, a shake, or some other embellishment. Under the article "Harpsichord Graces" in the Dictionary of Musical Terms, the student will find much interesting and valuable information on this subject.

[To be Continued.]

Mozart's Works.

Of all the great composers there can be little doubt that Mozart was the most prolific. It is indeed probable that the actual number of Haydn's works is larger; but it must be remembered that the composer of the "Creation" lived to the age of seventy-seven, while Mozart died at thirty-five. Yet during this short life he produced, as we know from Ritter von Köchel's thematic Catalogue, at least 626 complete compositions, besides nearly a hundred more or less extensive fragments of others. It is therefore hardly surprising that of this enormous mass of music a considerable proportion should still be entirely unknown. There are more than two hundred works which as yet remain in manuscript, while a large number of those which have been published are so incorrect and incomplete that they can hardly be said to be known at all, as Mozart wrote them.

It will readily be imagined that the publication of a complete and uniform edition of the entire collection of Mozart's compositions must be a truly herculean undertaking—one, indeed, upon which none but a firm of the very first rank could enter with any chance of success. A prospectus now lies before us, issued by Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel, of Leipzig, the largest and most eminent music-publishing house in the world, for such an edition. Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel, as many of our readers will be aware, published some ten years ago a complete edition of Beethoven's works, and they are at present engaged upon a similar labor for the works of Mendelssohn. Both of these, though extensive undertakings—the Beethoven edition containing 264 works, while that of Mendelssohn, when completed, will comprise 157—are mere child's play in comparison with an edition of Mozart. It is not merely the number of the works but the extent of many of them which renders the task so colossal. Out of the 626 works given in Köchel's Catalogue, about 540 will be included in this edition, the remainder being either lost, not quite complete, or of doubtful authenticity. These 540 works will be divi ded into 23 series; and a brief abstract of the contents of each will doubtless prove interesting to our readers. The first seven series comprise the vocal music, viz.: 15 masses, 7 litanies and vespers, 31 miscellaneous pieces of sacred music, 5 cantatas with orchestral accompaniment, 21 operas, 56 airs, trios, quartets, and choruses with orchestra, 39 songs with piano, and 20 canons. Next come five series of orchestral music, including 41 symphonies, 41 divertimenti and serenades, 21 marches and small orchestral movements, 25 sets of dances, and 21 concertos for a stringed or wind instrument, with orchestral accompaniment. We then have three series of chamber compositions—9 stringed quintets, 31 stringed quartets, 3 duets, and 1 trio. The pianoforte works occupy seven more series, divided as follows: 28 concertos, 11 quintets, quartets, and trios, 43 sonatas and two sets of variations for piano and violin, 8 pieces for four hands, 21 solo sonatas and fantasias, 15 sets of variations, and 18 smaller piano pieces. The twenty-third series contains 17 sonatas for organ with orchestral accompaniment; and in addition there will be a supplemental series containing the most important incomplete works, such as the "Requiem" and the operas *L'Oca del Cairo* and *Lo Sposo deluso*, as well as any of those at present supposed to be lost which may come to light while the edition is in progress.

From the above enumeration it will be seen at once that the task which Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel have undertaken is an enormous one. The twenty-one operas and forty-nine symphonies alone would make a goodly collection, and these are but two series, though of course two of the largest, out of the twenty three. It will probably be a reasonable estimate to say that the whole collection will fill some seventy or eighty volumes. In form as well as in type, it is to be uni orm with the editions of Mendelssohn and Beethoven, and is to be brought out at the same extremely moderate price—about fourpence for a sheet of four pages. The publishers further guarantee that the cost of the whole edition shall under no circumstances exceed £50. Subscribers who do not wish for the entire collection can take any one or more single series. It is only contemplated at present to bring out the works in full score; but the publishers express their intention of printing also the separate parts of those which seem likely to be useful for concert purposes.

The London Season.

Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane.—Mdlle. Titiens, to the great satisfaction of her admirers, and still more the devotees of Beethoven, actually appeared in "Fidelio" (the only representation this year) on Saturday last. The scene will not be forgotten. Call it ovation, or triumphal entry, or, as Shakespeare says, "what you will," the conviction was carried to the mind that England, with all her faults, holds fast to her old tried and faithful servants; and that she will never ungratefully withhold from them the right hand of cordial esteem and encouragement, even if they should be, as all mortals must be, sooner or later, in the decline of their powers. The fickle Parisians broke the heart of Nourrit, the great tenor, by their freezing reception after he had lost his voice. Mario, on the contrary, when, in a similar crisis of his career, invariably found in London a warm welcome; and poor Giulia Grisi, the pet child of the "Puritani" in 1834, raised bands of sympathy and affection to the last, when she could not always sing a simple ballad exactly in tune. Mdlle. Titiens, however temporarily distressed by physical indisposition, is still in her prime; and a consultation of musical doctors in the corridors on Saturday, resulted in the edict that she had sung her best, and that the fine voice, clear, brilliant, and resonant as ever, may bid defiance for many years to the inflexible old fellow with the scythe and sand-glass.

To expatiate on the Leonora of Mdlle. Titiens, *quoad* the dramatic delineation, would be almost impious supererogation. On the first appearance of the favorite in the 4th scene of Act. I., the action of the opera was arrested by a furore of applause and vociferous bravas. At the end of the first act, a recall ensued, and three large bouquets were thrown upon the stage. The climax is indescribably fine. Leonora, in masculine attire, stands in the breach between her husband and his dastardly assassin, defies Pizarro with a pistol, and then, as the trumpet outside announces the deliverance of heaven through the means of the minister, gives way to the feelings of a woman and a wife by sinking into Florestan's arms. So nature asserts her prerogatives. After a general recall and a shower of bouquets innumerable, the heroine of the opera was called for three times as a special mark of honor, and a last bouquet reserved, perhaps, by some enthusiastic man with a love for effect, was picked up by Herr Behrens, who came from behind the scenes to perform the graceful act of service. Signor Gillandi evoked much applause for his first air in A flat; Signor Galassi, Herr Behrens, Signor Costa, Signor Rinaldini, and Mdlle. Bauermeister sustained respectively the parts of Pizarro, Rocco, the Minister, Jacquino, and Marcellina. The fine 4-part canon in G, so effective from the modulation, towards the close, into the subdominant of the key, was encored; also the third overture in C, played as usual, between the first and the second acts, No. 4, in E major, having done duty as the regular prelude. The National Anthem was sung after the opera.

At an extra performance on Monday, for the benefit of M. Faure, "Il Don Giovanni" was performed, and then the portals of old Drury were finally closed.

Seventeen operas by ten composers, in fifty-one representations, have been presented during the season, which began on Easter Tuesday, the 18th April. "Lohengrin" was performed 5 times, "Faust" 10; and "Don Giovanni" 7. Mr. Mapleson was unable to produce (as promised) the "Medea" of Cherubini, Rossini's "Othello," Balfe's "Talismano," and "Figaro." Serious inconvenience resulted from the illness of Mdlle. Titiens and Chapuy (who could not appear at all.) Signori Dorini and Florini failed to make any profound impression; but the engagement of M. Faure may be set off as an immense advantage, and the return of Herr Rokitansky was hailed as a boon. The old favorites held their ground firmly; and Madame Rose-Perkins, alike attractive as a musical artist and a belle of fascinating presence, rendered invaluable aid as Donna Anna and Ortrud during the absence of Mdlle. Titiens. Sir Michael Costa, the conductor, must be thanked most cordially for the fine execution of the band, the precision of the choral singing, and the completeness of the ensemble, *Tout est fini; la toile est tombée.—Mus. Stand. July 29.*

Royal Italian Opera. Summary of the Season.

The Covent Garden Italian Opera-house terminated the season on Saturday (July 15th) with a performance of Meyerbeer's "Etoile du Nord," Madame Adelina Patti sustaining the character of Catherine and M. Maurel that of Peter the Great. At the opening night, on Tuesday, the 28th of March, the opera was Rossini's "William Tell," with Signor Marini as Arnoldo, M. Maurel, Guglielmo Tell, and Mdlle. Bianchi, Matilda. These two works indicate that grand opera is the mainstay and attraction of the undertaking. The works which have been produced from the 28th of March to the 15th of July are now specified, with the numbers of each representation:—Mozart's "Don Giovanni" five times, "Nozze di Figaro" twice, and "Il Flauto Magico" twice; Donizetti's "Elisir d'Amore" four times, "Don Pasquale" three times, "Lucia" three times, "La Figlia" once, and "Favorita" once; Gounod's "Faust" twice, and "Romeo e Giulietta" once; Rossini's "Il Barbiere" three times, and "Guglielmo Tell" four times; Verdi's "Traviata" five times, "Trovatore" twice, "Il Ballo" four tim s, "Rigoletto" three times, and "Aida" five times; Meyerbeer's "Huguenots" twice, "Dinorah" three times, "Africaine" twice, and "Etoile" four times; Bellini's "Sonnambula" once, and "Puritani" twice; Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet" once; Flotow's "Marta" three times; Ricci's (Brothers L. and F.) "Crispino e la Comare" once; Wagner's "Lohengrin" three times and "Tannhäuser" eight times; Auber's "Fra Diavolo," five times.

As operas are sometimes changed at the last moment, the accuracy of the numbers given in this list cannot in every instance be relied upon, but the announcements of each evening have been followed. Out of forty-eight operas enumerated in the prospectus, as comprising the répertoire of the Royal Italian Opera, no less than twenty-seven have been performed, and, in addition to the stock productions, two grand operas have been brought out for the first time in this country, namely, "Tannhäuser" and "Aïda." Two points are, therefore, established—first, that the promises in the season programme have been honorably carried out; and, secondly, that as regards quantity there cannot be any grounds for complaint, although as to quality there is much to object to. There were three performances in the opening week; these were followed by four in each of the two following weeks, five nights each in third and fourth weeks, and, from the 1st of May, began the series of six representations a week. This was continued for the rest of the season, and only broken on the Derby Day (May 31st), Wednesdays, June 12th, 19th, and 26th. On Wednesday, the 5th of July, there was a morning performance of "Aïda." It is necessary to call attention to these returns, because they prove how utterly impossible it has been, owing to the succession of the almost nightly opera nights, to secure sufficient rehearsals for works of magnitude. For such light operas as "Lucia," "Sonnambula," "Don Pasquale," "Elisir d'Amore," "La Figlia" "Marta," "Il Barbiere," and the very familiar, but more complicated, works of Signor Verdi, no great amount of preparation beyond one pianoforte and one orchestral rehearsal is required; but when productions so intricate, dramatically as well as operatically, as the "Huguenots," the "Etoile du Nord," "Faust," "Romeo e Giulietta," "Don Giovanni," "Nozze di Figaro," "Il Flauto Magico" "Lohengrin," "William Tell," "Favorita," "Africaine," etc., are to be put on the stage with a heavy *mise en scène*, it is obvious that their execution will be unsteady and imperfect, unless they are carefully rehearsed; great injustice is done to the composers, and no end of annoyance and disappointment is experienced by the opera-goers. First nights, whether of revivals or of novelties, are only dress rehearsals, and a high tariff is not established for trials but it is charged in order to ensure the highest class *ensemble*. Looking over the list of operas, the selection made seems most singular. M. Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," the "Hamlet" of M. Ambroise Thomas, the "Favorita" of Donizetti, the "Sonnambula" of Bellini, the "La Figlia" of Donizetti, the "Crispino e la Comare" of the Brothers Ricci were all given but once. So much valuable time must have been lost in mounting them, that it is impossible to guess why some of them were mounted at all. "Hamlet" is a ponderous production, even at the Grand Opéra in Paris; it is Meyerbeer ddmed; the only possible excuse for playing it here would be if Madame Nilsson were the Ophelia and M. Faure Hamlet, for on those artists solely depended its original success. "Crispino e la Comare" is an operatic farce, quite unworthy of being imported here, and the only time for producing it at Covent Garden was when Madame Adelina Patti was Annetta, and Signor Ronconi Crispino. Numerically there was an extraordinary list of artists engaged as principals, but if the casts of the operas be examined, their weakness in too many cases, is palpable. Out of the entire number there was not an artist adequate to sing and act Donna Anna, Selika, ["Africaine"], Leonora ["Favorita"], Valentina ["Huguenots"]; there was not a tenor who could be called a competent Raoul, or Vasco di Gama, or Fra Diavolo or Hamlet or Faust, or Count Almaviva, or Fernando ["Favorita"], etc. The baritones and basses were in better form; there was one contralto with a fine voice, but who was no actress, Signora Scalchi. We may dismiss Mesdames Pezzotta, Saar, D'Angeri, as having occupied positions beyond their powers. The tenors, Signori Nicolini, Carpi, Bolis, De Sanctis, Pavani, Piazza, and Bettini cannot be considered first-rate artists—utilities they may be styled.

tranquillo.

DERSAGRENA.

O Co - ma - la, what thou see'st are no spirit forms, but

rocky cliffs, but rocky cliffs illum'd by the light'ning's flash.

COMALA

Where art thou, Fin - gal, Where art thou,

Fin - gal, all around me night draw - eth on.

p *string* – –

Hear ye not wild distant tu - mult. The cry of

string – –

– – – – *gen* – – – *f* – – *do.*

woe, The clash of ar - mor? They fly now, they

– – – – *gen* – – – – – *do.*

crescendo.

fly, this way, they come in their hur - ried flight,.....

ff

.....

Tempo 1o. *p*

ffz *dim.*

p

DERSAGRENA. *p*

It is the storm.. ..... a-mid the tree - tops howl - ing,

MELICOMA.

p

dim.

and from the hills a - far the e - choes an - swer.

dim.

p

COMALA. *f*

Say

cres.

strin - - gen - - do.

Allegro non troppo Agitato.

why, O stream, thy wave is crim - son'd in

fz *mf*

blood? Say why, O stream, say,

dim.

why,.. ..... O stream? Lone ..... are thy

dim. *p* *Ped.*

shores now and for - sa - - ken. Say

p

Ped. *p*

The best of them was Signor Carpi, who is artistic, but is no actor, and has no stage presence to compensate for deficiency of dramatic talent. Signor Marini's organ has been precarious, but he was superior to his colleagues. Mdlle. Smeroschi, Senor Gayarre, Signor Tamagno, and M Capoul mentioned in the prospectus, never appeared, nor did Mdlle Eva de Synnerberg, a contralto, who was announced to make her début as Pierotto, in "Linda." Signori Medica Monti, and Conti wore nonentities. There were two basses not promised, M Feitlinger and Signor Ghilbertini, but their non-coming would have been no loss. The result of the débuts of Mdlle. Emma Abbott, of Mdlle. Rosavalle [Miss Tucker], and of Mdlle. Proch was disastrous. Madame Patti maintained her supremacy; while Mdlle. Albani confirmed the impression of last season, that in the Wagnerian répertoire she is at her best. Mdlle. Thallberg has certainly made no progress artistically; she is a mere machine, without sensibility. Mdlle. Bianchi is useful as a *comprimaria*, but is out of place as a *prima donna*. There remains Mdlle. Marimon, the Belgian *prima donna*, who, after Madame Patti, was by far the most accomplished vocalist of the company, and also possesses no ordinary histrionic capabilities. Instead of sharing the leading parts with Madame Patti, she has only been heard as Norina in "Don Pasquale," the Queen of Night in the "Magic Flute" the Queen in the "Huguenots" and Elvira in the "Don Giovanni." We are not expressing merely individual opinions about the unaccountable neglect of Mdlle Marimon, and the strangeness of the selections in the casts of this season, but we are echoing the criticisms of subscribers One complaint from the latter is a repetition of an old grievance, and that is, the appropriation of so many Saturday subscription nights to the mediocrities although that evening suits the convenience of so many members of the Legislature and of the professions. The name of Madame Patti only figures on four Saturdays and her first appearance was on a Friday. Mdlle. Marimon never sang on a Saturday night.

The production of "Tannhänser" and "Aïda," it has been urged, atoned for many disappointments and vexations, and full credit may be awarded on that score; but there is a moral obligation binding on impresarios, be they who they may, to supply their subscribers and supporters with novelties which have gone the round of Europe. Moreover, it is our contention, in which we know we have the sympathy and concord of leading connoisseurs, that no opera and no artist ought to be presented without proper preparation. At the risk of repetition we must again maintain that public opinion is decidedly opposed to the conversion of high-priced Italian Opera-houses into training schools for singers. The system of trying to thrust novices on the lyric stage, in place of finished vocalists, independently of its injustice, is a mistaken policy, commercially as well as artistically.—*Athenæum.*

Royal Academy. — Madame Christine Nilsson-Ronzaud distributed the prizes to the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music in Tenterden Street, on Friday afternoon, July 21, after an able and eloquent address to the meeting by Prof. G. A. Macfarren, Principal of the Institution. The preliminary concert, hitherto held as a means of displaying the prowess of the pupils, has been abolished for certain sufficient reasons. The only performances on Friday were R. P. Stewart's concert fantasia in D minor for the organ, (by Mr. Rose), Mendelssohn's 43d Psalm, in 8 parts, "Judge me, O God," and the National Anthem. Among the prizes were the following:—

Lucas Silver Medal (from a design by T. Woolner, R. A.) in memory of Charles Lucas, for the composition of the Magnificat for one or more solo voices, chorus, orchestra, and organ —Eaton Faning; highly commended, Oliveria L. Prescott.

Parepa-Rosa Gold Medal, in memory of Euphrosyne Parepa Rosa (endowed by Carl Rosa), for the singing of pieces selected by the committee.—Mary Davies; highly commended, Annie Albu, Amy Aylward, Jessie Jones, Agnes Larkcom, Marian Williams.

Sterndale Bennett Prize (Purse of Ten Guineas), in memory of Professor Sir William Sterndale Bennett, Mus. D., M. A., D. C. L., for the playing of a composition by Professor Sir William Sterndale Bennett, selected by the committee.—Kate Steel; highly commended, Janie Burrough, Ethel Goold, Edith Brand, Margaret Bucknall, Nancy Evans.

We gather from Professor Macfarren's introductory address, "that the Royal Academy is in a prosperous state. There are now 336 students; every one of whom, by talents and diligence, may reap the advantages of the school; and whoever contributes to the furtherance of musical education, affords the means of advancing an art, the highest (as the Professor truly observed) in promoting the civilization of the country. The schola ships, permanent and temporary, are of the greatest use in promoting sound and thorough musical education. In some cases the fees of promising pupils are paid by the Professors or the Committee of Management. A "Balfe" scholarship will be founded from the proceeds of the Balfe Festival to be held at the Alexandra Palace to-day (Saturday). The proposal made by the Society of Arts for presenting a larger number of free scholarships, has been declined on account of the conditions. Professor Macfarren, at the close of the proceedings, thanked Mdme, Nilsson-Ronzaud for her condescension in the warmest terms, and the fair lady, in reply, expressed her high sense of the compliment, and asked permission to present a prize of her own next year. Professor Macfarren, with some emotion, referred to the presentation of a testimonial by the students of the Royal Academy to his Secretary (and one of the directors), Mr. Eyres, in the form of a handsome silver salver and ladle.

We noticed amongst the audience, besides the officials, Lady Goldsmid, Dr Stainer, Mr. A. S. Sullivan, Mr. Brinley Richards, Mr. A. Randegger, and Sir T. Barnard.

We agree with a contemporary that the various medals and books presented to the prize pupils do not clearly indicate their educational status, and that there ought to be some sort of classification as at the Universities.—*Ibid.*

Philharmonic Society —The directors have published the following interesting summary of the season, 1876:—

This evening (Monday, July 10) concludes the sixty-fourth series of the performances of the Philharmonic Society. In the course of the season, during which a novelty has been introduced in the shape of two morning concerts, the following works have been given. Those by English writers are:—The Overture to the Naiades and the Merry Wives of Windsor, and a Song, by Bennett, the Overture to Love's Labor Lost by W. G. Cusins; and songs by J. L. Hatton and E. J. Loder. Those by French, Polish, and Russian writers are:—the Overture and an Aria from Mirella, and a Sacred Song, by Gounod; some Solos and a Concerto for pianoforte, by Chopin; a Theme and Variations, by Rameau; and a pianoforte Concerto in E flat, the Dramatic Symphony, and two Lieder, by Rubinstein. Those by Italian writers are:—a Scena from the opera of Il Sacrifizio d'Abramo, by Cimarosa; the Overture to Anacreon, by Cherubini; a Sacred Song, by Randegger; the Overture to William Tell, a Cavatina from Semiramide, an Aria from L'Italiana in Algieri, and a Cavatina from Il Barbiere, by Rossini; an Aria by Stradella; and a Bolero, by Verdi. Those by German writers are:—the Suite in B minor, by Bach; the Heroic Symphony, the Pastoral Symphony, and the Symphonies in A, C minor, and D, the pianoforte Concertos in E flat and G, the violin Concerto, the Sonata in C, dedicated to Count Waldstein, the Overture to Egmont, and the Aria, "Ah Perfido," by Beethoven; a German Requiem, two Lieder, and a selection from the Hungarian Dances, by Brahms; a violin concerto in G, by Bruch; a Romance, by Dessauer; a Concerto for Violoncello in D minor, by Goltermann; an Aria by Handel; a Symphony (the Bear), and a Theme with Variations for the pianoforte, by Haydn; a pianoforte Concerto in F minor, by Henselt; a Solo Piece for Pianoforte and a Prayer, by Hiller; a Lied, by Klengel; a pianoforte Solo and a Lied, by Liszt; the Scottish Symphony, Serenade and Allegro Giojoso for pianoforte, the Overtures to the Isles of Fingal, the Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage, and Ruy Blas, and two Lieder, by Mendelssohn; the Jupiter Symphony, the Overture to the Zauberflote, and Arias from the Operas of Il Flauto Magico, Le Nozze de Figaro, Don Giovanni, and Idomeneo, by Mozart; a Movement from the Wallenstein Symphony, by Rheinberger; two Movements from the Unfinished Symphony in B minor and a Lied, by Schubert; the Symphony in C and the pianoforte Concerto in A minor, by Schumann; the Concerto in E minor, and the Overture to Jessonda, by Spohr; a Lied by Taubert; the Preludes to Lohengrin and Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg, by Wagner; the Overtures to Der Freischütz, Euryanthe, and the Jubilee of Augustus IV. of Saxony, and a Serenade from the Opera of Euryanthe, by Weber.

The instrumentalists that have played solos are;—on the pianoforte—Madame Schumann, Madame Essipoff, Mdlle. Meldig, Herr Barth, Mr. Charles Hallé, Herr Jaell, and Herr Rubinstein; and on the violin — Herr Auer, Herr Joachim, and Mons. Wieniawski.

The vocalists that have appeared are:—Madame Bianca Blume, Madame Bodda Pyne, Mrs. Osgood, Madame Trebelli Bettini, Miss Bolingbroke, Mdlle. Ida Corani, Miss Marie Duval, Miss Thekla Friedländer, Miss Catherine Penna, Mdlle. Redeker, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Signor Pollione Ronzi, Mr. Wadmore, and Mr. Santley.

Mr. W. G. Cusins, Master of the Music to her Majesty the Queen, has, for the tenth season, conducted the concerts.

The Directors for this year are:—Mr. G. F. Anderson, Mr. Francesco Berger, Mr. Walter Macfarren, Mr. G. A. Osborne, Mr. C. E. Stephens, Mr. Harold Thomas, and Mr. J. Turle.

The band comprises 13 first violins, (Herr Strauss principal), 12 second violins, 9 violas, 10 violoncellos, and 8 double-basses, 2 flutes, 1 piccolo, 2 oboes, 2 clarinets, 2 bassoons and a "counter bassoon," 4 horns, 2 trumpets, 3 trombones, 1 bombardon, 3 drums, &c., 1 triangle, and 2 harps. Mr. E. J. Hopkins is organist.

The members of the society number 39, the associates, 37, the "female" (lady?) associates, 20, and the honorary members, 12. These last (the honorary members) are Mrs. Anderson, Herr Gadé, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, M. Gounod, M. Stephen Heller, Dr. F. Hiller, Herr Joachim, the Abbé Liszt, Herr Rietz, M. Antoine Rubinstein, M. Verhulst, and "although the last not least," Herr Richard Wagner. The venerable honorary treasurer of the society, Mr. G. F. Anderson, continues to head the list of (seven) directors.

Oratorio, &c. The *Musical Times*, in summing up the London season, remarks as follows:—

Nothing need be said of the Sacred Harmonic Society, save that the usual number of concerts have been given, and the usual number of works performed. But little appeal is made by this institution to the general public; and if the subscribers, therefore, are satisfied with the reproduction of the same compositions year after year, there can be no just cause for complaint. The Crystal Palace, as our columns have testified, has honestly fulfilled the promises in the prospectus; and if Mr. Manns would only discountenance any attempt to meddle with the intention of composers, by adapting and re-arranging works the form of which has been stamped by its author, we should have nothing but praise for his laudable efforts to promote the spread of really good music. The Alexandra Palace has made a rapid stride in the right direction during the season. The revival of Handel's two almost unknown Oratorios, "Esther" and "Susanna," would alone have entitled the directors, and especially Mr. Weist-Hill, upon whom has devolved the heavy responsibility of producing such elaborate works, to the thanks of all music-lovers; but, apart from these compositions, the programmes have latterly been in the highest degree interesting, and we may now confidently anticipate a brilliant future from an establishment which has manifested both the will and the power to produce the great works in art.

During the season two works have been produced—one representing the old and the other the new German school—each with adequate interpreters, both vocal and instrumental, and each conducted by an artist whose heart was in the cause he advocated. We allude to the "Mass in B minor" of Bach, and the "Legend of St. Elizabeth" of the Abbé Liszt. Now, what was the result? On the first representation of Bach's Mass an enthusiastic audience applauded every number of the work as if it were a revelation in music; on the second performance every seat in the hall was filled, and the excitement could scarcely be repressed within reasonable bounds. The "Legend of St. Elizabeth," on the contrary, fell flatly upon a large body of listeners fully prepared to receive with favor a composition which had been lauded by its admirers as one of the choicest specimens of the "higher development" of creative art. If we are to draw a moral from this fact, it is that works which represent form and power are ever fresh, and that neither apathy nor opposition can crush them; whilst those which have the negative merit of abolishing the old models without creating new ones, can gain but the suffrages of those who, fancying it an age of art revolution, are content, as in political revolutions, to accept the most prominent opponents of law and order as the most enlightened apostles of the coming creed.

Musical Discussion.—The "Musical Association for the Investigation and Discussion of Subjects connected with the Art and Science of Music" seems to have been given over to the mathematicians. Papers involving much thought have been read; but we scarcely think that the Society appeals forcibly to either creative or executive musicians. No doubt it is interesting to inquire into our "perception of the direction of a source of sound," or to listen to a discourse on the "vibrations and resonance of columns of air," but all this has in reality nothing to do with music; and if the Council of the Society think with us that some practical result should be achieved by these meet-

ings, a vigorous course of action will be at once necessary. The Association has already enrolled the names of several eminent men; and if papers on really useful subjects be desired, there are many, we think, who would be both ready and willing to be something more than mere ornamental members.

Benefit Concerts.—Those mongrel entertainments which used to be termed "Benefit Concerts" are now fast disappearing, their decline no doubt dating from the discovery of the fact that they were no "benefit" either to the art or to the artist. The performances of orchestral and choral works, and the Recitals of Chamber-music, which have arisen on the ruins of the former fashionable gatherings, so thoroughly represent at the present time the real place of music in this country, that both executants and composers should be watchful—if they care for anything beyond their mere personal advancement—that those to whom they submit the result of their talents should not only be amused, but, as Handel said, "made better" by what they hear. England is gradually shaking itself free from the reproach of not being a musical nation; but let us not rush to the opposite extreme, and go wild with excitement at every composer and performer—native or foreign—presented to our notice. However hyperbolical may be some criticisms, whether verbal or printed, upon aspirants for our favor, there is always an under current of wholesome opinion which should at least be respected. The fashionable lounger and the impulsive enthusiast are equally dangerous elements in a concert-room. Healthy music cannot flourish save with healthy surroundings; and it will be well for the progress of the art in this, as in every other country, when the words *salon* and *virtuoso* are banished for ever from the musical vocabulary.—*Ibid.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 19, 1876.

The Baireuth Festival.

The musical interest of the past week, here and everywhere, has converged to a single focus, to the decayed old town of the Margraves in the middle of Germany, where Richard Wagner has at last had the opportunity of realizing to the full, with all means and appliances, his own ideal of the only right kind of scenical and musical performance of the only right kind of Opera—or, as he styles it, "Art-work of the Future." On four successive evenings, beginning on Sunday, the 13th, the first round of performances of the three plays of the trilogy, "The Ring of the Nibelungen," preceded by the Vorspiel or Prologue, "Das Rheingold," has been actually given in a most novel kind of theatre built solely for this purpose, and before a most brilliant and distinguished audience, including Emperors and Grand Dukes, musical magnates like Liszt and Gounod, critics from all nations, Young America being largely represented in that character, and curious quidnunes, who have means and leisure for all such rare occasions. Our own newspapers since Monday morning have been full of it; for several of the leading New York papers not only sent their special or staff musical reporters to the scene, but have actually gone to the formidable expense of lengthy Cable reports from day to day.

Of course the audience was mainly made up of the faithful, the ardent adherents of the Wagner party; nothing but their enthusiasm—in many instances amounting to fanaticism—would draw very many into that expensive pilgrimage. From these, of course, the first reports proceed, and naturally they are glowing ones. That the occasion as an occasion was to be "a success" was a foregone conclusion; equally sure beforehand was the thorough excellence of the performance—the wonderful scenery, the orchestra, the carefully selected and specially trained actors and singers, or rather musical declaimers, for Herr Wagner himself had the selecting and the teaching and arranging, down to the smallest detail, of the whole. The success of the occasion could with safety be authenticated on a single seeing and hearing, and proclaimed by telegraph; the success of the Wagner School of Opera is another question, and can only be determined in due course of long experience. It is very easy for your newspaper correspondent, fresh from the excitement of the first night of wonders, with the plaudits ringing in his ears, and all his senses dazed by the strange phantasmagoria of Rhine nymphs, shadowy Scandinavian gods and monsters, and marvellous scenes and transformations—all passing before an audience in the dark, as it were a huge magic lantern with brilliant musical accompaniment—very easy for him to send off his lightning despatch, proclaiming it "a triumph of the new school of music, final and complete!" But the last is not yet; and it would be safer, wiser and more modest to wait awhile before rushing to such wholesale conclusions. Such proclamations remind us only of the patriotic town meetings of which we used to hear in some of our rural districts, in which it was unanimously "Resolved, that we are the greatest nation on God's footstool." The thing does not go by proclamation; and we have yet to hear from those who *judge*, and who are qualified to judge and are in no incontinent haste to pronounce the "final and complete" solution of a question about which the wisest and most thoughtful will be the longest in making up their minds. Let us not be misunderstood; we repeat it, we have no doubt that the Festival has been in many ways a triumph, a remarkable success, as it has been altogether unique. But for all that, there is still reasonable room for thinking it quite possible that the music-loving world is not yet ripe for loving Wagner's Nibelungen shadows, and his subordination of music to poetic legend, and his "infinite melody" or "melos," better than the *human* music, human yet divine, of Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Cherubini and the rest.

Moreover we have yet to hear the real criticisms. These will come later. One would fain learn how Gounod was impressed; how Liszt would be, we all knew beforehand. But it is more important to know what men like Ferdinand Hiller, Lachner, Taubert, Richter, Robert Franz, Reinecke, and others, think about it; or whether these musical magnates were even present, as we are told "nearly all the leading musicians of Germany" were. Judgment by cable telegram can hardly fix the status of the "Music of the Future."

We write as one of the unconverted, and we cannot step off from our own shadow; but there are many of us; and we could name a goodly list of artists and of critics of the highest musical authority, who are under the same condemnation. It is to the verdict of such as these that Wagner has to look. As Robert Browning says of Verdi:

> While the mad houseful's plaudits near out-bang
> His orchestra of salt-box, tongs and bones,
> He looks through all the roaring and the wreaths
> Where sits Rossini patient in his stall.

We go to press too early in the week, or we would gladly have copied largely from the enthusiastic first reports referred to. We make room here, however, for one more reasonable and moderate than the rest, that of the correspondent of the New York *Times*, who we are told is a German.

Bairuth, Aug. 13.—The performance of the trilogy "The Ring of the Nibelungen," the life-work of Herr Richard Wagner, began here to-day with the first opera of the series, "Rheingold." The theatre was crowded by an audience which, on the whole, may be classed as the most distinguished that ever assembled for a similar purpose—distinguished in art, in letters, and in politics. It embraced the Emperors of Germany and Brazil, and several reigning Grand Dukes, Dukes and Princes; Prince George of Prussia, the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia; Abbé Liszt, Miss Anna Mehlig, Miss Minnie Hauck, Nachbauer, Servis, Paul Lindau, several French composers, and many other notabilities were present. The art and literature of the whole world were represented by eminent people from both continents.

The rendering of "Rheingold" was continuous for more than two hours and a quarter. The orchestral effects and characterization were very fine. Herr Wagner's theory of musical declamation was carried even to excess. And this will the more readily be understood when it is known that a few bars for three voices made the only *ensemble* number in the opera.

The scenery was admirable, surpassing even the highly-wrought expectations of the spectators. The opening Rhine scene, with a particularly novel contrivance of swimming nymphs, was highly successful. The splendid Cavern picture, and the brilliant Walhalla, were a wonderfully clever management of lights and transparent clouds. The metamorphoses were less skillfully accomplished, but the general impression as a spectacle was excellent. The house being in total darkness during the entire representation, added immensely to the illusion. The acoustic properties of the hall are perfection itself, but there is not a breath of ventilation, and the heat was overpowering. The rendering was remarkable in point of the precision with which the difficult music was mastered by the singers and the orchestra. The voice of Herr Betz, who was the *Wotan* of the opera, is one of great beauty and power. The voice of Herr Vogl, as *Loge*, was excellent, and his acting capital and full of significance and subtlety, and called forth the only outburst of applause following the soliloquy, which is replete with nice shades. Herr Eilers and Herr Reichenberg as the giants *Fafner* and *Fasolt* had the requisite ponderous voices. Herr Hill as *Alberich* is an excellent actor and singer. Herr Schlosser as *Mime* is a superior comedian. The three Rhine daughters are endowed with charming tones and sweetness, and their performances were most correct. Mesdames Grün and Haupt were able representatives of *Fricka* and *Freia*.

The orchestra was composed of 112 of the picked musicians of Germany, Hans Richter leading, with Wilhelmy as *chef'd attaque*. There is nothing finer imaginable than the delicacy and fullness of tone of the accompaniments. The shading was exquisite, and the fact that the hand was unseen, but heard with absolute distinctness, added to the mystery without affecting the brightness of the coloring and the force. In brief the elaborate plans to heighten the illusion of the stage representations were justified by the success which was unquestionably achieved.

Herr Wagner superintended the whole work. He was omnipresent as stage manager, conductor, and prompter, and all that was possible to make the performance as realistic as practica le was accomplished under his direction. At the conclusion there were loud calls for Herr Wagner, which were unacknowledged.

The Emperor of Germany remained to the end, and was received with enthusiasm, and departed amid a great demonstration from the entire audience.

The impression created by "Rheingold" is, musically considered, not significant. This opera is necessary to the comprehension of the trilogy, but it lacks even the slight element of human interest possessed by the succeeding works. Indeed, it is much closer to fairy spectacle than to drama, but it is needed nevertheless as a key-note to the subsequent incidents. The influence on the public was less strong than was anticipated. Herr Wagner's tried friends were loud in their approval, but the miscellaneous and decidedly cosmopolitan element which composed the vast majority of the audience was inclined to coldness. In fact the manifestation of admiration was extremely faint when compared to demonstrations usually attending ordinary first nights. It must be remembered, however, that the assembly was exceptionably critical, and that much of the spirit of a jury with a prisoner on trial before them was exhibited. The artists felt the weight of their responsibility, and the rare earnestness of all the artists on the boards was perceptible in the house.

To spectators who were not musicians, and attending absolutely the first hearing of the opera, "Rheingold" must be a sealed book. The musical motives which represent characters and acts pervade the opera, and are used by the author with unswerving consistency and great tact; but knowledge of the score or familiarity with the opera is indispensable to a full appreciation of the work. In addition the strain upon the attention is tremendous. It is hopeless, therefore, to look for popularity for the work, at present at least.

Whoever attends future similar representations must do so with the intent to labor if he would be pleased. This may be the temper of the music-lover of the future, but it is certainly not that of the music-lover of the

present. Indeed, achievements of such magnitude are impossible twice in a lifetime.

This week's experiments are curiously interesting, but will have no result, as far as can be predicted from to-day's representation. At most, it is a marvel that such a gigantic undertaking can be carried out so successfully. As it is, the Baireuth performance is a wonder in itself, but only asserts the impossibility of the complete realization of Herr Wagner's theories.

To night the town is aldaze with a fine illumination in all the streets, which are full of people. The whole population is out of doors. It is estimated that at least four thousand strangers have arrived in the city to attend the festival. There are about sixty correspondents of American, German, and other newspapers present.

F. A. S.

Here and There—Festivals, &c.

AT HOME.—The Symphony Concerts of the Harvard Musical Association (twelfth season) will be ten in number, as usual and given in the Music Hall, at regular intervals of two weeks, always upon Thursday afternoons. The first five and the last five concerts, however, will be separated by an interval of four weeks, so that the dates will be as follows: Nov. 9, 23, Dec. 7, 21, June 4;—Feb. 1, 15, March 1, 15, 29. They will be mainly orchestral and classical in character, securing the solids, the essentials of a good symphonic entertainment first, and leaving special attractions, solo artists, &c., to depend upon the amount of support given to the concerts by the public.

From present rumors and appearances, this is about all that Boston can rely upon with any certainty for orchestral music this next winter. The admirable orchestra of Theodore Thomas is reported to have made a losing business (for the second time) in Philadelphia and to have actually disbanded. Still we think it can hardly be that an organization with so much life in it should not be soon resuscitated. Surely Mr. Thomas cannot be blamed if he has "got sick of piping and paying the piper himself." The revelation has surprised, for hitherto he has always been represented (at least in public print) as in the full career of successes everywhere, material as well as artistic. Of course his expenses were enormous, and it was very natural that his self-sacrificing zeal should give out finally; the only wonder being that he could keep on in so splendid and so costly a style for so long a period—seven or eight years. He is said to have remarked to an interviewer and very justifiably:

"I will not travel any more on speculation; I have had quite enough of that. People must learn the difference between an artist and a travelling showman If they want me in Chicago or Baltimore, let them send for me; but they must pay for it; I will take no more risks."

But we await further developments before venturing upon any extended remarks.

Cambridge is to have some subscription concerts in the beautiful new Sanders Chapel, which completes Memorial Hall, a room capable of seating 1500 people, and admirably adapted to good musical effect. Prof. J. K. Paine is at the head of the committee of arrangements, and the programmes will be worthy of the old University. Three of the six concerts were intended to be of orchestral music, for which the Thomas orchestra was engaged, inasmuch as these concerts will have to take place in the evening, when Boston musicians are not available on account of their engagements at the theatres.

The preliminary arrangements for the annual festival of the Worcester County Musical Association are nearly completed. The chorus will begin active work the first Monday in September, at Plymouth Vestry, Worcester; the days selected for the festival are Oct. 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6, and the services of Carl Zerrahn and B. D. Allen have been secured as conductors. E B. Story has been secured as pianist, and G W Sumner as organist. For sopranos arrangements have been perfected with Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, Miss Clara Doria, Miss Mary H. Stone, and Miss Henrietta Beebe, Miss Matilda Phillips and Mrs. Flora E Barry, contraltos, have also been secured. For tenors there are Messrs. J A. Collins of Boston, and J R. Nilson of New York, and for bassos, Messrs. William H McDonald and John F Winch. The organizations, aside from the association, to take part in the festival are the Philharmonic Club of Boston the Germania Band, thirty pieces, of Boston, and the New York Glee Club. Miss Beebe and Mr Nilson and members of the latter, and Miss Stone, Mrs. Barry and Mr. McDonald are of the Boston Lyceum Opera Company The principal works selected are Handel's oratorio of "Joshua" and Rossini's "Stabat Mater." Miscellaneous choruses will also be important features in the programme, which includes five concerts and three matinees. The matinees are to be given Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons and the first of the series of concerts will be given Wednesday evening. Concerts are also arranged for Thursday afternoon and evening and Friday afternoon and evening. The first concert, Wednesday evening, will include Rossini's "Stabat Mater," and selections by the Philharmonic Club and vocal artists Thursday afternoon will be devoted to a concert by the New York Glee Club, and Thursday evening to a grand miscellaneous concert, introducing Miss Clara Louise Kellogg Friday afternoon a symphony concert will be given, and in the evening the festival will terminate with the oratorio of "Joshua," uniting artists, orchestra and chorus.—*Transcript.*

The musical festival at Rocky Point, R. I., on Friday last, under the management of Dr. E. Tourjee, was immensely successful. Carl Zerrahn was the conductor, and the chorus of about four hundred voices was made up of the Music Hall and Grace Church choirs from this city, some of the members of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, and the New England Normal Musical Institute now in session at East Greenwich, R. I. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club and several other of our well-known Boston artists, vocalists and instrumentalists, also participated.

The attendance from all points was very large. Every boat from Providence was crowded to its utmost capacity, and extra boats had to be run to accommodate the crowd. There was another grand influx of people from Newport, and large excursion parties arrived by steamer from New Bedford and Fall River. Fifty or more yachts from various points upon Narragansett Bay, and something like a thousand carriages from the interior also aided in swelling the number of visitors.

There were present in the course of the day at least fifteen thousand persons—by many thousands the largest assemblage at Rocky Point this season. The printed programme was capsized at the outset through the action of some person at Providence, who neglected to forward the chorus-books as directed, but Dr. Tourjee's well-known energy and ability supplied all deficiencies. In fact much more was performed than was promised, and the only marked change in the plan of the festival was to provide a miscellaneous concert in the forenoon, and to postpone the choral performances until the afternoon.

The concerts were held in the Forest Circle, and the building is so constructed that those assembled in the grove outside could listen to the performances as well as those upon the inside. The morning programme comprised Weber's overture to "Oberon," performed by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club; the buffo song, "I'm a Regent," from Balfe's opera, "The Sleeping Queen," sung by the distinguished baritone, Mr. J F. Rudolphsen; the first movement of Schumann's Piano Quintet in E flat major, performed by Mr J C D. Parker and Messrs. Schultze, Allen, Ryan and Hennig of the Quintette Club; the Polonaise from Ambroise Thomas's opera of "Mignon" sung by Miss Fanny Kellogg; and a duet, "The Fishermen" by Gabussi, rendered by Messrs James McGranahan and C. C Case, two excellent Western vocalists. The solo performances were in every case worthy of high praise but the effect was in some instances lost from the fact that the place is better adapted to music of the louder class

Miss Kellogg's solo, however, awakened much enthusiasm, and an encore being insisted upon, she sang with equally good results, "The Sword of Bunker Hill." The Quintette Club furnished the accompaniment in both instances

Immediately after the morning concert the immense crowd surged toward the dining halls, and as might be supposed, the devastation among the baked clams was something tremendous to contemplate. The buildings were refilled several times over and still there was a hungry multitude without, but there was yet no lack of the bivalves and their concomitants.

At the afternoon concert the chorus took a prominent part and acquitted itself with great credit under Mr. Zerrahn's able direction. The first selection was "The Glory of God" from Handel's Messiah. This was given with excellent effect.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club next played the overture to "Raymond" by Ambroise Thomas, after which a select chorus from the New England Normal Musical Institute gave a very pleasing rendering of Mendelssohn's unfinished opera of "Lorely," the soprano solo being sustained with very good effect by Miss Lizzie Brown.

The other selections given were the Introduction and Polonaise Brillante by Chopin, op 3, for piano and violin, played by Mr G W. Sumner and Mr William Schultze; "Mighty Jehovah" (music by Bellini), a baritone solo and chorus, the former being admirably rendered by Mr. Rudolphsen; "*Non e Ver*," by Mattei, finely sung by Miss Kellogg; the Gloria from Mozart's Twelfth Mass, rendered by the full chorus; and the Inflammatus from Rossini's "Stabat Mater" Miss Kellogg sustaining the soprano solo.—*Sunday Times, Aug* 13.

Obituary.

CARL BERGMANN.

Carl Bergmann, for many years leader of the Philharmonic and Arion societies, died last Thursday night at the German Hospital in this city. He had been in poor health for a considerable time, and his death was hastened by extreme melancholy produced by the death of his wife, which occurred several months ago. After this event he became moody and morose. Sickness compelled him in the middle of last season to resign to George Matzka his position as leader of the Philharmonic Society, which he had held for almost 20 years. From that time he rapidly declined in health and spirits, living a solitary and retired life, and shunning the company of his former associates. About a week ago he was obliged to seek refuge at the German Hospital, where he died on Thursday night at 11 o'clock.

Carl Bergmann was born at Ebersbach, Saxony, April 11, 1821. His musical taste and talent manifested themselves very early in his life. When scarcely 6 years old he was placed under the instruction of Adolf Zimmermann, a Saxon musician of some note. His parents having removed to the city of Breslau, he became a student of Hesse, a renowned organist and composer, and in that city he commenced his musical career, first as 'cellist, then as soloist and leader of the Breslau orchestra. Bergmann was never a prolific composer, and most of his compositions, including several concert pieces, an opera, and a symphony, were written before he had attained his 27th year. From 1842 to 1848, as leader of several orchestras, he met with success in the cities of Vienna, Pesth Warsaw, and Venice. Having taken an active part in the rebellion of 1848, he was compelled to leave the country. He chose America as his future home, and in company with several musicians he arrived at New York in the Autumn of 1849, and again zealously devoted himself to his profession. In 1850 he became leader of the Germania Society, a position which he held until the disbandment of the association four years later. Together with Theo. Eisfeld and Carl Anschütz he undertook the management of the Philharmonic Society, and when several years later his coadjutors returned to Europe he became sole director, and it was largely through his exertions that the society attained its present standard of excellence. In 1855 he accepted the leadership of the Arion Society, and in the same year organized and conducted the great German Saengerfest which was held in the famous Winter Garden Theatre. He also gave a series of grand concerts at the City Assembly Rooms, which became exceedingly popular. But he achieved a more notable success as conductor of both German and Italian opera. The former he introduced at Niblo's Garden in 1856, and he conducted the orchestra at the Academy of Music on the memorable night of Dec. 1, 1865, on the occasion of the first production of "L'Africaine" in this country, with Carozzi-Zucchi as *Selika*, Mazzolini as *Vasco de Gama*, and Bellini as *Nelusko*. Bergmann early recognized the excellence of Wagner's music, and was one of the first musicians who sought to introduce the novelty of its style into the American concert-room.

His funeral took place on Saturday under the auspices of the Aschenbrodel Society, of which he was a member. On Friday night the body was brought from the hospital to the hall of the society in East Fourth-st., where many persons viewed the body during Saturday morning. Through some misunderstanding the news of his death did not reach many of his musical associates, who would otherwise have attended the funeral, and therefore the number present was comparatively small. The services were entirely musical; no minister was present and no burial service was read As the coffin was borne from the house the members of the Arion Society intoned Bergmann's favorite song, the "Pilgrim's Chorus," from Wagner's Tannhäuser, accompanied by a band from the Aschenbrodel Society. Preceded by the numerous musical associations to which Mr Bergmann belonged the body was borne to Greenwood Cemetery, where a simple musical service was conducted.—*Tribune, Aug* 14.

En Route for Baireuth.

The following hasty note is from a young friend gathering chance flowers of musical delight upon the way to the great Wagner Festival. Truly "the boys" are having a good time:

BADEN-BADEN, Aug 1.—I think you will be interested to hear of a performance that Mr and Mrs L and the rest of us went to at Berne. It was at a little summer beer theatre, called the Schatzli, on a great height above the town, and the opera was "L'Oca del Cairo," by Mozart. Wasn't that a find! I suppose one might wander all over Europe for a year and not meet it. Some of the songs, &c., were thoroughly characteristic and lovely.

For the rest, we have heard St. Saëns play the piano twice in London; Alfred Jaell, Mdme. Essipoff, Adelina Patti, in a really superb performance at Covent Garden, of "Aida;" two wretched attempts at "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser" at Drury Lane and Covent Garden; a very charming "Ophelia" (Ambroise Thomas), by Albani, who has improved wonderfully; "Faust" and (*mirabile dictu*) "Der Frey-schütz," at the New Opera in Paris, of which last the *mise en scène*, &c. were superb, the rest not much. We have also heard Wilor play the superb Cavaille-Coll organ at St. Sulpice; anything more remarkable I have never heard.

We go to Baireuth the end of this week, to stay almost three weeks.

F.

Opera from the Back.

Reader, whether you are young or old, male or female, you have doubtless often longed to gain access to that mystic region which is bounded on one side by the curtain of the concert-hall and on the other by the stage door. If you have ever obtained admission there, nothing that I can say will remove the longing to see for yourself what the kings and queens of song look like, and do, when they pass from your gaze into the wings.

There are quite a number of people who have been once or twice behind the scenes of theatres, who take the greatest delight in tearing to pieces all your illusions, but the visitors on the operatic stage are very few. Two Cerberuses guard the entrances with never-ceasing vigilance, and no one but the impresario, conductor, and the stage-manager is permitted to introduce a friend. The necessary attendants upon the female singers are, of course, allowed, and it is wonderful the number of attendants a fashionable prima donna will think it due to her dignity to maintain.

Business as well as inclination calls the writer to visit the operatic stage nearly every night during the season, and he now attempts to describe what is seen there. The time is seven o'clock, p. m. We have passed through the short passage which leads from the stage-door to the stage. What an immense, black cavern opens before us! The first scene is not yet set, and nothing breaks the space between the curtain and the rear wall of the building. In the wings a few lights, carefully covered with wire shades, suffice to make darkness visible, and in crossing the stage you barely escape collision with closely muffled forms in cloaks and slouch hats, who have the look of bandits out of work. These are the members of the male chorus, who are generally the first to assemble. They are redolent of garlic, and scraps of French, German, Italian, and English enter into their talk. It is almost as impossible for an outsider to understand anything they say as it is to distinguish a word when they sing in chorus.

But see! the stage begins to grow light; the gasman has lighted, though he has turned up only a very little, the long rows of gas jets which stretch overhead, from side to side of the stage. There is a row to each set of grooves. The scene-shifters now commence to bustle about and are by no means careful whom they run against. Next the ladies of the chorus arrive in knots, and amid hasty recognitions of the nobles who are soon to lead them in procession, pass up to their dressing-room.

It is now nearly half-past seven; there is a little bustle at the stage-door, and a lady, who is a perfect mountain of wraps, passes hurriedly across the stage and enters a room which is built at the back of the proscenium boxes. She is the prima donna, and we may not enter her sanctum till her toilet for the first act is made. Having watched her safely ensconced, we turn again toward the entrance in time to meet two gentlemen, who come in, arm in arm, and engaged in a most friendly converse, though their loud voices and animated gestures might almost incline one to think them angry. They are the good tenor and the wicked baritone, who are always fighting and who always love the same girl. Why is it that it is not possible to be a tenor and a villain?

While we have been engaged in looking at these stars in the operatic constellation, the scene-shifters have made great advances in setting the stage. The opera to be given is Lohengrin, and the river scene, which is what is technically known as a "drop"—that is to say, a scene that is rolled instead of being stretched on a frame—is set as far back as the last grooves. Behind this there is a space of about ten feet, through which the *dramatis personæ* can pass from one to the other side of the stage. About eight feet in front of the drop is, as it were, a hedge of canvas, some three feet in height, and painted to look like water. At a similar distance in front of this is a second hedge, and yet nearer again to the foot-lights is a third, which represents the bank of the stream. In the grooves at the wings are the trees, which are supposed to fringe the edges of the water. Behind these wings, and extending from floor to the "flys," or platforms, built on a level with the top of the proscenium, are rows of gas-jets which are now lighted, and, as far as scenery goes, all is in readiness for the stage-manager's approval. Here he comes; he takes his stand in the centre of the stage, shouts a few unintelligible directions to the gasman, and the scene begins to assume the appearance of bright daylight.

The wings on the left are now thickly peopled by the chorus. There is a large green-room, but it is very seldom used, as the choristers prefer to "stand round." The musicians are all below, lost amid the labyrinth of woodwork which supports the stage. There is a loud knock at the door leading into the auditorium. The gasman or his assistant opens a little trap, sees who the knocker is, and unlocks the door. There enters a gentleman in full evening dress, who is struggling desperately with the last button of his new white kid gloves. In reply to the general salutation he gives a kind of collective nod, and then taps gently at the prima donna's door. "Who's there?" The answer is the name of the conductor, and he is immediately told to enter. We will take the liberty of accompanying him. Madame, who is already dressed, sits in front of a looking-glass, putting the finishing touches to her face, while one attendant arranges her wig and another puts on her slippers. The conductor compliments her on her appearance, is rewarded by a gracious smile, and is then asked to slacken a certain *tempo*, or to see that the orchestra is not too loud in some special solo.

We pass out again with the conductor, who is immediately arrested by an excitable little man, who talks to him most earnestly. This is the prompter, a kind of Mohammed's coffin, who passes half his time with his head and shoulders above the stage, and the lower part of his body and legs beneath it. The heat in that little box of his is frightful, and how he can endure it, and yet sing everybody's part, is a mystery. Here comes the Lohengrin, with his dress sewn over with white metal spangles, which give it the appearance of armor. He is accompanied by a lady who watches him very closely. It is his wife, and woe be to any one whom she thinks her husband is a little partial to. But what have we here? It must be that we are looking at Lohengrin through the wrong end of our opera glasses! Not so: it is a child dressed exactly like the tenor and made up so well that he looks a perfect miniature edition. When Lohengrin is first seen at the back, it is this child who is pushed between the drop and the first hedge. He has a miniature chariot and a miniature swan, and like his larger original is propelled by a man under the framework, who travels along on his hands and knees. The miniature passes across the stage only once, and then the tenor takes his place and finishes the journey.

The opera is now about to commence; the stage is crowded with people, and the noise of their talking is almost a roar. The stage-manager calls order; the first notes of the prelude are heard, and the members of the chorus begin to take their places. They are crowded in here and pulled out there by the stage-manager till they present a symmetrical appearance. Then the contralto, a "jolly" woman, and the baritone and bass, take up their positions. For some reason hitherto explained, contraltos never give themselves the same airs as sopranos. They don't have attendants following their every step, and they don't require liquid refreshment at every possible opportunity. Now a bell rings, which is a signal from the conductor; the stage manager shouts a last direction, and rushes off just as the curtain commences to go up.

The prima donna is a very curious product of nature and art. She is generally wonderfully well impressed with her own importance, and though she seems so angelic and looks so beautiful, has a temper, and has been even known to swear in several languages. Her two attendants follow her, and whenever she leaves the scene one throws a cloak around her, while the other administers dark-colored liquid refreshment. Usually the attendant has two glasses. You, fashionable young man who sit in a front row of the parquet, and fancy you worship the prima donna, never think that she owes her sentiment to stout and her pathos to port. It is a curious fact that the worse the singer the greater the number of attendants she needs.

There are some people who are universally dreaded behind the scenes. Among them, the tenor's wife, the prima donna's husband, if she has one, or her mother. The last is always the worst. There is always, in her opinion, a conspiracy against *ma bella figlia*, and every one is looked upon with suspicion.

Many is the joke that has been made about the appearance of the female chorus singers. Most of them have been in the chorus for twenty years, and look like it. There could not well be a greater shock than to meet one of these aged and withered females who, having taken off her dress, is prepared, in petticoats and stockings none too clean, to personate an angel in the tableau of Marguerite's apotheosis.—*The Arcadian.*

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

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Little Leaflets, Little Flowers. F. 4. E to a. *Beethoven.* 30

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"Zephyr, with thy breezy fingers."

Beautiful thoughts, first expressed by a German poet and adorned with Beethoven's music, and now nicely furnished with English as well as German words.

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"—— this fair land of ours;
—— our boast and our pride."

Words by Ellen M. Hastings. Good music and patriotic thoughts.

Roving in the Twilight. A. 2. E to F. *Vallo.* 30

"His beaming eyes were *my* light,
While roving in the twilight."

The pretty accent on *my* indicates the neat character of the song, which is easy to sing.

To the Winds, dull Care! G. 3. a to D. *Morse.* 30

"Dark Despair, return no more."

Quite an effective song for Alto or Baritone.

The Land of Golden Glory. Song and Cho. D. 2. d to E. *Prior.* 30

"'Tis an Eden, ever fair."

Sacred song and chorus of attractive character.

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"Oh! wake and tell
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A real Irish patriotic song, of great fire and spirit.

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Martha Washington March. With Portrait. G. 2. *Mack.* 40

A fine march, quite worthy to go with the beautiful face on the title.

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Almost entirely in light triolets, which very prettily imitate the ripple of the miniature river.

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A piece which seems to say:—but you cannot tell what: but a piece that *talks* to you, all the way through. Let your fingers converse with it!

Reminiscences. (Nacklange). Ab. 3. *Lange.* 40

In perfect taste.

Always Gay. (Immer Lustig). Polka Brillante. C. 3 *Stiehl.* 35

"Immer lustig" means a little more than "gay." It means "full of fun," so full that one *must* dance to let out the effervescence of spirits. The music is quite merry enough for the name.

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Pretty Polka, and nice instructive piece.

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Three new songs by Mr. Danks, in different styles, but showing the remarkable versatility of this well known writer. The first is in the "Log Cabin" style, the second is a charming Irish ballad; and the third is a song of the day, like the same author's "Silver Threads," "Little Darling," "Little Bright Eyes," &c. All bid fair to be popular, and can be heartily recommended.

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A fine inspiring song by the author of "Golden Locks are silver now," "Spring, gentle Spring," Waltz, &c.

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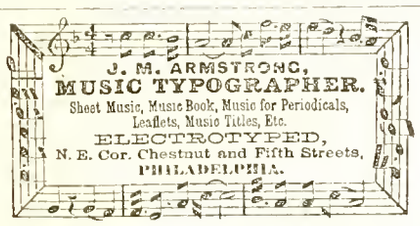

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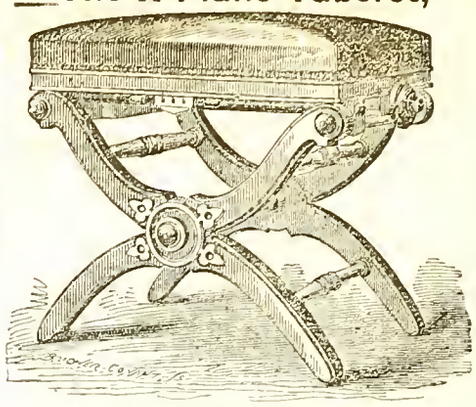

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WHOLE No. 923. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 2, 1876. VOL. XXXVI. No. 11.

Translated for this Journal.

Rubinstein as Opera, Oratorio and Symphony Composer.

(From the German of A. W. AMBROS.)

The musical historians of future times will be somewhat puzzled if they undertake to draw the spiritual portrait of Anton Rubinstein. From the works of Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, C. M. von Weber and others, we can represent to ourselves their image (i.e., their artistic image, not the accidental outward personal appearance) in firmly drawn outlines—the special traits will fit themselves together in one whole, without any essential mutual contradiction. This impression will still exist, if we consider the career of the artist as a steady progress, as a development, whereby the works with which the artist began show the most striking difference from those with which he ended; as is the case with Beethoven; the Beethoven of the Septuor is, after all, the Beethoven of the Ninth Symphony; the hand-writing is changed, but the writing hand has remained the same. Artists, who in their style are fixed and uniform, and who during a long creative activity never change a feature in their artistic physiognomy, like J. S. Bach, are very rare. How is it now with Rubinstein?

The afore-named musical historians of future times will have to assign him one of the first places among the composers of our day;—but suppose now that, upon this "declaration of immortality" (the *propositio inversa* of the juristical "declaration of death") a contradictor, an opponent, an *advocatus diaboli* should step forth and hold up to the historians certain works of the composer, how the historians would be staggered! Is it possible, for instance, (they will ask), that a work like the "Ocean Symphony" and a work like the opera "Feramors" can have sprung from one and the same imagination, that they belong to one and the same author? A majestic, powerful Symphony, and an Opera, whose trist sterility, whose want of invention, life and freshness might make us doubt entirely the composer's talent, so that we might grant him the knack of making, but should deny him the creative faculty!—"Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter?" asks the apostle James.

The contradiction frequently begins with Rubinstein in single works; they sometimes resemble the king's image, composed of gold and worthless metal, in Goethe's fairy tale. Words especially—the verbal text—appear to operate as a hindrance with Rubinstein; he moves most freely and most happily in pure instrumental compositions. If that half crazy priest, of whom Goethe tells in his "Campaign in France," zealously maintained, that "through the word all things are made," so one might say the reverse of Rubinstein: that through the word all is ruined. His Oratorio, "Paradise Lost," leaves as little doubt about it as his "Feramors." Nay it goes so far, that the purely instrumental movements in "Feramors" are comparatively the best and most attractive part of it; for example, the Ballet pieces (although these bear no comparison with the ballet music of Gluck or Meyerbeer). The first parts of the very short instrumental prelude of the opera come upon us with surprising beauty,—a fantastic, dream like legend from the East, like the prelude to Schumann's "Peri;"—but no sooner has the curtain risen, than the very first chorus, which is designed to describe to us the joyful confusion of a festive and excited crowd of people, only gives us, contrary to the composer's purpose, an unpleasant picture of confusion. In an obsolete book by Kotzebue, entitled "Chronicles," occurs a tale invented by the author in obvious emulation with Wieland's "Oberon;" and in the tale there is a King Purmentor, who is a powerful giant, but only until midnight, for with the stroke of the midnight clock he shrinks up to a pigmy, and becomes the former giant only with the sunrise. So one might fancy that Purmentor-Rubinstein had composed the "Ocean Symphony" *before*, and "Feramors" *after* midnight.

The text of "Feramors"—designated as a "lyrical opera in three acts"—is composed by Julius Rodenberg after Thomas Moore's "Lalla-Rookh." Moore's poem is very poetically conceived; the episode of the "Peri" is particularly celebrated (and not first through Schumann's music), and, more than that, it has become popular; and the lively interest in the "terrestrial paradise" upon the Rokna bath, in Cashmere (an interest, which formerly, at least on the part of the ladies was limited essentially to the shawls to be had there) dates properly from Lalla-Rookh. From that Rodenberg has taken his libretto. To relate its action were a desperate undertaking—and the poet, by the designation "lyric" opera, seems to have anticipated the objection that in "Feramors" as good as nothing happens. Lalla-Rookh is Princess of Hindostan, is accompanied on her bridal journey to the king of Buchara, to whom she is betrothed without ever having seen him, by the singer Feramors, to whom she loses her heart upon the way, never dreaming that it is the king, her betrothed, in his own person; her surprise therefore in the last scene is a very agreeable one. The episode of her friend Hafisa, who has been persecuted by the grand-vizier from Hindostan, Fadladeen, with annoying love proposals, but is finally led home by the Buchara ambassador, Chosru, as his bride; the incident, that Feramors, falsely charged by Fadladeen with having drawn a dagger on him, is arrested, and that Chosru thereupon condemns the alleged would-be murderer to the gallows, until he reveals himself as king of Buchara (like Almaviva in *Figaro*, he scorns to tell who he is, and goes willingly to prison),—all this brings very little or no life into the more than meagre action. A very odd passage, after Feramors has been expressly sentenced to "be hung," is put into the mouth of the Chorus: "Away to the gallows, let his blood flow!" That verse deserved to be by Schikaneder and to stand in the *Zauberflöte*.

But meagre as the libretto is, one asks himself what C. M. von Weber would have made of it, the composer of *Oberon*, of which the libretto suffers from the opposite fault, and in the over-fulness of its action brings swiftly changing scenes before our eyes after the manner of a show-box. Well as Weber there knew how to unfold all the legendary magic of the East in wonderfully brilliant colors, would he have succeeded here perhaps? And Rubinstein? He seems to have thought of something of the same kind; much in it reminds us of his "Persian Songs,"—and the chant of the Muezzin: "Allah il Allah, Mahomet razul Allah!" is really the Oriental motive, as we know it through Villoteau. But in spite of all this, we never leave our cooler and less colored Occident one moment. Looking for the happier moments in the broadly laid out composition, we must name before all the rest the conclusion of the first act: that song of the Muezzin, to which the chorus answers with a sort of psalmody, the "Allah il Allah" repeatedly resounding between the sentences (of sacred, but on the part of Fadladin at times of strongly worldly import).

The song of the Princess in the second act: "O holy Night" becomes warmly impassioned in its course; and the scene between Feramors and Lalla-Rookh, a scene upon which the chief weight of the whole work falls, the reciprocal confession of love, the kindling rapture of the lovers—all this has warmed the composer up; in other circumstances the effect of this number would be quite different; but unfortunately we are already too unstrung and out of tune through what has gone before to yield ourselves to the impression. The scene which immediately precedes, and which is very long and not entertaining, between Fadladeen and Hafisa, is especially fatiguing. In this Fadladeen the poet of the text has evidently had a grotesque comic figure in his mind, something similar to Mozart's Osmin, but less rough, for an Indian Grand Vizier, even if he is supposed to be a grotesque comic figure, will behave somewhat differently from the mere garden overseer of a Pasha. But if the grand Vizier Kara Mustapha, ten minutes before he was strangled, had sung precisely as the grand vizier Fadladeen sings here, we should not wonder. The composer makes not the slightest attempt to illustrate the comic Fadladeen of the text with comic music; so that, after all, Fadladeen is not at all comical, but simply tedious. The Ballad, which Feramors sings in

the first act: "The moonlight dreams on Persia's sea," has some single beautiful passages; the composer paints the 62 verses (if these uneven forms may be called verses) of the long narrative, verse after verse, image after image, conscientiously and in a loving manner; but for this very reason this piece proves incredibly disjointed and devoid of unity; and when Lalla-Rookh pays the singer the compliment, or the confession: "The song that thou hast sung has thrilled me through like magic," we are scarcely inclined to join in her applause. But what shall we say to Hafisa's song in the third act: "O lovely veil, so soft and fine?" Is it possible that a man like Rubinstein can write the like of it, without the warning genius plucking him by the sleeve? And how is it possible that a composer, whose instrumental music so often brings us motives which grasp our soul at the roots, should so lose all freedom through the words he has to compose, that his power of melodic invention seems completely lamed?

There are people who complain of want of melody in Richard Wagner;—let them listen to "Feramors!" With real joy—yes, with the exclamation of the ten thousand Greeks: "Thalatta! Thalatta!"—do we greet the "Ocean Symphony." Here is rich, blooming invention; such a rich development of significant musical feeling and such a mighty gradual heightening of effect, especially in the course of the first movement, that the composer here, as hardly anywhere else, gets near the sun of Beethoven. Nay, wonderfully enough, the progression of ideas in the Ocean Symphony, in the large and general sense, is fully analogous to that of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. I feel that I am bound to bring proof of this, and I will endeavor to do so. Beethoven has the following order of ideas: He calls the first piece "Awakening of cheerful feelings on arriving in the country;" in the reviving rapture which this movement expresses, we are led away as it were on all sides into the blooming distance of the landscape, we lose ourselves in the far, far lovely world;—so far we have only the scene and theatre of what is to follow. So Rubinstein in his first movement gives only the Ocean as such, as the scene of what succeeds, a vast Nature picture! Where many another would have plunged us at once head foremost into the Atlantic Ocean or into the still sea, Rubinstein begins, like Beethoven, altogether modestly and unpretendingly; like Beethoven, he transports us at once, in the happily conceived motive, into the right mood, and, like Beethoven, intensifies the impression more and more until it becomes overpowering. In the "Scene by the Brookside," with Beethoven, reflexion, musing has begun; to whom can it belong but to a solitary wanderer (I think of Beethoven himself), who by the rippling brook, under the green roof of trees, in the cozy vale (it lies there *in naturâ* between Nussdorf and Grinzing!) walks along full of thought and listens to the hundred voices of Nature all about him. So too with Rubinstein the second movement is dreamily reflective—I see him, Rubinstein himself, leaning over the ship's side, under the wide starry heavens; father Oceanus appears to sleep and dream; but if he once stirs or murmurs in his sleep, we are alarmed and apprehend the terrible might of Nature! On passing out of the vale, Beethoven comes into the midst of a "merry gathering of country people"—from the lonely wanderer our view expands to a whole people, type of all humanity enjoying itself in May. How they dance, how they shout, how burlesquely comical the two-four measure suddenly comes blustering in! And Rubinstein? No "landlubbers" does he give us, but true sailors. The fellows are having a good time of it on deck; they dance likewise; they rollick about like sea-bears and walruses. Beethoven's boors are altogether graceful compared to this wild stamping and wild jumping crew. The downright, hearty humor of this movement is in its way remarkable. And now Beethoven has the dance interrupted by a thunderstorm, which powerfully and seriously reminds the little mortals there of their own impotence compared to the forces of Nature once let loose.

This thunderstorm (one of the most astounding tone-pictures of Beethoven) is the turning point and crisis of the Pastoral Symphony. Rubinstein—now *he* perhaps will introduce a sea-storm, quite analogous! It shows the finest, most correct artistic and poetic instinct, that he does *not* do it. A storm on the ocean, after all that has gone before—the composer very well feels, that after the most powerful there cannot be such degrees of comparison as a more powerfullest or a most powerfullest. An Art-work has its limits, which it is the business of the finely feeling artist rightly to observe. Instead of the storm, Rubinstein gives us two interpolated movements, one more beautiful than the other; the first, a slow one, might be briefly superscribed "Wind and Wave;" the other is a spirited, and in its humor very lively and at the same time noble Scherzo, which the composer with true insight offsets by way of *replica* against that earlier, rougher sailors' merriment. With Beethoven the storm, which has passed over peacefully, dispensing blessings, directs our eyes above; the glad and grateful feelings after the storm, a solemn and majestic prayer of thanksgiving on the part of the peasants forms the conclusion of the work. With quickened, freer breath out in the wide field of Nature the work began; it ends with the highest thoughts which man can think. But upon the Ocean such a monition is not needed; the roar of the waves is the organ tone, the altar tapers shine in the eternal stars, masses of mist ascend as incense, and in procession before the altar move the clouds! There all turns of itself to a solemn choral, such as Rubinstein employs with thrilling power for the last movement of his Symphony. As it resounds in mighty trombone chords, while the stringed instruments storm against it and again sink to the deep, one is reminded of the sublime sentence in the Old Testament: "Then the Lord said to the sea: Thus far shalt thou go and no farther, here are thy bounds," etc.

Rubinstein's "Ocean Symphony" is a tone-poem in the highest sense of the word; he has, with right, despised explanatory superscriptions to the single movements; they are not at all necessary: the work speaks for itself and through itself. It truly swarms with musical beauties. One cannot point out every detail with the fingers; to mention only one: What a wonderful romantic charm speaks from the second subject of the first movement! A whole treatise could be written upon the sensuous, effective instrumental combinations. The Symphony originally had but four movements.—The composer seems to have exercised a great deal of self-criticism. May he do so everywhere and always! Horace is entirely right with his "nine years;" and we do not demand nine years, but at the most one or two.

[Conclusion next time.]

On the Treatment of Bach's Organ Music.

(Concluded from Page 284.)

We come now to speak of the last, but in some respects the most important point connected with "The Treatment of Bach's Organ Music," *the tone on which it should be played.* I shall endeavor, as far as possible, to show from internal and external considerations how Bach intended his music to be played, and I think it will assist us very much in this inquiry if we recall to memory the mechanical condition of the organ at the time Bach lived. I suppose I shall not be far wrong if I assume that a German organ in those days (Bach was born 1685, and died 1750,) consisted of at most three manuals and pedals (though I think there is fair ground for supposing that the contrivance of a second pedal clavier, though not yet included among the conveniences of modern organs, may have been known to, or conceived by, Bach). Bach's organ was probably wholly without couplers, or any kind of composition, shifting, or ventil work. As many specimens had heavy work on the manuals, the touch, unameliorated by modern invention, must have been cumbersome and heavy. The registers could not have been easy of control, and the organist of those days must have relied more on the intrinsic grandeur and beauty of his instrument than upon the capacity of his organ to admit of, or his own dexterity to effect, rapid changes of stops; and this view is borne out by an examination of Bach's organ music, where a change in tone is (in nine cases out of ten) effected by a change of key-board; therefore, one main point I shall insist upon is that Bach's organ music was generally designed for continuous performance on the same tone, except in those cases where its construction invites, or allows, a change of key-board, and that restless change of tone is alien to the spirit and character of these works. The logical and argumentative treatment of his theme is often defeated when even principal and leading ideas are brought out with undue prominence. Bach in his organ works often seems to treat a theme as Shakespeare treats a character, and as the poet shows that character in various circumstances, conditions, and surroundings, and as often the subtle touch that reveals to us the inner working of the man's mind is not given when he occupies his most important position; so in Bach's music, principal themes are as often subordinate and latent as leading and prominent, and it is most hurtful to attempt to throw into undue prominence that which the composer intended should be for the time of inferior attraction.

With what pleasure do we discover that golden thread of connection, the subject, stealing amid the oft-time distracting beauties of a florid counterpoint. How much greater the pleasure of discovery than to have the subject continually forced on our attention by sudden or violent change of tone. The beauties of Bach's music are frequently internal and constructive, and I do not think such qualities can be enhanced by external change.

It must not be thought that I would contend that had Bach lived at the present time, he would have ignored all progress in organ building. I am sure he would not. To the practical advocacy of Bach we are indebted for the establishment of perhaps the greatest improvement ever effected in music—the system of tuning by equal temperament, and the man who thus effectually fixed that principle of ambiguity, so influential in modern music, would, we may be sure, have been gladly ready to avail himself of any other invention by which the legitimate resources of his instrument could have been extended.

As it is, I believe, true that every man's present condition is the exact sum of the use he has made of his previous opportunities, so I think it is with characters that may be called historical; only one age, and one set of circumstances, could produce a Bach; and had he lived in these days, under differ-

ent circumstances of culture, influence, and opportunity, he would not have produced the same works. And here may I note the great practical bearing of historical and biographical knowledge in educating the musician. There has sprung up a fashion of speaking contemptuously of such biographical and historical questions as are often set in examination papers as having no bearing on the life's work of the practical musician, but surely that man will be the best interpreter of the works of any composer who is able most fully to enter into that composer's ideas and realize his intentions, and it must help to that end to become intimate with the circumstances, manner of life, hopes and aspirations of a Bach, Beethoven, or Mozart.

There is one expression frequently employed in Bach's organ music, but in such diverse connection that I think some explanation, other than that most commonly received, should be accepted. Bach writes "*Organo Pleno*," or "*Organo Pieno*" (the same expression), over such widely different works as the Toccata in D minor (Dorico), the Prelude in E flat, usually attached to the St. Ann's Fugue, and the Prelude in B minor. Now, what does this term mean? It is usually understood to mean the full organ, and yet I dare say there is scarcely a member of this college who would play all, if any, of these works on his full organ. I venture to suggest that the expression means *complete* organ. I find that the toccata to which I have referred is described according to different MSS. as "*Preludio in Organo Pleno con Fuga*," and as "*Toccata per Organo a due clavier e Ped.*" Either of these descriptions would be covered by the expression, "complete organ;" while the expression, "full organ," as technically understood, is manifestly unsuited for at least one of them. The second title given above exactly explains the requirements necessary for the just interpretation of the intertwining passages indicated by the composer, be it remembered, as for the Oberwerk and Positive alternately. The power of these manuals must be fairly balanced. [See preface, vol. III., Griepenkerl edition, and also vol. XV. of Bach's Complete Works.]

Professor Griepenkerl, from whom I have already quoted, says: "Of the expression Organo Pleno, Bach has nowhere given an explanation. Nothing is more natural than to understand by it simultaneous use of all the sounding stops of an organ, but he who blindly adopts this interpretation will often be at a loss when he finds this expression over organ pieces of very different kinds, and which cannot possibly be played with the same stops, or he will indiscriminately use the great organ, not forgetting the cymbale, and then make the composer who wrote *Organo Pleno* over his work responsible for the nonsense which ensues. But Matheson, the contemporary of Bach and Handel, in his "Perfect Chapel Master," warns us to exclude the reed pipes from the full organ, and only to employ the 16 feet trombone in the pedal," from which Professor Griepenkerl draws sundry conclusions to the effect that the constituent tones should combine together to form one grand tone, and that if "from any defect in the organ, or in the acoustic properties of the building in which it is placed, the tones do not blend together, but are heard separately, the finest fugue, and richest in effect, will become indistinct, notwithstanding any amount of power. The player must therefore be on his guard and sacrifice strength to distinctness."

The same writer has yet more on this subject. Speaking of the Prelude in E flat and the St. Ann's fugue he says: "Bach has himself written, over the prelude as well as over the fugue *Organo Pleno*, but we learn to attach a different meaning to this expression from that which was previously discussed. The organ is here to be used with its three rows of keys and with the pedal, but not all the stops together, which opinion, if it were at any time affirmed, would be refuted by the terms *forte* and *piano* in the prelude, and this is still more clearly indicated by the three parts of the fugue, which in form and spirit deviate so far from each other as to justify the use of alternating claviers and different registers.

Professor Griepenkerl suggests for this work that the organ be arranged thus:—For the oberwork (which may be regarded as our swell organ with the swell fixed open) 8 and 4 feet stops of narrow calibre. The back positive, our choir organ, 8 and 4 feet of larger scale, mainwork, great organ, all 16, 8, and 4 feet of larger scale but without reeds and mixtures. The pedal admits of 32, 16, and 8 feet stops with the 16 feet trombone and even the 32 feet reed, but no 8 feet reed and no mixture. Griepenkerl then suggests that the passages in the Prelude with pedal should be played on the great organ, and the intermediate passages according as they are marked *piano* or *forte* on what I will call swell or choir. For the fugue, he says, use the great organ for the first movement; play the second on the choir, and if it do not make the touch too heavy couple the choir to the great for the last movement of the fugue. The Professor adds, on the organ which I had in view this excellent work would by the adoption of the above suggestion be heard in all the magnificence and glory which probably pervaded the mind of the master in composing it. That there is room for legitimate difference of opinion in this matter of registering is shown by the dictum of an authority quite equal to Professor Griepenkerl. Mr. E. J. Hopkins, in his valuable work on the organ, speaking of the use of doubles, says (p. 198, 2nd edition) "The first movement of the St. Ann's Fugue sounds bad with the doubles, the last movement as ill without them." I must profess my own preference for the more weighty treatment of the first movement.

The prelude to the great B minor fugue is also distinctly marked *Organo Pleno*, yet I feel that while a complete organ, an organ of full resource is certainly required to do justice to this work, yet it should not be played throughout, if at all (I speak of the prelude) on a loud organ.

There are other of the toccatas and preludes that I hoped to have mentioned, but time forbids me to do more than say in general terms that as they are usually more free in their construction than the fugues, so they lend themselves to, and invite, more varied registering than do the fugues; but still as a broad rule it will be found that change of tone is best effected at those places where change of keyboard is possible. Some of the toccatas and preludes seem to require for their adequate performance the employment of increasing power working for a climax at those points where the composer is concentrating all his powers, and I think it would be affectation for the performer wholly to ignore the conveniences of his modern instrument. The grand Toccata in F major is an example demanding, in my judgment, treatment of the above kind. After the canon, first on the tonic, and then on the dominant, and the fluent pedal solo, the sequential passages worked up by a grand crescendo to the full power of the organ, appear to afford a favorable opportunity for the legitimate use of modern resources.

Having shown that *Organo Pleno* cannot in every case mean *full organ* in the English sense of the term, I shall be sorry if the conclusion is drawn that the *full power* is never to be used for Bach's music; on the contrary the tradition in Germany is that Bach played his fugues on a loud organ.* Grandeur of single tones seems indispensable to their effect, while distinct and describing tone is no less important. Great variety of expression results in a fugue from the variable number of parts, and it is of equal importance that the tone shall be satisfying in its dignity when only two parts are going as that it shall describe well when manifold parts are combined in intricate motion. One real test of the excellence of an organ is its capacity for combining to the extreme verge of its power, without becoming confused or obscure; but the higher harmonies, which add so much to the character and brilliancy of the tone, are only properly admissible when the double foundation and double mutation tone (double diapason, quint, etc.), are adequate to carry them. It is no doubt owing to the imperfect manner in which the German principles of organ building are still in many cases carried out in this country, that a prejudice exists, with some, against the employment of doubles in fugues; but the absence of doubles, and the mutation and mixture stops they will justify, will reduce the organ from an instrument of grand individual tone to a condition quite unequal to the true expression of the sublime ideas Bach has written for it.

Fugues of different character unquestionably require different registering for their just expression, but whether the tone selected be loud or only of medium power, it should always be grand, each note of individual importance, and thoroughly distinct and describing; it should never degenerate into triviality on the one hand, or mere noise on the other. For many fugues, a combination of full to a first set of mixtures with a combining double diapason and a reed of eight feet will prove an excellent describing combination. The habit of coupling the swell to gain some power of crescendo I think a plan of very doubtful advantage. The difference in the position of the pipes and the too frequent difference in pitch of the great and swell organs often causes considerable haziness of effect. It is an oft-repeated remark that a combination of tone satisfactory on one organ may, fail entirely when used upon another instrument; and I am sure we should be much advantaged, at least those who hear us would be great gainers, if we could hear our organs under exactly the same conditions as those in which we play. It is, of course, but little help to an organist to hear his organ in an empty and cool church if he has to play it in a full and hot building.

I hope it may not be thought presumptuous if I venture to suggest that fugues are played by organists for three wholly distinct purposes: Firstly, and I really believe most often, to display the organ. If an organist has a good organ, he is naturally and pardonably proud of it. An organ never sounds so well as when the building in which it is placed becomes filled with the brilliant blaze of tone that results from the moving parts of a fugue. The organ sounds at its best, but unless the organ be of rare combining quality, it will often happen that for the fugue's sake it is too loud. Secondly, fugues are often played to display the skill of the performer. No doubt the possession of great mechanical dexterity combined with the mental power to control the several parts of a rapid and brilliant fugue, are temptations to indulge in extravagant speed; but I do not hesitate to say that when the player thinks more of exhibiting his own powers than he does of the reverent interpretation of his author's work, he generally plays too fast. The third reason for which a fugue is played, is for the fugue's sake; and here the performer will neither seek his own honor and glory, nor the exaltation of his second self, his organ; but will simply combine his skill to the resources of his instrument in an honest effort to fully interpret the work that he plays.

There are yet many points that I should like to touch upon; time, however, warns me that I must not say much more, but I cannot wholly omit mention of those Six Trios or Organ Sonatas that the elder Wesley described as "being the choicest fruit that ever grew on the tree of harmony." These compositions stand apart from all other organ music whatever, and offer the widest possible field for the use of the organ in its softer combinations. Another work of unique excellence and beauty is the Passacaglia, a composition that will well repay the diligent attention of the student. I may mention Dr. Gauntlett's edition of this work to those who do not know it as offering many valuable hints and suggestions for its treatment.

As I have alluded to Dr. Gauntlett's name I can not forbear recording my sense of the indebtedness of English organists to one who has so recently passed from among us. Thirty-five or forty years ago, Dr. Gauntlett was one of the most strenuous advocates of Bach's organ music, and of suitable instruments whereon to perform it. He was one of the first to recognize the insufficiency of the old English organs for the purpose, and to realize the importance of the German plan of organ-building, wherein each note is made grand in itself. Through the active influence of Dr. Gauntlett, the noble organs in Christ Church, Newgate-street; St. Peter's, Cornhill; Stratford-on-Avon; and St. Olave, Southwark among others, were built between about 1840 and 1844, long before organs of anything like similar resource were at all common in this country. Dr. Gauntlett was one of the first, if not the first, to edit in an English form most of the great organ works of Bach. S. Wesley had previously introduced Bach to this country by the publication of his edition of the 48 Preludes and Fugues (but this was not a distinctive organ work), and he had also introduced the Trios. Dr. Gauntlett's edition of Bach is admirable in every respect but one: it is unfortunately printed on only two staves, with one, except in a few cases, a separate pedal part; but it is

* When J. S. Bach seated himself at the organ, when there was no divine service, which he was often requested to do, by strangers, he used to choose some subject, and to execute it, in all the various forms of organ composition, so that the subject constantly remained the ground work of his performance, even if he had played, without intermission, for two hours or more. First he used this theme for a prelude and fugue, with *all the stops*. Then he showed his art of using the stops, for a trio, a quartet, etc., always upon the same subject. Afterwards followed Psalm tunes (chorales) the melody of which was intermingled in the most diversified manner with the original subject, in three or four parts. Finally, the conclusion was made by a fugue, with *all the stops* in which another treatment only of the first subject predominated, or one, or according to its nature two others were mixed with it. This is the art, which old Reinken, at Hamburg, considered as being already lost to his time, but which, as he afterwards found, not only lived in John Sebastian Bach, but had attained through him the highest degree of perfection. (Forkel's Life of Bach, p. 36.)

enriched in some instances with phrase marks in a manner that I have never seen in any other edition. It also abounds with just that kind of information respecting the construction of the music, that is of the highest value to the student.

Not only are we indebted to Dr. Gauntlett as a pioneer in the cause of modern organ building, and as a real musical editor; but those who heard him in his best days will certainly agree that his practical skill as an organist was most influential in forming a right appreciation of the music he delighted to expound, and instructive to those who emulated his performance. I ought to add that, as Dr. Gauntlett's idea of a Bach organ was an organ of grand individual tone, so his habit was to play Bach, especially his fugues, on what may fairly be described as a full organ.

The Choral Preludes, which in Germany are esteemed as among the greatest of Bach's organ works, are not in this country equally appreciated, probably because the themes on which they are founded do not appeal so directly to *our* sympathies; but unquestionably in these works are enshrined many of Bach's highest and deepest thoughts; let me but recall to your memory the marvellous six-part counterpoint on the chorale, "Aus tiefer Noth," the same chorale that Mendelssohn employs in his third sonata. There is much to be learned from a careful study of the Choral Preludes as to Bach's treatment of the organ, as they are more richly marked than any other of his works. It may not be out of place to give a caution to those who use the German edition, by saying that there are instances in that edition of changes made in the arrangement of the parts that may embarrass the student. It was Bach's frequent custom when assigning a melody to the pedal in 8-feet tone, to write the pedal part on the middle stave of the three, its pitch was thereby shown. In all such cases the German editors have placed the pedal part on the lowest stave, but in some instances have neglected to mention that it should be played on 8-feet tone. An examination of the two last bars of "In dulci jubilo" will furnish a self-evident example. (See Ger. Ed., Vol. V., p. 39.) There is a similar omission in the Canonic Variations on the Christmas Hymn, the work Bach sent as an exercise for admission into the Mizler Musical Society of Leipzig. (See Vol. V., pp. 92—101.)

The usage of great organists must be of interest in considering the treatment of Bach's organ music, and I know no greater authority than Mendelssohn. That his opinion was in favor of a moderate power for fugues is shown to some extent by his marking the fugues in the 2nd and 6th of his organ sonatas as *for*, not *ff*. You will remember he defines in his preface that by the term *forte* he means the great organ, but without some of the most powerful stops. That Mendelssohn gave no favor to a restless harlequinading from loud to soft by frequent changes of stops is, I think, shown by the fact that in but one single movement throughout the whole of his Six Sonatas has he prescribed any change of stops during the continuance of a movement. The exception is in the third sonata; and this, too, reads us a pertinent lesson not always to be too eager to throw into prominence even an important melody. The chorale on the pedal he leaves to penetrate through the brilliant superstructure, without enforcing it on our attention as he might have done by prescribing special prominence for the pedal.

It has been my object in the remarks I have made to call attention to the various methods of registering employed by, or suggested by, authorities on the subject, rather than to enforce any opinion of my own; still, at the risk of repeating what I have said before, I will again record my sense of the importance of clear, describing, unconfused, and unconfusing tone as of prime importance for the performance of a fugue, and again protest against frequent and wanton changes of stops. Notwithstanding, I think the happy custodian of a real good organ that will combine, as it should do, will be wise, if, having a giant's strength, he forbear at times to use it; if, by a moderate use of the power of his instrument, he occasionally reserves something to add at the stretto or coda, on the principle of the post boy, who "saves a trot for the avenue," he will often make a more impressive finish.

In conclusion, I will briefly recapitulate the points I have alluded to as essential in the proper treatment of Bach's organ music, viz., the power to understand so much of their construction as to be able to resolve them into their elementary phrases, periods, and sections; a mind and ear keenly alive to their many points of interest and beauty; a moderate time for their performance, such mechanical skill as shall offer no impediment to the realization of the composer's intention, and an instrument of grand, beautiful, and distinct tone.

Cable Ecstacies from Bayreuth.

FIRST ROUND OF WAGNER'S BUEHNENFESTSPIEL "DER RING DES NIBELUNGEN."

FIRST DAY, AUG. 13.

[BY CABLE TO THE TRIBUNE].

BAYREUTH, Bavaria, Sunday, Aug. 13, 1876.

The first part of Wagner's great musical drama, "The Ring of the Niblung," was performed here this evening with overwhelming success. The theatre, erected for the occasion, was filled with a brilliant company. The Royal Box was occupied by the Emperor William of Germany, the Grand Dukes of Weimar, Baden, and of Wurtemberg and their suites. Among other spectators were Dom Pedro II., Emperor of Brazil, nearly all the leading musicians of Germany, about 150 Americans, mostly from New York and Boston, and people from all parts of the world.

Excepting some trivial arrangements of scenery, the representation was perfect. The acting was all good. The elaborate stage machinery was admirable in its working, and the effect of the music was magnificent beyond all description. It far surpassed expectations, and the general verdict is that it is a triumph of the new school of music, final and complete.

The performance lasted two hours and a half without intermission. The audience listened with silent attention till the very close, when there was a tempest of calls for Herr Wagner, but he did not appear. No hostile demonstrations were made. The city is illuminated to-night and all the people are in the streets.

When the Emperor William arrived yesterday he was received at the railway station by Herr Wagner, of whom he inquired with great interest whether it was true that so many Americans had come to witness the performance. J.R.G.H.

[From the New York Herald.]

BAYREUTH, Bavaria, Aug. 13, 1876.

The 13th of August, 1876, will form an epoch in the history of music second to none in importance. The long dream of Richard Wagner's life has been realized, and his unquestionable genius, unbending will, indomitable perseverance and a rooted belief not only in the heavy task he imposed on himself, but in his absolute power to accomplish it successfully, have brought forth the desired fruit. When, thirty years ago, his opera of "Rienzi" was produced in Dresden it was but the reflection of the style of his early friend, Meyerbeer. Since that time his artistic nature has cast off all fetters of servile imitation, and the culmination of the labors of a lifetime is found in the great music-drama commenced to-day in this town of Bayreuth. The performance of "Rheingold," which is the introductory music-drama to the "Ring of the Nibelungen," commenced at seven o'clock this evening, and lasted three hours. Long before the prescribed hour for the opening of the festal theatre all Bayreuth was excited, and the vast concourse of visitors were out of doors, eagerly awaiting the moment when they could enter the temple of music, the Walhalla of lyric art.

The Emperor of Germany, the Emperor and Empress of Brazil, the King of Bavaria, Prince George of Prussia, the Prince of Hohenzollern, Prince Wilhelm of Hesse, Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia, the Grand Duke of Mecklenberg, the Duke of Anhalt-Dessau and a large number of other titled magnates occupied seats in the Princes' gallery. About sixty Americans attended the performance. The scene in the auditorium of the theatre before the commencement of the music drama was an exceedingly brilliant one. Looking up from a seat in the amphitheatre toward the Princes' gallery, the eye was dazzled with the splendor of the uniforms of the suites of the various royal personages, forming a bright background to the large assemblage of visitors that filled the 1300 seats of the amphitheatre. Above the royal gallery was a second one, in which a large number of the citizens of Bayreuth were seated. An unusual feature for a German opera house was the prevalence of full evening dress, which lent an additional attraction to the body of the theatre.

At seven o'clock eight trumpeters, stationed in the opening or front of the theatre over the amphitheatre, gave the signal for the commencement of the work, and the echoes of the long trumpet call had scarcely died away towards the distant Fichtelgebirge and Kulons when from the "mystic abyss" the opening strains of the invisible orchestra of Hans Richter floated through the house. To those accustomed to the brilliantly lighted effect of the great opera houses of Europe, the appearance of the Wagner theatre was very singular. The auditorium was quite dark, light there being considered by the composer as calculated to distract the attention of his hearers. Another strange feature was the suppression of all outward applause, which is also regarded by Wagner as annoying and destructive to that continuity of thought necessary for the full appreciation and enjoyment of his great work.

When the curtain rose on the first scene, the bed of the Rhine, the effect was so life-like that it was difficult for the audience to restrain their delight. The three Rhine nymphs or nixies, Woglinda, Vellgunde and Flosshilde, appeared, gliding about singing and chasing each other among the rocks. The "water music" which accompanies this scene is of that flowing, undulating character that fits the dreamy songs of the nymphs and is full of charm. Woglinde sings the opening measures with the strange words, "Weia! waga! Woge, du Welle!" The voice of Mme. Lillie Lehmann blended admirably with the orchestral accompaniment. Marie Lehmann and Minna Lammert, who represented the other two nymphs, were no less effective. The appearance of the dwarf, Alberich, and his seizure of the magic "Rheingold" formed the next feature in the opening scene.

From the waters of the Rhine to the mountain tops, on which the gods were discovered slumbering, was a noiseless and remarkable change. Here occurred a long duet between Wotan (Odin), the sun god, and Fricka, his wife, followed by some characteristic music for the giants, Faffner and Fasolt. As the scene progressed Freia, the goddess of Love and Spring, Froh, her brother, Donner (Thor), Loge, the fire god, and Erda (Earth) were heard, each having some peculiar instrumental *motif* by which he or she might be recognized. This phrase, although generally short, partook much of the character of the personage it represented. From the mountains to Nibelheim, the dark abode of Alberich and his dwarfs, was a sombre change. The repulsive Alberich monopolizes the greater portion of the music of this scene, and it was a severe test for the barytone voice of Carl Hill, one in which, however, he was entirely succes-ful. The scene ended with the capture of the dwarf king by the sun god and fire god. Back to the mountains again, an agreeable change, especially as in the Nibelheim scene every part of the theatre was in gloom. The gods dragged in their unwilling prisoner and forced him to give up the ring and all his other treasures. The curse which Alberich hurls after the ring is a grand piece of musical declamation, and Herr Hill delivered it with rare effect and emphasis. Erda's prophecy of the sad "twilight of the gods" is one of the features of the work, and it received due justice from Mlle. Luise Laide. The appearance of Erda, as she rose up in the midst of the gods, was very picturesque. The last scene represented the gods crossing over by what was designed to represent a rainbow bridge into the palace of Walhalla, rejoicing at the recovery of their goddess Freia, while from the depths below rose the sweet voices of the Rhine daughters, apostrophizing the magic "Rheingold" of which they had been robbed. The concluding trio of the nixies was very beautiful. The scenic effects were grand beyond description. There was no noise or delay in the changes of scene; everything worked like a charm. The lighting arrangements of the stage were perfect. The curtain fell on the last scene at ten o'clock. The artists, one and all, acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of the maestro himself, and Hans Richter deserves all praise for the admirable manner in which he handled the orchestra and led his 120 instrumentalists safely through the intricacies of the score. The following was the cast:—

Wotan, Franz Betz, Berlin; Donner, Eugene Gura, Hamburg; Froh, George Unger, Baireuth; Loge, Henrich Vogl, Munich; Alberich, Carl Hill, Schwerin; Mime, Carl Schlosser, Munich; Fasolt, Albert Ellers, Coburg; Faffner, Franz von Reichenburg, Frankfort; Fricka, Frederike Grün, Coburg; Freia, Marie Haupt, Cassel; Erda, Luise Laide, Darmstadt. Rhine daughters—Woglinde, Lillie Lehmann, Berlin; Flosshilde, Minna Lammert, Berlin.

Few will indulge in sleep to-night in Bayreuth

why....., O stream, say why, O stream, say

why is thy wave crim-son'd in blood, O why?.....

f *tr* *mf* *cres.*

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

f

Mad - ly rag - es the storm, Mad - ly rag - es the

Mad - ly rag - es the storm, Mad - ly rag - es the

Come let us fly..... now, let us

f

storm, let us fly now, let us fly now,

storm, let us fly now, let us fly now, let us

fly now, let us fly now, let us fly now,

come, O come, let us fly now, let us fly

fly now, let us fly ..... now, let us fly

come, O come, come, let us fly..... now, let us

now, ere death o'ertake in light - - ning's

now, ere death o'er - take us in the lightning's flash, come,

fly now, ere death o'er - take us in the light - - ning's

COMALA.

Say

flash, let us fly, let us fly, let us fly, let us fly.

let us fly..... now, let us fly now,

flash, let us fly, let us fly..... now, let us fly, let us fly,

dim.

why, O stream, thy wave is crim - son'd in

mf

let us fly, let us fly,

mf

let us fly, let us fly,

mf

fz *dim.*

p

blood? Slumbers Fin - gal the brave?

pp

See how the pale sha - dows of the slain, are

pp

See how the pale sha - dows of the slain, are

pp

pp

p

dim.

until a very late hour, at least, as all are discussing the event of the day and indulging in various theories as to the other portions of the great music drama. The introductory work, "Rheingold," has made a profound impression, even on those who came with prejudices against Wagner and his works. The performance was a revelation in opera, the turning point, perhaps, in the history of the lyric stage.

[The New York Times report was copied in our last.]

SECOND DAY, AUG. 14.

[From the New York Tribune.]

BAYREUTH, Bavaria, Aug. 14, 1876.

The performance here to-day of "The Walkyrie," the second opera in the drama of "The Ring of the Niblung," began in the afternoon at 4 o'clock and ended at 7:30, with an interval of an hour between the acts. A great impression had been made on the day before by the prologue, "The Rheingold," but it was surpassed in the effect of what has been seen to-day. The friends of the new school of music, of which Wagner is the distinguished representative, were jubilant beyond measure when the first act was produced, which made an impression profound and very general throughout the crowded theatre. At the close of the opera, when the entire background of the stage was filled with a sea of ice the spectacle was wonderful beyond words to describe it. It was impossible to restrain the enthusiasm of the audience, and storms of applause frequently broke in upon the acting so that it was interrupted, and efforts were made to restrain the ardor of the assembled admirers of the great drama.

At the end of the acts the leading performers were called for amid hearty cheering, and though several such efforts were made, none of them appeared to gratify these desires. The reason for so declining was explained by Herr Wagner and the leading artists, who said that an appearance before the curtain would tend to violate the unity of the representation. The Emperor William, several of the nobility, nearly all the great musicians of Germany and France, and distinguished citizens and critics from various parts of Europe and America were present as on the day before. The Emperor remained through the whole performance of the opera, and when entering and leaving the royal box was greeted with loud cheers. When the day's festival had closed he went to Babelsberg.

[From the New York Times].

BAYREUTH, Bavaria, Aug. 14.

The interest in the extraordinary musical festival at present in progress in this little Bavarian town continues to increase. "Die Walküre," the first division of the great trilogy, was performed to night, and made a much stronger impression than last night's rendering of "Das Rheingold," which was regarded merely as a prelude to the three more important of the composer's works. It must be admitted at once that the dramatic interest and effect of "Die Walküre" are very powerful. The last act is exceedingly melodious and pathetic, and the public were unusually moved by its tuneful members. The orchestration has seldom if ever been equalled, and displayed marvelous solidity and vividness. The score is generally richer, because of the *ensemble* of its members. There is an admirable love duet in the first act, with a grand peroration, where *Siegmund* draws the charmed sword from the tree. There is also a dainty love song, and other highly pictorial scenic incidents greatly increase the general effect. The music of the second act, however, is generally tiresome. There is a duet between *Wotan* and *Frica*, but the scene where *Siegmund* bears in *Siegelinde* is full of beautifully tuneful passages and most touching melodies, while the combat between *Hunding* and *Siegmund*, ended by *Wotan's* interference, forms a powerful and vigorous climax. The third act is wholly fine, opening with the celebrated "ride of the Walkyries," the effect of which is very much augmented by the weird chorus of the Walkyries, with well-contrived surroundings. *Wotan's* broad recitative silencing the rebellious *Brünhilde* follows, with powerful dramatic appeals for mercy by the Walkyries. Then comes *Siegelinde's* confession of love for *Siegmund*, which is delightfully rich and melodious, the orchestral portion of the score being notably sweet and fluent, and worthy of the highest praise. *Wotan's* farewell to his daughter is the culmination of the act, and a fitting termination to the grand music which precedes it. The subsequent act is exceedingly fine, the music being remarkably realistic, and at the same time truly Wagnerian, and imparting startling force to the play of the flames about the rock where the slumbering Walkyries recline.

The representation was exceedingly good, the honors being divided between Mme. Materna, as *Brünnhilde*, and Herr Niemann—who is not what he was in the days of his patron, King George of Hanover—grew hoarse during the performance. Herr Niemann's declamation in the first act was notably artistic and feeling. Mme. Materna's rich and powerful voice never once failed, in spite of the tremendous strain upon her organ necessary to produce the high notes of *Brünnhilde's* music. Herr Betz, as *Wotan*, must be mentioned with the foregoing as having acquitted himself with much credit. The grand voices of those three singers combine the peculiarities of Wagner's text with infinite skill, their delivery of the words being as gratifying as were the beauty of their tones. Mlle. Scheff-ky, as *Siegelinde*, displayed a light voice, but sang and acted with deep feeling and appreciation. In the parts remaining, the somewhat thankless characters, all had competent representatives. The orchestra was faultless in every respect. The addition of an organ strengthens the bass passages, and produces an extraordinary effect.

The scenery was capital, and had such management as is seldom witnessed, the light clouds producing continual changes, ever in accord with the incidents of the plot of the opera. The dissolving views of the Walkyries were not very successful, and left much to be desired. The fire scene was more satisfactory to the spectators, but the resources of the immense stage of the Baireuth Theatre, would have admitted of a far grander and more impressive picture. At the close of the opera the scenic effect, when the entire background of the stage was filled with a sea of ice, was wonderful.

The audience was identical with that which witnessed the performance of "Das Rheingold" on Sunday night. One spontaneous out burst of the most hearty enthusiasm on the part of the assemblage over one of Mme. Materna's most splendid efforts was promptly repressed by the watchful attendants. There was unanimous applause at the end of the several acts, but it was not continuous, Herr Wagner having issued printed requests, which were liberally distributed about the house, not to recall the artists, nor himself, because such interruptions served only to mar the unity of the representation.

The work of the opera commenced at 4:30 in the afternoon, and terminated at about 10 o'clock in the evening, including two intermissions of forty minutes each. The spectators were well pleased with the efforts of both composer and artists, but made loud complaints of the intense heat in the theatre. The great distance from the town over a dusty road, with no shade, and no restaurant accommodations, also caused much discomfort. The discontent in these regards is daily increasing. F.A.S.

THIRD DAY, AUGUST 16.

[From the Tribune.]

BAYREUTH, Bavaria, Wednesday, Aug. 10, 1876.

The postponement yesterday of the performance of "Siegfried," the third part of the Wagner drama, "The Ring of the Niblung," was a disappointment to the many who were here to see it. But the delay had been unavoidable, as the state of Herr Betz's throat which was seriously affected with hoarseness, rendered it so. He personates the character of Wotan, and great care was necessary in securing his voice for the remainder of the festival. But "Siegfried" was performed to-day with great success. The entertainment lasted seven and a half hours, including intermissions each of an hour's duration and occurring between the first and second and second and third acts. The brilliant scenes in "The Walkyren" on Monday had seemed to reach the extent of human talent, and the enthusiasm which greeted the love scene between Siegmund and Sieglinde and the closing spectacle of "The Ride of the Walkyren," with its wild melodies and weird shapes, seemed to have attained the highest point possible.

The equal of those effects was hardly expected today. But the enthusiasm seemed none the less. Perhaps the scene immediately following the death of the dragon Fafner was the most effective. It represented Siegfried, the hero of the drama, seated on a rock in a wood engaged in dialogue with the Waldvoegelein or little birds of the forest. The closing of the first act, which represented Siegfried forging anew the sword Distress which his father had taken from the pillar in Hunding's house, was received with great applause. The supreme impression was reserved for the last moment, when the young man met Wotan at the little hillock, broke his javelin, passed through the flame, and awakened the beautiful Brynhild, who became his bride. The love songs they sang and the accompanying stage decoration afforded great delight, and produced a most striking effect. Among the distinguished persons present to-night was the Austrian Prime Minister, Count Andrassy. To-morrow closes the presentation of this musical drama, and it promises to be the most brilliant day of the four. The opera is entitled "The Twilight of the Gods."

[Special Despatch to the N. Y. Times.]

BAYREUTH, Bavaria, August 16.

The partial recovery of Herr Betz, the representative of Wotan, permitted the continuation of the great musical festival this evening. The interest in the performances has not abated, notwithstanding the many inconveniences of heat, dusty roads, and insufficient restaurant accommodations to which the visitors are subjected. Siegfried, the second part of the triology was placed upon the stage to-night. It continues the story of *Der Ring der Nibelung* of which *Das Rheingold* is the prelude and *Die Walkure* the first division, and takes its name from Siegfried, the son of Sieglinde, the hapless sister of Siegmund, who took refuge in the forest after the death of her brother. It is of the adventures of this Siegfried that to-night's opera mainly treats. The performance was less effective as a whole than that of the *Walkure*, because more uneven. The long scene between Mime and Siegfried, in the first act is necessary but exceedingly tedious, in spite of the brilliant comedy music of Mime. The scene between Wotan and Mime is also very tiresome. The only flashes of beauty in this portion of the opera appear when Siegfried forges the magic sword which has baffled the efforts of the dwarf so long.

In the second act the slaying of the dragon, into which Fafner has been transformed, is ineffective, but this fault is more than atoned for in the awakening of the forest voices with bird songs responsive to Siegfried's appeal.

This effect is unparalleled in freshness and loveliness of treatment, and in poetic conception and lyric realization nothing can possibly be finer. The third act is divided between Wotan's scene with Erda and Siegfried's discovery of Brünnhilde. The rich grave strains were exceedingly impressive, but the strength and culminating force of the act is in the final duet. This has great melodiousness and vigor, although it must be noted as somewhat protracted and spasmodic, and the voices in the *finale* do not harmonize in the *ensemble*. Her performance in this scene was a special triumph for Mme. Materna, whose splendid tones and fine artistic acting produced an effect which will not easily be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to be present.

Herr Unger, who personated Siegfried I am obliged to remark, is deficient in finish. He lacks the elocution of Herr Niemann who represented Siegmund in the *Walkure* on Monday night, and his notes were very false toward the close, his voice breaking badly. Herr Schlosser's Mime was a remarkable personation, both dramatically and vocally. Herr Betz appeared as Wotan, and by very clever management concealed the fact of his indisposition. Mme. Lide as Erda, Herr Hill as Alberich, and Herr Reichenberg as Fafner, in their respective parts, were all worthy of praise.

The orchestra was perfect, and the scenery superb, particularly the wood scene, in which the sunbeams playing through the foliage produced the most exquisite details of light and shade. The closing scene of the opera, where Brünnhilde is aroused from sleep on the fiery rock, made a striking effect.

The representation commenced at 4.15 P.M., and ended at 9.30, with two intermissions of thirty-five minutes each.

FOURTH DAY, AUGUST 17.

[From the Tribune.]

BAYREUTH, Bavaria, Thursday, Aug. 17 1876.

The first series of Wagner performances, "The Ring of the Niblung," closed to-night with the last drama called "Gotterdammerung," or "The Twilight of the Gods." There was a scene of the greatest excitement. These representations have steadily increased in merit and excellence since the opening. The result is universally admitted to be a most remarkable triumph. Herr Wagner was called out to-night at the close of the last act amid great enthusiasm, and made a short address.

J. R. G. H.

THE WAGNER BANQUET. CLOSING SCENES.

[By Telegraph to N. Y. Times.]

BAYREUTH, Aug. 18.

The Wagner banquet to-day was a splendid affair, both in point of numbers and in the character of the guests. No fewer than 500 people were present.

Herr Wagner made a long speech, explanatory of his words uttered during the festival previous to this evening. The remarks then indulged in meant only that, France and Italy having operas of their own, Germany wished that she too could now have a new lyric and dramatic art. He then thanked the artists, to whom all were indebted. He also thanked the people of Bayreuth, who had helped him so much, and shown so much interest in his work. He next expressed in warm terms his gratitude to the Managing Committee, and said to them his success was largely due.

As he finished, the guests and the public outside of the hall applauded to the echo, and cried, "Hoch! Hoch! Hoch! Wagner," in the usual demonstrative way. Wagner was then escorted about the hall, the guests rising and saluting him as he passed. Mme. Lucca and his wife were with him. At the end of his walk his Milan publisher placed a silver crown made in imitation of laurel leaves on his head. The composer was deeply touched and made a second speech expressive of the great impression which the festival had produced on him. Deputy Duacker, of Berlin, made a most happy address. Warm congratulations were also extended to Wagner by Von Beust and M. Apponyi. Then Wagner paid a glowing tribute to Herr Liszt, his old friend and teacher, saying but for that great man no note would ever have been heard from him. The venerable Liszt rose and said with much emotion "*other countries greet Dante and Shakespeare*," and then turning to Wagner, "*So am I your most obedient servant*" [!!!!] He was visibly affected. After this touching scene Wagner, amid great merriment, and informal intercourse commenced in endless hand-shaking with all those present. There was no end of kissing, and the scene was exceedingly unique and aptly illustrated the artistic fraternity and good humor of the assemblage. The demonstration was more expressive of real interest in, and gratification at the success of the performance, than anything yet witnessed. The whole affair was a fitting close to a grand festival.

F. A. S.

Musical Criticism.

(From the Atlantic Monthly.)

As the merely intelligent and dry critic often fails to recognize essential beauties because of the presence of unessential imperfections, so can the enthusiast get to mistake these very imperfections for beauties.—MORITZ HAUPTMANN.

Dilettanti think they can master at the first dash what artists have been thinking of for days, months, and years.—ROBERT SCHUMANN.

In his pamphlet on Orchestral Conducting, Wagner says: "Unquestionably composers cannot be indifferent as to the manner in which their works are presented to the public, since the latter can manifestly receive a correct impression of a composition only from a good performance." The last part of this statement is doubly true when the faults in a bad performance arise wholly from a misconception of the composer's idea, and not from any technical executive shortcoming on the part of the performers; in which case the "intelligent public" is usually too prone to charge the composer with musical platitudes which are wholly due to the asthetic incompetence of the interpreter. Indeed, it requires an expert of no common degree of critical acumen to lay what blame there may be upon the right shoulders. That the musical critic should be such an expert would seem to be a reasonable requirement both of the composer and public. It may well be questioned whether any one but a musician can be an adequate judge of a composition, even under the most favorable conditions. Even those persons who may incline to think Berlioz's definition of music, as "the art of moving, by combinations of tones, intelligent men gifted with special and practiced organs," too narrow, cannot deny that a man is *primâ facie* the best judge of matters that come strictly within his own department of knowledge. There are men who—though foreign to the practice, and only slightly versed in the theory of music—have educated their natural gifts, by long familiarity with fine music, to a pitch that will authorize them to consider their own opinion of some value in cases where they really hear a work adequately performed. But the man who, without being a musician himself, can discriminate between a poor composition and a poor performance, is a sufficiently *rara avis* to be looked upon rather as a monstrosity than a normal human individual. We know that some "knights of the pigtail," who look upon music merely as the transubstantiation of a collection of black dots, metronome marks, and Italian abbreviations into corresponding sounds, will say, on the other hand, that a superb performance will often make a comparatively worthless composition appear of greater value than it actually is. But this is not true; it is both physically and metaphysically impossible. Nothing can come of nothing; no performer, were he thrice a Liszt and a magician to boot, can get more out of a composition than lies in it. It is monstrously untrue that the mere swelling and diminishing tones, which are exactly enough indicated by the engraved notes and expression-marks, constitute music. They are no more music than the mechanically correct utterance of printed words and sentences is human speech. They are but the flesh, bone, and gristle of music, but no more music itself than the cerebral hemispheres are the human soul. They are, so to speak, the mere physical organs of music, that appeal to our senses, through which the essence of music appeals to our souls. Nay, we would even say that, in a certain high sense, that is the greatest and highest music which most depends upon a fine performance for its adequate realization, not the worst and lowest. If it takes a Von Buelow to show us that Liszt's Ricordanza is not wholly worthless, what a verily Titanic player would it not take to reveal to us all the heights and depths of Beethoven's Opus 106 Sonata! There is, to be sure, an indestructible something in the highest music that even a poor performance, let it twist and distort it as it may, cannot entirely mar. But let us not for a moment imagine that because we enjoy an inadequate performance of a high work more than a perfect performance of a low one, we therefore have grasped the high work in all its glorious perfection; we have caught only far-off glimpses of the wonderful thing. It is conceivable how quick and acute the intelligence must be that can, at the first or second hearing of a composition, pierce through the distorting medium of an inadequate performance, and grasp the high possibilities that actually lie in the music itself. Such critical insight is to be acquired only by long technical mental drill, added to great general æsthetic culture. A natural, intrinsic capacity is, of course, presupposed. This brings us directly to our point. If the musical critic does not possess this faculty in an eminent degree, by what right does he presume to encounter this truth-seeking world with his opinion of a new composition?

The complete musical critic, the Schumann or Berlioz, is undoubtedly a desideratum in every æsthetic community, yet what an astoundingly rare phenomenon he is! But in his absence, the straightforward, honest man of even passable æsthetic lights may do much, if he will only modestly content himself with saying what he knows, and merely suggesting what he feels. Let the critic never forget what a combination of qualities it takes to enable a man to pass judgment autocratically upon a new work; let him first test himself, before he ventures to declare this good and that bad. Upon the whole, we think that incalculably more harm may be done by misplaced blame than by misplaced praise. A new work that is damned at the outset by the "dastardly spirit of the pen" has but a gloomy future before it, whereas the composition that begins by shining with the spurious lustre of undeserved praise acquires thereby a prominence that exposes it to the scrutiny of every one. We wonder whether it ever occurred to some critics that they may often err in demanding too much of a composition. It sometimes seems as if no composer to-day could give even a concert-overture to the world without being floored on the very threshold of public recognition by having Bach or Beethoven mercilessly flung at his head. What need is there of being always Titanic? In other arts we do not admit this kind of criticism, by comparison. The Parthenon casts no shadow upon our admiration for the new station of the Boston and Providence railway. Our enjoyment of Paul Veronese's Marriage at Cana is not lessened by the very palpable fact that it is not the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Michael Angelo's Adam, lying carelessly upon the hill-side, with that gigantic strength of limb, and that ineffable depth of adoration in his face just crystallizing into a gaze, looks as if he could sweep Paul Veronese and all his works out of existence with a single wave of his outstretched arm. Yet the Veronese still enjoys a comfortable immortality. But it seems at times as if the Passion-music, the Ninth Symphony, Don Giovanni, and the B-flat Trio stood like an appalling "Lasciate ogni speranzi" at the gate of modern music. This is entirely intolerable. Why should the godlike C-minor Symphony, that Olympian Lamento e Trionfo, begrudge Liszt's Tasso its chivalric brilliancy? Is Tschaikowski's Concerto any the less vigorous, because Beethoven's great E-flat stands unapproached? Let this sort of criticism stop, that the world may see more clearly what is to be seen.

The "merely intelligent and dry" critic, with the brain of a Corliss engine and the soul of a gnat, who has searched the learning of the schools to his own confusion, and would measure music with his contrapuntal foot-rule, is indeed an irritating mortal, but does comparatively little harm. Being himself merely a thinking machine, he can never speak a vital word; he can put two and two together and make a deafening cackle about having hatched four, but beyond this he can hardly add to the stock of the world's experience. But the untutored "enthusiast," whose swelling soul spurns all earthly shackles, who, without being able to recognize so much as a cross-relation when he sees it, much less when he hears it, soars blissfully about in the realms of high art, hero-worship, and the sublime and beautiful in general, launching thunder-bolts with one hand and showering benedictions with the other in the vagnest manner: *he* will ever remain an inexplicable astonishment to the thinking observer. When the human mind, from among its various possibilities of progress, chooses the direction of doing what it knows nothing about, be it the building of monuments or the writing of reviews, there is no telling what sublime heights of bewilderment it may not reach. To read some of these men's writings, one would think that, like Paracelsus Homunculi, "by art they receive their life, by art they receive body, flesh, bones, and blood; by art are they born; therefore art is in them incarnate and self-existing, so that they need not learn it of any man, but all men must learn it of them; for through art they have their existence, and have grown up in it like a rose or other flower in the garden." Such men are often more narrow than the musical scholastics themselves, for, in their giddy careering in the midst of space, they are too unconscious of any landmark save their own preconceived notions to notice within what a small circle the centripetal force of their own ignorance confines their course.

Musical critics, therefore, may well beware of condemning a work at the first hearing, simply because they can make nothing of it. The very fact that we do not understand a thing ought to make us timid in criticizing it; for what but the most unfruitful nonsense can come of discussing what we do not comprehend? Snap-judgment has a good many sins to answer for. At the best, we none of us know a composition as well as the composer himself, least of all at the first hearing. Virgil's Æneid is, as we all know, dry enough reading when done by the aid of a dictionary and grammar; so let us first feel reasonably at home in a composition before we allow ourselves to say much about it, certainly before we say anything against it.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 2, 1876.

The Nibelungen Trilogy.

The Bayreuth Festival is over. Thrice has the Trilogy with Prelude been performed, and Wagner's ideal theory "materialized." Of the first round of representations, thanks to the enterprise of the New York press, we have had daily rather full reports by Cable telegraph, so that we read at breakfast the next morning of the ecstacies experienced away off in the middle of Germany the evening before. Indeed the most remarkable thing about the whole event so far seems to consist in the importance given it by newspapers and in the extraordinary amount of enthusiasm transmitted through the Ocean wires by half a dozen of their reporters. These reports (with the exception of a few mislaid) we have brought together for convenient reference hereafter. Probably we shall not begin to get the more deliberate and critical reviews, not only by reporters but by high musical authori- until some short time after the whole festival is over, and the Bayreuth theatre—gone up perhaps in general *Götterdämmerung*, and crack of doom.—Meanwhile, very briefly, what can we gather from these hasty telegrams of first impressions?

First, as we have said before, that the *occasion*, as such, produced a great sensation; that an audience, such as has seldom or never been assembled, was beside itself with enthusiasm; from which the reporters rushed to the conclusion that the success of Wagnerism is "final and complete!"

Next they talk more of the show, the wonderful scenes and transformations than of the music, only remembering occasionally to say that this was fine, was wonderful, the like whereof was never heard. So far then as described, what is this Nibelungen play but Melodramatic spectacle on a vast scale, with grandiose plot, and an extremely brilliant, effective orchestral accompaniment, the audience (spectators) sitting "in the dark" before the mighty magic lantern?

Then we gather, that the Musician of the Future finds his best use for music as a running accompaniment to plots and characters (?) *not human*, but mythological and shadowy, and un-moral, not to say immoral. The Greek mythology, gods, demi-gods and heroes, is essentially *human*, and so lends itself more naturally to opera, to *music*, which is also human; and to the natural development of music into forms, melodic, polyphonic, free, arias, choruses, concerted pieces, etc. Can any one easily believe that an audience can really be interested in the Nibelungen plot as such? Surely it is confused and tedious reading; as spectacle (with all the Bayreuth conditions) it may be very well and quite engrossing to the child-like fancy; but has it meaning? has it human interest? does it touch deep emotions, the very end and aim of music? or any emotion at all, save that of wonder? Think of a huge dragon singing, or declaiming *recitativo*, by means of a man concealed within with a speaking trumpet! Siegfried, to be sure, is heroic and supremely brave and strong, and so far human; but he is invincible by magic spell; he goes through fire and wins Brunhilde only through the magic ring. (The young couple of initiates in the *Zauberflöte* do it by their own virtue). But Brunhilde, the Walkyrie maiden, Odin's favorite daughter, so noble and self-sacrificing, and so wronged?—there indeed is one that does appeal to human sympathies, a figure in some sense sublime,—entirely so in the concluding scene, where she, ascending in the funeral flames, pronounces the doom and final downfall of the gods and their Walhalla. But whether the whole plot, by any inward logic, tends to this, and whether it have any such significance regarding human destiny and freedom, as one of Wagner's chief expounders (Hüffner) has suggested, is something about which we are by no means clear. How the burning up of Wotan and his crew gave liberty to man we cannot see, considering that "the curse of *gold*," that blight of gods, seems to have been man's chief inheritance from all that!

Now as to the music, it is Opera (or Opera's successor and "higher development") without Arias, or choruses, or any of the old melodic forms. There is nothing but recitative, one only speaking at a time,—or rather a sort of continuous musical recital, declamation, which never comes round into it-

self like an air or melody, but keeps formlessly and vaguely on, a slightly musical modification of mere talking, and which Wagner therefore calls *Melos* or "infinite melody" (rather say indefinite). To give it any musical consistency and charm, the orchestra assumes the whole burden of the poetic plot and subject, and the reciting persons merely point out and explain the successive phases in the moving diorama. And why no Aria? Because it is unnatural—from a prosaic, literal point of view—to suspend the action of the play while one is singing through his melody, because it violates dramatic truth. No doubt this is often carried to an absurd degree in the old operas; but not always. Is there no dramatic truth, no true and individual characterization in *Don Juan* and *Fidelio?* Do we not know Donna Anna more intimately for the arias she sings? And when it comes to the concerted pieces, the trios and quartets, does not music here illustrate one of its chief advantages over spoken dialogue, in that it presents to you at one and the same moment several individualities, together making up melodious harmony, and rendering each character transparent, so that you feel *what they are*, and care more for that than for what they say or do? And how unspeakably the Aria, or the trio, not abused, but wisely used, contributes to that *beauty* of the Art work, which seems to be a very secondary concern with Wagner!—And why should a fine *Chorus* conflict with dramatic truth? Nothing throws more life and freshness into a long musico-dramatic performance, and there are plenty of occasions for introducing them naturally into any plot, as part of the plot. Why may not peasants, soldiers, students, water-spirits, fairies sing together by as good reason as the scene is painted out before the eyes?

That Wagner will exert a powerful influence to reform many of the abuses of the old Italian Opera, we can readily believe. He is calling attention to the importance of ideal consistency, of dramatic truth, of significant and really poetical librettos, in place of the triviality and nonsense which have been so common in operas chiefly written to display the prima donnas and tenores. But this is nothing new; Gluck did the same, and much more modestly; nor can we see that it requires a complete revolution of our whole theory of the relations between poetry and music to effect this.

We have only room for hints. Time only can decide the full intrinsic worth and power of Wagnerism. To judge from these Cable rhapsodies, it is all over with the old art of Music which has ministered so sweetly and so deeply to our souls. That is the divine Art no longer. Bach and Handel, Mozart and Beethoven, and all that sat upon high thrones, are superseded, hurled like Saturn down into endless night, to make way for this terrible Jupiter, this Nibelungen cloud-compelling Wagner. Yet we dare believe, upon the other hand, that musical humanity will still hail with more delight than ever "the large utterance of the elder gods."

THE THOMAS ORCHESTRA. We alluded in our last to the current reports of the disbanding of this model orchestra so well known throughout the length and breadth of the land. But hardly had our paper gone to press when the following announcement appeared editorially in the New York *Tribune* (Aug. 18):

We are authorized to contradict the statement that the discontinuance of the concerts in Philadelphia and the temporary breaking up of the orchestra will be allowed to interfere with Theodore Thomas's work during the coming Winter. This announcement will be greeted with unfeigned pleasure by all lovers of good music throughout the country. Mr. Thomas has been at work almost unremittingly for more than ten years, and his labors, which have been of the most exhausting character, as well as the worry and anxiety necessarily incident to such an undertaking as his, must have gone far toward wearing out his strength. After a much needed rest, which he has thoroughly earned, he will resume his work with renewed vigor. He has not yet announced what are to be his plans for the coming campaign, but we may presume that he will continue his Symphony Concerts here. They cannot be spared, no matter what may be the achievements of the Philharmonic Society under its new direction, and Mr. Thomas may feel assured of the support of the public and of the press, should he decide to resume them. We cannot have too much good music, and we have had altogether too little. Besides, both societies are sure to be benefited by a little healthy competition, which will keep them from stagnating and insure to the public an opportunity of hearing the best new works of contemporary composers. Perhaps, too, Mr. Thomas may not confine his concerts to this city, but may play in others in which he can feel sure of adequate support. It is a great misfortune, indeed a great disgrace, that New York, which ought to be the chief scene of his labors, has not provided him with a proper hall in which to play, that we might have him with us throughout the year. His Symphony Concerts are admirable, so far as they go, but there is much to be done in other directions. There is an immense amount of that charming class of compositions, chamber music, which is for our audiences altogether a terra incognita, and there can be no more competent interpreter of these works than Thomas. It may be because of the dullness of business and the universal feeling of poverty that no one seems to come forward to the support of the project, but the hall is a positive necessity, and it will have to come before very long. In the mean time let Thomas have such support in what concerts he is able to give, that he may not give up in despair and go out of the country.

This will be good news to music lovers everywhere; at least Philadelphia and our own city are promised some share of the pleasure, according to a further "authorized" statement in the *Gazette* (Aug. 20):

Mr. Thomas will reorganize his orchestra, and will open in Philadelphia towards the end of September at a Musical Festival, to be given there by the ladies of the Centennial Committee, at the Academy of Music. This festival will continue for some ten or twelve days, and it is intended that it shall be worthy the year it is meant to commemorate. Mr. M. W. Whitney, and Mad. Madeline Schiller have already been engaged. After this, Mr. Thomas will go to New York with his new orchestra and give a series of symphony concerts there. He will appear in Boston and give another series between the 11th and 16th of December.

Later. The Advertiser of Monday has the following:

In reorganizing his orchestra, Theodore Thomas will not reduce it in number, and will retain nearly all of the performers who have hitherto been with him. His first performances will be given at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, under the auspices of the ladies' Centennial committee, from the 20th to the 30th of September. He will appear in Boston November 13, 15, 17 and 18,—the last date to be a matinée,—for symphony and popular concerts. For these a subscription list will be shortly opened at Music hall. Mr. Thomas will not give any series of symphony concerts in Boston this season, and the dates mentioned are the only ones upon which he will be heard here.

School of Vocal Art in Philadelphia.

We continue to receive excellent report of progress from this institution, founded hardly two years ago, and chiefly through the inspiration and the energy of that distinguished vocal teacher, Mme. EMMA SEILER, whose remarkable and very original treatises on "The Voice in Singing" and "The Voice in Speaking" must be familiar to many of our readers. The design of this School, as stated in the original prospectus is "to provide the means for a thorough vocal training, based on the *old* Italian method; so that all who wish to fit themselves for the profession of either Teacher or Artist can do so in this country, and with moderate expense." The aims and plan of the School are more fully explained in a recent circular (July, 1876):

As the prominent object of this School is to train and educate scholars to be teachers they are expected to take the position of Assistants in the School as soon as capable, giving not more than six lessons each week. They will thus have their first experience of their professional duties under the immediate supervision and advice of the Principal, and having honorably passed through the course of four years, always under instruction, they will be furnished with diplomas to that effect. No pupil can be considered qualified or authorized to teach outside the School, unless having such diploma, or in special cases, permission from the Principal.

The classes in the Cultivation of the Voice, will consist of two scholars each, and there will be three lessons per week, of one hour each to each class. One-third of these lessons will be given by Mrs. E. Seiler, Principal of the School.

Scholars preparing to be Artists will not be required to teach. According to their advancement, lessons will be given in Dramatic declamation, Style and Expression, each class consisting of two Scholars.

Special instruction will be given twice a week in Church Music, to those wishing to sing in Choirs.

Three times every week there will be rehearsals of Oratorios and works of the best Masters, and at intervals through the year concerts will be given by the Students, that they may gain confidence in performance, and that those interested may judge of their progress.

Instruction will be given in the Cultivation of the Voice; Style and Expression; Dramatic Declamation; Choral and Choir Singing; Piano for accompaniment; Harmony and Composition; History and Æsthetics of Music; Acoustics and the Physiology of the Vocal Organs; the Italian and German Languages. These Branches will be taught by Mrs. E. Seiler, Mr. M. H. Cross, Mr. H. A. Clarke, Carl Seiler, M. D., M'me de la Cuesta, and Mr. Fred. Law. A limited number of advanced scholars will be instructed on the Piano by Miss Anna Jackson.

The full course of instruction will extend over Four Years. Students may select special branches of study, but only those who have pursued the full course can receive the Diploma of the School.

Of course a school like this, in which all the studies, while they cover a large part of the whole field of musical art and theory, are subsidiary to the one end of vocal culture, of making *singers* and true teachers of singing, does not compete as to the number of its pupils with the great popular Conservatories which count their hundreds and almost their thousands. But the hope of its founders has so far been happily realized. Beginning with 9 scholars on the 4th of January, 1875, it numbered 41 who were attending the entire course at the close of the last term in June. This number does not include those persons who received instruction only in single branches, of whom, there were thirty-five.

The spirit of the school has, we are assured, been admirable, the pupils studying earnestly and faithfully with a high artistic aim. "They have improved a great deal more" (writes Mme Seiler) "than my private scholars, a thing most unusual in other Conservatories."—From the beginning of the next term (fourth Monday in September) they will have a little stage in the school, where those scholars preparing to be artists are to perform every month some opera or short oratorio for their more thorough training.

Mme Seiler writes: "In devoting my whole energy to this school, I hope to raise it to be a truly excellent and beneficent institution, in which sound artists and teachers may be educated. That there is a want of good singing teachers is shown by the fact, that I constantly receive letters from various parts of the country asking me to send such persons as I can recommend to teach singing."

LITCHFIELD, CONN. Here is the programme of a concert given by the Litchfield Musical Association at Congregational Hall, on Wednesday evening, July 26. The performers were: Dr. Wm. Deming, *1st Violin*; C. Deming, *2nd do*; Dr. H. E. Gates, *Viola*; G. A. Hickox, *Cello*; Julius Deming, *Contrabasso*; E. W. Meafoy, *Cornet*; and C. F. Daniels, *Pianoforte*, apparently all amateurs and setting a good example to lovers of classical music in other towns and cities:

Rondo from Trio, op. 97, ... Reissiger.
Piano, Violin, Violoncello.

Piano Solo.

Andantino from "Trout" Quintet, ... Schubert.
Piano, Violin, Viola, 'Cello, Basso.

Violin Solo, ... Hauser.
C. Deming.

Finale from Trio, op. 49, ... Mendelssohn.
Piano, Violin, Violoncello.

Andante from Trio, op. 102, ... Raff.
Piano, Violin, Violoncello.

Finale from Sonata, op. 45, ... Mendelssohn.
Piano, Violoncello.

Cornet Solo, 5th Air, ... De Beriot.
Mr. E. W. Meafoy.

Quartet, op. 16, ... Beethoven.
Piano, Violin, Viola, Violoncello.

The Wagner Trilogy.

(From the Evening Gazette, Aug. 20.)

The reports that have reached us from Bayreuth regarding the performance of Wagner's "Nibelungen Ring" are naturally meagre and unsatisfactory. We hear very little about the music, and overmuch about the intense enthusiasm of the audience and the gorgeousness of the scenic effects. The undertaking has apparently been a great success, and has fully realized the hopes of its projector. Wagner has certainly had a hearing such as no composer has ever before obtained. His combative nature has sustained him under attacks that would have overwhelmed a less sensitive mental organization. The fine-strung nervousness of a Mozart or the melancholy self-absorption of a Beethoven could not have fought any such battle. Genius of the highest order is retiring, and not assertive. It works for the day in which it lives, and failing there, waits patiently for posterity to do it justice. But Wagner was not content to pursue the usual path. He hungered to enjoy the full measure of his glory during his life, and, flinging his gauntlet in the face of his contemporaries, resolved to do battle for his cause at once. He has fought his way step by step, without, as yet, gaining any immovably firm position, but having left no measure untried to establish his claims. He has levied upon the world at large, in the name of art, for the means to enable him to fully illustrate his theories of art; and it has generously responded, providing him with the funds to build a theatre, to pay his artists, and to give his works in thorough accordance with his views. The event will always stand forward as an era in musical art. That he has established his principles regarding the end and aim of the lyric drama we do not believe; but we do believe he has worked a beneficial reform in many respects, and that his theories, greatly modified, will hereafter in some measure prevail; that is, in connection with the special phase of his art to which he has devoted his later years. If we are ever to have another Mozart or another Beethoven, it is not easy to imagine that they will work on the Wagner plan. Many Wagners are possible, but the really inspired composer only comes once in an age. Should the Wagner school prevail, during its reign we may look for nothing but monotony. There will be no individuality but Wagner's, because it is impossible to follow without copying him. There will be no listening to music for music's sake, because the opera of the future appeals with equal force to the eye and the ear, and is incomprehensible without its scenic splendor. In fact, the new opera, as given forth by its prophet, must be a dazzling spectacular display, in which the arts of the scene painter, the stage carpenter and the costumer are brought as prominently forward as the thoughts of the composer. The music simply accompanies the action and paints it as well as it may. This is all very well in its way, but we must confess we prefer the simplicity of the older method, where the musician is unable to ride to admiration and to repute upon the back of stage properties glittering with dazzling tinsel. "Don Giovanni" and "Fidelio" do not need these adjuncts. The most primitive surroundings will not detract from their proper presentation; whereas it seems indispensable to the music of Wagner that it shall be aided by every external adjunct of splendor in order to make it comprehensible or coherent. The sensationalism of the day has struck music a fair blow between the eyes. Whether or no it will permanently blind her cannot at present be determined; but we do not believe that she will ever smile upon the effort that is making to force her to share her throne with spectacular display.

Plot of "The Twilight of the Gods."

In the progress of this musical drama, events have grown out of a constant struggle between the three races of beings who inhabited the earth for the possession of its golden treasure. The Daughters of the Rhine, to whom the keeping of gold had been intrusted by the law of the universe, had been treacherously deprived of it by the arts of Alberic the Dwarf. Wotan had then secured the prize through the same crafty means, and though himself a God and charged with the ministration of justice, he had not returned it to the Daughters, as it was his solemn duty to do, but had used it in bargaining with a Giant for the Goddess Freia, who had the power to restore him to eternal youth. But the gold had been cursed by Alberic, and every one who secured it thereafter suffered misfortune. A father's hand had been turned against his son. The same father had called up the God of Fire and condemned his heaven-born daughter Brynhild, the favorite of all his children, to depart from his presence and slumber on the earth until awakened by a hero; the dragon Fafner had fallen by the sword of Siegfried; Sieglinde had died alone in a forest with not a friend around her save a newly-born son; Hunding had seen his home dishonored, and Mime, the ambitious Dwarf, had fallen by the sword Distress while preparing a deadly poison for the young Siegfried.

The last act closed with the restoration of Brynhild by Siegfried to whom she became a wife. The treasure was theirs and the joys of their honeymoon seemed to promise that life and happiness would be eternal. But the end was not yet. A deep and unredeemed wrong underlay their happiness. The gold was not theirs by any law other than the law of might. An overhanging destiny, dark and terrible, awaited them, and the ecstacy of their wedding hour seemed only given that they might the better taste the bitterness of their impending ruin. A mission from above had, however, been intrusted to their hands. The curse of gold which had brought misery to gods and to the world must be removed ere they suffered the fate which encircled them. To them it was thus given to usher in a new era of peace on earth and good-will to men. Brynhild, enraptured with the love of Siegfried, commits to his care all the knowledge she had derived from her mother Erda, the All-wise Goddess, and in so doing loses it herself. In return for this manifestation of love, Siegfried places the Ring upon her hand as a token of eternal love and remembrance, and departs from the cave in which they dwell seeking for adventure on the earth. He arrives on the banks of the Rhine at the castle of a powerful family named Gibichung, where he forms the acquaintance of three children of the house, named respectively Gunter, Hagen, and Gutrun, the latter being a daughter.

The evil genius of the house is Hagen, the issue of an intrigue between the mother of the Gibichungs and Alberic, Prince of the Dwarfs—original possessor of the Ring and author of the curse cast upon it. Hagen knows the story of Siegfried's life, and is continually urged by Alberic to possess himself of the coveted treasure. But Hagen has a purpose of his own, and now has the opportunity to execute it. His plan is briefly that Siegfried shall marry Gutrun, and Brynhild become the spouse of Gunter. This will bring the Ring into the family, so that its possession will then be easily acquired. There is something of magic and witchcraft in his demeanor and stature; he is full of wise sayings, and skilled in the art of preparing magic draughts. The unsuspecting Siegfried drinks the potion and becomes affected with total forgetfulness of the past. Gunter becomes his bosom friend. He has a golden helmet capable of enabling its owner to assume at will any shape he desires. The Gibichung children plot together. Gunter's horn resounds from over the Rhine; he has been on a trip of adventure; he enters his home and is received with great joy. Gutrun assumes an appearance which greatly fascinates the young Siegfried; his soul is enraptured with her beauty, and he learns to love her. Gunter tells the story of his adventure; of how he has met the beautiful Brynhild and longs to make her his wife. That name has no sound of music, no awakening power to the memory of Siegfried, and out of his generous heart he offers to aid Gunter in his desires. The magic helmet is given him; he assumes the form of Gunter, and departs from the castle.

A scene then opens representing Brynhild alone, sitting upon a rock, surrounded by the circle of fire, and gazing sadly at the Ring. She is startled with the sound of flying steeds, and one of the Walkyren, her own sister, with a face clouded with sorrow, appears and tells the story of the gloom that reigns in Walhalla, the despair of their father Wotan, and pleads that she will remove the curse from gods and men by restoring the Ring to its rightful owners. But to part with the gift of Siegfried was the last act she would do and care to live longer. She refuses, and turns away all entreaties. Her sister hurries home in despair, and Siegfried appears in the form of Gunter. Brynhild resists his advances with rage and fury; but he has the power at last to control her. She surrenders the Ring and leads the conqueror to her chamber but Siegfried is true to Gunter, and the sword Distress divides the pair. Brynhild in her sorrow beholds the hand of Wotan, and bows to it in silence. On the morrow they depart for the Gibichung Castle; Gunter and Siegfried assume their natural forms; Brynhild is wroth at the inconstancy of her lover, and in the fury of her rage calls down vengeance upon his head.

It is then agreed that Siegfried shall be slain. He goes out to the forest in the morning, and at last finds himself on the banks of the Rhine. The Daughters appear above the surface and beg him to restore the Ring. He refuses, and they disappear with laughter and scorn. Siegfried returns to the castle. Hagen gives him a draught that restores his memory. He tells the history of his adventures. Two ravens flit and croak ominously above his head. "Thou who canst speak with the birds," says Hagen, "tell us what the ravens say." He reaches the first meeting with Brynhild and tells of her as his wife. Gunter is dismayed that his bride has already been the spouse of his friend. Hagen steps behind Siegfried and plunges a spear into his body. He falls to the floor, opens his eyes, fancies himself in the act of awakening Brynhild from her long sleep, and dies. Hagen claims the Ring, and a fight ensues between him and Gunter, in which Gunter is killed. Brynhild now appears and knows the situation. She takes the Ring from her dead lover's hand, saying "I claim my inheritance." At her call a huge funeral pile is erected upon the banks of the Rhine and Siegfried's body placed upon it. As the flames rise above his form, mounting toward the sky, she delivers an oration dark and vengeful toward her destroyers, yet full of reflections on the misery brought into the world by the Ring. Turning to Gutrun, she says: "Peace, wretched woman; his lawful wife thou hast never been. His real wife am I, to whom he swore faith ever he saw thee." The steed of the Walkyren is then led to her; she mounts upon its back, and with one wild leap springs upon the burning pyre. The smoke and flame rise higher and higher toward the heavens, consuming the reunited pair. The Rhine overflows its banks and extinguishes the burning embers. Hagen with his helmet plunges into the waters. The Daughters of the Rhine appear and recover the Ring, which, now purified, they hold aloft, then pass from view, and the waters recede and are calm. On the western sky a reddish glow lights up the clouds as in the northern zone the aurora illumines the firmament. It is the effect produced by the conflagration of Walhalla with Wotan and all the Gods.

Thus concludes this remarkable drama. The Gods have perished, and the powers of darkness in the recovery of the Ring are broken. A new era opens—the era of free impulse and of heroic endeavor, unrestrained by the machinations of sorcerers or subdued to a desire for gold. "And here," says Dr. Hueffer, "we meet with the idea of the world-redeeming power of woman's self-sacrificing love, so frequently found in Wagner's creations. For it is Brynhild's voluntary death which finally breaks the fetters of mankind and ushers in the era of freedom and beautiful human development. * * * I should like to write as a motto on the whole grand work the words: *Omnia vincit amor.*"

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WHOLE No. 924. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 16, 1876. VOL. XXXVI. No. 12.

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Shall Fairy Hands [illegible]

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Giese. 35
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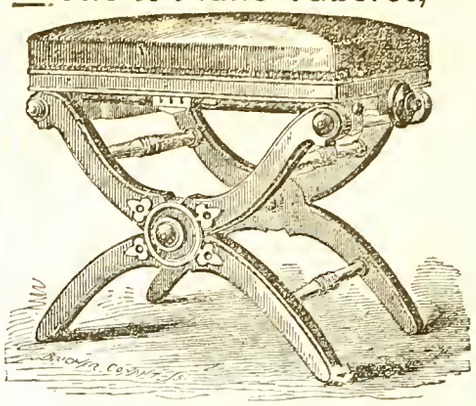

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 924. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 16, 1876. VOL. XXXVI. No. 12.

Translated for this Journal.

Rubinstein as Opera, Oratorio and Symphony Composer.

(From the German of A. W. AMBROS.)

(Concluded from Page 290.)

One should always, I think, judge an artist by the *best* he has accomplished, and not make this or that less successful, or unsuccessful work a matter of complaint. If we observe this rule regarding Rubinstein, his fame as an artist is secure.

It is worthy of high recognition that he, brought up as a virtuoso pianist, is not contented with the wreaths that fly toward him on all sides, but strives after the highest musical goals. And in this, instead of following in the footsteps of the great masters of the past through paths made smooth by them, he would fain bring us something new, entirely new, open new ways, discover new domains—and this we wust reckon highly to his credit, whatever his success.

So too in Oratorio. Let us look more closely into his "Paradise Lost" (his second, the "Tower of Babel" being the first.) An Oratorio by a modern artist is an event, if only *because* it is an Oratorio. Mendelssohn with his two oratorios, of which the *St. Paul* particularly made a sensation on its appearance, had revived the taste and mood for this kind of composition; but the age is not peculiarly inclined to this whole class. Ferdinand Hiller's "Destruction of Jerusalem," an eminent work, full of musical beauties, and truly dazzling traits in parts, remained, in a most incomprehensible manner, almost unconsidered. The following oratorio by Hiller, "Saul," was a falling off from the first. The oratorios of Löwe ("Huss," "Lazarus," the "Seven Sleepers," etc.), were named by everybody with respect, and no one cared to hear them. When it came to great and worthy oratorio performances at German musical festivals, they were most fond of going back to Handel. For Kiesewetter after all is right in thinking, that by the side of these works nothing similar, even approximately, can be named. Yet there are treasures of that period not yet brought to light.

Rubinstein found himself moved to bespeak the composition of an oratorio text (by whom?) founded upon Milton's "Paradise Lost." That he thereby placed himself partly in competition with Haydn, need not have disturbed him; what Haydn brings before us in his *Creation*, has a radically different artistic tendency from that which Rubinstein follows in his *Verlorene Paradies*. Besides, he does not call his work an "Oratorio in three parts," but a "Sacred Opera in three acts." It is singular enough that the first German opera in Hamburg, with which the theatre there was brilliantly opened in 1678, treated of the same subject; it was entitled: "The Creation, Fall, and Redemption of Man," the text by the Imperial Poet Richter, the music by Theile, the Ballet by Feuillade. So that there was something, and indeed very much about it to be seen, whereas with Rubinstein we must content ourselves with hearing. Where we are promised "Acts," we may expect acting, action, if only indicated in the verbal text. But in Rubinstein's oratorio or opera libretto, things seem peculiar. The turning point of the whole, the Fall through sin, does not come expressly before us; it is only depicted to us in tones (!) through the instrumental prelude of the third part or act; but the liveliest imagination, even had it inherited Heine's "tone-picture talent," will hardly be able to make out the apple tree, the serpent, and the "*Eritis sicut Deus*" from an alternation of counter-figurations and of strange fagotto accents. The poet (if he may be called so) does not even stand upon the vantage-ground, of having "a polished language poetize and think for him." * * * *

It is purely comical when Adam enters upon life with the words: "Who am I?! Where am I?!" (*Cogito, ergo sum*, occurred to one of the listeners). * * * * *

* * * It is always a very serious matter for an Epos, not to say for a drama, when one has to do in it scarcely at all with human beings, but with mere Cherubim and Seraphim, with the devil and his grandmother, or (as in Wagner's *Rheingold*) with mere gods, giants, nixes, dwarfs. Milton helps himself as he can; he lets his demons shrink at need to the diminutive size of ants, or expand to gigantic bigness; he lets the angels fight battles — even with artillery—and more of the same sort. All this was unavailable for the librettist, and so there remained in the end nothing but forms devoid of physiognomy, or names: "Raphael, Michael, Gabriel," a "Voice," behind which modest incognito no less a person than the Lord God himself is hidden—and so on. To Haydn's *Creation* this is no objection, although the text of that is far from masterly. With Haydn the names Gabriel, Ariel, Raphael, signify no more than the superscriptions *Soprano solo*, *Tenore solo*, *Basso solo* would have signified. Whether the Soprano or the Tenor sings versified meditations upon the refreshing greenness of the grass or the healing attributes of plants, is really all one; but it is quite another matter where we are supposed, as in the "Paradise Lost," to see in the bearers of the names the bearers of an action also, the persons of a drama. Suffice it to say—Rubinstein found the text satisfactory for his artistic ends, and he composed it. So nothing more remains for the rest of us but to see *how* he has composed it.

The resemblance between the head and face of Rubinstein and those of Beethoven has often been pointed out, and our lithographers do their part to draw our attention to it as strongly as possible. A mental resemblance would be, that Beethoven and Rubinstein both began as pianoforte virtuosos, and with both the significant composer came speedily to light side by side with this virtuosity. But with Beethoven the composer so pressed the pianist into the back ground, that soon there was hardly any talk of the pianist; with Rubinstein the virtuoso grew higher and higher and over the composer's head. But few will fail to recognize, that among modern composers Rubinstein belongs to the group of the elect, in that he is more upright, more lofty, and entirely in earnest in the matter. Certain Trios, Sonatas, etc., of Rubinstein, his "Ocean Symphony," which we have already praised, and many other things, are pieces which represent their kind in a most highly respectable manner, and we shall always have to name their composer in the first rank among the musicians of our time. But it is equally true that one seldom carries home from one of his larger compositions a wholly pure and unblurred impression. That good advice of Goethe's, on his writing table and his drawing board: "If in the bad hour thou wilt rest, the good hour will be doubly blest," seems to have been less present to the mind of anybody in the world than to the mind of Rubinstein. When this *tête de bronze* has once got out the first page of a composition, on he writes until the last, whether the imagination is willing or not. Moments of the latter sort bring passages against the grain, forced and unedifying: but these at least are never flat and spiritless; and they would strike one less unpleasantly did there not stand close beside them beauties, sometimes beauties of the first rank.

In "Paradise Lost," too, what is good and excellent alternates with what is indifferent, and even with dreary moments. As a whole, the work makes a painfully fatiguing impression. Where lies the reason? We will attempt a general answer to the question. Music has its life, its efficacy above all through two elements: through sound, definitely stamped *motives*, which speak to sense and to imagination; and through their skillful, clearly intelligible, and artistically inspired development (*Durchführung*). By this last word is not meant a merely contrapuntal or technically correct working up, but one whereby the body of the composition builds itself up upon a fundamental motive, more or less clearly present or implied, analogous to the organic development of plants or animals, or as the Gothic architect constructs his mighty cathedral after a simple fundamental formula. Richness in fundamental *motives* is a gift of God, a matter of genius —scarcely ever has any one possessed it in a higher degree than Mozart and Franz Schubert. *If we look around in our modern music, we find that we have a terrible deal of mind and astonishingly few ideas.** To be sure, it is still possible with this to write large works, whole operas (and not altogether bad ones), as for example

* The Italics are our's.—ED.

Max Bruch's "Loreley." Behind the modern nickname of "absolute melody," and the overweening regard for it expressed by Wagner and his satellites, there lurks after all only the old chagrin of Æsop's fox over the sour grapes, which he cannot get, because they hang too high for him. Where shall a real fund of fresh, new *motives*, then, be found!

The striving for immediate success, and shrinking from dry labor on the wooden school-bench, has nearly made an end to the other element of music, good *development*. But how much both are worth, our young geniuses may learn from many an old gentleman of the old school, like Franz Lachner. The "Geist" of to-day is like the rich uncle in the play, who has to pay all his nephew's debts in a round sum. We are in a certain sense again approaching the first beginnings of (our) music about the year 1600. From high æsthetic grounds the Florentines at that time threw overboard the whole rubbish of melody and counterpoint; and into the place of it stepped a kind of declamation most exactly conformed to the natural accent of each word and syllable.

For us the effect of this *stile recitativo* or *rappresentativo* (as they called it) is that of a leaden tediousness. Out of this hollow, pathetic declamation the genial Monteverde and his pupil Cavalli created our Recitative and its formulas for exclamation, question, answer and conclusion. For nearly two centuries we have lived on it, and could live on it more than two centuries more; that too has become *rococo*; either the recitative is entirely banished; or it resolves itself into the "infinite (indefinite?) melody" of Wagner; or we come to hear recitatives, as in Rubinstein's "Paradise," which so weigh us down with heaviness that they might stand beside the recitatives of *Anno* 1600, and in their way are something remarkable, although by no means edifying.

In sacred music we have been accustomed to see an artistically well-motived use made of certain solemn forms of counterpoint. Do we not breathe more freely when, with Rubinstein, the concluding chorus of the second part suddenly sets out in the fugue style? But alas! we are soon sobered; for the clear, organic working up, which the old masters knew how to give to such movements, is out of the question with a modern. In the whole length and breadth of Rubinstein's "Paradise" it would be difficult to find half a dozen motives of really pronounced physiognomy; and in the place of an organic, sound development we have declamations, interesting, surprising successions of harmony, harp effects, trombone effects. Where we expect, nay demand, accents of passion, of feeling, of pain, of joy, etc., there is ever the same dreary, declamatory tone. If by any miracle the poet offers the composer such a moment,—for example, the last Duo between Adam and Eve—the composer lets it pass unused. Now he surprises you by something strikingly beautiful, and instantly you are travelling again through a melancholy waste, where no flower blooms, and no palm rustles. Who would not, upon hearing the first chorus of the heavenly ones, which sounds so extremely solemn, so mild and full of splendor, expect a musical work of the very first rank? Or what would he conclude about the work, who should chance to hear the noble, fresh and graceful chorus: "How all is full of buds?"—How surprising is the genial description of Chaos (so wholly different from Haydn's); how surprising, too, the illustration of "Let there be light!" through the illuminating, unexpected six-four chord! We have become so very much accustomed to this famous moment with Haydn, that we are really astonished to see that the thing can be conceived otherwise.

In the second part (up to the moment of the creation of animals, where the composer's wings suddenly become lame) one beauty offers its hand to another; but from this praise we must except the infelicitous painting of the shrill locomotive whistle, which is intended to realize to us the height of the firmament. Satan with his blustering arias is not significantly painted; for the conflict of demons a mortal hardly would be hardly adequate—unless he were some Handel or Beethoven, whose storm passage in the first movement of the Ninth Symphony hits what would be about the right tone here. God should not sing at all, and certainly not in the Tenor. The way in which Mendelssohn has steered clear of this rock in "St. Paul," and which is perhaps the most ingenious feature in the whole work, was not applicable here; we hear more than too many choruses without that. But when the "Ancient of Days," whom the painters impersonate as a majestic old man with a long beard, suddenly begins to compete with Arnold von Melchthal and Raoul, we feel some slightly atheistic symptoms. In Oratorio this does not seem to be the final end and purpose of the work!

The Nibelungen Trilogy at Bayreuth.—Fuller Reports.

FIRST DAY.

(From a Letter of the Tribune's Correspondent.)

THE RHINE DAUGHTERS.—Wagner believed that the best possible subject for a musical drama is the popular legend or myth, because it leaves the poet and composer the greatest freedom in treatment, adapts itself naturally to dramatic purposes, and appeals at once to the emotional as distinguished from the intellectual nature of the spectator. Out of the old story of the nibelungs, the race which dwelt in the bowels of the earth and wrought in metals, he has constructed the text of his great trilogy. It is the story of a magical ring made by the nibelungs from the stolen treasure of the Rhine. Like the lust of gold, it brings a curse upon all who hold it. The gods obtain it from the nibelungs by force and fraud, and the overthrow of their race is the consequence. They cannot undo the wrong themselves have done, but they raise up a mortal hero who of his own free will shall accomplish the reparation; and Siegfried accordingly, though he himself falls a victim to the curse, is the means of restoring the ring to the Rhine-daughters, its original possessors. Then the power of the gods passes away, and gives place to human free will and intelligence. The story is told in a prologue and three parts, each occupying an entire evening. It is the prologue, "Rheingold," which I shall now try to describe. The instrumental introduction depicted the restless movement of the deep river. It began away down in the lowest register of the contra basstuba, and flowed on, on, on, with the same simple chord of E flat, now rising, now falling, with increasing beauty and variety, till it changed rather abruptly into the graceful melody of the Rhine-daughters, and the curtain, drawn back to the sides, disclosed one of the most surprising scenes ever set forth in a theatre. We looked into the obscure depths of the Rhine. The stage to its whole height seemed to be filled with water. At the bottom were rugged rocks and dark caverns. Toward the top the waters were a little clearer, and a faint quivering light struggled through them from above. Seen across the dark theatre with the wavy music coming up out of an invisible chasm between us and the river, like a wall of separation between reality and illusion, this far-away picture was like a vision. At first, in the dim and watery light, it was impossible to distinguish one shape from another. Little by little we became aware of graceful forms in flowing blue robes rising and sinking in the upper waters, gliding among the rocks with waving white arms, and calling to one another in a gentle and joyous melody. These were the three Rhine-daughters, guardians of the Rhine Gold. Nothing could be more charming than their frolic trio, embellished as it was by such wealth of instrumental illustration, such remarkable stage mechanism and poetical scenery. Here we saw at the very start the world-wide difference between the orchestra of Wagner with its freedom and eloquence of dramatic exaression, and the "accompaniment" which sustains the voices in the old school of opera. Here indeed it may almost be said that individual performers in the band became as truly *dramatis personæ* as the actors on the stage. Soon the fluent character of this beautiful water music was disturbed by the introduction of a new theme, and in the increasing light we discerned the figure of Alberich, the nibelung, groping among the rocks in the bed of the river. He pursued the Rhine daughters with amorous eagerness, and they swam above him, sinking sometimes almost to his grasp, but always eluding it, and jeering at him with mock tenderness and merry laughter. The Alberich of Carl Hill, and the Rhine daughters personated by Lilli and Marie Lehmann and Minna Lammert, were all admirable both in voice and action. To the distant spectator the mechanism by which the motions of swimming and floating were so aptly counterfeited was entirely incomprehensible, and the illusion was perfect. I believe the women rested on saddles supported by iron rods which their long drapery concealed. The motion was given from below. In the midst of the sport a bright light began to shine at the summit of the rocks, and suddenly, after a charming orchestral interlude, the glow of the gold broke forth from the point of a steep cliff, the horns giving out at the same moment a motive of great brilliancy and power. The music rapidly became more and more animated as the Rhine daughters greeted the apparition with joyous exclamations. They told Alberich of the wonderful power of this gold, which no one could obtain without renouncing forever the joys of love, and in the course of the dialogue two other motives, both to become important in the development of the drama, were successively introduced. The nibelung pronounced a curse upon love, and with violent effort reached the summit and seized the gold. The light was quenched. We could just see Alberich throw himself headlong from the rock into the deep, while the Rhine daughters with a cry of dismay—a modification of their first cheerful melody, changed into the minor key—sank from sight, and darkness settled over the scene. Here, during the rehearsals, the waters disappeared, almost imperceptibly, as if swallowed up in thick clouds, but to-night a blunder of the machinists marred the effect. The orchestra continued the work of dramatic illustration in a long and beautiful passage, changing gradually to more heroic strains, and as the music changed so the clouds too grew thin, vanished, and left open before us a beautiful morning landscape.

WOTAN AND ALBERICH.—The foreground was a flowery field, supposed to represent a high tableland. A barrier of rock, overlooking the valley of the Rhine, bounded it in the rear, and in the distant background the gates and towers of Walhalla loomed indistinctly through the clouds. Wotan, the chief deity of the Norse mythology, slept on a grassy bank with his spouse Fricka by his side. The splendor of the morning came forth as the orchestra played the magnificent passage which symbolizes the stately castle of the gods, and recurs in the course of the trilogy as one of the principal leading motives. Fricka awoke Wotan from his dreams to look at this stronghold which the giants had built for him while he slept. In a superb dialogue she reminded him that the builders would soon come to claim their promised reward, which was nothing less than the possession of Freia, the goddess of youth; and here we heard one of the most imposing as well as important of all the leading motives in the work, the ponderous descending scale in the bass indicating the law which binds the gods by their plighted word. The proud dignity of the "All-Father," beautifully expressed in the rich bass of Franz Betz, contrasted finely with the agitation of his spouse and the alarm of Freia, who entered hastily a few moments later, and prayed for

help against her pursuers. Following close upon her delicious melody we heard in the orchestra the measured tramp of the giants, Fafner and Fasolt, and their ungainly figures were seen climbing up from the valley and crossing over the rocks. The rest of this brilliant scene almost baffles description, and certainly to convey by letter any idea of the richness, force and vividness of the music is quite out of the question. The giants insisted upon the terms of the bargain. The cries of Fricka and Freia, the threats of the brother gods Donner and Froh, the anger of Wotan, could not move them. Not daring to break his word, Wotan asked advice of Loge, the god of fire, and as this subtle character was introduced we heard the strains of the fire music so familiar to American audiences in connection with the finale of the "Walküre." Loge, in a melody of the most picturesque beauty, which called out an untimely but irresistible applause, declared that there was nothing the gods could offer the giants in exchange for Freia, except the ring forged by Alberich from the stolen treasure of the Rhine, thus formulating, so to speak, one of the chief ideas of the tragedy, which is the conflict between love and the lust of gold; and after a magnificent passage, in which the "ring melody" asserted a marked prominence, and each of the divinities in turn asked characteristic questions respecting the power of the gold, the giants agreed to wait until evening for a final answer, taking Freia meanwhile as security. Dragging after them the distressed goddess, Fafner and Fasolt, great hulking fellows, roughly clad and walking with big staves, climbed down the rocky descent and left the gods in melancholy thought. At once a gray mist settled upon the heights. The light faded. Everything began to wear an appearance of hoary age, for the gods had not tasted that day Freia's life-renewing apples. When they lamented their fading power Loge mocked at them, and at last Wotan agreed to accompany the fire-god to the abode of the dwarfs and take possession of the ring. This was the crime from which flowed all the misfortunes of the divine race and the tragedy of the drama. As Loge, followed by Wotan, disappeared in a chasm of the rocks, a thick vapor issued from the opening and gradually overspread the whole scene. The vapor changed to dense clouds. The music of the orchestra became more animated; the fire-motive recurred; a deep red glow began to suffuse the clouds, and as they slowly dissolved we heard the hammering of anvils, and then there lay before us the subterranean caverns of the nibelungs, with a long vista of rock, at the extremity of which shone the gleam of forges. We saw Alberich beating his brother Mime, whom he had compelled to forge for him the tarn-helmet, gifted with the power of making the wearer invisible. He tried the helmet, and to the great terror of Mime vanished in a cloud, and then, during an orchestral interlude based upon the anvil melody, Wotan and Loge entered, coming down from above by an opening into the free air. Their scene with Mime was wonderful for its strong definitions of character, and the Mime of Carl Schlosser was enlivened by an amusing grotesqueness, particularly noticeable when in a rude rhythmic melody.

"Sorglose Schmiede,
Schufen wir sonst,"

with the anvil melody again in the accompaniment, he told Wotan and Loge of his once happy life and his sufferings under Alberich's blows. But if I undertook to describe all the incidents of this visit of the gods to Nibelheim I should soon exhaust your space if not your patience. Alberich was induced by the cunning Loge to exhibit the properties of the tarn-helmet. He disappeared, and in his place there was a hideous crawling creature. He disappeared again, and took the form of a toad. These two contrivances, I may remark, were the only common-place theatrical devices of the evening. Wotan set his foot upon the toad; Loge grasped it by the head, the helmet came away in his hands, and Alberich lay helpless on the ground. The gods bound him, and hurried him to the heights above. Cloud and mist covered the stage once more, as the orchestra, in an interlude so vivid that it might be called a musical panorama, led us back to the assemblage of the divinities. We passed again through the noise of the smithy, and we heard the heavy tread of climbing feet which had ushered in the giants in the second scene. At last we were shown the table land, still covered as before with a dull haze, and Wotan and Loge appeared with their prisoner. For his ransom Alberich caused the dwarfs to bring all the treasures of Nibelheim, and to these the gods forced him to add the helmet and the ring. Thus stripped of all his power he was sent back to the lower world, but before he departed he laid upon the ring the terrible curse:

"Wie durch Fluch er mir gerieth,
Verflucht sei dieser Ring,"

which, as an orchestral motive is to play so important a part in the music of the whole drama. As the giants approached with Freia, the mists broke away; the light of youth appeared again on the faces of the gods; only the towers of Walhalla in the background remained still veiled in clouds. But Wotan's purpose, while giving the giants the rest of the treasure, was to save the ring for himself, and hence when the payment came to be made he kept it on his finger. Fasolt and Fafner were to have as much gold and silver as, heaped up between their staves, would cover Freia from sight. The whole of Alberich's ransom except the ring was placed upon the pile; even the tarn-helmet was surrendered; still there was a crevice which the ring would just fill. Wotan refused to give it up. The giants in a rage were about to drag Freia away; the scene grew dark again; when from a cleft in the rocks on the right a bluish light appeared, and the figure of Erda, the universal and eternal mother, rose from the earth. She warned Wotan in solemn and mysterious strains of the misfortunes impending over Walhalla, and counselled him to avoid the fatal gold. The god stood for a moment in deep thought, and as he leaned upon his spear we heard the majestic motive which indicates the binding force of Wotan's word. The ring was given up. Joyous strains accompanied the liberation of Freia and the dispersal of the clouds. But Alberich's curse was not long in working its effect. The giants quarreled for the possession of the ring and Fafner killed Fasolt, put all the treasure into a sack, and took himself off.

Then came a finale which in picturesque effect and musical beauty surpassed all the great scenes which had gone before it. The gods were at last to take possession of their castle. Donner stood upon the summit of a high rock in the middle of the stage. Swinging his hammer, he collected the mists which still hung about the background, and a black thunder cloud enveloped him. Out of the darkness we heard his voice and the ominous roll of the heavenly artillery, till with a blow of his sledge he dispersed the clouds in a dazzling flash of lightning, and a rainbow stretched from the rock whereon he stood to the stronghold in the sky. A delicious melody succeeded the stormy passage in the orchestra, and the gods, gathering around the rock, prepared to cross to Walhalla by the rainbow bridge. The monologue of Wotan:

"Abendlich strahlt
Der Sonne Auge,"

before he led the way to the new abode, is one of the most elevated of all Wagner's conceptions, and as it was delivered by Betz, with such richness of illustration and startling harmonic devices in the orchestra, we felt that we had reached the climax of a great poem. The celestial procession ascended and moved slowly on. Suddenly we heard from the depths of the valley below the chorus of the Rhine daughters bewailing the lost ring, and with this fascinating music resounding in our ears, with the full splendor of the sun revealing for the first time the magnificence of Walhalla, and the refulgent group of the gods advancing toward its shining gates, the curtain fell, and the first evening was at an end.

J. R. G. H.

SECOND DAY.

(From the Same.)

BAYREUTH, Aug. 14.

THE WALKÜRE.—An interval of many years is supposed to take place between the prologue which we saw last night and the action of the drama proper which began with "The Walküre" this afternoon. Wotan, in the meantime, to create a race of heroes (volsungs), capable by the exercise of human free will of repairing the wrong done in the theft of the gold, had begot Siegmund and his twin sister Sieglinde of a mortal mother. Sieglinde, carried off in infancy by enemies, had been married against her will to Hunding. Wotan and Siegmund, clad in the skins of wolves, had become the terror of the forests. When the play begins, Siegmund, disarmed and separated from his father, is flying from his foes. A great deal of the music of this division of the trilogy has been heard in New York, so that the whole seems more or less familiar to us, and motives are constantly recurring which we have learned to understand and love. The orchestral introduction was played by Theodore Thomas last Summer as a sort of prelude to the Love-song. Of course heard in that way it was impossible to grasp its true character, and indeed it must be said of all concert arrangements from this great work that though we are grateful for them, in defect of anything better, they give but the shadow of an idea of what the music really is. This introduction portrays a storm in the forest,—portrays it not only with immense power, but with an originality which, considering the abundance of good storm-music already in existence, is certainly surprising. We heard the voice of the thunder, the angry sweep of the wind, and the driving of the rain against the branches, and as the uproar began to die away the curtain rose. The scene was the interior of Hunding's abode, a hut built around the trunk of a huge ash tree which loomed up through the middle of the apartment. A fire burned upon a great stone hearth at one side. There were couches of skins and trophies of the chase, and other tokens of a rude warlike life picturesquely disposed in various parts of the cabin. Siegmund (Niemann) wounded and breathless staggered in at the door, and sank exhausted by the fire. To him from an inner chamber entered Sieglinde (Schefzky). She revived him and gave him drink. Brother and sister did not at that time know each other, and at any rate in the days of the volsungs, people are supposed not to have been very particular about the niceties of relationship; nevertheless it was something of a shock to find them within a few minutes madly in love with each other, and there is no doubt that enjoyment of the music that followed was marred by the impossibility of sympathizing with the characters. Yet what could be more beautiful than this long love duet? It began with a graceful undulating motive, a little fragment of melody in two parts which returned again and again in the course of the drama. It gathered force and passion, and when Siegmund before putting the drinking-horn to his lips caused Sieglinde to touch it with hers, the two part motive changed to a delicious slow melody in the orchestra, which reminded me, not in its idea, but only in its general form, of some of the tenderest portions of "Lohengrin." The sweet intercourse of the lovers was interrupted by a strongly marked phrase in the orchestra which indicated (as Wagner tells us) that Hunding had come home and was putting his horse in the stable. Sure enough, Hunding (Nieting) straightway appeared, looking very ugly and suspicious. He asked of the stranger the story of his adventures, and Siegmund told it in a comparatively simple and rhythmical song written in a style which Wagner uses sparingly, but always with great effect. There is a sample of it in the music of Mime in "The Rheingold," and we shall see two fine specimens to-morrow in "Siegfried." With the aid of this style Wagner always succeeds in giving dramatic life to a mere narrative—a task in which the ordinary musician is almost sure to fail. When Siegmund spoke of his father in the course of this story we heard in the orchestra the majestic music with full, soft harmonies, which accompanied the appearance of Wotan and the towers of Walhalla in the second scene of "The Rheingold," and so we knew the secret of Siegmund's parentage. Hunding, however, recognized him only as an enemy of his clan, and he vowed revenge. Siegmund should have shelter for the night, but in the morning they must fight. As Siegmund, left alone by the dim light of the fire, lamented his desperate condition, without shield or sword, and in the house of his foe, Sieglinde returned, having given her husband a sleeping potion. She told her guest of a stranger who had once come to their hut, and driven into the trunk of the ash tree up to the hilt, a sword which no man was able to pull out again, and as she spoke we heard again the Wotan music just referred to, as well as some of the music accompanying the entrance into Walhalla in the last scene of "The Rheingold," and we knew thereby who the stranger was. The love music now recurred with redoubled beauty, and rose to uncontrollable rapture. Suddenly wide doors at the back of the hut flew open. How shall I describe the surprising scene? Into the dark chamber poured the full glory of a ravishing Spring night. The woods beyond were flooded with the golden rays of the moon. And then began, very softly, Siegmund's famous love song:

"Winterstürme wichen dem Wonnemond,
In mildem Lichte leuchtet der Lenz,"

which we thought we knew at home, but found this afternoon a perfectly fresh thing. Without the setting the gem loses nearly all its brilliancy. With

out the music and action that have led up to it, without the presence of the woman to whom it is addressed, the superb poetic picture set about it, and the associations which enable us to identify the varying motives in the orchestra with scenes that have gone before, the song is the mere pale and bloodless spectre of itself. Besides, it is a duet, not a solo. The monologue of Siegmund was answered in equally tender accents by his companion, and in alternation they carried on the amorous music to a climax not attainable in our imperfect arrangement for a single voice. Siegmund recognized the sword as the weapon which his father had promised him should be at hand in his sorest need. He named it Nothung, the invincible. With a wrench he drew it from the tree. He clasped Sieglinde in his arms, and to the most passionate and stirring of music the curtain fell upon an act the whole of which was like a prolonged delicate romance.

After the Intermission.—There was an intermission here of a full hour. The lights were turned up, a large part of the audience left their seats and crowded the restaurants which stand on each side of the theatre, or else wandered about the terraced plateau and drank in the much-needed refreshment of pure air. A call blown on the trumpet brought them back to their places. A second blast a few minutes later was the signal to resume the performance. The people quickly settled in their places, and the play went on. The setting of the first stage picture was one of the most elegant of the whole evening. The scene represented a rocky place, across which stretched a great natural arch; through it led the descent to a long valley seen in distant perspective. Wotan stood in the foreground, with his spear and armor, and near at hand was his daughter and favorite Walkyrie, Brünnhilde (Frau Materna), the principal female character of the drama and doubtless the greatest of all Wagner's creations. She too was armed, wearing coat of mail over her long robes, and carrying shield and helmet. Wotan commanded her to make ready her horse and in the approaching fight between Siegmund and Hunding to give the victory to Siegmund. She hastened to obey, mounting from rock to rock with the wild and joyful "Hojo-toho!" which we hear so prominently in the Ride of the Walkyries. But Fricka here came to insist that Wotan should punish the lovers for their lawless passion. She appeared at the summit of the rocky arch in the background drawn by two rams in a little chariot. It did not seem to me that the rams added anything to the effect of the scene; indeed, though they were very good for artificial rams, the first impulse of the spectator was to laugh at them. Theatrical machinists and decorators produce some extraordinary illusions, but they have never yet succeeded in simulating life. The long dialogue in which Wotan and his spouse disputed over Siegmund's fate was another of those great dramatic scenes, full of fine discriminations, of forcible declamation, and of almost illimitable suggestiveness, which alone would point out Wagner as the greatest [!] of writers for the musical stage. The motive which indicates, in its heavy bass, the binding force of law even upon the gods, was given out in the orchestra, and as Wotan sadly yielded his will, we heard Brünnhilde's cry in the distance, and the Walkyrie appeared upon the ridge of the arch. She led her horse by the bridle,—a glossy black creature, with fine head and well-arched neck, clean limbs and shapely shoulders, who trod the boards as if he were on his native soil, and came down the winding path with ease and grace. Here at last was an animal an ornament to the stage. Brünnhilde knew that Wotan's heart was with Siegmund, and she tried long but in vain to make him adhere to his original decree, and allow Hunding to be slain. There was a striking tableau when, kneeling and resting her arms upon Wotan's knee, she looked up into his face while in a low and sad monologue he explained the necessity under which the gods were bound. It was almost a *recitativo parlante*, chiefly with a deep bass accompaniment, until the oft-repeated motive of the beginning of the second scene of "The Rheingold" grew out of the instrumental part, and the song then rose to greater animation. Brünnhilde, however, persevered in her intercession till Wotan angrily commanded her to obey. In the character of this war-maiden whose duty it is, with her eight sisters, to point out the heroes that are to fall in battle, and bring their souls to Walhalla, there is an element of human tenderness shown in the highly emotional music of this scene and developing afterward, in the third and fourth parts of the work, into the sublimity of passion. Even the most careless listener, however, must have been struck by the great difference between the pure and lofty sentiment of the Walkyrie and the fiery spirit in the music of Siegmund and Sieglinde, who next came up from the valley flying together from Hunding's house. Their duet in this situation was marked by the greatest intensity of feeling, Sieglinde imagining that she heard the horn of her pursuing husband, until at last she fell exhausted in Siegmund's arms, and he laid her senseless on a bank. Brünnhilde then appeared to the hero destined for Walhalla. There was an exquisite dialogue in which she announced his fate, and replied to his questions as to the future state. When she told him that Sieglinde would not be with him there he drew his sword that they might both die together. Brünnhilde, moved by the spectacle of their love, promised to disobey her father and point out Hunding for death instead of Siegmund. Now the clouds began to settle over the rocks, the horn of Hunding was heard in the distance, and Siegmund running to meet him was lost to view in the mists. We heard the voices of the two men, and through occasional rifts in the clouds, by the light of vivid flashes which accompanied the stormy music of the orchestra, we saw them in conflict on the summit of the ridge. Then the form of Brünnhilde appeared in the sky, holding her shield over Siegmund. But suddenly on Hunding's side a red light broke forth and Wotan was seen extending his spear, against which Siegmund's sword was shattered and the hero fell.

The Walkyries' Ride.—Again there was an hour's rest, and we came to the famous third act, with much of which Americans are already somewhat acquainted. The introduction brought us to the well-known Walküren-Ritt, somewhat slower and less energetic than we are accustomed to hear it at home. When the curtain rose one of the sisters was seen looking out upon the clouded sky from the top of a high rock; three others were grouped around. They watched for the return of the rest of their number from battle-fields, and as often as one was seen in the distance, the watchers raised their weird cry, "Hojo-toho." Then across the sky at the back, in a flash of lightning, passed the figure of a mounted Walkyrie, with the corpse of a warrior thrown across the saddle. The illusion, produced by a sort of magic lantern, was very well managed. Each Walkyrie as she arrived was supposed to leave her horse in a wood to the right, and came upon the stage in propria persona, to join the strange chorus. The last to come was Brünnhilde; she came not from battle, but fled from the wrath of her father, and she brought not the body of a hero, but the living Sieglinde, for whom she begged the protection of her sisters. The concerted passage in which the Walkyries interceded for Brünnhilde was a remarkable example of Wagner's ability in a kind of composition which he seldom employs, because his dramas seldom afford occasion for it. The interview between Wotan and Brünnhilde was so full of beauty that I hardly know how to describe it. The anger of the god was mingled with the sorrowful tenderness of the father, and the music of Brünnhilde was one long succession of the most superb and moving strains. In no previous part of the work had passion risen to such intensity and emotion found such sympathetic expression. The last scene, known in our concert-rooms as "Wotan's Abschied," took place in the twilight. The god pressed his daughter in a long embrace, and laid her to sleep under a spreading ash. He covered her face with her helm. He laid her long shield upon her breast. Then we heard the fire music—slower, I thought, than we have it at home—and all along the ridge of rocks across the middle of the stage the flames sprang up. The steam effect was used here with entire success, and as the red vapor curled upward to the roof it was difficult not to believe that the scene was really in flames. Now at least, if never before, did we realize how great a creation this wonderful finale is, and as the curtain fell there was a general outbreak of enthusiasm, with shouts and clapping of hands. The performance began at 20 minutes after 4 and ended at 10.

There were none of the disarrangements of the mechanism such as were noticed the first night. On the other hand there was a perceptible disarrangement in some of the voices. Wotan was evidently very much fatigued, and Fricka was not as good as before. Niemann I cannot like. His voice is worn and husky and his love-making is brutal. Like the others he suffers no doubt from the unparalleled labor of getting ready for this extraordinary performance. The singing of nearly all the artists was better at the dress rehearsals than it is now, and it was better yesterday than it is to-night. The Brünnhilde however was quite equal to the work thrust upon her. Frau Materna, the favorite of the Vienna opera house, is a tall and stoutly-built woman, not too corpulent for her height, yet with an ungraceful fullness about the back and shoulders. She has a noble and pleasing face, prominent and regular features, black hair, expressive eyes, and a shapely hand and arm. Her voice is large, clear, and abundant; her intonation is pure; in point of culture she ranks with the very best artists of Germany, while in dramatic power, intelligence, and conscientiousness she has few superiors. She is indeed an exceptional artist. Most of the German singers—even the best—will not be at the trouble of saving their voices. However, the faults and merits of individual actors and actresses are of no moment in comparison with the greater questions involved in these representations.

J. R. G. H.

(From the New York Times).

* * * * There is no overture in the common sense of the term, to "Das Rheingold," nor to any of the operas of the trilogy, but merely a brief prelude, imitative in "Das Rheingold" of rippling waters, and suggesting the accompaniment to the "bathers' chorus," as it is called, in the French score of "Les Huguenots." The curtain rises upon a submarine picture showing the depths of the Rhine, a rock upon which lies the charmed gold being in the centre, and the river surrounding and covering it, and reaching to the top of the stage. The effect of the imitative music, added to that of the scene, was excellent and the weird but tuneful strains allotted to the three Rhine daughters, as they swim about the rock and keep guard over the treasure, are exceedingly sweet and pretty. The scene with *Alberich* is only worth notice because of the measures of the *Rheintöchter*, such as one seldom finds in Herr Wagner's writings, and the more welcome in that the voices are now and then allowed to mingle in dainty harmony. *Alberich's* music is characteristic enough, but it is not specially impressive, although certain bars accompanying and imitatio the sliding of *Alberich* down the rocks as he pursues the fleeting maidens may be considered by Herr Wagner's admirers as very significant and dramatic. Later on is a fresh and bright *fanfare*, illustrative of the gold of the Rhine glistening in the first beams of the morning sun, and the greeting of the treasure by the water-maidens is also pleasant in its freshness and tunefulness. *Alberich's* curse of love is as vigorous as need be, but, although its theme recurs a hundred times during the progress of the opera, it can only be said to have the conventional meaning assigned to it. *Alberich's* flight with the treasure closes the scene.

After the clouds which have covered the stage disappear, a mountain top, with the new abode of the gods, the Walhalla, built by the giants and towering above, meets the eye. The grave and rich harmonies of the Walhalla motive resound, and then comes a long duet between *Wotan* and *Fricka*, mere declamation, though containing some fluent and graceful measures. The entrance in succession of the several deities is marked by appropriate themes, the arrival of *Loge*, the fire-god, being heralded and his presence being accompanied throughout by chromatic progressions quite suggestive of the flickering element over which he has sway. But previous to *Loge's* arrival, the giant's *Fasolt* and *Fafner* have come, to a motive of appropriate roughness and heaviness, and they claim the goddess *Freia* as the wages for their labor as builders of the Walhalla. *Loge's* words and music at this stage of events make up a wonderfully Mephistophelian sort of speech, but it is rather speech than music, and so is, in fact, the whole remainder of the scene, which concludes with the departure of *Wotan* and *Loge* for Nibelheim, where they intend to wrest *Alberich's* treasure from his grasp, and give it to the giants instead of *Freia*.

Clouds of steam, the noise of which is duly imitated and swelled by the orchestra, ascend, and when they disperse, Nibelheim, the subterranean abode of the dwarfs is disclosed. The motive illustrative of the clink of the dwarfs' hammers upon their anvils is decidedly suggestive as heard in these gloomy depths, and if all the themes were as pictorial, so to speak, as this one, many of Herr Wagner's intentions would be plainer. Unluckily, if I except a curious droning ditty sung by *Mime* in the scene, and a not infelicitous attempt to heighten by music the drollery of comic lamentations when *Mime* lies groaning on the ground, after being well thrashed by the invisible *Alberich*, there is nothing but what the Italians would term "dry" recitative until Nibelheim vanishes, the elaborate music accompanying *Alberich's* metamorphoses not being effective even in a purely imitative sense.

Alberich having been caught by the cunning of *Loge*, is dragged upon earth, and *Wotan* and the fire-god are once more on the mountain-tops below the Walhalla. More imitative music, now illustrative of the loosening of cords, ensues as *Loge* unbinds *Alberich*, after he has been robbed of his gold and his ring; but from this point until a few bars before the end of the opera the ear does not seize one strain of perceptible beauty or expressive-

p

Slumbers Fin - - gal? O

pp

glid - ing by,..... O

pp

glid - ing by..... O

pp

p dolce.

daughter of night, O daughter of night, look

come, O come,

come, O come,

down from thy throne in the sky, That I may see by thy bright

mf

Come let us fly, let us fly,

mf

Come let us fly, let us fly,

mf

let us fly, . . . let us fly,

mf *fz*

f

ray, The glit - - ter of his cors - let, the

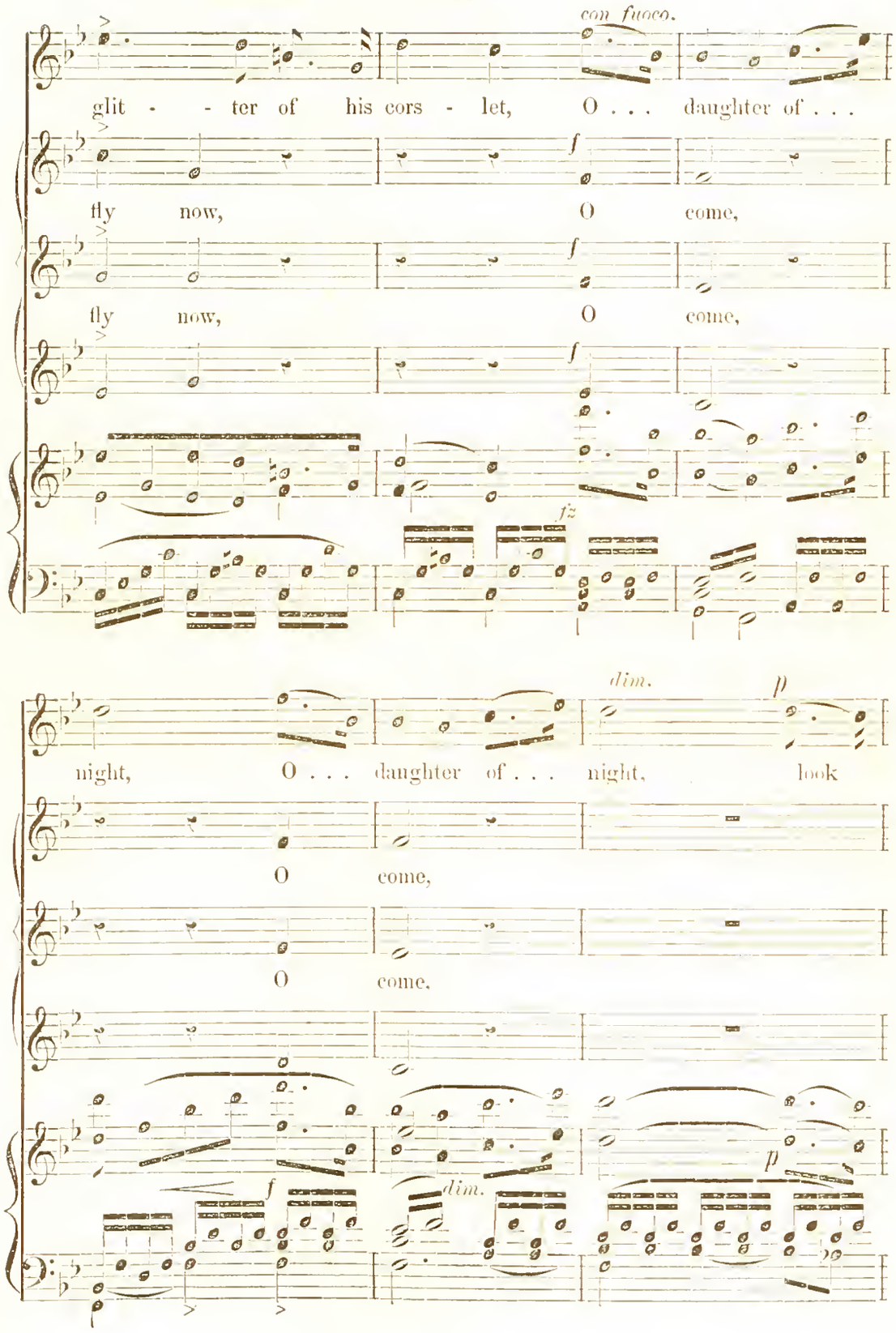
mf

Come let us fly, now, Come let us

mf

Come let us fly, now, Come let us

mf


con fuoco.
glit - - ter of his cors - let, O . . . daughter of . . .
f
fly now, O come,
f
fly now, O come,
f
fz
dim.
p
night, O . . . daughter of . . . night, look
O come,
O come.
f
dim.
p

down, O look down, O daugh - - - ter of

See how the pale shadows of the

See how the pale shadows of the

f *dim.*

night, look down, Or else . . .

dim. *p* *f*

plain are gliding by; Woe, woe, woe,

dim. *p* *f*

plain are gliding by; Woe, woe, woe,

dim. *p* *f*

p *f*

ness. The giants return and demand their pay. *Erda* warns *Wotan* against the ring, and the god finally parts with it, the giants at once quarreling over their booty, and *Fafner* slaying *Fasolt* on the spot. Now that *Freia* is to abide with the immortals, joy is restored to the dwellers on the mountain-tops. A brief *melo-drama* of storm music follows, a vivid flash of lightning pierces the clouds, they scatter and a glorious rainbow-bridge spans the abyss between the mountain and the Walhalla. The Walhalla motive resounds anew, and then comes a delicious shimmering of high violin tones and tinkling of harps upon a broad and sonorous bass, as the gods cross the bridge and enter their abode—the song of the Rhine-daughters bewailing the loss of their treasure rising from below and mingling sadly with the triumphant themes on high. And here the curtain falls upon "Das Rheingold."

The interest of last night's representation grew, in my judgment, rather out of the performance than out of the opera. The instrumentation of "Das Rheingold" is in truth superb, but all else is made subsidiary to it, and hence a feeling that the ear is cloyed after half an hour or so of close attention to the work of the band, which is by far the most important done in quantity and quality. Fortunately, the performance in respect of singers, comedians, and scenic traits had positive merits, so that the spectator had not to depend wholly upon the band for gratification. I must say at once, however, that the orchestra was magnificent. It numbered one hundred and twelve executants, with Herr Wilhelmj the renowned violinist, as *chef d'attaque*, and Herr Richter of Vienna, as conductor, and, whether accompanying the voice or executing instrumental passages only, its precision, delicacy, and volume of tone were such as it has never been my privilege to listen to. On the stage the rendering of "Das Rheingold" was almost as faultless as in the orchestral chasm. Herr Betz, who personated *Wotan* has a voice of rare force and compass and a commanding presence thoroughly in accord with the physical attributes of the majestic character he portrayed. All the voices, however, were good and fresh, while the method of song, of course, was diametrically opposed to the Italian method, the effect of the *bel canto* being often sacrificed to that of power. The endless and difficult recitatives—particularly difficult as to intonation—were throughout rendered with exceeding earnestness and with unswerving respect as to the significance of the text, and where now and then a snatch of tune was discernible, as in *Mime's* scene in Nibelheim, the artists—and notably the representative of *Mime* Herr Schlosser—took advantage of the opportunity immediately. *Fasolt* and *Fafner* were both portrayed with commendable ruggedness by Herren Eilers and Von Reichenberg, and Herr Hill was a capital *Alberich*. But the success of the night was for Herr Vogel who pictured *Loge*, and made the fire-god and the god of cunning at the same time a kind of companion-sketch to M. Faure's *Mephistopheles*. Craft and plausibility lurked in every movement of this artist, and his long "speeches"—for I can scarcely refer to them by any other name—were delivered with an easy eloquence which the difficulties of the music did not seem to hamper in the least. Once and once only during the evening did the audience break out in hearty plaudits, and this at the close of one of *Loge's* elaborate and wily addresses. The female rôles in "Das Rheingold" are of minor import. Fraülein Grün, who was *Fricka*, revealed the possession of an excellent voice, and the voice of Fraülein Haupt, as *Freia* was scarcely inferior. The ladies chosen to act the *Rheintöchtern* were of course selected for the parts on account of the freshness and clearness of their tones, and the effect of their voices, whether heard singly or in harmony was delightful. As implied already, the music was sung with rigid regard to truthfulness of intonation and correctness of tempo; it is possible that once or twice the daughters of old Rhine strayed a trifle from absolute accuracy of tune, but the reproach can go no further.

As "Das Rheingold" is at least as much of a spectacle as an opera, it will be readily imagined that no little care was lavished upon its stage attire. This was of much splendor and massiveness, although I cannot admit that it effaced any of my recollections of what scenic artists and mechanists have achieved in Paris and London. The most novel picture was that presented at the outset of the evening, when the bed of the Rhine is seen. Several thicknesses of gauze, upon which shadows such as are cast by the ripples above were thrown, were stretched between the spectator and the canvas, and the long dresses of the Rhine daughters concealed the iron frames in which the performers were incased and in which they circled around a rock, with a sort of eccentric motion, while they moved their arms gracefully as they floated to and fro, singing. The set illustrative of the mountain tops, with the Walhalla beyond, was bright, but rather too finical in the details of the foreground, and, except when modified in tone by gauze cloud-pieces and colored light somewhat gaudy. The view of the subterranean abode of the dwarfs was excellent, and a strong and highly realistic contrast was obtained by allowing the gray light of a distant outer world to pass through an aperture high up in the rocky ceiling, while on the other side of the cave all was red with the glare of the smithes. The changes of *Alberich*, who first becomes a snake and then a toad, were not at all skillfully managed; the illusion of the rainbow-bridge, in the subsequent scene, was, however, quite creditable to its designers, and, a strong light falling upon the many-colored side of the structure, its substantial framework was not observable.

F. A. S.

The Rameau Festival at Dijon.

The proceedings commenced, on the evening of the 11th August, with a sort of prologue in the guise of a grand musical procession, comprising all the local bands and the bands of the regiments stationed in the old Burgundian capital. The procession, headed by torches, traversed the principal streets, stopping to play at various points, such as the Port of the Canal de Bourgogne, the Place Saint-Jean, the Place Saint-Nicholas, the Place Darcy, and the Place Saint-Pierre. It performed also at the Hotel de-Ville, in the Court of Honour, and before Rameau's house, No. 7, Rue Vaillant, in front of which was the composer's bust between two flags, the whole surrounded by a setting of velvet, through which ran a wreath of laurel. A commemorative tablet bears the following inscription:—

"Here was born, on the 23rd October, 1683 JEAN PHILIPPE RAMEAU. Died, at Paris, the 12th September, 1764."

On Saturday, the 12th, the programme commenced at the Cathedral with a solemn mass, performed by the Philharmonic Society and the Choral Society (both of Dijon), assisted by the *Maîtrise* of the Cathedral and the pupils of the Communal Schools. Notwithstanding his great talent as an organist and composer of sacred music, Rameau has left no mass; consequently a mass in B flat minor, by Dietsch, another Dijon composer, was selected. It produced an admirable effect, especially the "Gloria." M. Arthur Deroye conducted the performance. Two hours later the statue of Rameau was solemnly inaugurated in the old Place du Théâtre. It is in bronze, and is the production of M. Eugène Guillaume, a member of the Institute and Director of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, and who, having been born at Montbard, near Dijon, may be almost considered a fellow-townsman of the composer. The latter is represented at about fifty years of age. He is in a standing posture, clad very simply, and with his neck bare. At his feet lies a violin. His right hand rests upon the keyboard of a harpsichord, while the other grasps a manuscript and a pencil. His eye is gazing intently into space, as though he were under the influence of inspiration. The statue was much admired, but there was a generally expressed opinion that the pedestal is too lofty. This, however, is a defect that can easily be remedied. Two very interesting speeches were delivered, one by M. Eufert, the Mayor of Dijon, and the other by M. Charles Poisot, chairman of the Festival Committee. In the evening, at the Grand-Théâtre, there was a performance exclusively of works or portions of works by Rameau. The programme included: Part One—(1) Overture to *Les Fêtes d'Hébé*, the Philharmonic Society; (2) Air from *Dardanus*, M. Carroul; (3) "Les Niais de Sologne" and "Les Cyclopes," pieces for the harpsichord, M. Saint-Saëns; (4) Air from *Castor et Pollux*, Mdlle. Jung; (5) Trios, MM Saint Saëns, Taffanel, and Renckset; (6) Air from *Dardanus*, M. Jourdan; (7) Air from *Hippolyte et Aricie*, with flute accompaniment, Mdlle. Seveste and M. Taffanel; (8) a short lecture on Rameau, by M Emile Marck, of the Paris Odéon. Part Two—(1) "Trio of the Fates," MM. Jourdan, Carroul, and Dieu; (2) Air from *Castor*, Mdlle Jung; (3) Air from *Castor*, M. Carroul; (4) Minuet from *Castor*, Mdlle. Seveste; (5) Air for the flute, M Taffanel; (6) Air from *Castor*, M. Dieu; (7) Duet from *Les Fêtes d'Hébé*, Mdlles. Seveste and Jung; (8) Chorus from *Dardanus*, Choral Society. Part Three—Ballet adapted to the principal airs composed by Rameau, and executed by Ladies from the Scala, Milan; (1) Entrance march; (2) Sarabande; (3) Rigaudon; (4) Scena; (5) Gavotte; (6) Passepied; (7) Scena; (8) Forlane; and (9) Tambourin. The airs were selected by M. Théodore de Lajarte, and the selection reflected great credit upon that gentleman's taste.

On Sunday, the 13th, there was a grand international competition of "Orphéons," Reed Bands, and Fanfares. The jury, comprising artists of Paris and Dijon, was under the presidency of Baron Taylor. The ceremony of distributing the prizes took place in the principal courtyard of the Mairie, and was followed by a grand official banquet, in the course of which Baron Taylor made a most brilliant speech. During the banquet the town was magnificently illuminated; a concert was given in the Bois du Parc by some of the Societies which had competed in the afternoon; and at the Grand-Théâtre there was a performance by MM. Proudhon, Coquelin, junr., Mesdames Provost Pousin and Bianca, of the Comédie-Française. On Monday, the 14th, there was a grand military "Carrousel," or tournament, got up by the officers and non-commissioned officers of the 10th Regiment of Dragoons and of the 18th Regiment of Chasseurs à Cheval. More than twelve thousand spectators were present. In the evening there was a grand concert, under the direction of M. Achard, Director of the Dijon Conservatory of Music. The performers were the professors of that establishment, assisted by artists from Paris and elsewhere. Among the items of the programme was an "Ode to Rameau," written by a native of Dijon, M. Stop, the well-known draughtsman, and impressively recited by M. Frederic Achard all the artists advancing successively to crown with laurel the composer's bust. The Festival wound up on Tuesday, the 15th, with a concert given in the morning by the Bon Marché Musical Society; a concert given in the evening by a mixed orchestra of military and civilian bands; a general illumination of the town; and a grand military tattoo by torchlight.

Such were the principal features of a Festival which may be justly termed national, for the whole of France was almost as deeply interested as Dijon in paying this tribute of homage to the famous Burgundian musician. But, while people are congratulating each other upon the success with which everything went off, it may be as well to state that, had it not been for the disinterested, zealous, and untiring efforts of one man, Dijon would have had no Festival, and Rameau no statue. That the Festival has been held and the statue erected is due entirely to M. Charles Poisot, who for fifteen long years, through good report and evil report, has labored lovingly and incessantly to bring about a consummation so devoutly to be wished. All honor to M. Charles Poisot!

—*London Musical World.*

The Shape of the Ear.

(To the Editor of the London "Musical World.")

SIR,—A recent cursory description of the well-known Mozarteum, from the pen of an intelligent correspondent in a daily paper, mentions the fact that, amongst the interesting relics of the "divine" composer exhibited to the public gaze at Salzburg, is a drawing of his ear "showing an abnormally large 'bell,' as though nature intended him to be a gifted listener." It is noteworthy that in all portraits, except those painted by the sun itself, next to the boots, the ear seems to present to the painter the greatest difficulty. It is rarely one sees a shoe beautifully drawn; perhaps it is still rarer that the ordinary covering for the foot presents anything that can be made beautiful, even by a skilful draftsman. With the ear the observer cannot help remarking the same absence of individuality. Anything will do for an ear; and a daub or two, that would with equal propriety, represent a dried fig, or an early oyster, would do duty for the above organ. In calling attention to this matter, I trust the question of the "shape of the ear," as bearing upon capacity of various kinds, will receive some attention from those who may have to select candidates for instruction in music, or to impart guidance to the musical student. In no art is taste so capricious as in music. As to the Beautiful in poetry or painting, there will be little difficulty in setting up universally acknowledged standards of excellence. But, alas, in music, such is not the case! Discords that to some are simply hideous, are to others honeyed sweetness. What is an opiate to the one sets the other dancing. "One man's meat," to use an old adage, "is another man's poison." Minds are not alike, nor are any two interior ears alike. This part of the subject is beyond human research at present; but unquestionably there is a very important branch of this knowledge that is directly within the scope of scientific research. Nay, more, it lies immediately under the eye of everyone, and may be instantly observed, and turned to practical account by everyone who chooses to make use of his faculties. This is a careful and comparative survey of the shape of the exterior human ear. With the view of stimulating research in this direction, I beg to call the attention of musical people, and others interested, to the subject. The "infinite variety" of shape in ears will immediately strike them as amply sufficient to account for preference being given either to "Tommy, make room for your uncle" or *Lohengrin*. Just as in the eye there may be color-blindness, so in the ear there is melody, or harmony, deafness. Many possess eyes that do not see identically; so do many possess ears that do not hear identically. One eye sees a little asiant of the other; precisely so with the ear. "First pull the mote out of thine own eye" might most justly be supplemented with the kindred exclamation, "First remove the obstruction from thine own ear, and then shalt thou hear clearly what gratifies or annoys, as the case may be, thy brother's ear." If a man have a defective eye, he would not be likely to win the prize in a rifle contest; so, with an imperfect ear, there must necessarily be a faulty musician. The hidden causes of perfection may be numerous and profound; yet some causes that prevent perfection being attained, or even hoped for, are patent to everyone. A few of the results of my own observations I venture humbly to submit, in the trust that something more may be elicited on this, as I believe, most interesting question. And I shall be extremely glad if any person who is of opinion that my con-

clusions are premature or erratic will kindly contribute the result of his or her individual experience. Small ears are invariably under great disadvantage. Large ears are usually indicative of a more comprehensive taste. A narrow "harp"—or harp-like opening—always denotes a good ear for music. If the harp is very regular, you may safely prognosticate a correct intonation. For a singer the rim must be very even and the circle unbroken. Any protuberance on the rim of the ear will occasion a slight discrepancy of intonation—the singer will not be at all times alike. Some have a double harp; this is dangerous to the success of the singer. A perfect double rim is, on the other hand, highly advantageous; this is, however, open to the weakness of being easily satisfied with sweet sounds of any kind. The ear with no rim is the most dainty and difficult to please; it appears to receive, almost as it were by selection, only the best sounds—ordinary sounds have no attraction for it. These are a few of the leading features of the ear. Seeing that we have casts of pianists' hands, would it not be as instructive to have casts of composer's ears? Surely the one is as important to the musical student as the other.—Yours very truly,

GEORGE TOLHURST.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 16, 1876.

The First Bayreuthiad.

"Perhaps, since the whole affair is intended for a regeneration of the Olympic Games, we shall count time in future by Bayreuthiads, as the Greeks did by Olympiads: 'In the third year of the twelfth Bayreuthiad it came to pass, that'" etc., etc.

A. W. Ambros, 1872.

Bayreuth and the Nibelungen Trilogy still occupy perforce the greater part of all our space. It is a thing which it costs so many words simply to tell of and describe! And when it comes to the criticisms, to the discussion of the Wagner theories, and the subtle metaphysical and mystical, and even theological (!) expositions and interpretations with which the Wagnerites beset us on all sides,—it would require a whole room in our Public Library to hold them. Fortunately there are no musical events to chronicle at home of late, nor much else of any consequence in Europe; the Musician of the Future has been suffered to monopolize the whole field, and he has virtually had the world for audience, though most of us poor stay-at-homes were only present there vicariously.

We do our best to place our readers on a level with the fortunate ones (or the unfortunate, as the case may be) who sat before the wondrous magic lantern in that novel theatre. With this view we copy to-day a large part of the very graphic description of the first two performances by the *Tribune* correspondent, who in a literary point of view at least writes admirably, and brings the mystical strange plot, the very scenes, intelligibly and vividly before the mind. In what he says of the music, we must bear in mind that he went there a thoroughly committed Wagnerite beforehand, and it is quite natural that he should find everything, without exception, "exquisite," sublime," "grand," unsurpassed in pathos, etc., and that he should speak of Wagner as "this unapproached master of the orchestra." We do not adduce these letters as musical criticism, but simply as helping us to form an idea of what actually took place in Bayreuth, making us imagine ourselves part and parcel of that audience, sharing its transports, if we are that way predisposed. Some others paint the thing in far less glowing colors; of course the bored, the disappointed, will be heard from last. We also give the first of the letters in the *New York Times*, which may be useful for comparison; and we intend to give more both from these and other sources.

The *real criticism*, as we have said, will come later. Already it begins to come in driblets. All that we do get, not only from the letters and the criticisms which have as yet come from Bayreuth, but from our careful reading of Wagner's four librettos, with more or less dipping into the piano arrangements of the scores, only confirms our own conviction as heretofore expressed in these columns many times; namely: 1. that, whatever the success of the Trilogy, in its influence upon the "Art-work of the Future" it can only stand as something *sui generis*, one thing among others, and that it will not in the least impair the charm or the validity of older forms of musical Art, created and developed by the long line of great masters; nor will Opera, in its best instances, cease to warm the heart and the imagination just as much as ever, because this formidable shape of melodramatic Drama with elaborate orchestral accompaniment or background has been set up beside it.

2. That it is not "development," not the logical outgrowth of the whole history of music, as it has been claimed, but it is revolution; it tends to overturn established principles of Art, to paralyze its finest forces, and pull down the glorious fabric which its inspired master architects have been for ages building up. In short, it is reversing the wheels of time; it is going back to the first beginnings of Opera in 1600, when the attempt was made by scholars of the Renaissance in Florence to reproduce the old Greek Drama, chanting the words in dry and endless recitative. Go back to the meagre Italian Opera of that day, and you find Opera without arias, or chorus, or concerted music, opera in which the music is wholly secondary to the words, and, with the exception of the modern orchestra, why not almost entirely in accordance with the new Wagnerian idea?

3. That, placing music in so subordinate a position, whatever importance it may succeed in acquiring for itself as a thing *sui generis*, it can only concern the genuine music-lover, as such, in a limited degree; it may form one of the curious side dishes in a rich life-long musical experience.

4. That this music, by the very nature of its peculiar structure, lacks entirely that prime, essential quality of all true Art, *repose*; which is almost the same thing as saying it lacks *beauty*.

5. That it is all the more fatiguing and monotonous for the reason that the action may not pause for any "indulgence," as Wagner would say, in an Aria, a Duet, Trio, or ensemble. It recklessly, in wilful slavery to system, renounces the *charm* of these *natural* forms of music. Where music is free to follow out its own spontaneous inspiration and expression, it is pretty sure to take these forms; and the Melody, the Aria is as much an expression, a revelation of character and feeling, and even more so, than the words of the text chanted or recited in musical tones. This again is only saying in another way that the music lacks repose.—Just so, too, natural charm, repose, are forfeited by the disregard of easy modulation; the continual spasmodic breaking away from one key into another wholly unrelated; the contempt for the "family tie" in harmonies; and just so, also, by the absence of anything like *thematic development*, for the recurring characteristic "motives" in the orchestra are simply so many labels attached to the several persons and things to be remembered in the plot,—a very different thing from a thematic germ developing itself according to the intrinsic laws of music.

6. That the legendary subject matter of the drama, the strange medley of gods, giants, monsters, heroes and incestuous lovers,—while we admit that there is much power and true poetic faculty evinced in many parts of the four librettos—is, save as material for picturesque and brilliant spectacle, essentially bewildering and tedious; and that music comes only into a very forced connection with much of its protracted dialogue, which is more interesting and intelligible when merely read, than it can be when sung or musically recited. Take for instance the long curtain lecture between Wotan and his Juno (Fricka), the one defending, the other rebuking the violation of the marriage oath and the bridal union of brother and sister; or the long monologue (26 pages of music) in which Wotan, in shame and anguish, pours the whole scandalous story into the pure ears of his daughter Brünnhilde;—can anything in the shape of music be more dreary than this scene!

—But we cannot enter into all these points of criticism now. Our present object merely is to mention a few points, and show how far they are confirmed by the more thoughtful criticism which begins to come to us from Bayreuth. From the glowing reports of the wholesale admirers, which naturally came first, we appeal to these; from Philip drunk to Philip sober. Already, in the first letter of the New York *Times*, which we have copied, we have something more discriminating in regard to the *Rheingold* music. We still wait for copies of the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, which contain the letters of Dr. Hanslick, the foremost musical critic now in Germany. Meanwhile we are indebted to the *New Yorker Democrat* for his concluding summary, which we translate:—

"Upon Art-historical predictions the critic enters as unwillingly as earnest astronomers upon weather prophecies. Yet so much seems to us extremely probable: that the style of Wagner's *Nibelungen* will not be the music of the future, but at the most one of many styles. Perhaps too only a fermenting yeast for new developments reaching backward to the old. For Wagner's latest reform consists not in an enrichment, an expansion, a renovation inside of music, in the sense that the Art of Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Schumann, has been; on the contrary it is a turning and twisting round of the primeval laws of music, a style against the nature of human hearing and feeling. One may say of these compositions: they have music, yet they are no music. To point out one thing for the provisional orienting of the reader: Through four evenings we hear people singing on the stage, without any self-sustained and clearly stamped melody, without a single duet, terzet, ensemble piece, without chorus or finale! This alone proves already, that the knife is laid not to outlived forms, but to the living root of dramatic music. Friends of Opera, who are not acquainted with *Tristan* and the *Nibelungen-Ring*, are very apt to suspect the adversaries of this later progeny of Wagner of being enemies of Wagner altogether. They think always of the *Fliegender Holländer* or *Tannhäuser*, which are fundamentally as different from Wagner's newest music, as two things can be in the same art. One can consider *Tannhäuser* one of the most beautiful of operas, and in spite of that regard the *Nibelungen* as the very opposite; in fact he must do so. For what made and still makes the success of Wagner's earlier operas, is the constant union of the descriptive, the specifically dramatic element with the charm of comprehensible melody, the alternation of dialogue with musically conceived and musically formed ensembles, choruses, finales. All that can remind one of these excellencies has Wagner in his *Nibelungen* banished till no trace remains.

"In fact, Wagner's *Nibelung-Ring* is something wholly new, fundamentally different from all that went before, an unique thing standing for itself alone. There are three main points which in principle distinguish this music from all preceding operas, including Wagner's own. First, the want of independent, rounded vocal melodies, into the place

of which steps a sort of exalted recitation, with the 'infinite melody' in the orchestra as a basis. Secondly, the dissolution of every sort of form, not merely the traditional forms (Aria, Duet, etc.), but of symmetry itself, of all musical logic developing itself according to laws. Finally, in the third place, the exclusion of vocal pieces in several parts, duets, terzets, choruses, finales, with the exception of a few fleeting small attempts.

"Now to remove vocal part-song, duets, trios, choruses, from the Opera, on the plea that they are 'undramatic,' is to ignore the most valuable achievement of musical art and go back two centuries to children's shoes.* It is the finest possession, the most peculiar charm of music, its greatest advantage over the drama, that it can let two or more persons, and whole crowds of people, express themselves at once. This treasure, for which the poet must envy the musician, as Schiller felt so deeply in the composition of his *Bride of Messina*, Wagner has thrown out of the window as superfluous. In the *Nibelungen-Ring* two, or three, or six persons may stand beside each other on the stage, yet never do any two of them (with a few momentary slight exceptions) sing at once; always it is one after the other, as in a court of law. What torture it is to follow this single-file singing geese march the whole evening, he only knows who has himself experienced it. But when Wagner through four evenings, one after another, protracts the tyranny of this monodical style, he almost suicidally obliges us to see the absurdity of his method and to yearn for the much despised old Opera once more. All this is aggravated by the unexampled length to which single scenes and conversations are stretched out."

The *Ménestrel* of Paris had a critic present ("un musicien aussi compétent qu' impartial,") who with a great deal of admiration mingles such sentences as these:

"Charming commencements of phrases in all that act; but the gate of heaven, hardly opened, shuts immediately!"—"Without its third act, the *Götterdämmerung* was a disaster. You cannot form an idea of the profound ennui which those two first acts brought over the public. It is perhaps for this reason that the partisans *quand même* of Richard Wagner proclaim the *Götterdämmerung* the chef-d'œuvre of the tetralogy. For our part, having not the faith that saves, we will pass over, if you please, these two interminable deserts of music, and come at once to the third act."—"And now what are we to conclude? Must we say with Wagner, that the Germans have at last an Art? . . . . Let Mozart, Weber, Beethoven reply."

Another Frenchman (M. Albert Wolf, we presume), in *Figaro*, says there are two men in Wagner, the lunatic and the inspired, and pronounces the operas as a whole "the dream of a lunatic who thinks to impose upon the world a most frightful sort of art." We copy from the *Transcript*:

The susbtance of the judgment against the Wagner experiment is this—that there are passages of unapproached and inconceivable elevation, [!?] when the spectator is exalted and carried away by an indescribable enthusiasm. But the long endurance of the "continuous melody"—that is the music without rhythmic form, which is, however, Wagner's one peculiar contribution to art,—is too great a price, they say, to pay for these moments of exaltation. This amounts to saying that the very thing on which Wagner particularly bases his claim of a great achievement is just what spoils his work. "This music of the future," says the *Figaro* writer, "with the exception of a few passages, is doomed to certain forgetfulness," and furthermore "that part of the work which cannot be strictly called the music of the future is alone really good." The music of the future that accompanies and illustrates the majestic declaration of the god Wotan and which that faithful Wagnerite, the accomplished critic of the New York Tribune, found so impressive, this disgusted Parisian critic describes thus: "Wotan comes in during the second act to get off a piece which, watch in hand, lasted for twenty-five minutes; not a situation, not a phrase, nothing but a horrible cacophony which lasted for one hour and a half, one of the most overpowering acts that was ever heard in any theatre. The Lunatic gets the better of the Inspired."

* Chinese shoes, which compress the foot and allow no development!—(Ed.)

An Italian critic, in *Asmodeo*, of Milan, finds much to praise, yet writes: "One of the most serious calamities is the absolute want of chorus; and the other, that never are the voices united, with the exception of the short *terzettino* of the nymphs in their hymn to the Rhine gold. This want of union in the voices is felt particularly when there are a dozen persons on the stage. This is very hurtful to variety, and generates continual weariness of such excessive monotony, while in the orchestra noisy (*strepitosi*) *ripieni* so abound as to generate confusion and nothing else." He speaks also of "recitatives interminable, heavy and most irksome."

Mr. Joseph Bennett, one of the critics whose full report upon the festival, in the London *Musical Times*, we shall be tempted to lay before our readers hereafter, writes:

The question, of course, arises—and a most important one it is—whether a drama for music should so rigidly consult its own separate necessities, and yield nothing to the conditions of its alliance. My own answer given deliberately after the experience of Bayreuth, is in the negative. It is true that Wagner has so far recognized the demands of music as to identify each scene with some distinct emotion, powerfully expressed; but even this is not enough to save his theory from rejection. In every drama so constructed there must be passages with which music has nothing to do, and the effect of which music, especially when written on the principles hereafter mentioned, simply mars. But the question underlying all is whether Wagner has not hit upon a fallacy in supposing that he can, from a practical point of view, subordinate music to drama. In theory, his system appears perfect; in reality, I doubt whether it will ever work. The way to test this is for the audience at Bayreuth to ask themselves what part of the compound thing there presented engaged most of their attention. Wagner, as the official mouthpiece of his system, would urge that the mind should have been sensible of nothing but a whole; but that was impossible. The three grand elements—music, poetry and stage representation—stood separately before every eye, and there can be no doubt as to which was most earnestly regarded; which was most discussed, which contributed before the others to the judgment pronounced. The predominance of music in all these respects might have been foreseen, and was, in fact, inevitable. Associate music and poetry on equal terms you cannot. The more universal, emotional and powerful art will prevail; and not all the force of twenty Wagners can alter the fact. Wherefore, I contend, that to write a drama with a view to dramatic exigencies alone, and then to ally it with music, must not only result in failure, but is contrary to the very nature of things.

And on the question of the human interest, as well as of the elevation of the poem and the plot he says too truly:

Looking at this wonder-story, with its array of gods, demons, giants, dragons, miraculous gauds, potent drinks, and what not that ever entered into the fabulist's head, it may naturally be doubted whether the drama at any time approaches the spectator near enough to touch the spring of his emotions. That it does so, here and there, is true, but it is also a fact that generally speaking, we care little what becomes of anybody concerned. The supernatural beings, when not repugnant, are indifferent, the mortals as a rule are more or less contemptible, while upon all rests the dark shadow of an incestuous crime so rare even in the days of myth that Fricka exclaims, urging Wotan to punish Siegmund:—

"Bridal embrace
of brother and sister!
When, where was it known
to mate with the child of your mother!"

Is this story, wherein poetic beauty and ingenious circumstances are allied to childish imaginings, made black by association with a sin, which horrifies even a goddess, and degraded by connection with love that rises in but a single instance above animalism—is this a model for the national music-drama of Germany? Heaven forefend!

This writer too assures us, what we opined before, that "the more eminent among German musicians stayed away; Brahms, Hiller, Volckmann, Joachim, Rubinstein, Raff—none of these put in an appearance for reasons about which it would be impertinent to speculate."

The *London Spectator* says:

The Wagner Festival at Bayreuth appears to have been a great success. The composer had his own way throughout, his audience included "a pit full of kings," and all the resources of the carpenter and the scene-painter were stretched to the uttermost, with a grand result in effects. Correspondents have described the composer's dramas to all the world, and the festival has been allotted as much space in the journals as the account of a great battle. The only drawback to the festival seems to be its *total want of utility*. The king of Bavaria enjoyed himself, and Herr Wagner enjoyed himself, and hundreds of musical fanatics are supposed to have enjoyed themselves, but how is Art advanced by a massive ceremonial which it takes months to organize, a world to attend, and kings to pay for? We pronounce no opinion on Herr Wagner's music, but *what can the world gain from music which requires for full effect such gigantic accessories!* The sculptor who can only carve on mountains may be a great sculptor, but neither the practice nor the understanding of sculpture can be improved by him. Conceding for the moment all that Herr Wagner claims, there is something Oriental, something barbaric, in this way of taking the ears of the world by storm. It is as if a musician illustrated a new conception of the laws of harmony by a miraculously adroit use of steam whistles, gongs and cannon. It is music for Brobdingnagians endowed with immortality, not for poor little ants, with only some 15,000 days of maturity.

The Art of Music Safe! "Shall there be no more cakes and ale because thou art virtuous" and a "reformed" follower of Wagner? The London *Times* musical correspondent begins his report of the Bayreuth Festival with this consoling paragraph:

Having advanced half-way, we are in possession of tolerably fair grounds for estimating the results, more or less probable, of Richard Wagner's colossal undertaking—we mean with regard to its general influence upon the "art-work of the future." Our own impression, after hearing *Rheingold* and the *Walküre*, is that the art of music, not in its trivial manifestations, which are of small consequence, but as it is understood and practised by the "great masters," stands in no danger from the gods and giants, dwarfs and heaven-descended heroes, that people the scenarium of the *Nibelungen Ring*. Opera, in the legitimate acceptance of the term, will rest precisely where it was; and operatic composers worthy the name, to say nothing of "the piping operatic singing birds," who give voice to their melody, can rest in quietude with arms enfolded. In strict truth, the Tetralogy (or Trilogy with *Vorspiel*, "les deux se disent") is no opera at all. It is a play, the speeches in which are declaimed, rather than sung, to orchestral accompaniment; if that may be called accompaniment which has nearly all the business to itself, and to which the development of the melodies, such as they are, is chiefly assigned; if that may be called accompaniment, which, caring nothing for the physical stamina of the stage declaimer, pursues its independent course in all measures and modifications of measures, the tonality ever shifting from key to key, careless of the hitherto recognized laws of modulation, from the pulling aside the curtains even to the pulling to thereof, and after. The fact that the Tetralogy is not opera may bring consolation to many who persist in liking what Herr Wagner styles "that doubtful kind of Entertainment." Opera being safe it is no less pleasant to be informed, on Wagner's authority, by Mr. Dannreuther, one of the master's zealous apostles, that while "drama" (Wagnerian drama) must in future be "the height of men's musical ambition," the "various beautiful forms of instrumental music now current" will not "cease to be cultivated;"—so that the further hearing of symphonies, quartets, sonatas, and trios still lies within the pale of orthodoxy. Fortified by such assurances, a brief survey of what has already been witnessed of this memorable week's proceedings may be entered upon with more equanimity than might otherwise have been the case.

Finally an anecdote, sufficiently Wagnerian. It is related by M. Albert Wolf in *le Figaro*. "The scene occurred during the rehearsals. The first act of the *Walküre* represents an interior: an immense fire blazes on the hearth, and, to render the illusion more complete, M. Wagner asks a machinist to add clouds of smoke, which incommoded the tenor to such a point that, at the last general rehearsal, he said to the master of masters:—'*Pardon*, is it not possible that you can have the smoke suppressed?'—'*Jamais*,' replied Wagner; 'as there is no smoke without fire, there is no fire without smoke.'—'But this smoke prevents my singing.'—'You will sing in spite of it; the smoke is necessary to the ensemble of my work of Art'—'In that case,' said Niemann, 'nothing easier than to arrange the affair: make the chimney sing, and I'll do the smoking!'"

PHILADELPHIA, SEPT. 12. Theodore Thomas, under the auspices of the Ladies' Centennial Committee, is to give a two weeks festival at the Academy of Music here, commencing on the twentieth inst. There will be eight evening performances and two matinées. His soloists are Miss Drasdil, Miss Beebe, Miss Henne, Mr. Whitney, Mr. Remmertz, Mr. Bischoff, Mad. Schiller (piano), Miss Brown (piano), Mr. Mills (piano), Mr. Sherwood (piano). The Ladies' Centennial Chorus will assist.

Strakosch is giving opera at the Academy this week, with Palmieri and Bolocca. I am told they had a very large audience last evening.

Mr. J. N. Pattison has been quite ill, but is now at his post of duty. His recitals are largely attended.

Mr. L. E. Levassor has added a vocalist to his morning recitals given daily. Yesterday he had a fine programme:

"Oh Rest in the Lord".....Mendelssohn
Mrs. A. Hunt.
Polonaise in E flat..... Chopin
Scherzo from Sonata, op. 31.....Beethoven
"Waiting".....Millard
Mrs. A. Hunt.
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 3.....Liszt

Mr. Levassor has firmly established himself here as a careful and conscientious pianist, and has made a host of friends and admirers.——Mr. Bialla continues his delightful organ recitals; but they would be much more entertaining to his regular daily auditors, if he would increase his repertoire.——Mr. Coulander has departed.——Miss Julia Rive, whose charming artistic recitals I have before mentioned in my letters, is at her home in Cincinnati, in excellent health. A project is now on foot to effect an engagement with her for a series of recitals to be given either in "Judges" or "Memorial" Hall. ——The Kinkel Brothers are also expected to play in "Main" Hall during October, assisted by Levy.

C. H.

Music in Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, AUG. 30.—As our musical season is about to open, I thought it would be interesting to your readers to know what we intend doing this season in the Western musical metropolis. Mr. Otto Singer has returned from his Eastern trip, and will commence his labors next week. Chief among them will be the drilling of the chorus for the coming Biennial Musical Festival here next May. Mr. Singer has done a great amount of good in this city and suburbs, and I am glad to be able to say that he is appreciated. The city is, as you are doubtless aware, the home of quite a number of fine pianists. I think it will not be claiming too much to say that the first place as a pianist, not only here, but in America rightfully belongs to MISS JULIA RIVE. In this, her native city, her talent and genius was first acknowledged and fostered. Her performances here have always been perfect ovations. Last evening I had the pleasure of hearing her render the following classical programme:

Bach—
Grand Prelude and Fugue in C Minor.
(Well tempered Clavier, No. 2).
Mozart—
Fantasia in C Minor.
Beethoven—
(*a*) Sonata Pathetique, op. 13.
Grave ed Allegro—Adagio cantabile—Rondo.
(*b*) Allegretto from the 7th Symphony (arranged by Liszt).
Mendelssohn—
Fantasia in F sharp Minor.
Andante—Allegro con moto—Presto.
Schumann—
Two Romances, from op. 28.
Chopin—
(*a*) Fantasia Brillante in F Minor, op. 49.
(*c*) Four Mazourkas, op. 17.
(*d*) Allegro de Concert, op. 46.
Wagner—
Spinning Song from the Flying Dutchman (arranged by Liszt).
Liszt—
(*a*) Ricordanza.
(*b*) Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 10.

Her *technique* is superb; better, with the exception of Rubinstein's and Von Bülow's, than that of any pianist that has ever been heard here. These two are the only pianists with whom she can be compared; yet do not understand me to say that I do compare her with these great masters, as being their equals. It would be very unfair to weigh a young girl of twenty-one in the same balance with men of fifty, who have studied, taught, and conducted all the large works of the great masters fifteen years before Miss Rivé was born; yet such are the great excellencies of her performance, that she has universally, wherever she has appeared, been compared by the critics and the profession to these two great artists, which is really one of the highest compliments that could be paid her. Her accuracy, technique, immense repertoire and memory (she plays entirely without notes) are points which in no other pianist known to me can be compared to Bülow. Her strength, fire and wonderful bravura, on the other hand, unconsciously recall Rubinstein. Miss Rivé's technique leaves nothing to be desired, except that perhaps her *trill* (which is astonishingly full and even) might be a little more rapid, especially when she shakes with the third and fourth fingers; her phrasing is above praise; her touch exquisite; the tone she produces broad and firm; her endurance and strength marvellous. Her conception,—ah! now we begin to tread on delicate ground. No artist has ever appeared in this country that has not been unmercifully criticized on this point. Some said Von Bülow could play Beethoven, but he did not comprehend Chopin. Others said that he played Chopin divinely, but was "not the man to grapple Beethoven;" and so on through the list. Almost every critic has some model by which he compares, and on which he bases his judgment, and when they hear an artist depart from their "model" they are "up in arms" in an instant.—My own impression is, that Miss Rivé's conception is that of a thorough artist, and no one at her age (certainly no lady) so far as I know, has ever accomplished the work on the piano forte that she has. She will give a series of classical recitals this winter.

HENRY G. ANDRES, one of Miss Rivé's earliest teachers, occupies a high position here as a teacher, pianist and organist, excelling on the latter instrument. Cincinnati is largely indebted to Mr. Andres for her many excellent performers, and it is also pleasant to say that he is appreciated. His annual Chamber concerts are always well patronized and highly enjoyed.

MR. ARNIM W DOEMER, a young pianist recently returned from Europe, has a fine position, and a large class. His recitals last season were artistic and instructive and will be looked for with high anticipations this season.

MR. WERNER STEINBREAKER, one of our oldest pianists, still continues teaching, and occasionally gives recitals and chamber concerts. Several will be given this season.

MR. P. LEVANOSKY, a very fine pianist and an excellent teacher, will probably join forces with some vocal talent and give three chamber concerts.

MR. CARL PALLATT is an excellent teacher and a fine accompanist. He has not fully made up his mind about his Fall campaign, but in all probability will give one or two soirées.

MR. OTTO SINGER I have already mentioned. If his other duties permit, he will give three Chamber Concerts, assisted by a string quintet from the "Cincinnati Grand Orchestra." Mr. Singer's Chamber concerts heretofore have been the best in that line, that we have had here, and it is to be hoped that he will not be so pressed with other duties that he will be compelled to omit them this season.

SIG. A. C. ALFISI, one of the best vocal teachers in this country, will probably produce the opera of "Martha" with his pupils.

SIG. JANATTA, also one of our leading vocal teachers, who brought out "Martha" with great success last year, is making an effort to produce the "Bohemian Girl" this season.

MADAME PAULINE RIVE, the mother of the gifted pianist, and one of her teachers, will give two concerts with her pupils; they are always enjoyable.

MRS. HANISH KERR, one of our best teachers, will also give two recitals with her pupils.

"The Cincinnati Grand Orchestra" will give five subscription concerts, this being their fifth season. They number fifty instruments, and are under the baton of Mr. Michel Brand, formerly of the Thomas orchestra. Mr. Louis Ballenbergh is the business manager. There has been a great deal of opposition to the management and conductor lately, and strong efforts have been made to break up the organization or to put it in other hands. While there is certainly room for improvement, both in the orchestra and management, it is better than any other city in the Union enjoys outside of New York, and in my judgment, should the present organization be broken up, it will be a long time before we have another equally good. It should be the duty of every music loving citizen to do his utmost to encourage and sustain it.

A. C. D.

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Beneath the linden tree."
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From golden gates above."
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A Paper of Art and Literature.

WHOLE No. 925. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 30, 1876. VOL. XXXVI. No. 13.

DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC,

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451 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

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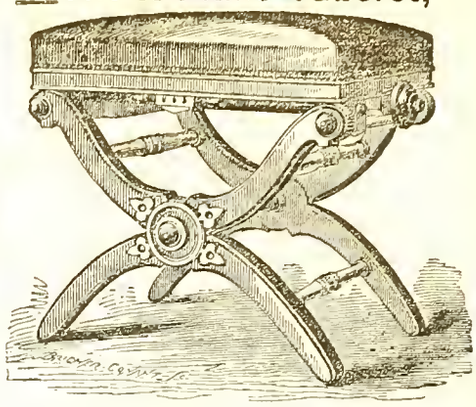

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 925. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 30, 1876. VOL. XXXVI. No. 13.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Ouseley on Musical Form.*

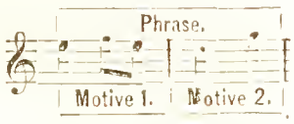
BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

The subject of Musical Form, although by no means difficult in itself nor uninteresting, is probably the least understood of any department of Musical Theory. This is excusable for English-speaking amateurs, for until this book appeared I believe there was no treatise on the subject in English, except a very meagre and unsatisfactory "Outline" made by the present writer some years ago. In Germany the case is better, for there are several treatises more or less extended, from the glittering and high-sounding generalizations of Marx, which lead the pupil to imagine that he knows the whole subject when in fact he has merely a vague glimpse of it, to the misty and confused, yet after all practical manual of Richter, and quite a number of smaller works known to me only by report. Besides, the course of study in the best German schools recognizes the true source of knowledge of Form, (viz.: the usage of genius) and requires of the student copious analyses of classic master-pieces.

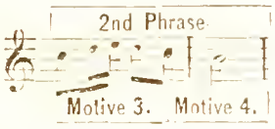
Owing to the scarcity of books on this subject in English, it was with great pleasure that I procured a copy of Prof. Ouseley's new treatise. The book is an elegantly-printed one, ("Clarendon press") and sells at a high price. It is also clear so far as it attempts to teach anything, but all it tries to teach might as well have been done in twenty pages as the hundred and fifty here spoiled. For, to be perfectly plain about it, a more unsatisfactory and slipshod "treatise" I have never seen from the hand of a well-educated author; the justice of which condemnation I hope to show in the sequel. But first let us briefly outline the subject of "Form," as it is expounded by the best authorities.

The foundation of Musical Form is found in the three principles of Symmetry, Unity, and Contrast. Observe, I say "contrast," and not "variety," as many writers do. But why "contrast" and not "variety?" Contrast, I answer, is definite; variety is indefinite. There may be almost infinite variety and yet no contrast. Variety may be foolish, a freak of meaningless modification; contrast is intelligent, co-ordinative, comprehensive. Contrast is one of the elements that gives Beethoven's music the precedence over Mozart's. Form, then, rests on Symmetry, Unity, and Contrast.

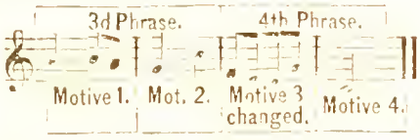
The unit of form is the Period; the molecules are Motives, Phrases, and Sections. A motive is a germ, or as Lobe says, "the figural contents of one measure." When from a motive we rise to a Phrase, it may be in either of three ways: by strict sequence, that is, with no new material; or second, by the help of new material. For example, let these be the two motives combined to make a phrase:



Here we have an antecedent. With two other motives we make another phrase, a consequent of the first, since it brings us to a partial repose:



Here we have out of two phrases a section, which is as a whole an antecedent, to which must follow the consequent:



Here in all we have a period: "a melodic formation consisting of two similar sections, standing to each other in the relation of antecedent and consequent.* The period becomes shortened by shortening one or more phrases, and when shortened, of course less satisfactory. It becomes lengthened by extending the cadence formula like a coda, or by repeating the two measures immediately preceding the cadence. It becomes complex when composed of three or more sections, a formation commonly arrived at in repeating the first section in another key, a habit of Schubert's, for example. This treatment of the period when fully carried out, is extremely fine, and for it we are indebted to Richter.

Next the period-group requires attention. The "period-group" is, I fancy, a notion of Lobe's. Period-groups are dependent or independent. The independent period-groups are the song-forms of two or three periods—possibly four. Dependent period-groups are of various character, such as "transitional," "concluding," "elaborated," names pointing to traits of their harmonic treatment and their relation to the larger works of which they form part.

The song-forms contain each but one principal subject.

The forms containing more than one subject are the following:

Song-form with Trio, in which the song-form is the principal and the trio the second, each being complete and finished in itself. Forms containing two or more subjects are those called "Rondo" by Marx, a term which he stretches so as to make it cover the *Adagio* in the *Sonata Pathetique*. The rondo forms are five as he gives them.†

2nd Rondo Form.

Principal, Episode, Principal, Conclusion.

Example: Adagio in Sonata in F, Beethoven, Op. 2.

3rd Rondo Form.

Principal, Episode I, Principal, Episode II, Principal, Conclusion.

Example: Adagio Sonata Pathetique.

4th Rondo Form.

Principal, Episode I, Principal, Episode II, Principal, Episode I, Conclusion.

Example: Finale to Sonata in C, op. 2, Beethoven.

5th Rondo Form.

Principal, Episode I, Conclusion, :‖ Episode II, Principal, Episode I, Conclusion.

Example: Finale to Sonata in F, Op. 2, Beethoven.

*Sonata-Piece.**

The principal and characteristic movement of the sonata.

Its plan is:

1. Principal, Episode, Conclusion: (Repeat from beginning.)

2. Elaborated part: Principal, Episode, Conclusion.

Example: the first movement of any of the regular sonatas.

The second part, the *Durchführungs-Satz*, as Richter calls it, is extended to dimensions about equal to each of the other two divisions in the sonata piece. All of these forms admit of transitional periods and period-groups *ad lib.*, and in long pieces they abound. Here we have a perfectly consistent and logical development. The forms are all symmetrical and admit of perfect unity; as they get wider they permit a greater variety of contrast, while in the sonata-piece we have, through the elaborated periods which follow the repeat, the strongest possible æsthetic contrast, with no sacrifice of unity at all.

Of the Sonata as a whole, of course I need not speak. In the proper treatment of these lies the whole of Musical Form, since other forms are but modification of them. For this idea of a systematic development we are indebted to Marx; for the clear treatment of the sonata-piece, to Richter. Turning now to the work by the English Professor, what do we find? A very pleasant treatment of the simple period, with no adequate explanation of shortened, extended, and complex periods, (points of vital importance to whoever would analyze the classics); after which he gives us the whole of Form in two chapters.

Prof. Ouseley recognizes seven forms, which he says "have been adopted and commended to us by the best classical composers." The principal ones are the following: 1. The Ancient Binary Form. 2. The Modern Binary

* *A Treatise on Musical Form and General Composition* by the Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart. M. A., Mus. Doc., Professor of Music in Oxford University.

* This definition I get from a friend, Prof. J. C. Fillmore (of Ripon College) who has translated Richter's *Formlehre*, but I am sure he found nothing so neat and definite in that.

† In place of the German *Hauptsatz* I use "Principal," and for *Seitensatz* "Episode."

* German *Sonatasatz*.

Form. 3. The Ternary Form. 4. The Minuet form. 5. The Rondo Form. 6. The Variations Form. 7. The Fugue Form. He gives two patterns of what he calls the Ancient Binary Form.

No. 1.

i. Principal melody, say sixteen bars, in principal key.
ii. Combining passages modulating simply and quickly into the key of the dominant.
iii. Second melody, in dominant, key concluding the first division, with or without a "repeat."
iv. Principal melody (No. 1.) transposed into key of Dominant, and perhaps curtailed slightly.
v. Combining passages, modulating simply and briefly into original key.
vi. Second melody transposed into original key, and so concluding the whole piece.

No. 2.

i. Principal melody in principal key, leading into
ii. Secondary melody, in the key of the Dominant; after which a return to the original melody curtailed, concluding in the same with double bar, and a repeat.
iii. New melody, in relative major or minor (as the case may be), treated with secondary melody, etc., exactly like the former division, and ending in the same key as it begins; then Da Capo, the original first division, ending at the first double bar.

"Most of Handel's songs are written in one or other of the above varieties of this form."

His "Modern Binary Form" is in effect that of the *Sonatasatz*, and therefore I do not copy his long analysis. His "Ternary Form" I confess myself unable to quite make out; it seems to be either the second or third rondo form as applied to slow movements. Then follows the "Minuet-form and Rondos. There are two schemes of rondo. I give both:

First Rondo Form, derived from Binary Form.

First Division.

i. First original theme, with accessory melodies, etc., often ending with theme repeated.
ii. Bridge to lead from first to second theme.
iii. Second original theme, in new key.
iv. Accessory ideas and passages modulating back to
v. First theme curtailed and repeated in its original key.

Second Division.

1st Sub-section.

vi. Perpetual modulations and developments of both themes.
vii. Half close on dominant (pedal) of original key.
viii. First theme in extenso, but without accessories. It may be slightly varied or embroidered.

2nd Sub-section.

ix. Accessory passages and episodical developments, leading into
x. Second theme in original key.
xi. *Short* accessory developments leading into first theme in original key, curtailed.
xii. Coda and conclusion.

Second Rondo Form, derived from Ternary Form.

First Division.

i. Exposition of original theme and accessory melodies, with slightly modulating passages leading to
ii. Original theme in same key, but curtailed.

Second Division.

iii. Begin in new key with new themes, and slight modulations, leading back to same key.
iv. Bridge, or accessory ideas, modulating back to
v. First theme in original key, uncurtailed.

Third Portion.

vi. Modulating developments formed out of all previous themes, but ultimately leading back to
vii. First theme in original key, varied and curtailed.
viii. Coda and conclusion.

Then follows his treatment of the "Air and Variations" and an allusion to the Fugue form. The former contains directions for composing variations, one of which is that: "N. B. In making variations the original bass and harmony should *never* be altered,"—a rule requiring to be taken with a very liberal grain of salt.

The theoretical part of this treatise is supplemented with eighty or ninety pages of examples, which would have been valuable if well selected and competently explained. Unfortunately, however, the larger part of this space (over fifty pages) is taken up with a Sonata "composed in the style of the Mozart epoch" by the author himself, which, of course, illustrates nothing, unless it be the composer's comprehension of his own theories. For Grammar, of which "Form" is a part, is the analysis of music, and its conclusions are determined by the usage and consent of genius. What was wanted in this part of the work, then, was copious illustrations from Mozart and Beethoven, or at least references to them. He has in a number of instances expressed himself in a way leaving no doubt that by "modern binary form" he means the *Sonata-satz*. His rondo forms are entirely unlike anything with which I am acquainted, and are not supported by even a single reference to a classical or any reputable author. The ternary form is nowhere illustrated save in the *adagio* to his own sonata, and there is no reference to examples elsewhere. It approaches the form of the *Adagio* in the Sonata *Pathetique*.

On the whole, therefore, I regard my condemnation of the book as fully maintained. But at this point I am liable to the charge of having myself promulgated certain formulas of form and then condemning a distinguished author because he promulgates different ones. To this I reply, the formulas which I have borrowed from Marx and Richter and promulgated in English, illustrate the prominent features of all the forms from those of a single period up to the Sonata, and are supported by copious examples from Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, and others. Especially are these formulas satisfactory when applied to Beethoven, since they explain all of his works.

Prof. Ouseley's formulas, on the other hand, do not place the Principal and Episode in proper prominence, and very inadequately explain (if at all) the forms of classical instrumental music as we meet them in practice. Besides, there is no excuse for this kind of slackness, for an edition of Beethoven's Sonatas has been accessible in Germany for some years (Lebert and Stark's), in which the principal points of the forms are indicated by the marks, H. S. (*Hauptsatz*), S. S. (*Seitensatz*), Sch. S. (*Schlussatz*), etc.

If anything could console me for the sketchiness and incompleteness of my own early work, it would be to find a Professor in Oxford perpetrating such a book as this. All of which is respectfully submitted in the hope of saving some other credulous aspirant after knowledge, from wasting a five dollar bill, which was good as gold, to some extent.

The Nibelungen Trilogy at Bayreuth.

THIRD DAY—SIEGFRIED.

[FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

Siegfried is the hero born of the union of Siegmund and Sieglinde, and destined to be the agent in repairing the wrong done in the theft of the Ring and at the same time of bringing the reign of the divinities of Walhalla to an end. Sieglinde died in giving birth to him, and the child was brought up by the dwarf Mime, who hoped to use him in recovering the Ring and the Tarn helmet. The instrumental introduction made use of the anvil motive, and when the curtain drew back we saw the dim interior of a great cavern in a wood. On the left was a smithy, with a glowing fire and an anvil, where Mime sat hammering at a sword blade. On the right a few steps led up to the opening of this rocky retreat, and beyond we saw a beautiful vista of forest, with golden light bathing the foliage. It was not a scene to astonish and bewilder the spectator, like that of the depths of the Rhine, but it was a picture whose tone and composition delighted the artistic taste and pleased us better and better the more we looked at it. There was less of decoration and mechanism employed in "Siegfried," and fewer characters appeared upon the stage than in any of the other divisions of the work, and yet the effects, musical and dramatic alike, far surpassed those of the previous evenings. Mime was a personage of inferior importance in "The Rheingold;" here he became one of the chief actors in the story, and the remarkable ability of which the representative of the part gave proof on Sunday evening was now illustrated with much greater fullness. Herr Schlosser of Munich, to whom this role was allotted, is highly esteemed as a delineator of "character parts," and in Mime he seemed to find a congenial opportunity. The dwarf was malevolent and hypocritical. In the opening scene he sat scowling and complaining over his work. He could not make a weapon strong enough for the volsung. Brands that the giants might have wielded Siegfried shattered with a single blow. Only the sword of Siegmund, broken against Wotan's spear, would fit his hand, but all the art of the dwarf could not mend that terrible blade. Mime was still hammering and lamenting, in a song of great vigor and a certain rhythmic regularity, when the merry notes of a horn were heard in the wood, and Siegfried came bounding in, driving a bear by a rope. Georg Unger, who personated the hero, is a tall, handsome, well-built fellow, with a robust, half-trained tenor voice of good quality, and a free and dashing manner. Dressed in a short coat of skins, with bare arms, flowing yellow hair, short beard, and a silver horn slung at his belt, he was at any rate in appearance an ideal hero of the Northern race. He amused himself a while with Mime's fear of the bear; he tried the sword just made for him, and broke it at the first trial; he threw himself in anger on a couch of skins; he repulsed the dwarf's advances, and dashed from his hand the proffered food and drink. When Siegfried came into the cavern, it was as if a high wind fresh from the fir-clad mountains swept through those dark recesses. There was a wonderful scene when the dwarf drew close and began to tell what he had done for him, how he had found him as a helpless child, and fed and clothed him—

Als zullendes Kind
Zog ich dich auf,
Warmte mit Kleiden
Den kleinen Wurm,—

and how he got no thanks for his pains. And Siegfried frankly replied that he did not love the dwarf, and could not love him. In this scene an exquisite melody, of which great use is made afterward, is given to the violoncello. The psychological distinction between the two characters was preserved in the music and strongly marked by the actors also. Siegfried, impatient of Mime's hypocrisy, at last insisted upon knowing the secret of his birth. He extorted from the dwarf the story of his mother's death and of the broken sword, the narrative being interrupted by the constant attempt of Mime to recur to the catalogue of his benefactions, "Als zullendes Kind zog ich dich auf," which Siegfried checked with angry impetuosity. "That," he cried, "shall be my sword. Weld the pieces for me this very day, and I will go forth into the world, free as the fish in the stream and the bird in the air." So,

with a melody of characteristic strength and freshness,

"Wie der Fisch froh
In der Fluth schwimmt,
Wie der Fink frei
Sich davon schwingt"—

he dashed into the sunlight and disappeared.

THE FORGING OF THE SWORD.

The whole had been vivid, dramatic, and elevated even above the common level of this work. Now we were to have another equally impressive, but in a very different style. Close upon the departure of Siegfried entered Wotan, in the disguise of the Wanderer, a character which he preserves throughout this division of the play. A broad hat half concealed his features. A dark blue mantle hid his figure. A reddish beard fell over his breast. His spear with the potent runes served for a staff. A glow of light, so artfully thrown that it seemed to radiate from his face, indicated to the spectator the presence of a supernatural being. He asked for hospitality and was rudely repulsed, but seating himself by the cavern fire he staked his head upon his ability to answer any three questions the dwarf might choose to put him. Nothing could have been more dramatic than the ensuing dialogue. The majestic utterances of the god were clothed in music of the most elevated and imposing character. The craft of the dwarf found expression in strangely contrasted strains, while the figure of the actor, as he crouched ungainly by his anvil, questioning, musing, losing himself in perplexity over his strange visitor, was a bit of realistic personation which I shall not soon forget. All this time of course the orchestra continued its great work of illustration and suggestion. "What race lives in the bowels of the earth?"—here we heard the same motive which accompanied our introduction to the caves of Nibelheim in "The Rheingold." What race works on the earth's back?"—here came again the tramp of the giants as it fell upon our ears when they went to fetch away Freia. "Who dwells in the cloudy heights?"—the oft repeated motive, which symbolizes the power and glory of the gods, came to us with the answer. Mime in his turn was able to reply when the Wanderer asked him about the volsungs and the virtues of the broken sword Nothung; but who might mend that sword he could not tell. "Only he who has never known fear shall weld Nothung anew," exclaimed the god, and so saying he went forth again into the forest, and as he went a mighty music, as of rushing winds and the tossing boughs of great forests, rose out of the orchestra, and lightning flashed in the sky. Mime, remembering that Siegfried knew not fear, sank trembling to the ground. There was a short impressive scene in which Mime portrayed his terror, while the bass tuba, to which Wagner has given such great power of expression, uttered underneath the orchestral accompaniment a suggestive passage of its own. The dwarf cowered behind his anvil. Suddenly the music changed; we heard in the forest the voice of Siegfried; the breezy song which followed him when he rushed forth in the earlier part of the act recurred again, and he burst into the cave, calling loudly for the sword. Mime, still agitated and bewildered, repeated only the words of Wotan:

"Nur wer das Fürchten nie erfuhr
Schmiedet Nothung neu."

Roused at last, he tried to teach Siegfrid fear. He told him of Fafner, who in the form of a dragon kept guard over the treasure of the Nibelungs, in a lonely region called Neidhole. But Siegfried's spirits only rose the higher at the tale. He longed to attack the dragon. He demanded to be led to the spot. He called for the pieces of his father's sword, and welded them himself by the dwarf's forge. As he stood with his hand on the bellows-rope, and the flames glowed about the iron, he sang the great Song of the Smithy:

"Nothung, Nothung,
Neidliches Schwert!
Was musstest du zerspringen?"

—a song to be given with full chest and head erect and a bold and manly voice, a song that breathes of heroism in every note, and rouses the coldest listener to a passionate delight. It is difficult to write of this long scene in Mime's cavern without an appearance of exaggerated enthusiasm, but the strongest possible praise would not be too strong for such an extraordinary creation of genius, and I am sure that there was hardly an intelligent man in the theatre who did not feel his pulses beating quicker and quicker as the act developed itself. The blade was drawn red from the fire, hammered and tempered and fitted to the hilt (let me remark here that the forge and fire were real, and they were real sparks which flew from the iron when it was beaten on the anvil). Siegfried's exultation rose as he drew near the end of his task; with every repetition of the song, "Nothung, Nothung, ho-ho! ha-hei! ho-ho! ha hei!" the excitement increased, till the sword was finished, and he tested it by striking a terrible blow upon the anvil, cleaving the iron block in twain. Then the curtain fell.

SIEGFRIED AND THE DRAGON.

In the second act, a portentous Vorspiel, we saw the exterior of Fafner's cave, a huge pile of rocks filling the background, a forest opening on the left, beautiful spreading trees and clumps of reeds extending toward the front. It was dark night, and we dimly discerned the figure of a man leaning against the rocks. It was Alberich, who haunted the spot where his stolen treasures lay hid. There was a fine scene between him and the Wanderer, Wotan, over which as it was somewhat episodical in a dramatic sense, I may pass briefly, only remarking that according to his custom Wagner gives the god here a sort of solemn declamation, while the melody, which is of the most exquisite kind, is assigned almost entirely to the orchestra. The noise of a storm wind and a sudden gleam of light followed Wotan as he disappeared from the stage. Then day began to dawn. The faint twilight was followed by the rosy blush, and in the growing light the beauty of the foliage revealed itself. Mime led Siegfried upon the scene and showed him the cave of the dragon which he was to kill. For the dwarf, since he had not been able to prevent the young volsung from getting possession of the terrible sword which was to conquer the dragon, had resolved first to aid him in his enterprise and then to kill him and secure the treasures. Here again, as in the first act, the characters and purposes of the dwarf and the hero were wonderfully discriminated in the music. When Mime had gone away Siegfried threw himself upon a grassy bank at the foot of a tree. And now began a pastoral scene of delicious delicacy and elegance. The orchestral part of what followed has been called almost symphonic in its character, as it certainly is in its beauty and richness. As Siegfried in a charming strain of tenderness, such as he had not hitherto shown, mused on the history of his birth, and gave voice to the half-defined aspirations which drove him into the world, the orchestra filled the scene with the music of nature. The still woods woke to life with the rising of the sun. The murmur of rustling leaves, the sighing of the waving branches, the whir of myriads of insects, the morning greeting of the birds, rose and fell upon the air. It was the birds at last that drew Siegfried from his revery. "Ah," he cried, "how often have I tried to understand their song! Let me imitate it, and perhaps I shall know what it says." He made a pipe from a reed which he cut with his sword. The futile attempt to reproduce the music of the feathered tribes on this rude instrument is treated by Wagner with considerable humor. Siegfried threw away his whistle, and seating himself at the foot of a tree took up his silver horn. "This at least," said he, "I can play." He wound upon it an exceedingly pretty and merry tune, the effect of the scene being greatly helped by the fact that the horn passage was played not in the orchestra, as is usual in such cases, but by a performer concealed behind the tree.

The horn aroused the giant Fafner, and we saw him in dragon's guise (the German text calls him a "great worm") roll out of the cave. The machine was big enough for a man to stand upright inside its head, and the voice of the Fafner of the first evening issued from its chasm of a throat. The battle that ensued was short and, to tell the plain truth, rather absurd. In drawing his sword from the body of the slain dragon some of the blood fell upon Siegfried's hand; it burned like fire, and he put his hand to his mouth. Instantly the understanding of the language of birds came to him. From the branches overhead we heard a light soprano voice, in phrases which most ingeniously wedded articulate speech to bird like tones, direct Siegfried to enter the cavern and secure the helmet and the ring. We heard it again warn him against the treachery of Mime, and behold the dwarf, when he approached, was made to utter not the false professions that were framed on his lips but the malice and murderous purpose that lurked in his heart. He offered a poisoned drink, and Siegfried slew him, threw his body into the cave, and blocked up the entrance with the carcass of the dragon. It would be useless to try to describe the music of this animated scene, or rather I should say this succession of scenes all crowded with incident. Every action had its appropriate accompaniment, every word fitted exactly its musical expression. There is no such thing as analyzing music which changes as rapidly and freely as the shapes in the evening sky. At one moment the orchestra told us of quarrel and and conflict. The next, it brought back the music of the words as Siegfried stretched himself beneath the trees and in gentle accents, lamenting his desolate condition, asked counsel of his friends the birds. Again the pretty voice came from the treetops. It told him of Brünnhilde, and bade him penetrate the barrier of fire, and win the most glorious of women for his bride. Siegfried started to his feet. A new passion burned in his veins, and with the first experience of love, his music took a changed character. He was no longer the rosy and bare-limbed young savage, rejoicing in his freedom and strength; higher aims and deeper feelings than he had yet known made him another man. At his call a bird fluttered down from the trees to show him his way, and led by this strange guide he set forth for the rock of fire.

BRUENNHILDE'S AWAKENING.

The third act was introduced by an orchestral passage of a sombre and mysterious character, with sustained harmonies of marked importance for the trumpets and trombones. Again the curtain rose upon night and a wild landscape. Steep rocks stretched across the background and over them lowered an angry sky. Thunder rolled and lightning flashed from the clouds. Hither came Wotan, the Wanderer, to call up Erda for counsel and prophecy. At his summons a faint bluish light began slowly to appear in a hollow of the rocks, and we saw dimly the figure of a woman clothed in black robes and a silvery veil rise half into view. Little by little, while the solemn music went on, the form became more distinct and radiated a stronger light. But Erda would give no advice in the coming crisis of the divinities of Walhalla. She had parted with her wisdom to Brunnhilde, and when Wotan told how he had imprisoned the Walküre in sleep and fire, Erda veiled her head in dismay and was silent. The god foresaw the downfall of his race through the triumph of human free will in the person of Siegfried, but in accents of inimitable dignity and sadness he avowed that he did not regret it, and after a scene of great power, pervaded by a dignified pathos, he commanded Erda to sink again to her everlasting sleep; the light faded away, and the Wanderer was left alone. The storm had now ceased, and dawn began to show in the sky. With the morning light came Siegfried following his bird, which fluttered a moment upon the scene and then disappeared among the rocks. Here then was the path to Brunnhilde's prison, but when Siegfried attempted to pursue the way, Wotan withstood him, and barred the approach with his spear. A blow with the sword Nothung cut the spear in two. The power of the gods was forever broken. While the ponderous motive in the bass, so often cited, was thundered forth—this time, however, with halting and disturbed rhythm, to indicate that the law was at last fulfilled—lightning flashed, flames began to gleam among the rocks, and Wotan disappeared. Siegfried hailed the outbreak of the flames with cries of joy, and as they gradually overspread the rocks his exultation rose. He plunged into the midst of them. We saw him for a few moments pushing forward, and then the clouds of red steam rising from below and the ruddy vapors dropping from above enveloped the whole scene. In a moment a curtain of gauze had fallen across the stage, and behind it the whole theatre seemed to be wrapped in flame and curling smoke. The orchestra meanwhile continued an interlude in which there was a marvelous combination of the two characteristic melodies of Siegfried with one of the motives of Wotan's Farewell in the last scene of "The Walkure."

When the flames died down we looked upon the other side of the barrier of fire—the summit of Brunnhilde's rock, as in the 3d Act of "The Walküre." Brunnhilde lay as Wotan left her, the helm over her face, the long shield covering her body. In the background the glow of advancing day struggled with the failing light of the flames, when Siegfried mounted the rocks and came upon the scene. He raised the shield and helmet, he cut the fastenings of the armor, and Brünnhilde, waking from her sleep, recognized in the young volsung her appointed deliverer. The whole of this last scene was virtually a love duet of the most impassioned character, its spirit changing as Brunnhilde, no more a goddess, but now in heart and impulse a woman, was swayed in turn by fear, by trust, by modest tenderness and burning love, and Siegfried gave loose rein to feelings which seemed to engross his

whole nature. Love duets alike of the tender and the fiery sort are common enough in operatic music, but no one has ever written a scene like this which startles the listener with the dramatic truth of every phrase and evidences of such deep insight into the human heart.[!?] It has all the characteristic eloquence and clearness of Wagner's peculiar form of melodic declamation, and a great deal of what the least cultivated ear recognizes as suave and well defined melody. The composer resorts in it to a common device of the older schools which he seldom allows himself, employing the two voices in concert instead of alternately, and the rapturous finale reminds one somewhat of the Italian *stretta*. Here Frau Materna, the only woman living, I am sure, who could sing Brünnhilde, was superb. Unger was not a bad Siegfried. Wagner chose him mainly for his fine figure and bearing, and when he began to study his part he was a musician of very ordinary abilities. He has still a great deal to learn; above all he has to learn how to avoid shouting and to keep his voice clear and true through a long and difficult performance. But minor defects of interpretation were lost sight of in the effect of a scene which roused the whole audience to extraordinary excitement, and brought the evening to a glorious close. J. R. G. H.

FOURTH DAY—GOETTERDAEMMERUNG.

BAYREUTH, Aug. 17.—There is a constant upward progress in the four divisions of Wagner's enormous opera. "Siegfried" is greater than "The Walküre," just as "The Walküre" surpasses "The Rheingold," and to-night we reach an overpowering climax in "The Götterdämmerung" ("Dusk of the Gods,") for whose splendors even the three previous performances hardly prepared us. Music, decoration, and dramatic interest here rise to what the bewildered spectator believes must be their last expression; and moreover in this as in the other divisions the climax is reached gradually, the last act in every case being the most impressive, and the anticipations of the audience kept constantly alert until the final dropping of the curtain. "The Dusk of the Gods" has for its special subject the atonement by Siegfried and the extinction of the glories of Walhalla. It begins with a mournful prophecy of the approaching end. When the stage was disclosed, after a very brief prelude, the three Nornes, or Fates (one of whom was personated by the celebrated Johanna Wagner), were descried by the dim light on Brünnhilde's rock. They threw to one another the golden rope of fate, and in its strands read with dismay of misfortunes to the gods. The music here, the most significant part of which was given—according to Wagner's frequent usage—to the orchestra and not to the voices, was full of mysterious and solemn portent. At last the rope parted, and crying out that the end had come, the Nornes, locked in each other's arms, sank into the earth. Day broke slowly, and with the increasing light the orchestra gave us the first hint of a new and most charming melody, upon which, combined with a motive often heard last evening, Wagner has built up a magnificent and moving scene between Siegfried and Brünnhilde. The hero, in full armor, was now to go forth in quest of honor and adventure, and the Walkyrie, giving him her horse, took leave of him in a duet which combined, as no other music does in the world, the lofty heroic spirit inspiring the whole tragedy with the ardent woman's love which constitutes one of its main springs of action. Here again Materna, who bears upon her strong shoulders so much of the burden of the last three nights moved and electrified the whole house. Husband and wife exchanged vows of eternal fidelity, and Siegfried, having placed upon Brünnhilde's finger the Ring of the Nibelungs as a wedding token, disappeared in the valley, the notes of his silver horn coming up from below while the Walkyrie watched his retreating form.

Thus far we had only a prologue to the drama. The curtain remained drawn during a long instrumental interlude, but there was no intermission. The interlude was one of the most beautiful and ingenious things in the whole work. It was founded upon the notes of the horn, which changed almost imperceptibly into a sort of scherzo. Other motives identified with the hero were afterward introduced, and the whole were combined in a magnificent specimen of imposing and intricate composition worthy of this unapproachable [!] master of the orchestra. When the curtain rose again for the first act the stage was set to represent a court in the dwelling of Gunther, a chief of the race of the Gibichungs on the Rhine. The room into which we looked opened right and left into inner apartments. At the rear it was not inclosed, but from its outer edge a pleasant slope led down to the shore. The river, coming from the far back-ground, flowed by on the left. Trees and rocks filled up the scene on the right. The mountains beyond the river appeared on the distant horizon. The architecture of the hall was rude and heavy, but rich according to the fashions of a primitive age. There was a peculiarity in the lighting which had a marvellous effect. Little or no light was thrown from the interior of the hall; even the auditorium had none to reflect; but the open country at the back was glowing in the sun and the illumination came from there as it would have done in nature. This was contrary to all theatrical usage, but the result was admirable. At a raised table on one side sat Gunther (Eugen Gura) and his sister Gutrune (Weckerlin), with drinking horns before them. On the lower level was Gunther's half-brother Hagen (Siehr), natural son of Alberich and the evil principle of this division of the drama. Hagen sang the praises of Siegfried, whom he declared to be the fittest hero to wed Gutrune, and of Brünnhilde whom he wished Gunther to take to wife. Hagen's plot being to get possession of the ring. In the midst of this conversation Siegfried's horn was heard in the distance, and presently he arrived in a boat. Received with cordial hospitality, he gave in a richly varied scene an account of his adventures, and swore an oath of brotherhood with Gunther, drinking with him from a horn in which each had mingled with the drink a few drops of his own blood. Old and new motives were welded together in the instrumentation of this interesting scene. The story of Alberich's treasures brought back reminiscences of the Nibelheim music, and the oath was accompanied by an expressive phrase which was merely the oft-repeated "law motive" somewhat curtailed. Gutrune meanwhile had watched the hero with uncontrollable admiration and readily yielded to Hagen's advice to mix him a love potion. Siegfried took the drink. Instantly all recollection of his intercourse with Brünnhilde was magically effaced. He conceived a violent passion for Gutrune. He asked to have her for wife and promised in return to aid Gunther in obtaining Brünnhilde. Impatient of a moment's delay, he seized his arms, he hurried Gunther at once to the boat, and pushed out into the river. There was a fine distinction between the exciting music in which all this was conveyed and the love music of the prologue and the previous evening in which the volsung had sung his passion fo Brünnhilde. That was the rapturous expression of a pure and noble feeling; this was the fury of an insane and reckless infatuation. But the orchestral interlude which followed the departure of Siegfried and Gunther (the curtain meanwhile being dropped for a few minutes), brought us back to the love melody of the prologue, and so prepared us for the next scene, on Brünnhilde's rock, where the Walkyrie sat contemplating Siegfried's ring. The recurrence of the motive of the Walküre's Ride prepared us for the appearance of Brünnhilde's sister "spear-maiden" Waltraute (Frl. Jaide), who came to beg that Siegfried's ring might be returned to the Daughters of the Rhine, and the fate of the gods thus averted. With correct poetical perception however, Wagner made Brünnhilde repel this proposal with indignation. She had no more part with the gods, but a mortal hero was all in all to her. How grandly Materna delivered the magnificent music in which the answer is conveyed! It is a passage in which tenderness and passion are artfully united, and true womanly feeling, with which the opera had not greatly concerned itself until this superb creature came upon the scene, finds free and sympathetic expression. With the departure of Waltraute, accompanied by cloud and storm as she sped through the air, evening came on and the light of the protecting flames began to show itself with the accompaniment of the fire motive. The sound of a horn in the distance brought Brünnhilde to her feet with a cry of ecstacy. But it was not the form of her Siegfried that presently broke through the fiery barrier and stood upon the summit of the ridge. Still under the influence of the magic draught, the hero had assumed the appearance of Gunther by the power of the tarn helmet. As Gunther he now claimed Brünnhilde for his bride, and after a violent scene wrenched the ring from her finger and forced her away to the spot where the real Gunther awaited her.

SIEGFRIED'S MADNESS.

In the second act we returned to the hall of Gunther, but this time we saw the exterior. It was dark night when the curtain rose, and Hagen, with spear and shield, sat leaning asleep against one of the columns of the porch. As the moon suddenly threw a little light upon the scene we became aware of a figure crouching at Hagen's knee, and whispering to him as he slept. It was Alberich, who came to urge him on to the murder of Siegfried and the seizure of the ring and helmet. There was something awful in music, scene, and action alike, as Alberich whispered his wicked suggestions into the ear of his son, and Hagen with fixed gaze and motionless figure answered in a dull and half articulate way, as one who dreams of crime and welcomes temptation in his sleep. In many respects the passage seemed to me one of the most marvelous in the whole work for originality and strength, and when the figure of Alberich gradually melted away, and his voice came to us out of the impenetrable darkness into which he disappeared —"Sei treu, Hagen mein Sohn! Sei treu! Sei treu!"— the effect was little less than awful. Morning then dawned, to a little orchestral passage of great beauty, and hardly was the sun up before Siegfried, who had left Brünnhilde with Gunther, and transported himself back to the Gibichung's hall by the power of the helmet, appeared in his proper form and called earnestly for Gutrune. Hagen, by a blast upon his horn and a loud call, summoned the men of Gibichung to assemble. Horns answered him from various quarters, and the men came hurrying upon the scene, not trouping forward in a body and planting themselves in a stiff row down the side of the stage, after the absurd custom of the conventional opera, but clambering over the rocks from all directions, one or two at a time, and taking natural and picturesque positions here and there, each man having something to say as he came forward, asking the meaning of the call, until the whole combined in a splendid four and six part chorus—the first instance of the employment of a chorus in the entire four nights, if we except the music for the Walkyries. Hagen bade them prepare sacrifices and make ready for a wedding, and even as he spoke Gunther and the captive bride, Brünnhilde, arrived in the boat, and were hailed with joyful acclamations. The whole of this chorus or more properly concerted music, is in Wagner's grandest manner. When Siegfried came forth from the house leading Gutrune by the hand, and followed by the women of the chorus, Brünnhilde was overpowered with horror and amazement, but Siegfried did not know her. Recognizing the ring however on his finger, she guessed the trick that had been played upon her, and wildly denounced Siegfried as a traitor. She declared that she was already wedded to him and would have none other for her husband and Gunther, who did not know of Siegfried's relations with Brünnhilde, was filled with suspicion and resentment, of which Hagen took advantage to plot with him for Siegfried's death. I must not dwell too long upon the incidents of this crowded and exciting scene. Siegfried swore upon the point of a spear that he had been true to his oath of brotherhood. Brünnhilde rushed forward and swore to the truth of her accusation. The rage of the injured woman, the amorous infatuation of Siegfried, the timid and halting treachery of Gunther, the malignity of Hagen, the perplexity of the multitude, were all portrayed with amazing vividness in music which, though not strictly an ensemble contained concerted passages of the most brilliant character. Dramatically it is one of the noblest Wagner has ever written. Brünnhilde being the central figure about which all the other personages group themselves and to whose glorious passion all the other sentiments of the composition seem to be tributary. When the people had dispersed, Hagen induced Gunther to aid him in compassing Siegfried's death, and by working upon the jealousy and just resentment of Brünnhilde he learned from her that the volsung was vulnerable only in the back. It seemed as if we were to go on from one grand scene to another still grander, and the excitement became almost painful when the great chorus was followed by the still greater trio in which the emotions of these three characters found such forcible expression. It was a trio which would alone have made the success of any ordinary opera; it was in the truest sense melodious; and yet the "tune" in the voice parts was by no means distinctly marked. Here we had an excellent example of the correctness of Wagner's theory. An Italian composer would have suspended the action of the drama while soprano, baritone, and bass unwound in turn the measures of a cantilena; Wagner allows them to give free expression to the language of passion, while the orchestra, doing what voices alone were compelled to do in the old school, supplies what is necessary to shape the whole into an eloquent and complete melody. The scene was interrupted by the appearance of a troupe of children, dancing and strewing branches and flowers, and then came the wedding procession, Gutrune in the midst borne aloft upon a shield, and Siegfried walking by her side. Gunther took Brünnhilde by the hand and forced her to join the cortege. Then the curtain fell.

DESTRUCTION OF WALHALLA.

In the third act, Siegfried, separated from his companions in a hunting party, came to a beautiful spot on the Rhine, where the path led down among trees and bushes from a high bank to the brink of the river. There the Rhine daughters, exquisite creations of this most poetical of musicians, rose to the surface with their beautiful song. They besought Siegfried to restore the ring, but he refused. When his companions overtook him they proceeded to make good cheer; and Siegfried, seated in the middle, told the story of his adventures. The music became more and more wonderful as we approached the catastrophe. Accompanying Siegfried's narrative, the orchestra reviewed, so to speak, all the prominent points of his career. We had the song of the smithy and the piping of the birds. Just then two ravens flew across the stage. "Those are the harbingers," cried Hagen, "of your coming to Wotan;" and as Siegfried turned to look at them, Hagen's spear pierced his back. In the hour of death the hero recovered his reason, and in an exquisite song, with a highly original accompaniment, in which harps in harmony and the violins play a prominent part, he called upon Brünnhilde, and so expired. They raised him on his shield, and in sorrowful procession returned to the hall of Gunther. It is here that occurred the gem of this division of the opera, the funeral march which so accomplished but unfriendly a critic as Hanslick of Vienna has pronounced the greatest since Beethoven's Heroic Symphony. The praise is not too strong. Whether for the novelty of the theme, the sympathetic character of the movement, or the splendors of the orchestral combinations, the march is unrivalled, and the listener is not only interested but surprised to find it introducing familiar motives after a while so naturally that they seem to belong in this very place. When the bearers took up their burden light clouds began to drift across the scene, gradually concealing them as they toiled up the steep bank. Before the last of the men had gone off the stage the whole was hidden.

When they brought Siegfried's body to the hall of the Gibichungs the curse of Alberich was not long in working again its evil effects. Gunther and Hagen quarreled for the possession of the ring, and Hagen slew Gunther; but when he tried to take the ring from Siegfried's finger, the dead man raised his arm, and Hagen fell back in dismay. Then Brünnhilde entered. All stood back to let her approach. She comprehended now the mystery of Siegfried's conduct. In a long monologue of delicious tenderness she declared herself Siegfried's only love, his companion in life and death, and she bade the men prepare the funeral pile. It would be impossible to

shalt thou, . . . O death, be wel - come, too

Woe, woe, when the

Woe, woe, when the

Piu Allegro.

wel - - - - - - - - - come! Thou light of the

con-quering foe shall ap - - - proach, Let us fly, now,

con-quering foe shall ap - - - proach, Let us fly, now,

Piu Allegro.

fz

fa - thers, Come and show me, light . . of the

let us fly, now, Woe to

let us fly, now, Woe to

let us fly, now, Woe . . . . to

fz

fa - - - thers, Come and show me, show me the

mf

us, See, ah! see the sha - - dows

mf

us, See, ah! see the sha - - dows

mf

glo - rious he - - - ro, Show . . . me the

glide! Woe to us! woe to us!

glide! Woe to us! woe to us!

f

fz *Ped.*

he - ro, Show . . . me the he - ro, the he - ro, the

woe to us, woe to us, woe to us, woe, When our

woe to us, woe to us, woe to us, woe, When our

he - - - - - ro in death, . . .

foes ap - proach, Woe to us,

foes ap - proach, Woe to us,

mf

dim. *p*

. . . re - pos - - - - ing, Come and

f

Come let us fly, now,

f

Come let us fly, now,

f

dim.

f

convey by a mere descriptive letter, any idea of the beauty and grandeur of this final scene, the crown of a work whose greatness is beyond praise. They built the pile by the bank of the river, and when it was finished they placed the body on it (having first deftly exchanged the real Siegfried for an effigy), and covered it with wreaths of laurel; but first Brünnhilde took the accursed ring from his finger resolved to destroy both it and herself together. She seized a torch and threw it upon the pile. The flames shot up with their clouds of lurid smoke. Her horse was led forward; she grasped it by the bridle, and dashing forward to leap into the flames disappeared in the crowd. Suddenly the blazing pile fell together; fire seemed to spring up in all parts of the hall; the roof and columns of the portico came crashing to the ground; the waters of the Rhine rose and engulfed the spot where stood the funeral pile; and the Rhine daughters recovered their treasure by the sacrifice of Brünnhilde. A red glare next overspread the horizon, and when the clouds lifted we saw in the distant sky Walhalla in flames, and the gods in dismay grouped around the central figure of Wotan. So ends the colossal work. "The Götterdämmerung" began at 4 and ended at 10·15, with the usual two hours of intermission. At the close the whole audience rose in a transport of enthusiasm, and shouted for Wagner until he came before the curtain and in a few words, spoken in a clear and pleasant voice, expressed his satisfaction with the efforts of the artists and the readiness of the people to sustain the highest efforts of art. He was called forward again, with shouts and cheers and the waving of hats, and then there were loud cries for the conductor, Hans Richter, who, however, did not respond.

J. R. G. H.

A Young Lady's Experience at Bayreuth.

[The following letter to a friend from an American girl, who is studying music in Germany, is sent to us with liberty to publish.]

Frankfort, Aug. 26, 1876.

Dear A——: Two weeks ago to-day a long, long train of cars (so long that the men and women in the fields stopped their work to gaze at it) wended its way, not very rapidly, towards Bayreuth. As the train, an hour or more behind time, finally reached the station, it was not hard to realize that the occasion was truly a "Festival." The Bayreuthers with one accord were gathered together to see the arrival; among the most "well to do" people of the town, were also peasants in their neat and pretty Sunday costumes, all kept in line and order by bright helmeted officers, and evidently intensely interested by the sight of the throng that poured from the cars. From every window and house-top about the station flags were flying; for the Emperor of Germany would soon arrive in a special train; and nothing could be done, in the way of attending to baggage, etc., until His Royal Majesty had been received and disposed of. No one appeared to be in any hurry to withdraw from the fascinating scene.

An interesting crowd it was to wander about in; interesting to watch the pleasant meeting between acquaintances, artists, musicians, and distinguished people. Liszt was there, looking very amiable and very odd in his long coat and old-fashioned hat, speaking with great animation with some fine ladies, probably Princesses and Court-Ladies. *Mehlig* too, —my precious Mehlig, standing upon a chair chatting with friends! Many people stood upon chairs for a better chance of seeing the Emperor when he came. The idea of seeing the Emperor was not to me exciting (I have often seen him in Berlin); I was *much* excited when I discovered Mehlig.

Well! finally the train bearing the old gentleman arrived, and intense and prolonged were the enthusiastic cheers that greeted him as he stepped from his car, walked through the parted crowd to his carriage and was borne off to the palace. His Excellency safely out of the way, we began to think it time to convey ourselves to our lodgings in the town. There were not carriages enough in waiting to accommodate such a large number of applicants; we pick up a small boy to carry our small hand-bags and proceed. We see Wagner himself!!—sitting back in his open carriage, and doubtless feeling triumphant; possibly contrasting present circumstances with those of but a few years ago, when he struggled with poverty and the prejudices of the musical world. A proud moment it must have been for him, the realization of all his aims and desires. The little city was perfectly exultant; the main street bright with flags and festoons of greens. Our room, which we engaged a long time before, was in a very pleasant part of the town, and looked out upon the Jean Paul Platz and upon the statue of that grand old hero and poet. From what we afterwards heard of the miserable lodgings etc., we had every cause to congratulate ourselves. The room was just as neat and charming as possible; our Frau S——, painstaking and interested in our welfare; but with *such* a gift of speech as I have never before seen a human sister endowed with; and her use of which almost exhausted me. We wondered if we could live through her occasional visits in our room; but her goodness of heart finally reconciled us to the overwhelming capacities of her tongue.

The first performance, "Das Rheingold," commenced at seven in the evening and lasted two, or two hours and a half without intermission. But the following three days the opera commenced at four P. M. So, when we left the house at two, we drove directly to the Theatre restaurant, where we dined, and afterwards had only a short time to walk about and see the people before entering the theatre and taking our places. How interesting and fascinating that week appears to me! In spite of the intense heat, such as we have not had before this Summer, it remains only a delightful recollection. And still I can say, I was not roused to enthusiasm by the opera. It was less enjoyable in point of music and beauty of idea, than others of Wagner's operas. In splendor and harmony of all the stage arrangements it was marvellous! Of the four evenings I enjoyed the second, "Walküre," best; the music was the most beautiful; and yet it was just that I had wondered if I could sit and see, the text which I read beforehand was so abominable. Wagner did not respond the first evening to the immence applause that followed the fall of the curtain, although the Emperor was present. For some 20 or 25 minutes Wagner sat, it is said, with folded arms in some room behind the scenes, hearing the tumultuous calls for Wagner! Wagner! Wagner! urged by the conductor of the orchestra and would not move. "I do not wish it!!" "I do not wish it!!" he is reported to have said.

Yes! he is a queer man, a remarkable talent; one cannot help admiring the wonderful will and energy of his nature. At the same time one must despise his character; utterly unprincipled, utterly regardless of heavenly or human laws, his *will* is his law of life. His wife, the daughter of Liszt, and wife formerly of Von Bülow, is said to be very gifted and to render Wagner much valuable assistance in his work. She is very tall, has a very large nose, resembles her father somewhat, but is called very homely; I did not find her so; her face is striking and interesting. It is true she has the Von Bülow children with her; but of little Wagners there is but one, and that is the little Siegfried, well named as one may see who reads the *Nibelungen*. I saw Wagner's house from the street; it is not allowed to enter the garden. It is a square, plain house; over the door a painting from a scene in the *Nibelungen*. I presume the inside must be interesting and characteristic of the occupant. I do not wonder that you found it difficult to understand the legend of the *Nibelungen Lied* after twice reading or even more. It seemed very complicated when I first commenced it.

Yours,

C——

Birmingham Musical Festival.

(From the London Athenæum, Sept. 2.)

The opening morning concert, last Tuesday, of the Triennial Festival in aid of the funds of the General Hospital, was a great financial as well as artistic success. The general execution of Mendelssohn's 'Elijah' may be classified as one of the most perfect *ensembles* of that masterpiece ever attained since the memorable production of the oratorio, under the lamented composer's direction, in 1846. The appearance of the interior of the Town Hall, newly and tastefully redecorated, was a sight to see, as the vast auditory rose to listen to Sir Michael Costa's arrangement of the National Anthem. It was soon ascertained that the band of 140 players was first class. The finely developed instrumental prelude, following the announcement of the famine by the Prophet, proved that the balance of sound had been accurately judged. The successive fugual points were clearly developed, and the brilliant tone of the strings was judiciously balanced with the wood and brass throughout the accompaniments. The choralists, both in the quality of their voices and in the precision of their attacks, were quite up to the standard of excellence reached by the Festival Choir, showing that their trainers, Messrs. Stockley and Sutton, had done their work right well. The solos for the soprano, for the contralto, for the tenor, were sung by Madame Lemmens, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, and Mr. E. Lloyd, and in the second section Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Patey, and Mr. Vernon Rigby were the artists. As is usual, and as is, in fact, imperative, Mr. Santley had the weight of the entire music allotted to the title-part. The seven singers were up to the mark; the only exceptions which can be fairly urged against the vocalization were in the double quartet, "For he shall give," and in the quartet, "Cast thy burden," wherein, while praising the precision of the vocalists, the *juste milieu* of the part-writing was not attained: the voices did not blend so sympathetically as could be desired. In the second part adverse criticism was disarmed. The President, the Marquis of Hertford, exercised the customary privilege of the position by signalizing for the encores, which perhaps, in sacred music, had better be avoided, although there is much to urge in favor of encouraging leading soloists, to whom applause is the breath of their professional life. The lowering of the pitch of the organ, so far from being a boon, turned out to be a bore, and something beyond, for its flatness was at times a nuisance. This vexed question of tuning instruments to suit the exigencies and exactions of voices of high compass is a constant source of disappointment and annoyance.

It is scarcely requisite to refer specially to the other works conducted by Sir Michael Costa with his usual presence of mind, clearness of beat, and unapproachable accuracy, such as 'St. Paul,' the 'Messiah,' 'The Last Judgment,' the Mass in c of Beethoven, etc., as five novelties have been produced at this festival. Precedence must be given to the veteran composer, Prof. Niels Gade, of Copenhagen, whose genius was discovered by Mendelssohn, and which recognition led to his being the successor to Dr. Ferdinand Hiller as Conductor of the Leipzig Gewandhaus Concerts, but, since 1848, the composer has resided in the Danish capital. He has contributed two works to the festival, the one a sacred cantata, 'Zion,' and the other a *quasi*-sacred cantata, 'The Crusaders.' In both productions he has set subjects previously treated by other musicians; thus the 'Zion,' Op. 49, in the words, is an abbreviated version of Handel's 'Israel in Egypt;' there are the laments of the Children of Israel—their passage through the sea, their captivity in Babylon, their return to Zion, with the prophecy of the new Jerusalem. According to the printed pianoforte and vocal score of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co., who have also published the 'Crusaders,' the 'Zion' was written for baritone solo, chorus, and orchestra; but the part was too high for Mr. C. Tovey, and it was altered to suit the compass of Mr. Vernon Rigby. The numbers comprise an Introduction, two full choruses, and a solo with chorus; but the execution lasts longer than might be expected from the paucity of pieces. The writing is broad and massive, but it is wanting in contrasts; the ideas are melodious, the treatment both for voices and instruments indicates the command of effects; but on 'Zion' it is needless to dwell further, as it is almost totally eclipsed in important attributes by the 'Crusaders,' Op. 50. Here, again, we have a libretto treated by Gluck, Rameau, and many other men of note; but Niels Gade asserts his individuality. His poet was Carl Andersen, and, of course, Tasso's 'Jerusalem Delivered' is the basis of the text. The English translation for the festival is by the Rev. J. Troutbeck, and is also published by Novello & Co. There are the three divisions, with the prefixes of 'In the Desert,' 'Armida,' and 'Towards Jerusalem.' The characters are Peter

the Hermit (Signor Foli), Rinaldo (Mr. E. Lloyd), and the sorceress Armida (Madame Trebelli Bettini); the choralists are the Crusaders, the Sirens, and the Pilgrims. Niels Gade is at his best in the 'Crusaders;' it is a composition the forms of which are quite orthodox, and the ideas are remarkably striking; it is the writing of a scholar and of a musician who has both fancy and imagination. The orchestration is ingenious, able, and picturesque. In splendid contrast is the music of the witchery of the sirens to tempt Rinaldo, with the solemnity of the tones of the Crusaders; the orchestral prelude to 'Armida' is a little gem. To dwell on the varied beauties of the cantata is impossible in this issue of the *Athenæum;* but it will doubtless be produced in London, when a further reference to the numbers will be a pleasing task. Niels Gade conducted both his works with much animation.

Mr. Macfarren's oratorio, in two parts, 'The Resurrection,' it may at once be stated, is not another 'St. John the Baptist,' which will remain his finest composition. The book by Dr. Monk, of York, is certainly very inferior in interest to the other. The mistake has been made that the resurrection itself has not been set by the composer, who begins with the coming of Mary Magdalene to the sepulchre, and finding the stone has disappeared. But no characters are specified. It is a Narrator (Mr. Santley) who has seventeen recitatives, without the intervention of a single air, to describe the incidents. True, it may be urged that the composer's intent is to portray the series of emotions experienced by the apostles and disciples after the resurrection, leaving to the overture, which is a fine one, the task of depicting the awful events preceding the rising from the sepulchre. This prelude has two themes, which are heard in the oratorio: first, in the scene where Jesus is assumed to appear before His disciples; and, secondly, at the end of the chorus, "He is the Resurrection and the Life." The composer has skilfully availed himself of the advantage of iteration to illustrate significant situations or special passages. The great drawback is in the number of reflective phrases in the manner of the Greek chorus, commenting and moralizing. The introduced hymn, first sung simply in unaccompanied harmony, and then with very able contrapuntal development, is too frequent. Of the choruses, the one distinguished for pathos is the "Woe unto us," but the jubilant outbreaks are the most exciting; thus the one in F, "This is the victory," with its fugue, is grand and masterly, and another one in D, "He is the Resurrection," is full of power, majestic, and massive. The soprano has two songs, "For this our hearts," in F sharp minor, and the other a *bravura*, "Sing, rejoice!" in A, exulting enough, but both airs taxed the powers of Madame Lemmens. In the two airs for the contralto (Madame Patey), the music is more sympathetic; the first, "Let us have grace," is somewhat dry, but the second, in D flat, "His right hand," is very melodious and graceful. Mr. Lloyd (the tenor) has two numbers, one in E, "Now is our salvation," and the second a *scena*, "The wages of sin," in E minor and major, which is rather complex. The duet between soprano and contralto, in G, "In due season," and the trio for soprano, contralto, and tenor, in B flat, "The peace of God," are devotional and tranquil. On the whole, however, a first hearing of the oratorio, without the advantage of a reference to the score, which is not published, conveyed the impression that it is heavy, and that the instrumentation has been too *forte* for the voices. There are the signs of labor and hard workmanship, rather than those of inspiration; the 'Resurrection' has not the consistency and coherency of 'St. John the Baptist,' and this may partly have arisen from the narrative portion of the 20th chapter of St. John's Gospel having been too much mixed with texts in the nature of sermons from other parts of the Bible and New Testament, besides turning to account the Book of Common Prayer and popular hymnology. It is also possible that some haste took place in the composition, owing to the occupations of the Principal of the Royal Academy of Music. His brother, the pianist and composer, Mr. Walter Macfarren, conducted the 'Resurrection.'

The scriptural scene, for tenors and basses, 'The Holy Supper of the Apostles,' by Herr Wagner, will give little trouble to notice. The composer must have had an odd notion of the voices of the followers of the Saviour to have made them sing as if they were in a German beer-garden. The twelve apostles (Matthias replacing Judas Iscariot) shout to the disciples with that excess of modulation peculiar to the composer. The orchestration is in the restless and florid style, with his favorite figures for the stringed instruments of iteration. There are five movements, but the whole is too boisterous and demonstrative to be accepted as the devotional strains of inspired apostles, who could not have had a notion of the music of the future, unless there had been a musical Judas amongst them to deny the masters.

Mr. Cowen's cantata, 'The Corsair,' adapted by Mr. R. E. Francillon from Lord Byron's poem, only requires the dialogue or recitatives to be introduced to make the work a complete opera, for it is better adapted for the stage than for the concert hall, except in the instrumental items (the *entr'actes*), some of which are masterly. The vocal parts have a mixed Italian and Balfish type, and are always tuneful. Mr. Cowen, in fact, seems to be in search of a style, and it will be a matter of surprise, young as he is, if he does not obtain individuality. In striving to characterize the Turkish music, he has used disagreeable discords here and there; these would be considered correct at Constantinople, but were a mistake at Birmingham, but, barring a few flaws, there was often considerable charm in his cantata; the chorus of Almas is exquisise, and the storm movement is cleverly scored. Mdlle. Tietjens (Gulnare), Madame Lemmens (Medora), Mr. Lloyd (Conrad the Corsair), and Signor Foli (the Pacha Seyd), have been well voiced; the duets between Medora and Conrad, and between the latter and Gulnare, are well contrasted; a ballad by Madame Lemmens, "I know not," with guitar *obbligato* (Madame Pratten), is quaint and pleasing, and the *scena* of Mdlle. Tietjens called forth her powerful high notes with ringing force.

A new ballad by Mr. Anderton, a local organist, entitled 'The Felling of the Trees,' with full score, and conducted by himself, was sung by Madame Patey, and was of sufficient interest to entitle the composer to a more prominent place in the week's programme.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 30, 1876.

The Upshot of Wagnerism.—Edward Hanslick's Summing Up.

In our last number we gave some significant extracts from the concluding letter from Bayreuth of the able musical critic of the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, as we found them in a New York German paper. Having the *Freie Presse* itself now before us we proceed to translate the omitted passages.

Bayreuth, Aug. 18.

"Yesterday we had the *Götterdämmerung* as the conclusion of the whole cycle. With the now completed execution of the Bayreuth programme the Music of the Future has become a power of the Present. Outwardly at least, and for the moment. Upon Art-historical predictions, etc. (*See last number, page* 302.)

. . . . . "Let us hear the master's own words about his new musical method in the *Nibelungen*. 'I have,' he says (Vol. IX, page 366) 'raised *dramatic dialogue itself* into being the main substance even of the *musical* performance; whereas in "Opera," as such, the moments of lyrical delay, fitted into the action for this purpose, were considered available for what was supposed to be the only possible kind of musical performance. It is music, which, while it independently brings us into sympathy with the motives of the action in its finest ramifications, at the same time enables us to present this action with drastic definiteness. As the actors have not got to express themselves to us about their prompting motives in the sense of the reflective consciousness, the dialogue gains here that naive precision which makes out the life of the drama.'—That reads very finely, but in the execution Wagner's purpose is by no means reached, and the *total blending of Opera and Drama*, after as before, is an illusion. Through this alleged equalizing of the importance of word and tone, Wagner cramps the efficacy of them both alike. The music wants to expand, the words to press onward; therefore continuous dialogue belongs naturally to the Drama, and sung melody to the Opera. This partition is not contrary to nature, but Wagner's method, of lifting both kinds of Art up into one, is contrary to nature. The unnatural singing speech or speaking song of the Wagnerian *Nibelungen* neither compensates us for the spoken word of the Drama, nor for the work sung in the Opera. The first, because with most singers one cannot understand the text at all, and even with the best only here and there in passages. But since for the sake of the scenic effect the auditorium of the *Festspielhaus* is totally darkened, all opportunity of looking into the text book during the performance is entirely shut off. Hence we sit helpless and listless before these endless dialogues of the singers, at one and the same time thirsting after plain speech and ever intelligible melody. And what a dialogue! Never have men talked *so* with one another (nor gods either probably). Springing to and fro in remote intervals, always slow, pathetic, overstrained, and, substantially, one precisely like the other.

"Since in this 'Music-Drama' the acting persons are not distinguished from each other by the character of their vocal melodies, as in the old 'Opera' (Don Juan and Leporello, Donna Anna and Zerlina, Max and Caspar), but are all alike in the physiognomical pathos of their speaking tone, Wagner undertakes to supply this characterization through so-called 'reminder or leading-motives' *in the orchestra*. Wagner had already given considerable extension to this musico-psychological auxiliary in *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin;* he carried it to excess in the *Meistersinger*, and in the *Nibelungen* he complicates it into a regular arithmetical example. One easily holds in mind the two or three melodically and rhythmically pregnant leading motives of *Tannhäuser* or *Lohengrin*. But how does Wagner proceed about it in the *Nibelungen?* We have the answer in a pamphlet, offered everywhere for sale here, by Herr von Wolzogen: '*Thematic Guide*' (or leading string), a sort of musical Bädeker (or Murray), without which no respectable tourist ventures out here. Far away from Bayreuth, one might find such a handbook comical; the serious and mournful thing about it is,—that it is necessary. Herr v. Wolzogen adduces not less than *ninety* leading motives, with their names and notes, which the tormented Festspiel visitor has to impress upon his mind so as to recognize them everywhere amid the whirl of tones throughout four evenings. Not only persons, but inanimate things too have here their individual leading motives, which emerge now here, now there and enter into the most mysterious relations to one another. Here we have the Ring motive, the motive of Thraldom, of threatening Doom, of the Rhine-Gold; the Giants' and the Dwarfs' motive, the Flight motive, the Tarn-helm motive, the lead-motive of the "weary Siegmund;" the Sword, the Dragon, the Dream of Vengeance motive, the motive of Alberich, of Siegfried, of Wotan, and so on to No. 90. This rich musical wardrobe, which every hero brings along with him, is only worn, however, at his feet, down in the orchestra; on the stage they have absolutely nothing on in the way of melody.

"With few exceptions (the *Walkürenritt*, Walhalla, the anvil motive, Siegfried's horn call) these *Leit-motiven* in the *Nibelungen-ring* are of small melodic or rhythmical coinage, consisting of a few notes and frequently resembling one another. Only an uncommonly favored ear and memory can possibly hold them all. And if we succeed in this, if we have actually perceived that the orchestra makes here an allusion to the gods, there to the giants, and then to gods and giants both at once—what great thing have we gained by it? A process

of pure understanding, a reflective comparison and inference—the *Nibelungen* music points continually away to something beside and above itself. Any full feeling and enjoyment is impossible, if understanding and memory must stand continually on the watch to catch allusions. This mystic-allegorical tendency in Wagner's *Nibelungen-ring* in many ways reminds us of the second part of Goethe's *Faust*, which forfeits so much of its poetical effect precisely because the poet has "mysterized" so much into it, which now plagues the reader like a riddle.

"Many a golden word in Vischer's latest book about the allegorical nature of the second part of *Faust* applies to the character of the last Wagnerian music drama. This also is in text and music a poem which one cannot understand without a learned key, which consequently fatigues and disquiets, instead of refreshing and delighting. Verily we come at last to Vischer's result, that, where it comes to the question of an æsthetic *diagnosis*, nothing, unfortunately, is arrived at by the demonstration. Whether a tone-work sprang from the depths of musical feeling, or out of the retort of ingenious calculation, that, however obvious to the individual, cannot be scientifically proved. Vischer's proposition, that the feeling of the beauty of the poetic life can be demonstrated to no one, seems to me to hold good most especially for music. In the old, pre Nibelungen 'Opera' the composition follows the universal laws of musical logic, forms a series of symmetrical and rounded organisms each intelligible *per se*. The masters gave us in the 'Opera' music, which through its unity was intelligible, through its beauty enjoyable, and through its intimate harmony with the action dramatic. They have shown a hundred times over, that the 'absolute melody,' which Wagner scorns, can be at once eminently dramatic; and when in several parts (or polyphonic), especially in the finales, can sum up and conclude the progressive action energetically. To remove vocal part-song, duets, etc., from the Opera as 'undramatic' is to ignore, etc. (*See last number, page* 303.)

"We do not fail to recognize the new trait of grandeur and sublimity which Wagner lends to his work by the fact that every act contains only two or three scenes, which unfold themselves in the most quiet breadth, nay frequently seem to stand still like plastic images. From the restless scene-shifting and the overfulness in action of our 'grand Opera' the Nibelungen-Ring distinguishes itself most advantageously precisely through this simplicity. But a straight forward epic breadth need not distort and dislocate the drama in that manner. It is hard to conceive how a dramatic composer so familiar with the theatre can suddenly lose all sense of proportion and not feel, that conversations like those of Wotan with Fricka, with Brünnhilde, with Mime, etc., tax the hearer's patience most intolerably, and must utterly stupefy him by their insatiable loquacity. For the unheard of length of the Walhalla scenes in Rheingold, of all the conversations in the second act of the *Walkurie*, of the six questions' in *Siegfried*, and so on, one seeks in vain for any dramatic or musical reason. An eloquent advocate of Wagner, the vivacious Louis Ehlert, in his *critique* on "Tristan and Isolde," suggests that every number of it be considerably shortened, to give the opera a chance of life. Now it may well be asked: Where was there ever a real *dramatic* composer, in whose operas every piece of music can be abridged at pleasure and without harm? Yet in listening to the *Nibelungen-Ring* we came completely to the same conviction, that every scene would bear the most extensive *cuts* without the smallest harm, while on the other hand one might spin out in this style as much longer as he pleased.

"The new method of the 'dialogical Music-Drama' rejects in fact all musical measure and proportion; it is the formless infinite. Wagner, to be sure protests against our judging his 'stage-play' from the stand-point of music. Why then does he make music, and very much music, four long evenings full of music? In many places there appear musical beauties of ravishing effect, both strong and tender; it is as if the new Wagner wished to remind us of the old. We can only allude at present to the Rhine Daughters in the first and fourth piece; to the Spring song of Siegmund and the Fire Charm in the second, to the mingled forest sounds and the beginning of the love duet in the third. In the Bayreuth representation one could observe how every such bud of blooming melody was recognized with visible rapture by the audience and pressed to every heart. When after two hours of monodic desert there appears a bit of song in parts, —the closing chords of the three Rhine Daughters, the singing together of the Walküren, the few thirds at the end of the love duet in *Siegfried*, there passes something like a joyous thrill of deliverance after long imprisonment over the faces of the hearers. These are very significant symptoms. They give clearest evidence that the musical nature in Man is not to be denied or gagged; that the new method of Wagner is not a reform of traditions which we have outlived, but an assault upon the musical sensibility inborn in us and which it has taken centuries of education to develop. And though this assault be undertaken with the most brilliant weapons of the mind—Nature withstands it and quietly hurls the besieger back with a few violets and roses.

"The plastic energy of Wagner's fancy, his astonishing mastery over the technique of the orchestra, and numerous musical beauties reign in the *Nibelungen* with a magic power, to which we willingly and thankfully yield ourselves captive. These single beauties, which creep in as it were behind the back of the system, do not prevent this *system*, this tyranny of the word, of unmelodious dialogue, from planting in the whole the seeds of death. The strange and gorgeous coloring, the intoxicating vapor of the orchestra in the *Nibelungen-Ring* embrace us with a demoniacal spell. But as Tannhæuser in the Venus-berg longs for the dear familiar chimes of earth, so we soon long from the deepest heart for the melodic blessing of our old music. 'Shall I never, never hear it more?'"

The Season at Home.

Signs of musical activity are beginning to appear,—more numerous than ever in regard to music schools, conservatories and private lessons, as will be seen by running the eye down the advertising columns of any Boston newspaper. And in the way of concerts and popular musical entertainments,—though the announcements and, we presume, the arrangements, are unusually timid and behindhand,—enough is already promised to show that our city will find more than lenten entertainment during the winter that is close upon us.

The HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY resume rehearsals to-morrow evening at Bumstead Hall. Beyond the fact that they will of course give the *Messiah* at Christmas,—and with the additional accompaniments made expressly for the Society by Robert Franz,—the programme of their winter's work is undetermined. But this is Triennial Festival year, or rather we are on the eve of it, and before next May they will be deep in the study of important Oratorios, Cantatas, etc., both new and old, including (let us hope) the Passion Music once more.

MR. ERNST PERABO will lead off in the Chamber music. He will give three concerts, assisted by Mr. John C. Mullaly and the Philharmonic Club (B. Listemann & Co.) These will occur at Wesleyan Hall, on Oct. 28, Nov. 3 and 10, to begin at 3½ P. M. Mr. Perabo will present novelties by Prof. J. K. Paine, Richter, Raff and Rubinstein.

Friends of the HARVARD SYMPHONY CONCERTS, who may have been disturbed by rumors of a possible change of place, will be pleased to learn that the ten concerts will be given, as they uniformly have been during the past eleven seasons, in the *Boston Music Hall*,—beginning on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 9, and continuing at regular intervals of once a fortnight for five concerts; then a pause of four weeks, followed by five more from Feb. 1, to March 29. Of the programmes we shall probably be able to give some information in our next issue. The price of season tickets will be $10. The public sale will commence at the Music Hall on Monday morning, Oct. 30; but persons who desire an earlier choice of seats with the members of the Association who guaranty the Concerts, may easily secure it by applying (before Oct. 20) to any member, either directly or through Mr. Peck, or Ditson's or Prüfer's music stores.

All reports persistently agree that THEODORE THOMAS will give no series of Symphony Concerts here this winter; and even that our enjoyment of his admirable orchestra, which after all seems not to be "disbanded," will be limited to a period of less than two weeks in the middle of November. They are to be of a "popular" character, and the dates fixed are Monday, Nov. 13; Wednesday, Nov. 15; Saturday, Nov. 18 (Matinée); Monday, Nov. 20; Wednesday, Nov. 22. Season tickets may be secured at Mr. Peck's office.

—The Thomas Orchestra are to take part, moreover, in several of the subscription concerts to be given in the new Theatre of Memorial Hall at Cambridge, under the management of Prof. Paine and others. These will be attractive to music-loving friends and neighbors of the University beyond the bounds of Cambridge.

Most of the Chamber Music, we fancy, will be in the form of Pianoforte Recitals; for we grow richer every season in the number and the quality of accomplished resident pianists; besides Mme. SCHILLER, PERABO, LANG, LEONHARD, PARKER, PETERSILEA, and others well known, we have now Miss AMY FAY, and Mr. SHERWOOD, whose performances will excite no little interest. Among them all we shall be very sure to hear a plenty of Beethoven, Bach, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn and Chopin, to say nothing of their followers.

—The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB is preparing with renewed vigor for the winter campaign. We read that

"The club will not go West till the end of January. This is in deference to the calls for services in New England. Lovers of classic music will gladly learn that the club intends giving a short series of chamber concerts in Boston early in the season. They have made a valuable acquisition to their number this season, by engaging Mr. Alexander Heindl with his double bass. They have prepared many pieces of the new composer, Saint-Saëns, and much of the available (?) music by Wagner.

—The BOSTON PHILHARMONIC CLUB, we are sorry to learn, have made so many engagements elsewhere, that they cannot promise another series of their admirable Chamber concerts, which proved so gratifying to the best music-lovers last year, although (alas for Boston!) not remunerative. They will assist, however, in various concerts of the higher order now and then, besid s playing before some of the Lecture crowds. Truly this peripatetic policy (perhaps necessity) of so many of our best musicians who compose the several Quintet Clubs, is a serious injury to good music here at home. Why cannot Boston and places within a few hours' reach of Boston furnish steady occupation and support for at least *one* organization of the kind? And then such men would be available for a permanent good orchestra.

Mme. ESSIPOFF, the Russian pianist, who, we are told on excellent authority, takes rank above all the lady pianists now in Europe, is to give three concerts in the Boston Music Hall in the latter part of December.

This is the fall season for Free Organ Recitals. Mr. EUGENE THAYER gave his ninety-third last Wednesday at the Old South Church, on Boylston st., assisted by Miss Mary Slocum, with this programme:

Sixth Organ Concerto, Handel; Vorspiel—Schmücke Dich, Bach; Sonata in C minor, op. 27, Rheinberger; Variations on Pleyel's Hymn, Gerrish; Ave Sanctissima, Eugene Thayer; Variations on Nuremburg, for two performers, Thayer.

Mr. PARKHURST, at the First Church Berkeley and Marlboro' Streets, began on Thursday, at 4 P.M. Mr. Thayer's next will be Oct. 4, at 3 o'clock.—Meanwhile the Great Organ at the Music Hall is played every Wednesday and Saturday noon.

The vocal Clubs—the Apollo, the Boylston, the Foster Club, etc.,—are getting their voices into practice again; and we hope that "The Cecilia" will soon follow suit. We make no account as yet of those nice little quartets of singing birds (soprano and contralto) who have here their nests, but fly about the country far and near.

The many friends of Mr. AUGUST KREISSMANN will rejoice to learn that he will soon be back among us, and with health so far restored that we may hope, not only to hear many a fine Franz song sung as only he can sing them, but to welcome his genial face and his inspiring influence again in some of his old posts of influence.

More anon. The list is by no means complete.

Letters from New York and Philadelphia too late for this week.

WORCESTER, MASS.—The festival occasions of the Worcester County Musical Association, to be held during the first week in October at Mechanics' Hall, Worcester, will consist of five concerts and three matinées. The dates and programmes of the concerts and talent assisting are as follows:

First Concert—Wednesday evening, Oct. 4. Rossini's "Stabat Mater." Miss Mary H. Stone, soprano, Mr. J. C. Collins, tenor, Mrs. Flora E. Barry, contralto, Mr. William H. Macdonald, bass; accompaniments by the Philharmonic Club, and choruses by the association; also, vocal and instrumental miscellaneous selections by the above vocal artists, Philharmonic Club and grand chorus.

Second Concert—Thursday afternoon, Oct. 5. English glees, part-songs, madrigals and solos, by the English Glee Club of New York; Miss Henrietta Beebe soprano, Mr. J. R. Nilsen, tenor, Miss Louisa A. Finch, mezzo soprano, Mr. George Ellard, tenor, Mrs. Anna Holbrook Rosan, contralto, Mr. W. C. Baird, baritone, Mr. George E. Aiken, bass, and Mr. C. Florio, accompanist; choruses by the association.

Third Concert—Thursday evening, Oct. 5. Miscellaneous selections by Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, Miss Louisa A. Finch, Mr. J. R. Nilsen, full English Glee Club, and chorus of the association.

Fourth Concert—Friday afternoon, Oct. 6. Grand symphony concert; symphony and other instrumental selections, by the Germania Orchestra (thirty performers), assisted by Miss Matilda Phillipps, contralto, Mr. John Orth, pianist.

Fifth Concert—Friday evening, Oct. 6. Handel's "Joshua:" Miss Clara Doria, soprano, Miss Matilda Phillipps, contralto, Mr. J. R. Nilsen, tenor, Mr. John F. Winch, bass, great chorus of the association, with full accompaniment by the Germania Orchestra and great organ.

The matinées will be given on the afternoons of Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 2, 3 and 4.

The performers at the matinées will be principally of the membership of the association. Morning sessions will be held daily during the continuance of the festival for rehearsal of the chorus music, under the direction of Carl Zerrahn and Mr. B. D. Allen.

MME. ESSIPOFF, the Russian pianist, who was so successful in London last Winter, will come to this country during the Autumn. She was born at St. Petersburg in 1852, her father being a counsellor of the court, and a distinguished musical amateur. At the age of 13 she was entered at the Conservatory of St. Petersburg (of which Anton Rubinstein was the director), where she gained the highest honors. After the completion of her studies she made her debut in Germany in 1872, playing in Brunswick, Hanover, Leipsic, and Magdeburg. Later she played in Paris and Berlin, after which, her reputation being fully established, she returned to Russia. Mme. Essipoff is said to have an extraordinary memory, playing always without notes, while her repertory comprises more than 200 pieces, including most of the great works of Bach, Handel, and other classical composers. She is also said to be a remarkable interpreter of Chopin, having a very pure technique; and although her execution is extremely bold, and she plays with rare dash and spirit, she never passes the limits prescribed by the severest taste. She will sail from Europe for this country Oct. 21.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE MASON RECITALS. The following list of works performed in various cities in the interior of New York, during the past summer, at musical conventions festivals, etc., by Mr. WILLIAM MASON, certainly shows a great improvement in the general taste, to which programmes of so high an order are acceptable. In one city Mr. Mason gave nine pianoforte recitals, playing at the ninth entirely from Schumann's composition. Here is the repertoire:

George Frederick Handel. 1684—1759.
Air a la Bourrée.
Suite in F minor, (No. 8)—1. Prelude; 2. Fuga; 3. Allemande; 4. Courante; 5. Gigue.
Chaconne in F.

John Sebastian Bach. 1685—1750.
Gavotte in D.
Gavotte e musette.

Christopher Gluck. 1714—1787.
Gavotte from Don Juan.

Ludwig von Beethoven. 1770—1827.
Op. 7—Grand Sonate in E flat.
" 13—Sonate pathetique in C minor.
" 26—Sonate in A flat.
" 25—(No. 2) Sonata (Moonlight).
" 110—Sonata in A flat.

Franz Schubert. 1797—1828.
Op. 90—Elegie.
" 124—(No. 2) Impromptu.
Minuet in B minor.

Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. 1809—1847.
Op. 14—Rondo capriccioso.
" 62—(No. 6) Spring song in A.
" 67—(No. 4) Spinning song in C.
Prelude in E minor ("Notre temps" set.)

Robert Schumann. 1810—1856.
Op. 12—Fantasiestücke.
No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, No. 5, No. 6, No. 7, No. 8.
Op. 15—Kinderscenen.
" 16—Kreisleriana.
No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, No. 5, No. 6.
Op. 18—Arabeske in C.
" 19—Blumenstücke.
" 21—Novelletten.
No. 1 in F, No. 6 in A, No. 7 in E.
Op. 23—(No. 1) Nolturnes.
" 26—Carnival at Vienna.
(5 numbers)
Op. 27—(No. 2) Romance in F sharp.
" 28— " 1 " " "
" 10— " 1 Fantasiestücke in A.
" 124—Schlummerlied.

Frederic Chopin. 1810—1849.
Op. 7—(No. 1) Mazurka.
" 10— " 12 Etude in C minor.
" 15— " 1 Nocturne in F.
" 15— " 2 Nocturne in F sharp.
" 17— " 1 Mazurka.
" 18—Waltz in E flat.
" 24—(No. 1) Mazurka.
" 24— " 4 Mazurka.
" 26—Polonaise in C sharp minor.
" 28—(No. 15) Prelude in D flat.
" 29—Impromptu in A flat.
" 32—(No. 2) Nocturne in A flat.
" 33— " 2 Mazurka.
" 34— " 1 Waltz in A flat.
" 34— " 2 Waltz in A.
" 35—Marche Funebre.
" 37—(No. 2) Nocturne in G.
" 40— " 1 Polonaise in A.
" 42—Waltz in A flat.
" 47—Ballade in A.
" 48—(No. 1) Nocturne in C minor.
" 50— " 1 Mazurka.
" 50— " 2 Mazurka.
" 55— " 1 Nocturne in F minor.
" 59— " 2 Mazurka.
" 64— " 1 Waltz in D flat.
" 64— " 2 Waltz, C sharp minor.
Romance from E minor concerto.

Franz Liszt. 1811——
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 12, in C sharp minor.
Chant Polonaise (Chopin).

Sigismund Thalberg. 1812—1871.
Romance, sans paroles.

Adolph Henselt. 1814——
Etude Si oiseau j'etais.

Joachim Raff 1822——
Op. 125—(No. 1) Gavotte.
" 126— " 1 Minuet.
" 130— " 2 Etude Melodique.
" 157— " 2 La fileuse.
" 187— " 3 Erinnerung an Venedig (Tanbenfutterung).

Anton Rubinstein. 1830——
Barcarolle in G.
Melodie in F.

Scholtz.
Concert Polonaise.

NEW YORK. Dr. Leopold Damrosch succeeds the lamented Bergmann as Conductor of the Philharmonic Society. The programme for the season will doubtless soon be forthcoming. Meanwhile we read the queer intelligence that the Society "will give Wagner's 'Ring of the Nibelungen,' in instrumental form (!), next season."

Mr. THEODORE THOMAS announces "that the tenth season of the Symphony Concerts will begin Saturday evening, October 28. Mr. Thomas will combine with his orchestra, this winter, a chorus of picked voices, which he intends to make permanent. In arranging programmes for symphony concerts, the difficulty has always been, to find such vocal numbers as would lend variety, without disturbing the unity of the programme. To overcome this difficulty, the chorus will be organized, and Mr. Thomas hopes in time to make it in point of execution a worthy co-worker with the orchestra. By this combination a number of shorter works for chorus and orchestra, written for this class of concerts can be presented to the subscribers, and the programmes made more varied, while the strict character of the symphony concerts is preserved."—*American Art Journal.*

FROM the "Home Notes" of the *Music Trade Review* we take the following items:

The rehearsals of the Oratorio Society of New York will commence on September 18. "Elijah," "The Messiah," one of Bach's cantatas, 'The Creation," and some new choral works by living composers, will be interpreted during the season.

Mr. Adolph Neuendorff will give a series of six Sunday concerts at Steinway Hall, in aid of as many charitable institutions, commencing on November 5 and occurring thereafter, respectively, on December 10, January 14, February 18, March 25, and April 29. At these entertainments Mr. Neuendorff will interpret, with the co-operation of an orchestra of sixty instrumentalists, and the full chorus of the New Yorker Saengerrunde excerpts from "Der Ring des Nibelungen," the complete score of which, we learn, he has brought from Bayreuth, where he assisted at the performances of the trilogy. Mr. Neuendorff further makes known that he will give representations of "Der Fliegende Hollaender" at the Academy of Music, on December 25, 26, 28, and 30, and on January 1 and 2; we shall surely not waste away the winter in a fruitless longing for a hearing of Herr Wagner's works.

Rehearsals preparatory to the performance of "Il Vascello Fantasma"—Wagner's "Flying Dutchman"—will begin in about a week. The opera will be brought out under the direction of Mr. G. Carlberg, and Mme. Papenheim will personate *Senta.* The co-operation of a company of adequate talent and numbers, of a strong chorus, and of a highly proficient orchestra is promised.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

In the Month of Flowers. (Bel Amour.) G. 2. E to E. *Molloy.* 35
"In a flow'ry mead, his horse he staid,
Where the sheep were watched by a blue eyed maid."
A marvellously sweet ballad, with a little French refrain. "Aimer O bel amour. Aimer toujours."

Hayes and Wheeler rallying Song. Song and Chorus. A*b*. 2. c to E. *Thompson.* 30
"No North, no South, no East, no West."
A spirited campaign song.

Who'll weep for me when I am gone? Song and Chorus. B*b*. 3. d to F. *Pratt.* 30
"Who'll speak one gentle word of praise"
Fine music and good poetry, the latter by Geo. Cooper.

Come to the Heart that is thine! From Evangeline. A*b*. 3. E to g. 40
"Come to me quickly, my darling"
From the very popular whimsical and most amusing musical drama mentioned above. Picture title.

Rose of Tennessee. Song and Chorus. F. 2. e to F. *Danks.* 30
"The summer days were brightest
When my love was by my side."
A pretty ballad of the "Darling Nelly Gray" order.

My Heart still lingers here. Song and Chorus B*b* 3. F to g. *Geary* 30
"Dream, love, my sweet love,
Ah, dream, love, of me."
Very beautiful and effective.

Hayes and Wheeler! Hurrah! Song and Quartet or Chorus. A. 3. E to F. *Perkins* 35
Three arrangements. Can be sung as Solo and Chorus, as a chorus (for mixed voices) and as a chorus or quartet for male voices, in which last case, it is in the key of B*b*.

Instrumental.

Madame Pompadour's Favorite Minuet. C. 3. *La Roche.* 40
Quaint and beautiful. A kind of piece that would make an excellent portion of one of the best sonatas.

Heart Secrets. Salon Piece. G. 3. *Popp.* 40
There may not be much in a name, but the bliss which invariably follows a "pop" in this world, is finely indicated in this music, which is very pleasing.

March of the Blues and Grays. F. 2. *French.* 30
Composed for a Richmond company, which includes soldiers of the "grey" and "blue" orders. Good company and first rate march.

Sail on! Valse brillante. G. 3. *Knight.* 30
Bright as a jewel. Sail into it.

Our Regiment. Quick March, E*b*. 3. *Knight.* 30
Quick March is another name for Quickstep. Any regiment will step the lighter for the playing of this super-brilliant march.

Centennial Polka. Lith. Title. D. 3. *Krakauer.* 40
Of great brilliancy and "snap" Cannot fail to please. View of the great Centennial Building on title.

Hamilton Mazourka. B*b*. 2. *Erwin.* 30
An easy and graceful Mazurka.

Light Spring. Polka (Hoch hinauf.) F. 2. *Heyer.* 30
Very merry. Nimble feet cannot keep still when it is played.

"101" March. G. 2. *Faust.* 30
The strange title arises from the fact, that it is Opus 101 of Faust's compositions. Also, perhaps, from the fact that it is 101 times as good as some tame and insipid compositions.

Chasing the Deer. (Jagdstuck.) G. 3. *Koelling.* 50
A little more difficult than (3) when rapidly played. Very wide-awake hunter's melody.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, B*b*, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C 5, c to E" means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space.

SELECT LIST OF MUSIC BOOKS.

RICHARDSON'S NEW METHOD FOR

THE PIANOFORTE, is briefly mentioned in our list of Instruction Books. It may, in addition, be said, that the publishers take a natural pride in it, as their most successful book. The sale of about 250,000 copies has been unequalled by that of any similar work. The magnitude of the undertaking to print a quarter of a million copies may be better appreciated by the following statement. The leaves of "Richardson," taken out and laid down in the New York Central Park, would carpet the whole expanse with at least a double thickness of paper. The same sheets, laid down another way, would form a musical pathway, 3 feet wide and 3,000 miles long, from New York to San Francisco.

The book has been revised and re-revised, until it is, probably, quite free from errors, and improvements and useful additions have, from time to time, been made. It contains 260 pages, Sheet Music size.

PRICE $3.75.

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has recently come into the possession of DITSON & Co., having been on the Catalogue of LEE & WALKER. It has had a first-rate success, as 30,000 copies have been sold. Its neat appearance, fine arrangement, and its multitude of pleasing pieces, songs and easy voluntaries, commend it at once to the eye, as one of the best of Reed Organ books.

PRICE $2.50.

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PIANOFORTE, has special claims to be used as *the very first* instruction book. Teachers understand that the driest, least interesting, and therefore the most trying time for instructors and pupils, occurs in the second or third month of study. Bellak shrewdly provides a large quantity of pretty, progressive, useful little airs and rondos, to bridge over this place of difficulty. After a few weeks in "Bellak" the pupil is well prepared for a longer and more solid book. Price in Paper, 75 cts.

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is commended to Societies and Musical Clubs, as a Cantata of a high order. Boards, $1.50; Cloth, $1.75.

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is a treatise on Voice Cultivation, by one of our best educated and most skillful teachers and singers. By GEO. L. OSGOOD. Price $4.00.

VOICE BUILDING, by Dr. STREETER,

describes both a book, and the system explained in it. A success. $1.50.

THE SABBATH, a book of Church Music by

C. EVEREST, first published by Lee & Walker, is now added to Ditson's list. It is constructed in excellent taste, and includes about 600 metrical tunes, besides Chants, Anthems, &c., constituting one of the best filled of Church Music Books. Price $1.50.

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has a value which should be fully understood. Book publishers are accustomed, from time to time, to bring out handsome sets of "Dickens," of "Shakespeare," of "Scott," of "the Poets," &c., &c. Now suppose some bookseller should bring out a set of books which included all the best works of Scott, Bulwer, Dickens, Thackeray, and of all the others. This, for literary people, would approach, but not equal the value to music lovers, of our *Home Musical Library.*

The Library at present, (1876) contains 18 volumes, each entirely independent of the other, and resembling a bound volume of sheet music. To form these books, nearly the entire mass of song and piano music in existence has been looked over, and the *creme de la creme* (cream of the cream) of it reserved.

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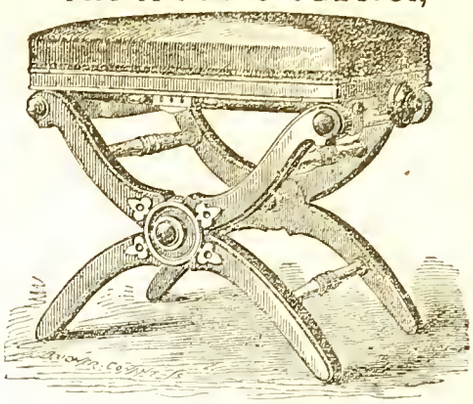

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WHOLE No. 926. BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 14, 1876. VOL. XXXVI. No. 14.

The Nibelungen Trilogy at Bayreuth.

BY JOSEPH BENNETT.

(From the London Musical Times.)

When Richard Wagner first announced the carrying out of his darling enterprise at Bayreuth, men wondered why his choice fell upon such a place; they have wondered ever since, and they are wondering now. The master has thick-and-thin admirers, who credit him with the gift of infallibility, and believe that the fiction of the English Constitution, "The King can do no wrong," may be applied in his case as an absolute fact. Yet even these people can discover for Bayreuth nothing better than negative recommendations of a more or less whimsical kind. My own experience convinces me that scarcely could a worse selection have been made. As a dignified and respectable little town, with certain literary and historic associations, Bayreuth is, no doubt, a fit retreat for a man who desires to labor "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife;" but to make it the scene of a great gathering, to put upon its feeble resources an unbearable strain, and consequently to inflict upon visitors a host of discomforts, was a step only explainable by reference to the wilfulness in which great men sometimes permit themselves to indulge. Among Wagner's qualities is a grim humor quite familiar to readers of his literary works, and it may be that a resolution to entice the musical world off the highway, so to speak, and along uncomfortable bye-paths was a practical manifestation of it. Anyhow, the feat gave proof of his influence, and every one of us who wasted hours for a morsel of food, after fighting for a place in which to eat it; who domiciled in strange quarters, and—not through poverty—became acquainted with "strange bed-fellows;" who panted along dusty roads in a broiling sun, because the score or so of vehicles in the place were engaged twenty deep—every one of us, I say, had the consolation of knowing that here was practical homage paid to intellectual and artistic might. It was all of consolation we could get, and I am afraid it did not prevent a good deal of bad language. The natives, poor souls, did their very best under the pressure put upon them. They were willing enough, but fancy the chances they had in an encounter with 2,000 hungry and earnest strangers. As for the hotels—well, I will only observe that, if the statistics of the big lunatic asylum close to Wagner's theatre do not show a remarkable accession of patients from the class of landlords and waiters, my belief in the relationship of cause and effect will receive a blow.

Wagner chose a pretty spot for his theatre. There is a hill some 1,500 yards from the town, crowned with a wood, and having fields on its lower slope. Some distance up the slope stands the building, with a terrace on its town front, whence the eye ranges over the valley of the Red Main to the lofty hills beyond. Flanking the theatre, but slightly lower, are two wooden refreshment houses; and, lower still, the ex-meadow is planted with young trees, which border winding walks, the beginning of a pleasaunce "of the future." For the theatre itself little can be said—at any rate as regards the exterior. It is decidedly not beautiful; it comes very near being ugly, and signs that it has been erected "on the cheap" are more evident than pleasing to an æsthetic eye. But, here again, what matters? "The play's the thing," and Wagner cares more for one small accessory to his stage business than for the whole concern in front of the curtain. Look into the theatre and be satisfied of this. There may be a recognition of personal comfort, even of luxurious taste, in the Fürsten Galerie, but elsewhere behold a Spartan simplicity. It is assumed that he who goes to the Wagner Theatre does so as a lover of art. In that capacity alone is he recognized. "I will give you," says Wagner, "a good view of the stage; I will put my orchestra out of sight, and you shall not be annoyed by a gesticulating conductor; but if you expect a box in which to lounge, if you think to have light for the examination of your neighbors, or for the poring over libretti, if you expect facilities for disturbing the house by going in or out as you choose, then don't come to my place, for none of these things will you get. As you are not a prince, I cannot ask you to the Fürsten Galerie; but here is a cane seat in a vast parterre rising tier above tier, so that everybody sees well all that he ought to see. Take it or leave it." In such practical fashion is the whole business managed, and there has not been any grumbling. Some of the French and Belgian critics, it is true, wrote early letters home in a state of wonderment, but they grew reconciled when it appeared that a musical drama is not necessarily connected with a fashionable lounge. As for the Germans, they out Wagnered Wagner, and I believe that they would have sat out the performances on spikes had the master so ordained.

What a crowd was that which filled Bayreuth on the eve of the Festival! Emperors and princes came, and were received with acclamation, Wagner himself going down (in a dress coat and white tie) to greet the German Kaiser, and to hear from the imperial lips that the imperial mind was a blank in the matter of the artistic questions at issue, but that a national enterprise should be supported. Bayreuth, for some days before in process of waking, opened its eyes wide to see the old soldier. But there were many others present quite as remarkable as he, though the more eminent among German musicians stayed away. Brahms, Hiller, Volckmann, Joachim, Rubinstein, Raff—none of these put in an appearance, for reasons about which it would be impertinent to speculate. But all countries were well represented, and the visitors' list published from day to day was a roll call of eminence not only in music but in kindred arts. Franz Liszt made a prominent figure on more accounts than his own personal distinction, and, indeed, the Festival would not have been complete without him. In the days when Wagner had not a friend, and was picking up a bare living in Paris—when, moreover, the two were unknown to each other, it was Liszt who recognized the future author of "Der Ring des Nibelungen," and, in the nick of time, gave him precious encouragement. Hardly less important and gratifying to Liszt, therefore, than to Wagner himself, was an occasion which justified his previsions and realized his hopes. Among others present who engaged more or less attention were such musical *littérateurs* as Herr Hanslick, of Vienna; Signor Filippo de Filippi, of Milan; M. Albert Wolff, of Paris; Mr. Wheeler, of New York; and Mr. Davison, of London; while professors from all countries could be reckoned by the hundred. In short, the gathering was unique—the grandest tribute ever paid to the genius and will of a single man.

Life in Bayreuth during the Festival was busy enough, if in many respects uncomfortable. A large portion of the time not spent at the theatre was necessarily occupied in fighting for food, and for the balance there were plenty of claimants—old friends seen after long parting, new friends anxious to be useful, and chance acquaintances whose share in a matter of common interest gave them a right to attention. Nobody waited for an introduction to anybody at Bayreuth. People ignorant even of each other's names became confidential over the invariable glass of beer whenever opportunity offered, and till far into the night a buzz of conversation rose to the unaccustomed heavens. Of course opinions often clashed. There were some present who could not recognize the amazing perfection of Wagner's work, and who, in the face of terrible odds, had the boldness to say so. Such courage should have commanded the respect of their opponents; but, as far as my observation goes, the out-and-out Wagnerian is an intolerant person, not disinclined to use muscle as a means of conversion to the faith. At all events the meeting was disgraced by sundry quarrels and at least one assault, with which, it is to be feared, the majority sympathized, looking upon it as the pardonable result of laudable enthusiasm. Life in and about the theatre scarcely varied from day to day. As the performances—save that of "Das Rheingold"—began at 4 o'clock, there was, first of all, a hot walk to the building along an unwatered road, then a lounge in the shade, or a "restorer" in the refreshment booth, or an amusing inspection of the very remarkable-looking people who by means of long unkempt hair, *à la* Liszt, proclaim themselves devotees of modern German art. These mustered in strong force, and vied with each other in eccentricity, the palm of strangeness being unanimously accorded to a brother and sister (both, it is said, pupils of Liszt), who wandered about "looking mysteriously nowhere," the gentleman in an odd be-feathered hat, from under which streamed black straight locks, the lady in no hat at all, and with her tresses waving wildly. While these and such as these passed in review, a little procession of royal carriages ascended the hill; and, if Emperor William were there, as on the first two days, the Germans gathered round the state entrance to greet him with the dismal, long-drawn "Hoch!" which does duty for our more vigorous and exciting "Hurrah!" Then a blast of trumpets summoned all to enter, the "call" being invariably one or other of the Nibelungen *motivi*. It never took the audience long to settle down, and when the trumpets once more sounded and the lights were lowered till darkness became visible, a peremptory hiss stopped all motion and noise. During the performance silence and stillness were maintained; but on the curtain falling after each act, it was a sight to see with what relief the entire fifteen hundred poured themselves out of the theatre, blinking in the sunlight, and hurrying to find wherewith the exhausted body might be refreshed. So the days went on till the entire drama had unfolded itself, and the crowd, their curiosity satisfied, melted away, leaving Bayreuth to prepare for the next batch of visitors. The first series of representations, I should add, did not pass off without some disappointment. Owing to the temporary illness of Herr Betz, who filled an important part, the performance of "Siegfried" was put off from Tuesday to Wednesday, and, as a result, not a few had to leave without witnessing "Götterdämmerung," while many more were unable to attend a public supper given on Friday for the purpose of bringing Wagner and his patrons together. But matters might easily have been worse, as it would appear from the case of Herr

Betz that the leading *rôles* were not "under studied."

The arrangements of the theatre for art purposes were singularly complete, and no question can arise as to the future influence of such of them as departed from established custom. Complete success attended the hidden orchestra, not only because a distracting spectacle was removed from the ken of the audience, but because, without loss of purely musical effect, a distinct and appropriate mental impression was created by the flood of sound streaming from a concealed source. Wagner's idea of a veil of music rising between the spectator and the stage, coloring all beyond with its rich hues, thus found justification, the result being precisely as he described it. But some one may ask, "How could a hundred and fourteen instruments find room without a huge ungainly chasm between audience and stage?" The answer is that the orchestral seats were arranged on an inclined plane descending far beneath the "boards." At the bottom of the plane were stationed the brass and percussion instruments, the "strings" occupying the higher rows. By this plan the visible width of the orchestral pit was not great enough to be an eyesore, while the position of the loud instruments secured depth and majesty of tone without blatant noise. That the orchestral players were satisfied with their novel station I cannot say. They objected on principle to be put out of sight, and they complained, with good reason, of most exhausting heat. True, because they were invisible, they could—and did—play in their shirt-sleeves; but this freedom hardly compensated for a situation which many of them declare they will never again occupy. Thanks to the good offices of Mr. Dannreuther, I was able to inspect the arrangements on and behind, above and beneath, the stage for the working out of scenic effects unequalled in magnitude, elaboration and splendor. That I was much the wiser for gazing upon a mass of intricate machinery cannot be said with any regard for truth, but I came away with profound respect for the inventive skill of Herr Brandt, of Darmstadt, in whom Wagner discovered a man able to satisfy his most extravagant desires. Later on I shall have occasion to speak of the more prominent features in a series of stage spectacles, which may be regarded as the *ne plus ultra* of their kind. Fortunate in scenic resources, Wagner was not less so in all other departments of the complicated apparatus required by his music-drama. In Herr Doepler, of Berlin, he had an artist able to dress the characters after a fashion at once truthful—as far as truth can be ascertained—and picturesque. The stage groupings were admirably superintended by Herr Fricke, of Dessau; while Herr Richter, of Vienna, filled the all-important post of conductor in a manner absolutely beyond reproach. I may say this the more emphatically, because I have never seen Herr Richter. He is known to me only "by his fruits," and assuredly never did music so exacting receive such ample justice. It may be urged that the completeness of the performance arose from a multitude of rehearsals. Of course it did—otherwise Herr Richter and his men would have wrought a miracle. The secret of their success, apart from individual skill, was simply hard work. Let me give particulars on this head. The orchestral rehearsals alone of the four dramas were thirty-six in number—nine for each drama, to say nothing of subsequent rehearsals more or less "full." Many of these lasted four hours, the "wind" occupying two hours, and the strings the other two. In point of fact, active preparations began on the third day of June, and continued without intermission till within three days of the performance. "No wonder," it may be said, "that the result was perfect." The wonder is that, in our days of hurry, so much patient labor was thought needful and cheerfully bestowed. As a matter of course, the instrumentalists were the pick of Germany. Herr Wilhelmj led the 32 violins, having under him eight concertmeisters, to say nothing of artists well known as performers of chamber music; while the 12 violas, 12 violoncelli, and 8 double-basses, added to this splendid army of fiddles, made up a string band such as could only before have been dreamt of by the connoisseurs whose hopes it more than realized. Among the "wind" were 4 flutes, 4 oboes, 1 cor Anglais, 3 clarinets, 1 bass clarinet, 4 bassoons, 1 contra fagotto, 7 horns, 4 tenor and bass tubas (expressly made for the occasion), 3 trumpets, 1 bass trumpet, 4 trombones, 1 double-bass trombone, 1 bass oboe (also constructed specially), 1 double-bass tuba, drums, and 8 harps. The preponderance of bass in this scheme, especially of "sixteen-feet tone," must at once strike every reader. But in practice it was none too much. On the contrary, it gave surprising majesty to the *ensemble*, while the numerous phrases for the bass alone were rolled out with a force that sometimes approached the awful. As to the uniform excellency of the orchestra I cannot be particular, because, even if space were available, words would fail. Enough if I invite the reader to imagine all he can in the way of merit, and then believe that he has not done justice to Herr Richter's wonderful band. Turning to the vocal artists, let me first put on record their names and characters: F. Betz (*Wotan*), A. Niemann (*Siegmund*), G. Unger (*Siegfried and Froh*), E. Gura (*Gunther and Donner*), H. Vogl (*Loge*), C. Hill (*Alberich*), C. Schlosser (*Mime*), A. Eilers (*Fasolt*), F. von Reichenberg (*Fafner*), J. Niering (*Hunding*), G. Siehr (*Hagen*), A. Materna (*Brünnhilde*), F. Grün (*Fricka*), M. Haupt (*Freia*), L. Jaïde (*Erda and Waltraute*), J. Schefzky (*Sieglinde*), M. Weckerlin (*Gutrune*), L. Lehmann, M. Lehmann, and M. Lammert (*Rhine Daughters*)—in all twenty artists, not counting the representatives of three Norns, eight Walkyries, and a chorus of nine women and fifteen men. That all had been carefully chosen the result proved. The acting in most cases was irreproachable; in some super-excellent. In stature and bearing Wagner's chosen ones realized his ideal; nor were they destitute of the physical qualities necessary to sustained declamation at the top of the voice against a powerful orchestra. That no more than two or three had any right to call themselves vocalists is true, but as Wagner gave them no vocal music, in the ordinary sense of the term, the fact mattered little. They enunciated his lines with vigor, and left the musical effect to the safe care of the band. Among the artists specially worthy of honor were Frau Materna, whose *Brünnhilde*, a fine dramatic and declamatory character, is fitly described as splendid. Herr Betz, as the gloomy *Wotan*, showed great power, while the *Loge* of Herr Vogl and the *Mime* of Herr Schlosser were creations of the highest order. The stage effects gained their impressiveness chiefly through certain novel means, for, though the scenery was good, it is often, as scenery, equalled on the English stage. Drifting clouds were admirably simulated by a clever contrivance; the lightning and thunder, instead of burlesquing, exactly reproduced, nature, and the use of steam made possible such a display of apparently real smoke and flame as had never before been attempted on any stage. *Per contra*, the magic lantern did its work as badly as usual in the representations of the Walkyries flying through the air, the beasts were more grotesque than appalling, and in the performance of "Das Rheingold" accidents happened which, considering the months spent in preparation, were without excuse.

The preliminary and subordinate part of my task here ends, and I come to the gist of the whole matter—What is this new thing which Herr Wagner has bestowed upon the world?

It must be obvious that, in answering a question so comprehensive—when the thing comprehended is four long dramas—I cannot enter into minute particulars. To do so would be to fill this number of the *Musical Times*, and still leave much unsaid. All that I may attempt is the imparting of what autumn manœuvring commanders style a "general idea," by means of as many details as space allows.

First, let me touch the poem. "Der Ring des Nibelungen" consists of four sections: an Introduction, "Das Rheingold," and a trilogy—"Die Walküre," "Siegfried," and "Götterdämmerung." So constituted it is a complete work, bound together in all its parts by the closest ties, having a distinct beginning, an equally distinct ending, and comprising within itself all that is necessary to perfect elucidation. Looking at the technical completeness of "Der Ring des Nibelungen," it is easy to assume that the plan was carefully defined from the outset. Not so, however. It grew under the author's hands till that which was once but a single drama became four. Curiously enough, it stretched backwards in point of time. Dealing at first with results arising from hidden causes, Wagner felt the necessity of revealing those causes, and so was led to the source whence all the effects arose. We have his own authority for believing this; moreover, he has told us exactly where and under what circumstances he began the work. Having drawn a succession of heroes—the Dutchman, Tannhaüser and Lohengrin—from the region of myth, he looked about, more than twenty-five years ago, for a successor to those famous personages, and, after glancing at Frederic Barbarossa only to find that historical characters were unmanageable, according to his theory, he alighted upon Siegfried, one of the most prominent actors in Teutonic and Scandinavian mythology. Siegfried was a tempting subject. Himself a splendid being, he formed the central figure of a group of events unsurpassed in romantic interest and poetic beauty. But as the limits of a single drama would not admit even the chief events of Siegfried's life, Wagner chose those immediately preceding his death, and based upon them the poem now known as "Götterdämmerung"—fourth and last section of "Der Ring des Nibelungen"—but then entitled "Siegfried's Tod." The story of this drama is highly exciting, and its outlines show that the author had in view an impressive stage spectacle analogous to that of "Tannhaüser" and "Lohengrin." We find the same rapid series of exciting events, the same highly-wrought climaxes, the same employment of crowds upon the stage, and, in short, all the elements of spectacular lyric drama as accepted by Wagner at an earlier period of his career. How much "Götterdämmerung" differs from "Siegfried's Tod" the author has not revealed. It is probable that some additions were made, but internal evidence goes to show that the poem, as we have it, belongs mainly, in point of dramatic construction, to the "Lohengrin" period. Like all its successors, however, it differs as to the character of verse. For reasons he has fully set forth, but which need not be discussed here, Wagner adopted in "Siegfried's Tod" the unrhymed alliterative verse of the old Teutonic and Scandinavian poets, believing that its marked accents and positive rhythm best harmonized with the idea he had formed that the *melos* should be suggested by, and grow from, the "word." I take an example of this form from Mr. Alfred Forman's excellent translation of "Der Ring des Nibelungen"—a translation as yet only circulated in private, but which, it is hoped, will soon be made public—choosing part of a song that throws a halo of beauty even around an incestuous love-making of brother and sister:—

"Winter storms make way
to the wakening May;
in placid splendor
prospers the Spring;
on bending breezes
buoys his journey,
weaving wonder
on his way;
over field and forest
floats his freshness,
wide and wakening,
laughs his look.
He sounds in boundless singing
of buoyant birds,
breath is sweet

with scent he sighs;
his liquid blood blooms out
in life of blossoms;
seed and leaf
are the leap of his heart.
With grace of gentle weapons
he forces the world;
winter and storm give way
to his stately war."

In this poem Wagner saw the ideal of musico-dramatic poetry, and throughout "Der Ring des Nibelungen" it is exclusively employed. Adopted as a matter of convenience by the composer, he alone perhaps can fully estimate its value; but impartial listeners must have felt that, brought to the test of performance, greater variety is required. Under certain circumstances, the rugged and strongly-accented lines are all that could be wished; under others, more particularly when soft and tender sentiments prevail, both ear and mind—perhaps from force of habit—demand a gentler rhythm, and long for the suave effect of rhyme.

[To be Continued.]

The Antwerp Festival.

TO THE EDITOR OF BELL'S WEEKLY MESSENGER.

Antwerp, August 21, 1876.

SIR,—As the attention of your readers was some time since drawn to the Musical Festival, announced as about to be held at Antwerp on the 13th, 14th, and 15th instant, it may possibly be interesting to them to hear something of its results. It should, in the first place, be stated that this meeting forms the third of a series recently set on foot in this country, and that in future similar gatherings will be held alternately in the following towns—Brussels, Ghent, Antwerp, and Liége—the latter of which will celebrate its first festival in 1877. The object of these meetings—in support of which subsidies are granted by the Government, as well as the provinces and towns concerned—is that of fostering and promoting musical art in Belgium; and on this late occasion it was intended to give more especial prominence to the compositions of *Flemish* contemporary writers, whose inspirations are mainly derived from the Teutonic school; whereas the *Walloon* or French speaking element, on account of its natural affinities, is to a greater degree subject to the influence of Latin art. It is evident that the experiment of giving so leading a place to what might be termed merely a local school was a bold one, but the result has proved that its promoters had not over rated their resources, and were able, within the restricted limits of their self imposed programme, to produce a considerable variety of interesting and attractive works. Of the fourteen pieces performed during the course of the Festival, three only were foreign (German), and of native productions five were Walloon and six Flemish, the former exclusively orchestral, and the latter mainly choral.

In order to give due effect to the important works about to be interpreted the following executive forces had been collected:—Orchestra, 153 performers (including 10 violins, 11 tenors, 11 violoncellos, and 12 double basses), reinforced by a grand organ from the factory of M. A. Cavaillé Coll, of Paris, and comprising, with the singers, 900 executants in all; the whole under the able and energetic guidance of the conductor, M. P. Benoit, director of the Antwerp School of Music.

To avoid trespassing too much upon your valuable space I will not attempt a detailed description of each piece—which, indeed, would require a closer acquaintance with these recent works than can be afforded by a single hearing—but will limit myself to an enumeration of the compositions performed, with some slight observations, for the purpose of conveying if possible a general impression of the whole.

The first day's performance embraced:—

1. Overture to the opera of Hamlet . Alex. Stadtfeld
2. "The Four Ages" ..... Willem De Mol
3. An Overture (No. 2 of the collection termed: "Fragments Symphoniques")..... Th. Radoux
4. Ninth Symphony ..... Beethoven

The following was the selection for the second day:—

1. Cantata, "We thank Thee, O God"..... J. S. Bach
2. Concert Overture..... J. F. Fetis
3. The "Wood"..... Leo. Van Ghelnive
4. The "Oorlog" (First and Second Parts). P. Benoit

The programme of the third and closing day was as follows:—

1. Third Symphony..... K. L. Hanssens
2. Jacqueline of Bavaria ..... J. Van den Eeden
3. Andante from the Second Symphony, Chevalier L. De Burbure
4. Introduction and Wedding Chorus, from the 3d Act of the Opera of Lohengrin..... R. Wagner
5. Pianoforte Concerto (M.S.) ..... G. Huberti
6. La Bénédiction des Armes..... H. Waelput

Upon the three masterpieces of German musical art above enumerated, which are well known in England, it will be hardly necessary to dwell. They had been studied with special care, and, notwithstanding that the interpretation on some points of one or two of the movements of the Ninth Symphony might be open to criticism, yet, on the whole, the execution was excellent, and an effect was produced, which will not be readily forgotten by those present. While speaking of the Choral Symphony, I cannot refrain from referring to a particular point, which struck me forcibly on this occasion, hearing this rarely executed work as I did, after an interval of many years and under more favorable circumstances, undoubtedly, both in respect of power and completeness of execution. It is this. The part played by the wind instruments in the first movement as well as in the Scherzo is exceptionally important, inasmuch as the ever-varying subjects with which these movements abound, originating in some cases with the wind instruments, taken up and amplified by the strings, and then suddenly wafted back to the wind for completion, or *vice versâ* in a corresponding manner, seem almost to require that the power of strings and wind should be equally divided, or, at least, that the contrast between the two should not be too marked. Was not the latter the case here? In other words, were not the wind instruments, consisting of four flutes, four oboes, four clarinets, four bassoons, and one double bassoon, weak in comparison with a stringed force of 77 instruments, those being the relative figures given in the enumeration of the late Antwerp orchestra? Although but little qualified from technical knowledge or experience to offer a positive opinion on such a subject, I venture to suggest it for consideration to those better able to decide the question, as applied to the Ninth Symphony—a production so glorious in itself as to justify, it necessary to render its effect more complete, any deviation from the ordinary practice.

Following the works by native writers, in the order in which they appeared in the programme, the first to be noticed is the Overture to *Hamlet*—a fine conception, giving evidence of high promise on the part of the composer, the late Alexander Stadtfeld. The overture is sufficiently grand, sufficiently tender, and sufficiently mystical to form a suitable introduction to the great Shakspearian play, though what the *opera* of *Hamlet* may be I do not know. After the overture came the first part of the lamented Willem De Mol's *Four Ages*, the words of which are written by Emanuel Hiel, a well-known Flemish poet. It consists of an introduction followed by a succession of choruses interspersed with solos, and shows much elevation of sentiment and style, although a certain degree of sameness and want of animation detract from its general effect. M. Radoux's "Symphonic Fragment" is on the other hand striking and impressive. It commences with an introductory passage by horns, dying away in the distance, the subject being afterwards taken up with great effect by the whole orchestra, and the writing throughout displaying much freshness and variety. M. Fétis' elegant and spirited Concert-Overture, admirably executed by the orchestra, was followed on the second day by the final chorus of Leo Van Ghelnive's "Forêt," a most attractive and interesting composition, which was received with great favor by the public. The first and second parts of M. Benoit's "Oorlog," the execution of which occupied full an hour and a half, completed the second portion of Monday's programme. The poem of the "Oorlog" (the Flemish word for war), by J. Van Beers, an author of high reputation, is very fine and original. It opens with a description of Spring and the happiness enjoyed on earth by the human race, until the pride and arrogance of man tempted the spirits of darkness and of evil to humiliate and punish him, by visiting him with the greatest of human calamities—war. The poem proceeds to display the effects of the ambition of the rulers of the world, embracing the description of an immense battle, in which the most violent and furious passions are let loose, with all the appliances of destruction and death, in the midst of which the evil spirits appear, jeering at man, and mocking him for his blindness in allowing himself to be thus made a fool of; the whole terminating with a sort of double hymn or chorus, descriptive of the wild rejoicings of the victors on the one hand and the lamentations of the vanquished on the other. The treatment of this difficult subject by M. Benoit is very able. Full of marked contrasts, replete with tenderness and harmony in parts, the more agitated portions of the poem are interpreted with startling energy, and with a sustained power, taxing to the utmost the executive abilities and efficiency of the orchestral and choral masses, and also, I may add, the attention and sensibilities of the auditors, wrought up to the highest pitch by the unusually sensational character of the work.

Notwithstanding the extreme heat of the weather, and the fatigue, which might be supposed to follow such a prolonged effort, the third day's performances were carried out with undiminished spirit. Commencing with M. Hanssens' long and elaborate, but extremely pleasing, Third Symphony, we reach one of the most interesting of the Flemish works in the programme, the *Jacoba van Beieren (Jacqueline of Bavaria)*, by J. Van den Eeden. This dramatic Cantata, the words of which are by Hiel, contains a very fine baritone solo, extremely well sung by M. Blauwaert, whose clear and rhythmical pronunciation of the Flemish words proved the adaptability of that language as a vehicle for music, especially in the interpretation of strong emotions. The Andante from the Chevalier L. De Burbure's Second Symphony reflects much credit upon the taste and talent of this accomplished amateur. Huberti's Pianoforte Concerto, though perhaps not an extraordinarily melodious work, pleases by its vigor and bold orchestral effects. It was finely executed by Mdme. Shuitzler Selb, of Antwerp, an amateur pianist of first-rate talent and ability.

The Festival, highly successful as it must be pronounced to have been as a whole, was brought to a suitable termination by the Cantata of M. Waelput of Ghent, entitled *La Bénédiction des Armes*—an ingenious and effective fusion or combination of various national airs, including our own "God Save the Queen," composed on the occasion of the meeting of the International Rifle Association in that city in 1872.—I am, Sir, yours, etc., E. G.

Felicien Cesar David.

Félicien César David, the French musical composer whose death is announced, was born at Cadenet, in Vaucluse, April 3, 1810. He sang in the Cathedral at Aix, and at the age of 20 entered the Conservatory in Paris. Soon after he joined the St. Simonians, for whom he composed the music of the choruses sung in their establishment at Ménilmontant. On the dissolution of the sect he betook himself, with 11 of his companions, to the East, there to realize his theory of life in undisturbed peace. The plague forced them to flee from Egypt through the desert to the coast of Syria. It is said that they dragged a piano with them over the sands, and often when they rested on their toilsome march, David sent forth enchanting strains from the instrument making his comrades forget their misfortunes. M. David returned to France in 1835 and published his "Melodies Orientales." In 1844 he produced the "Desert," a choral symphony, abounding in melodies and harmonic beauties. He wrote several operas, including "Moise sur le Sinai" (1846), "Christophe Colomb" (1848), and "Lalla Roukh" (comic opera), 1862. In 1869 he became librarian of the Conservatory and member of the Institute.

It must be nearly fifty years, or thereabouts, since an English nobleman, being upon his travels, wandered into the old church of Saint Sauveur at Aix, and was amazed by the voice of one of the choristers. It was so fresh and glad, so melodious and pure, that he made some inquiry after the child, and soon saw a small urchin whose eyes glowed like living coals. The little fellow looked as though he had stepped out of a canvas painted by Murillo, his aspect had such a rich southern warmth and delicacy, but the child's ignorance was something to astound even a British traveller of half a century ago, and he had some talk with the local clergy on the subject, till the talk ended, as such talk usually does, in good wishes, with substantial proof of them. The boy, he learned, was the son of a local fiddler. "Something must and should be done with him," said the priests. Then he was full of inarticulate harmonies, nothing more; a sort of human musical box to which there was no key. Such at ten years old was Félicien David, who has just died, an officer of the Legion of Honor, and one of the eminent men of this generation.

Eyes, kind or shrewd, perhaps both, being thus attracted to this child, he was taken on charity or speculation into the nearest Jesuit college, and there

became remarkable for an unusually retentive memory, and for a perpetual desire to play on the violin, which sometimes amused the worthy fathers, and sometimes disturbed them, for the fraternity was in no sense conspicuous for its love of music, so that young David had to do much of his fiddling by stealth, or under difficulties. Indeed, the musician and the clergyman who had charged themselves with his education had so little sympathy with each others' mode of thought and feeling, that they parted before young David was quite eighteen; and he had for the remainder of his existence to strive against the disadvantage of being scarcely half educated. Either the confinement, or the discipline of the Jesuit college, however, seems to have given him such an uncontrollable desire to escape, that he engaged himself as a lawyer's clerk for the mere semblance of freedom; but finding that the lawyer liked fiddling less than the priests, and that he had no notion of paying a penman who had large ideas of spare time, the idea speedily suggested itself to M. David that he should search for employment elsewhere. Happily his search was soon successful, because he was too hungry to be over nice, and at nineteen he obtained the post of leader of an orchestra in a small country theatre. The place was better than none, for it kept him from starvation—more cannot be said of it; and he left his new situation within a year, determining to cast himself, with nothing but a strong will and the consciousness of genius, on the great city of Paris. That the venture was successful, all the world has now known for many a year; but the misery he suffered was so intense and so prolonged that he could never remember the terrible wretchedness through which he passed without something very like a shudder. He could not be induced to speak of those times, save to a few intimates, and whenever he heard of any promising young man attracted by his own reputation into the career of art, M. David's counsels to him were anything but hopeful or encouraging. He was wont even to say, with some bitterness, that "It took a great deal of privation and ill-treatment to make a composer."

Nevertheless his triumph when it did come surpassed all the glories of his contemporaries; and it was as sudden as it was complete. Up to the age of 34 he had gone groping amidst wants and misfortunes, with only one glimpse of the light beyond. This solitary gleam of luck was when Cherubini took him up in a good-natured way, and put him into the Conservatoire. There he got some sound ideas of composition from Lesueur, Fétis, Benoist, and Reber; but he was so long unable to turn them to any lucrative account that he almost lost his courage, and appears to have quite taken leave of his prudence. He turned a Democ. Soc. (as the wilder sort of French Communist was then called), a Saint Simonian, a rough Red Republican, and mixed in all the rumbustical proceedings of the Père Enfantin. He wandered in a ragged and miserable state through Asia and Africa in pursuit of these delusions, but at length got thoroughly tired of them, and came back to France, where in 1844 his great piece, the "Désert," came out, and fairly electrified the public.

One honor, observes M. de la Rochefoucauld with infinite truth, "is security for more,' and the rest of the eminent composer's existence might have only been marked by a series of successes; but envy hints that he had seen poverty too nearly to be moderate in the pursuit of gain when gain was to be had for the chase of it. Critics competent enough to decide the question persist in declaring that the subsequent works of the great composer added more to his fortune than to his reputation. Envy, however, will always have something to say, and the best course which charity can take is never to listen. His death had been foreseen for some time past by his friends, and he himself observed in that clear plain way of his, that he should never rise from the bed on which he laid himself down when first taken with his fatal sickness. He kept all the vigor of his intellect till the end, and passed into another state of being at the age of sixty-six years and five months, with all his faculties unimpaired. Paris loses in him a familiar and characteristic figure, and the world of art one of the most successful, if not the greatest, masters of the French school in music.—*London Daily News.*

A CHARMING anecdote is told concerning the late Felicien David. On the composer's applying to be admitted to the Academy of Fine Arts, every member formally promised to support his election. When the day arrived, not one voted for him. One of the vow breakers called upon him immediately afterwards. "Perhaps you have been astonished," he said, "at what has taken place." "Certainly," replied the artist. "Well, the fact is," said the Academician, "that we had a prize of 20,000 francs to bestow. We could not give it to one of our own members, and, as we thought it might be of more use to you than a nominal honor, we did not elect you." The following day M. David received the money, which was very welcome to him, as he was far from being a rich man.—"*Se non è vero e ben trovato.*"—*London Musical World.*

The Story of Bishop's Dramatic Glees and Songs.*

BY J. S. CURWEN.

* From the Tonic Sol-Fa Reporter.

It is well known to most persons that nearly all the vocal compositions of the late Sir Henry R Bishop were written for the musical dramas which he produced in connection with such play-wrights as Terry, Morton, and Planché. These dramas are now buried and forgotten; only one of them—Guy Mannering—can be said to keep its place on the stage. Not so, however, with the graceful songs, glees, and choruses with which they were accompanied. These are still sung, though their origin is forgotten. Unfortunately, in separating these pieces from the stories to which they belong, we almost of necessity lose much of their dramatic force and meaning. There are allusions in the words which it is impossible to understand without knowing the play; and even when the words are clear, it is additional pleasure to know the dramatic situation to which they belong.

A year or two since, by the kindness of the late Mr. T. H. Lacy, who took a good deal of trouble in the matter, I became possessed of a number of word-books of Bishop's dramas, nearly all of which are long since out of print. In these yellow and musty books, some of them more than fifty years old, we find the songs and glees of Bishop in their original setting, and are able fully to understand their meaning. As Bishop was concerned in some sixty or seventy dramatic productions, it may be well understood that my collection of word-books is far from complete. Not even Mr. Lacy's long experience as a dramatic publisher could help him to discover copies of all. Those I have, however, are the most popular, and contain the vocal pieces best known to the singers of to-day.

The opera of "The Slave," the words by T. Morton, produced in 1816, opens with a quintet which is one of the best known of Bishop's vocal pieces,—"Blow gentle gales." The scene is a seaport in Surinam. A negro rebellion has taken place, and the oppressed slaves have very naturally turned upon their oppressors, and given them a taste of arbitrary rule. The party of planters, etc., have taken refuge in a fort on the seashore, and they are discovered as the curtain rises, standing round the flagstaff. The glee is sung by an Indian girl, Souerdyke (an agent), an officer, a planter, and the planter's boy. The words are given as follows:—

Girl.—Blow, gentle gales, and on your wing,
Our long expected succors bring.
Officer.—Look! look again!
Somerdyke.—'Tis all in vain.
Boy.—Lo! behold the pennant waving.
Planter and Girl.—'Tis the sea bird's pinions laving;
All.—Hark! a signal fills the air.
Planter.—'Tis the beetling rocks resounding;
'Tis the hollow wave rebounding.
All.—Wild as our hopes—deep as our despair!

The last words are hardly uttered when ships are seen in the distance, and the expected succor from England arrives. It will be noticed in the pianoforte editions of this glee that immediately before the words "Hark! a signal fills the air," a bass note occurs, with the word "gun" written over it. No mention is made of the firing of a gun in the book of words, but no doubt it was part of the action. It should be added that "The Slave" was one of the most popular of Bishop's dramas. The public conscience was agitated at the time on the subject of slavery, and the play was designed to set forth its horrors. "It is delightful," says the preface, "when our amusements are thus rendered conducive to humanity." No other concerted piece from "The Slave" has survived, but three of the songs are still heard. "My highland home," is sung by Malcolm, a Scotch naval officer, in a transport of affection. "Pretty mocking bird," is sung by Zelinda, a quadroon girl, on the return of her lover. She exclaims, "what sounds are those?—ah! the note of the mocking bird. Sweet songstress, thou who hast so often echoed my strains of woe, now strive to emulate the song of joy."

Living echo, bird of eve,
Hush thy warbling,—cease to grieve!
Feathered warbler, wake the grove,
To notes of joy, to songs of love.
Pretty mocking bird, thy form I see,
Swinging with the breeze on the mangrove tree.

"Sons of freedom, hear my story," is also sung by Zelinda, when the worst terrors of slavery are pressing upon her, "Oh!" she cries, "that my humble voice could reach those hearts who pity the children of affliction."

Sons of freedom! hear my story;
Mercy well becomes the brave;
Humanity is Britain's glory—
Pity and protect the slave.

Free-born daughters who, possessing
Eyes that conquer, hearts that save,
Greet me with a sister's blessing,
Oh! pity and protect the slave.

"Maid Marian," a legendary opera, by J. R. Planché, was produced in 1822. It is founded chiefly on a novel with that name. The quintet, "Though he be now a grey, grey friar," is the first familiar piece. Friar Michael has just taken leave of Baron Fitzwater, and left his castle. "He's a jolly fellow, after all," cries the Baron, "and has seen younger and merrier days." Then the Baron (1st Tenor) strikes up "Though he be now a grey, grey friar," and is followed by his daughter, Lady Matilda (1st S.), who sings "Little he reck'd of the matin bell." The first servant (Bass) continues with "Though changeful time," and a page (2nd S.) follows, "Though he be now, etc." Then these four, with a second servant (2nd Tenor) join together, "Little he reck'd, etc." "Hart and hind are in their lair," is a glee and chorus, A.T.T.B., sung in Robin Hood's camp, with a chorus of yeomen. "Yonder," says Robin Hood, "arises the bonnie moon to light our greenwood revelry." "With hawk and hound," is a hunting glee, sung by four of Robin Hood's men as they are starting for the chase. "Come comrades," says one, "Let us follow our brave captain, Robin, we may strike a deer or two now before sunset. Oh! 'tis rare sport." The sestet, "O bold Robin Hood," is likewise sung in a glade of Sherwood forest. A court has just been held, and Friar Tuck has performed the marriage ceremony for Robin Hood and Maid Marian. Scarlet sings the first solo, Little John the second, and Much the miller the third; the remaining parts being taken by the foresters.

"The Law of Java" was a play by George Colman the younger, produced in 1822. The glee with which it opens—Mynheer Vandunck—is known to all admirers of Bishop. The scene is in a square court in the Palace of the Emperor of Java, at Kerta-Sura. Outside the door of the guard-room a party of Dutch soldiers are discovered, seated round a table, and drinking. They at once strike up their glee, which tells of the potations of the tippling Mynheer.

Mynheer Vandunck, though he never was drunk,
Sipp'd brandy and water daily,
And he quench'd his thirst with two quarts of the first
To a pint of the latter, daily,
Singing, "Oh, that a Dutchman's draught could be
As deep as the rolling Zuyder-Zee."

The entry of the sergeant puts a sudden stop to their revels. They assure him that, in this hot climate, it is drinking that keeps them up; "quite the contrary," he replies, "'tis you that keep up drinking." The duet, "Away when we flee, love," sung by Nourjadee, a native girl, and Agib, captain of the Imperial prisons, her lover, is still popular. Escape, to her, means freedom from slavery.

Away when we flee, love,
And soon will that be, love,
Yes soon, my love, soon,
The sun will have fled, love,
And left us instead, love,
The light of the moon.

"The Knight of Snowdoun," produced in 1811, was adapted from Scott's poem, "The Lady of the Lake," by Thomas Morton. The first familiar piece we encounter is the ever popular "Tramp Chorus." The scene is in a Highland village. A company of Highland people, preceded by pipers, all gaily dressed, pass toward the gate of the Abbey, where

show me, Come and show me, O show

Come let us fly, now, Woe,

Come let us fly, now, Woe,

Come let us fly,

me in splen - - - dor the he - - - ro in

woe to us, When the con-quer - ing foe . . . . . shall ap -

woe, woe to us, When the foe . . . . . shall ap -

now, let us fly, now, When the foe . . . . . shall ap -

death . . . . re - po ..... sing.

- proach! woe ..... to us!

- proach! woe ..... to us!

ff

Ped.

No. 7. CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

Allegro moderato.

Soprano.
Alto.
Tenor.
Bass.
Chor.
Piano-Forte.

p
We

p
Ped.

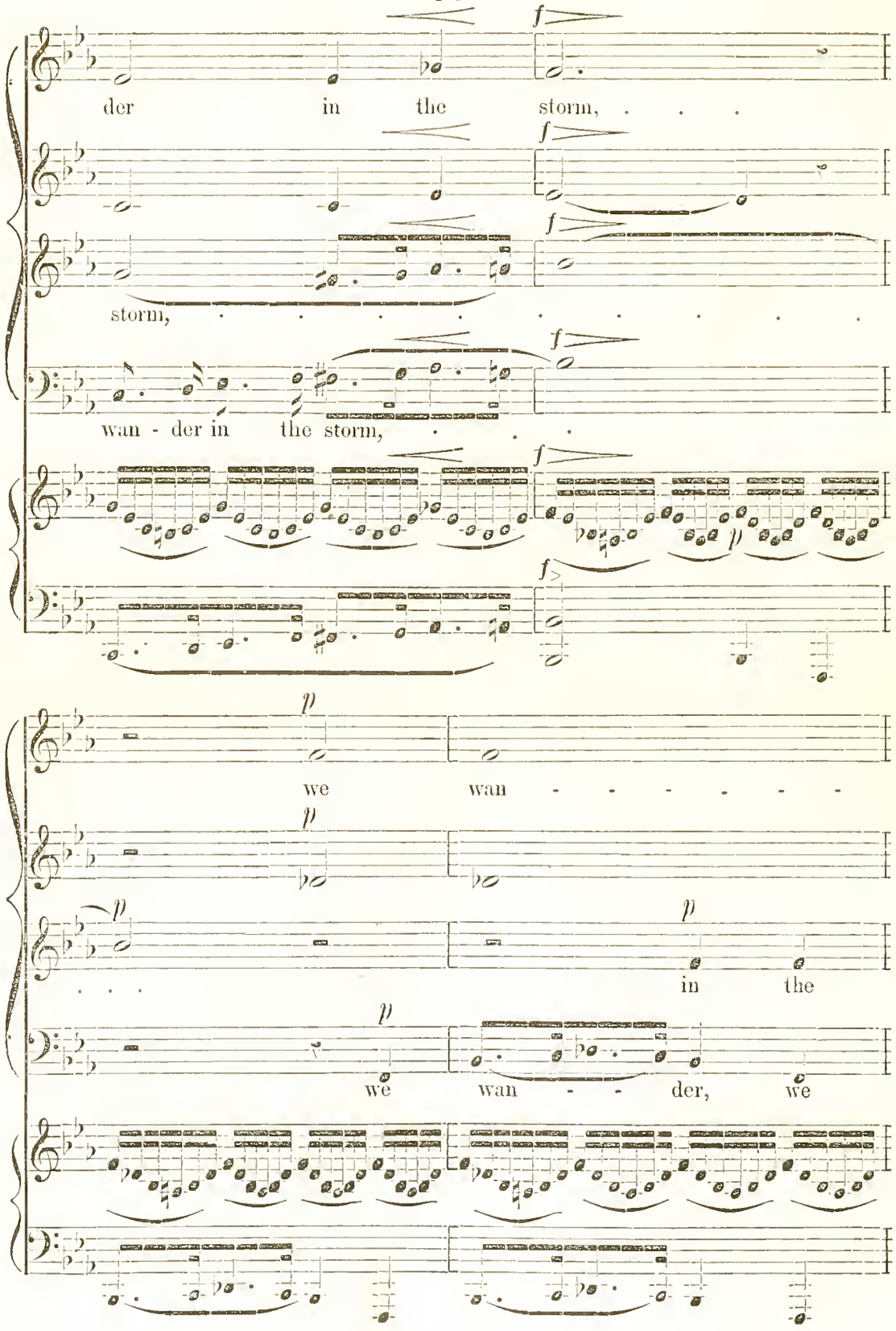
p
We wan - - - - - - - -

p
We wan - - - - - - - -

p
In the

wan - - - - - der in the storm. ..... we

ppp


f
der in the storm, . . .
f
f
storm, ...
f
wan - der in the storm, . . .
f
p
f
p
we wan - - - - - -
p
p
p
. . . in the
p
we wan - - der, we

the wedding of Alice (the maid of the fair Ellen), with Norman, a young Highlander, is about to be celebrated. At the moment the Abbey gate opens, Murdock, a rival of Norman, rushes forward, bearing the fiery cross, and places it in Norman's hands. Norman, scorning dishonor, bids a hasty farewell to his bride, and speeds away with the fiery signal. The men gather up their arms prepared to follow, and old Norman, the father of the bridegroom, cries, give me my old claymore and battered target. Now, brave pipers, sound a large pibroch,—let Clan Alpine's banner float, sun your gleaming blades, strike your clattering shields, and troop to Sir Roderick's aid." Then comes the chorus. The solo, it need hardly be said, is taken by Alice, and with this glimpse of her story her reference to "Norman" becomes intelligible.

Now tramp, tramp, o'er moss and fell
The batter'd ground returns the sound,
While breathing chanters proudly swell
Clan Alpine's cry is "win or die."

Solo, Alice.

Guardian spirits of the brave,
Victory o'er my Norman wave!

Chorus

Now tramp, tramp, etc. [Exeunt.

The "breathing chanters" refer to the chanters of the bagpipes—the pipe on which the piper plays.

The elaborate concerted piece, "What ho! clansmen, oh," forms the finale to the first act. It is sung by soldiers of King James, who are searching for Earl Douglas. They come upon the cave where he lies hid. It is said to be haunted, and Alice, Norman and Ellen, by their subdued singing from within, succeed in frightening the soldiers, and inducing them to retire. The chorus, "Hail to the chief," occurs in the second act. Roderick has discovered the place where young Douglas is confined, and the boats containing the rebel chief and his men are seen in the distance approaching the fort. The warder waves the royal banner, and the soldiers sing defiance to Roderick. Then the chorus is heard:—

Chorus from boats on the lake.

Low, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands;
Stretch to your oars for the evergreen pine;
Oh! that the rose-bud that graces yon islands
Were wreath'd in a garland around him to twine;
Loudly should then
Ring from each glen,
Roderick Vich Alpine Dhu—ho!—ieroe!

Chorus from boats (nearer.)

Loudly should then
Ring from each glen
Roderick Vich Alpine Dhu—ho!—ieroe!

Then the troops engage, and Roderick Dhu is victorious. I have been told by a Highlander that the words, "ho! ieroe," correspond in Gaelic to our "Hip, hip, hurrah." If so, Bishop has made a mistake in causing them to die away faintly, as if they were a lullaby.

The only piece from "the Ethiop" (produced in 1812) that need be noticed, is the finale, "Joy! joy! raise the shout," a short and jubilant burst of song. The scene of the play is in the desert, and the words have been altered from the original.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company.

The autumn season will begin early and with spirit. Mr. Carl Rosa intends this year to take up his quarters at the Lyceum Theatre, which will be opened for operatic performances on Monday, September 11, and close on Saturday, December 2. The *repertoire* includes eighteen well known operas, inclusive of five by the English composers, Balfe and Wallace. Sir Julius Benedict's *Lily of Killarney* (produced at Drury Lane Theatre in 1862) is to be renewed with alterations and additions. Cherubini's opera, *The Water Carrier*, so successful at the Princess's last autumn, will, of course, be repeated, and Wagnerites will rejoice that his opera *The Flying Dutchman* is to be performed (in English) with new scenery and wondrous mechanical effects. Positive novelties to an English audience are the *Joconde* of Nicolo Isouard, the *Giralda* of Adolphe Adam, and *Pauline*, the first essay of Mr. F. H. Cowen in this department of the art. *Pauline* has been specially composed for the Carl Rosa Company. *Fidelio* will be produced, thanks be rendered to the powers above, as originally composed, without recitatives. "For which relief, much thanks."

The list of vocal artists is a promising one. We need only name Mdlle. Ida Corani, Miss Julia Gaylord, Mrs. Aynsley Cook, Mdme. Ostane Torriani, Mr. Henry Nordblom, Mr. C. Lyall, Mr. F. H. Celli, Mr. Aynsley Cook, and Mr. Santley. New singers are Miss Giulia (why not Julia?) Warwick, Miss E. Thornton, Mdlle. Agnes Bertini, and Mr. Percy Blandford. Mr. Carl Rosa will conduct the band to be "led" by Mr. Carrodus. Here, then, is a capital entertainment for the dull season, when falling leaves, done brown by sun and storm, announce a bad time to come, in the meteorological sense.

The history of the season in 1875 justifies the most sanguine expectations.—*Bell's Messenger.*

Music in Philadelphia.

THE OPERA.—BELLOCCA.

SEPT. 24.—I can imagine the sardonic smile with which Mr. Max Strakosch engaged Mdlle. Bellocca for America. We complained that the stars he had hitherto given us were too old, that their voices were worn out, and that they had lost their personal attractions. Now, thought he, I will give them a singer who is young, whose voice is not yet even developed and a lady whose beauty will make them forget everything else. The engagement of Mdlle. Bellocca will prove one of his greatest mistakes. All who saw her in her best rôle, Rosina in the "Barber of Seville," must have had a feeling of disappointment, an anticipation unrealized. The lady is young and quite handsome; she has a graceful figure and a charming stage presence. Her voice is mezzo soprano, of moderate sweetness, though several notes are unpleasantly harsh. Her school and method are good, but she has been unwisely pushed forward to the front rank without sufficient preparation. Her rendering of the interpolated airs in the music lesson, Gounod's "Serenade," Wallace's "Good Night and Pleasant Dreams," and the Russian "Nightingale," confirmed this opinion; for she sang them all with fine effect, displaying a finish, ease and sympathetic power of expression, which we looked for in vain during the rest of the evening. Her remarkable accomplishments as a linguist deserve special mention; her pronunciation of the words of Wallace's song was almost devoid of any foreign accent. She appeared in *La Favorita* on Friday evening. With the brilliant performances of Lucca, Cary and Phillipps still fresh in our memory, she appeared at great disadvantage. On Tuesday evening, the closing night, she sang in Rossini's *Semiramide*, over which we draw the mantle of Charity.—Mad. Palmieri has pleasant stage address, a beautiful soprano voice, and excellent method, and as an actress displayed great lyric power. Her best effort was the "Borgia;" she was in good voice, and from a promising beginning, steadily gained in force and effect, until she won a real triumph in the finale of the last act. Her singing and action throughout were strong and dignified, often in marked contrast to Mr. Conley when they were brought together in the scene; "Com'e Bello," which was rendered with delightful smoothness; and "Amo tua Madre" won a deserved encore. The closing air: "M'odi, ah! m'o ti," was sung with intense feeling and the most brilliant execution. Miss Henne is not equal to the part of Maffio Orsini. She has a sweet, well cultivated voice and a good method, but lacks in strength and her acting is weak and spasmodic.—Mr. Conley was at great disadvantage in being brought into such close contrast with Palmieri and Brignoli. With a voice of great power and fine quality, his style is uncouth, rough and unfinished. It is not only experience that Mr. Conley lacks, it is instruction.

Brignoli's voice retains much of its old time sweetness. His acting was unusually spirited, and he never appeared to be more of a gentleman. His forbearance in the drunken scene in the "Barber" and his unwonted graciousness were causes for astonishment to old opera-goers. Signor Gottschalk, who made his debut as Figaro, was much too heavy and stolid; he executes with remarkable facility, however, and "largo al factotum," was well rendered and was tumultuously encored. Of the rest of the cast, excepting Miss Cooney, charity requires silence; and yet her mantle is not broad enough to cover the misdeeds of the Chorus. The orchestra was fair.

THE CENTENNIAL FESTIVAL.

Wednesday evening, Sept. 20, we had the first of the series of ten concerts by Theodore Thomas, assisted by the Women's Centennial Chorus of five hundred voices; they gave the "Hallelujah Chorus" from the *Messiah* with magnificent effect. Thomas gave his Centennial Inauguration programme entire. Whitney was the only soloist; in the grand aria from the *Creation*: "Rolling in Foaming Billows" he produced a profound sensation. Mr. Thomas's inaugural concert has proved very successful, but little thanks are due the Philadelphians, as his audience were almost entirely strangers, Centennial sight seers.

Thursday evening, Sep. 21, was a BEETHOVEN NIGHT. The third of the *Leonore* overtures, to Beethoven's only opera, is considered by the majority of critics as the grandest of the immortal four. How the noble orchestra interprets it, is an oft-told tale. Mr. Whitney's masterly rendering of the sublime aria: "In questa Tomba" was above praise; genuine bursts of applause recalled him three times to the stage and he was finally compelled to repeat it—which was the only encore of the evening. After that came the great E-flat Concerto, the *Cheval de bataille* of pianists. Mad. Schiller was not well advised when she chose so great a work. She showed in it a well rounded touch, good technique and extreme delicacy, but there was no internal illumination and no power [?] Her lack of strength was especially noticeable in the Allegro; the lovely Adagio was given with exquisite grace and tenderness, but the Rondo, like the Allegro, proved too much for her. The immortal C-minor Symphony closed the concert.

The programme of the third concert was as follows:

Prelude, Choral, Fugue, } Adapted for Orchestra by J. J. Abert, Bach

Aria—"Shall I in Mamre's fertile plains" (Joshua,) Handel
Mr. Myron W. Whitney.

Scenes from "Orpheus" . . . . . Gluck
Miss Antonia Henne, Centennial Chorus, and Orchestra.

Vorspiel "Loreley" . . . . . Max Bruch

Krakoviak—Grand Rondo de Concert for Piano and Orchestra . . . . . Chopin
Madame Madeline Schiller

Aria "I'm a roamer" (Son and Stranger), Mendelssohn
Mr. Myron W. Whitney.

Overture—Tannhaeuser. . . . . Wagner

There was a slim audience although the programme was one of the best of the series. The principal feature was "Scenes from Gluck's Orpheus," an opera which has never been given here in its entirety, and the lovely music of which is not as well known as it ought to be. The music is essentially dramatic and depends very much for its effect upon dramatic surroundings, for Gluck never intended that his opera should be divorced from its appropriate dramatic and scenic accompaniments. Miss Henne has a sweet contralto voice of medium strength, which showed to much better advantage than it did in opera last week; she is altogether without dramatic fire, and though she sang very finely and correctly her correct intonation is to be especially commended and with praiseworthy distinctness, it was in the manner of oratorio and not of opera. The chorus was fairly effective and showed good training, though its singing was marred by a slovenly pronunciation, the ladies preferring "Cerebus" to "Cerberus" and being quite uncertain how to pronounce "Eurydice;" but the singing nevertheless was praise-worthy. Mr. Whitney gave a noble rendering of the airs from *Joshua*, and Mendelssohn's "Son and Stranger."

Saturday evening was the Scandinavian Night. The programme consisted of Gade's Symphony No. 5; Fairy overture; "Aladdin," by Hanemann; Fantasia: "Visions in a Dream," and "Coronation March" by Svendsen. The piano concerto in A minor, opus 16, of Edward Grieg, was played by Mr. F. Boscovitz; and solos were sung by Messrs. Whitney and Kaufman. The commencement of Gade's Symphony is decidedly Mendelssohnian, and is admirably scored. It was given by the orchestra with fire and spirit; but the themes are dry and uninteresting, the scherzo of the second movement was decidedly the gem of the composition. The wonderful sprightliness of the strings, the fine intonation of the reeds, and the graduated power of the brass instruments, gave to the movement a dash and fire that relieved much of its inherent weakness. In the third movement, *Andantino grazioso*, the strings became quite poetical and fairly idyllized the beautiful phrases allotted to them. The finale is stormy and ineffective. It is very pretentious in style, but it fails in its salient points of attack. The Concerto of Edward Grieg is a very disjointed, spasmodic composition. The composer evidently placed more reliance on the orchestra than he did on the pianist, as far as the artistic results of the performance of the work are concerned; yet he has imposed all the greater burden on the pianist, to assert individuality and predominance, qualities dear to every artist. Mr. Boscovitz does not possess much power or delicacy; his touch, style and technique are not those of a virtuoso, and as a pianist he is much beneath Mad. Schiller. The fairy overture of "Aladdin" is eccentric but not artistic; it is extremely difficult to discover the relation between certain movements. The Orchestra did nobly.

OCT. 4.—The Centennial Musical Festival closed last Saturday evening, Mr. Thomas having given six con-

certs. Many of the pieces performed last week were repeated. Mad. Schiller played the "Fantasia on Hungarian airs" arranged for Piano and orchestra by Liszt; also the Polonaise in E, by the same author, and a Bach Concerto, for three pianos, with Miss Marion Brown and S. B. Mills. She lacks the strength and fire necessary to interpret Liszt, and cannot be ranked with either Krebs, Mehlig, or Miss Rivé. [?] Miss Brown played Nocturne in B major, Waltz in E minor (Posthumous) by Chopin, and Impromptu in A flat, by Schubert. Her efforts were extremely amateur-ish and ineffective; it was a matter of astonishment to many, that Mr Thomas should place so weak a soloist on his programme. On Thursday evening Mr S. B. Mills played the G-minor Concerto of Mendelssohn, and it must be acknowledged that his success was complete; great power, superb technique, and fine touch, are qualities, as shown by him in the performance of this Concerto, that cannot be praised too highly; his interpretation was a little cold, but in all other respects masterly. The quartet from "Rigoletto" sung on the last evening by Miss Henne, Miss Drasdil, Mr. Bischoff and Mr Remmertz, was simply disgraceful. The orchestra was fully up to its usual high standard.

Strakosch gave two concerts at Horticultural Hall on Thursday and Friday evening of last week to very poor patronage. To see Maurice Strakosch at the piano brings back the days of Adelina Patti's youth; but there were few who would have recognized, without the aid of the programme, the staid-looking gentleman, with jet black hair fringing the bald spot on the top of his head. But there was Brignoli as a connecting link with *antebellum* days, and there was Bellocca, whom Strakosch is trying to make us listen to in place of the Diva, to whom Russian diamonds have thus far proved far more acceptable than American "rag money." And when we see her bright eyes and pretty face and her winning ways, we *almost* think he has succeeded. She sings and then we wish that Maurice had not been so hasty. Why could he not have waited? Why not have taught her to at least take breath properly? Her respiration is faulty to the last degree. Why not strive to soften the harsh tones in her voice and tell her that it will not stand reckless forcing? And if he *must* and *will* push her forward now, why not take "Home sweet Home" and "Kathleen Mavourneen" from her *repertoire*, that every one may not notice these faults? Mdlle. Bellocca has some lovely tones in her voice and these flaws are not irremediable. Brignoli again gave us his everlasting and eternal "Good bye, Sweet Heart" and "Come into the Garden, Maud." Mr. Conly has an excellent voice and sings carefully, though occasionally he is very false in intonation, and far from perfect in execution.

C. H.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 25.—The Philharmonic Society will give six concerts and eighteen rehearsals during the ensuing season, under the direction of Dr. Leopold Damrosch, who has accepted the position of conductor of the orchestra. The directors of the society announce that, with the coöperation of the New York Oratorio Society, they will be enabled to produce interesting work for Chorus and Orchestra; particular reference being made to works hitherto unknown to American audiences. In this connection are named selections from Wagner's "Ring des Nibelungen" This is interesting news to persons who are aware of the remarkable manner in which Wagner's music is usually performed by the Philharmonic orchestra. The plan, adopted last season, of giving a matinée prior to each concert is discarded; and the old plan of public rehearsals is resumed. Three of these rehearsals will precede each concert. A new feature in the subscription list will be the issuing of season tickets for the rehearsals only, for the accommodation of those unable to attend the evening concerts. The concerts will take place at the Academy of Music on the following dates:—Nov. 4, Dec. 9, Jan. 13, Feb. 17, March 24, and April 28.

At Steinway's, Theo. Thomas will give six Symphony Concerts, which will take place as follows: Oct. 28, Dec. 2, Jan. 6, Feb. 3, March 10, April. 7. Public rehearsals will be given in the afternoon two days before each concert. Mr. Thomas will combine with his orchestra this winter a chorus of picked voices, which he intends making permanent. This is an announcement of some significance, showing that a long step is to be taken towards that to which we have always looked forward as the culmination of Mr. Thomas's musical labors, namely, the performance of Opera, or "Musical Drama," in the best possible manner.

The New York Oratorio Society will give four concerts, beginning with the *Elijah* on Nov 8. The second performance will be on Christmas night, when, according to the usual custom, *The Messiah* will be given. At the third concert, Feb. 28, there will be a Cantata by Bach, and the *Deutsche Requiem* of Brahms; also the second act of Gluck's *Orpheus*. Miss Anna Drasdil will sing the solos. The last concert will be on April 19 The society will have the assistance of the Philharmonic orchestra.

Max Strakosch will begin a short season of Italian opera at the Academy of Music, on Oct 2. Among the singers he has engaged are: Mdlles. Bellocca, Palmieri and Persiani; and Messrs. Brignoli, Tom Karl, Palmieri, Tagliapietra, Carleton, Conly and Gottschalk. The repertoire comprises *Il Trovatore, Norma, Barber of Seville Favorita, Lucrezia Borgia Mignon, Semiramide.* It is also hinted that *Aida* will be given if the necessary preparations can be made in time.

A. A. C.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 14, 1876.

Importance of a Local Orchestra.

Do the friends of music here in Boston, proud of its musical good name, and eager at all times to hear the best, ever stop to think what is the most important musical problem for *us?* Do they begin to realize how all essential to the real musical character and progress of a city is a well-equipped and permanent Orchestra, on which it can rely for all the higher artistic tasks, whether of Symphony, or Oratorio accompaniment, or what not, independently of the chance visits of any travelling companies, however excellent and welcome always when they come? We fear that only a few, of the more thoughtful ones, ever stop to look at it in this light. The great majority, the public, go for the present excitement and amusement only; they run after the "last best" according to the quotations of the fashionable price current; "We go for the *best*," they say, "and show our taste; Boston will tolerate nothing that is second-rate, nothing that is only struggling to become better, nothing that has not reached its own ideal; we go for victory won, nothing succeeds, and nothing ought to succeed, like *success!*"—This, if not common talk, is very common feeling, or perhaps more truly want of feeling, as it is surely want of thought.

Now here is the state of things in this so-called musical city, or centre of a musical community, today. With all our proud traditions, our rich memories of Symphony and Oratorio for the past thirty, forty years, there still is not sufficient patronage for concerts of the highest kind of instrumental music to enable an Orchestra to play together often enough or keep together long enough to become quite worthy of the musical reputation of our "Athens." For this consummation, so devoutly to be wished for, there must be support, encouragement, not for ten concerts in a year, but any number up to ten times ten; not for one short season, but for the whole year round, with some vacation, or substitution of popular light programmes in the hot months.

Worse yet: so largely has the patronage fallen off from what it used to be six or eight years ago, when there was no frequent competition from without, that it has very perceptibly weakened the inducements for the best musicians to remain in Boston. They either move away to other cities; or they form themselves into little Quintet parties, Philharmonic Clubs, etc., and go "starring it" all winter through the West, so that, though they are of us, they are not with us; or they relapse from the true pitch of higher tasks and the artistic habit, temper and high-motived practice, into mere routine "bread" tasks, working in street-bands, ball-rooms, theatres, indifferent as to what sort of music may be set before them. It is only the habit of playing good music in a good orchestra, (with such Chamber concerts as naturally grow out of and ally themselves with the mere fact of its existence), that can keep up the true artistic tone of a musician; the other occupation is demoralizing to him as an artist, however honorable it may be to him as a man.

Now this is the problem once more offered to the true friends of the cause of Musical Art here for the coming season: Shall Boston be allowed to sink to a mere provincial character in so vital a matter as the possession of a decent orchestra? But the possession implies the support. We cannot have the orchestra we wish for, unless its concerts shall be generously supported. In the number and the quality of instruments, in fine accessories in the shape of instrumental and vocal soloists, and choruses, even in the freshness and variety of programmes, the providers, with the best will in the world, must find themselves limited and cramped, and the fair proportions of their plan curtailed and drawn askew, so long as a scant subscription gives economy a veto upon every programme,—unwelcome guest at the artistic feast, like the physician at Sancho Panza's table when he was governor of an island.

Granting that we have not the materials or the means for what can be done in so vast a city as New York, so full of good musicians; granting that no Boston orchestra, for several years to come, perhaps, can compete to advantage with the technical perfection, the sonority and brilliancy, to say nothing of the copious repertoire of the Thomas Orchestra; granting that the short-comings have been many and discouraging, and that the prospect of anything very brilliant for the immediate future is but vague and uncertain, yet is it not best to concentrate all the support we can upon fostering an effort which, if persevered in, may yet work out good results? Even to preserve a nucleus of the right activity is better than to let all slide.

This is the policy and motive of our Symphony Concerts. They have struggled for eleven years, not without improvement and good fruits. The twelfth season is about beginning. The managers make no large promises. They offer only what they know to be intrinsically *good* and in the *right direction*. They have labored to secure the *essentials* of good orchestral concerts,—the means of presenting the best Symphonies, Overtures, etc., in the best practicable manner under the circumstances. All else, as solos, choruses, etc., is left to depend entirely on the measure of support given by the public.

Concerts.

MR. WM. H. SHERWOOD.—The "Five Hundred and Fourth Recital" of the N. E. Conservatory, last Saturday noon, in Wesleyan Hall, was rendered interesting by the performance of this accomplished young pianist, who had been heard here two or three times only in the beginning of the summer, on his return after several years of study in Germany. The hall was crowded, and the programme for the most part fresh as well as choice. We give it as printed; it will be understood that all the piano-playing was by Mr. Sherwood.

Sonata in D-major. Op. 10. No. 3.....Beethoven.
Presto.—Largo e mesto.—Menuetto.—Rondo.
Song. "Mother, oh, sing me to rest,".....Franz.
Miss Julie W. Thornton.
a. { Etudes in C-minor. Op. 10 No 12. }
{ Etudes in F-sharp minor. Op. 10. No. 5. } Chopin.
b. Romanza in F-sharp major. Op. 28. No 2. Schumann.
c. Etude. Allegro feroce. Op. 105. No 2 Moscheles.
(New in Boston.)
Song. "Embarrassment".....Abt.
a. "Norwegian bridal party passing by." Op. 19. No. 2..... .....Grieg.
(First time in Boston.)
b. Mazourka in C minor. Op. 6.....Sherwood.
(First time in Boston. In press with G. D. Russell & Co.)
c. Octave Study. 2nd Book. No. 7... .....Kullak.
(Second time in Boston.)

The Beethoven Sonata—one of the strongest, richest in ideas, and most impressive of the earlier ones—was rendered with great certainty and clearness of conception and of execution. Mr. Sherwood's technical mastery seemed complete; just and expressive phrasing, light and shade, fire and

force and delicacy, were present where required, while the verve and brilliancy of his playing were remarkable. The solemn and impassioned chords in the exceedingly grand *Largo* (in D minor) were so firmly, evenly brought out that one felt every tone composing them, so that the light answering melodic fragments were all the more finely contrasted and pathetic. If there was anything to question, it was occasionally too free indulgence in an overpowering fortissimo. That was a grand sort of music to hear for the first time after a long summer's fasting!

The C minor Etude by Chopin is a fiery, passionate Allegro, the technical point of *study* lying in a rapid restless figure for the left hand constantly traversing the scale in arpeggio, like an angry sea accompanying the strong chords of the passionate complaint above. The rendering was adequate and characteristic. The second Etude was put down wrongly in the bill; it is in *G flat major*;—a brilliant flight of triplets, full of joy and grace and sparkle; and it was charmingly played. The lovely little Romanza by Schumann,—a sweet and tender lullaby, or at least *Nocturne*,—was in complete contrast to the stormy and very difficult bravura study of Moscheles, to which the executant was fully equal. The "Norwegian bridal party" began naively and prettily enough; a fresh and simple melody; which lost its charm, however, in the "middle passage," when it came to be worked up and tortured into that wilful and uncouth elaboration which seems to be so characteristic of the young composers of the North. Then we could imagine that the light-hearted and melodious party was attacked and stoned, like our torch-light processions by the rough and uncontainable young patriots. But the theme was welcome when it came back again in its simplicity. Mr. Sherwood's Mazourka was pleasing, if not strikingly original; and the Octave Study of Kullak (one of his principal teachers) showed him again to advantage in the brilliant, bold bravura style.

Miss Thornton, a pupil of the Conservatory, has a sweet and sympathetic voice,—a little tremulous, perhaps from fear—and sang her songs in a pure, unaffected and expressive manner.

The Worcester Festival appears to have been in every way successful; particularly the Oratorio of *Joshua* (Handel.) Look for a full report in our next number.

Mr. Perabo's three Matinées begin on Friday, 27th inst., at 3½ P.M. The first programme includes: a Toccata by Bach, followed by a Fugue of Handel; J. K. Paine's Sonata in B minor, for piano and violin (Mr. Mullaly), op. 24; transcriptions, by Reinecke and by Perabo (Schubert's "Der Neugierige" and a *Berceuse* by Rubinstein); Sonata in A-minor, piano and violin, op. 26, by E. F. Richter (first time in Boston); six Studies by Grand, Seeling and Eschmann; and three Morceaux by Rubinstein, for piano and violin, op. 11. The second and third matinees will occur Nov. 3 and 10.

The Cambridge Concerts, in the Sanders Theatre (Memorial Hall) start with a very promising subscription, and offer six choice feasts, three of orchestral, three of chamber music. The first will be given by the Thomas Orchestra, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 14, at 8 o'clock. The programme will include, among other things, Beethoven's Seventh Symphony and *Leonora* Overture, No. 3, and for a novelty a MS. Overture by Prof. Paine, suggested by Shakespeare's "As you Like it."—The second concert will be given by Mme. Madeline Schiller, pianist, Mr. Geo. L. Osgood, tenor, and the Boston Philharmonic Club, Bernard Listemann leader.

Part-Song Clubs. The Apollo, Mr. B. J. Lang conductor, gave the first public rehearsal to its associate members last Tuesday evening at Horticultural Hall.——The Boylston Club began rehearsals last week. It still has the benefit of Mr. George L. Osgood for conductor, and Mr. George W. Sumner takes the place of Mr. Petersilea as pianoforte accompanist and soloist. We hear that the choir has been much enlarged and improved, especially in its high tenors. The Club proposes to give five concerts this season, the first about the middle of November, and the repertoire has been enriched with several new and interesting works.

Mr. Eugene Thayer, assisted by Miss Cecile Gardner, gave his ninety fifth free organ recital in the Old South church on Boylston street on Wednesday afternoon. Programme:

Fifth organ concerto.....Handel.
Vorspiel: An Wasse flüssen Babylon .....Bach.
For two manuals and double pedals.
Sonata in C minor, op 27 .....Rheinberger.
Variations on a theme of Beethoven, Op 45, Merkel.
Idylle of the Rose .....Eugene Thayer.
Variations on the Russian Hymn, for two performers.....Eugene Thayer.

A Benefit Concert, for the sufferers from yellow fever at Savannah and other Southern cities, will be given by Mr. William Garrett, at the Boston Music Hall, on Monday evening, Oct. 16, under the patronage of His Excellency the Governor and His Honor the Mayor. Among the artists who generously give their services are: The Bay State Opera Company (composed of Mrs. Anna Granger Dow, Soprano, Mrs. Jenny Twichell Kempton, Contralto, Mr. C. R. Hayden, Tenor, Mr. Stanley Felch, basso, and Mr. Wm. E. Taylor, accompanist); the Mendelssohn Quintette Club; Mme. Madeline Schiller, pianist; Mme. Wm. Garrett, and several of her vocal pupils; Mr. H. G. Tucker, pianist, Mr. S. B. Whitney, organist, and Mr. Wm. Garrett, basso; besides the full choir of the Church of the Advent (30 voices). Tickets to all parts of the house, with reserved seats, *fifty cents*. Such a cause appeals to the best sympathies of all, and we should think it would need but a hint to ensure a crowded house.

Signora Louisa Kapp-Young Cappiani, a prima donna who has had a distinguished career in her day, both in the Italian Opera in Parma, Nice, Barcelona, Genoa and Milan, and in the cities of South Germany (especially Vienna and Munich), where her assumption of such roles as Donna Anna, and the like, have led to comparisons with Grisi, announces that she has arrived in Boston, with the intention of "teaching pupils in drawing room singing and finishing singers for the Opera." She was a short time in this country with the Maretzek-Grover troupe in 1868, and made her debut at the New York Academy of Music as Selitha in Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine," meeting with great success. The *Scotsman*, of Edinburg, which claims her as a countrywoman, says of her (Feb. 1872):

Madame Kapp, though a South German by birth and education, is a Scotch woman by extraction. Her maiden name was Young, and her forefathers, we believe, were political exiles of 1745. She has studied her art under the first masters in Italy as well as Germany, and while she has been held in the highest esteem in Vienna and Munich, she was a star of the first magnitude in the Scala at Milan. She visited America a few years ago, but was then in England only for a passing visit on her way to the New World, and she had at that time the honor of singing with great acceptance at Buckingham Palace. On her return from Germany to America, two or three years ago, she made up her mind to retire into private life, and till now she has adhered to this resolve; but on this her first visit to the country which she is proud to regard as her "Vaterland," she has, fortunately for us, been persuaded to abandon it, and appear once more before a public audience. We have hardly ever heard a finer rendering of the grand though familiar song, "Robert, toi che j'aime,' otherwise "Roberto tu che adoro," which Madame Kapp chose for her *début*. Her voice is a soprano of exceptional power and compass, in quality bearing some resemblance to that of Mdlle. Tietjens. In method and *technique*, as well as in refined feeling, she is all that could be desired. Her style of singing is far more impassioned than that of the great artist along with whom we have named her; her style is more that of the opera than the concert-room; and hence the impression she made in the song from "Roberto," to which she imparted all the dramatic fire and fervor which she would have given it on the stage.

It is also stated that, before the death of her husband, late Austrian Counsellor of State in Trieste, she cultivated her talent as an amateur in oratorio, church and parlor singing, and afterwards had the honor of appearing at the court concerts of the Emperor of Austria, the King of Bavaria, the Duke of Cobourg, Queen Victoria and the King of Italy. We doubt not she will prove an acquisition here, both as a teacher and a concert singer.

Music in the Connecticut Valley.

Windsor Locks, Oct. 4, 1876.

Mr. Editor,—Some of your readers having been long interested in the progress of the Mendelssohn Musical Institute, of Boston, Mass., which during the past twenty years has steadily pursued its onward and upward course, it may give them pleasure to know something of the vacation work during this and the previous summer, of its Director, Prof. E. B. Oliver.

In this pleasant village resides a lady, who about the time of the commencement of the Institute, as Miss Julia S. Dexter, was a pupil of Prof. Oliver at Pittsfield, Mass. She has become here, as Mrs. H. R. Collin, an enthusiastic patron of music and musicians, making her influence felt far and near as an ardent promoter of all that is pure and good in the art, as well as being an amateur artist of unusual excellence. Knowing the proclivities of her former teacher for being useful while others only recreate, she gathered a small class of pupils who have, during these two seasons, earnestly pursued the study of Organ, Piano, Harmony, and Vocal Culture under his tuition, and have made commendable progress in interpreting the higher works of the best masters which he has laid before them.

It was in this region also, many years since, at Farmington, that Prof. Oliver labored assiduously during five years preparing the way, and by earnest work, laying the foundations for the delight and pleasure now often enjoyed there in listening to the performances of outside artists, which his pupils then shared in greater measure, being themselves the performers. One among many of those pupils, now the wife of that deservedly famed conductor, Theodore Thomas, will recall with eager delight the musical efforts of those days, and the stony path by which she was led into the upper regions of musical study and enjoyment, learning to appreciate and desire acquaintance with the works of those masters, whose most worthy interpreter she may now admire in the person of her husband.

At that time Sonatas, and the higher forms of Musical Composition were rarely called for or attempted by amateurs, and seldom performed even in public. It is in this regard, that the work of the Mendelssohn Musical Institute may be truly said to have been *onward* and *upward*, its standard from the beginning having been only the highest, and its whole influence on the side of genuine classical music.

Frequent Readings and Recitals have been held here during these seasons, to give information upon biographical, technical and æsthetical subjects connected with music, and to encourage the study of its best composers, by performances of their works given them for practice. During this summer, also, the lady above mentioned has generously caused to be printed for private circulation, a neat edition of a short essay by Prof. Oliver, entitled, "Music, how to study it," which gives some idea of the method of teaching pursued at this Institute, the students of which are found in all parts of our country. Hoping to refresh all these with news of its success, and to extend the knowledge of its privileges to many who are seeking where such opportunities may be found, I send this short sketch for your columns.

Eleve.

ANOTHER GERMAN CRITIC ON WAGNER. The following persiflage is at least amusing. Paul Lindau, the feuilletonist of *Die Gegenwart* Berlin, delivers his judgment under the guise of a dream. Nor is it without *point*,—particularly the un-punctuated part. He says:

As I lay, recently, in a good comfortable bed, I had a fearful dream. I dreamed that I found myself in a disconsolate region. It was quite a peculiar landscape When you looked into it closely you became aware of mighty, imposing beauties—arrogant mountains, glorious trees, roaring waters. But despite all this, the whole was joyless, inharmonious, of an unearthly gloom. The great hot sun stood fast, languid and uninteresting in the glowing, horridly yellow sky, out of which every charm of color seemed to have been blotted. The air was so thick that the fiery ball did not blind your vision, but looked like a first-class cab-lamp. 'Twas muggy, and oppressive, and tiresome. An indescribable lowness of spirit reigned over everything. Besides myself, the dreamer only one living being existed among these joyless surroundings—a tall, uncomfortable man. He seemed to be reciting an enormous monologue. As I was, fortunately for myself, a pretty good distance from him, I could not understand what he was talking about; all I could catch was a considerable variety of sorts and tones of a peculiar laughter with which he now and then, as it were, accompanied his recitation—"Ha, ha!" or "He, he!" "Hi, hi!" or "Ho ho!" I had, during the last few days, heard and read a great deal about "leading *motivi*," and the impressions of my waking hours came to the front in my dream. I said to myself, "This man is laughing leading *motivi*." Besides this he accompanied his speech with extremely lively pantomimic gestures the while the speech itself flowed along, without any manner of emphasis, of pause or of division into parts "Ah ha!" I said to myself; "this is the new system. The man transfers his expression from the sound of his words to the wrinkles of his face. And this whimsical fellow came nearer and nearer. I tried to turn away, but he seized me, shoved me into a corner of the landscape planted himself in front of me so that I could not budge an inch—"pointed" me, in fact, as a well-trained dog does a head of game—and addressed me as follows: "Now I have got you any attempt at flight would be supererogatory I must first relate to you ho ho! at full length my story so you see after the three maidens ha-ha! had had the ring he-he! taken from them this ring gets he he! into bad hands and also its new owner hi-hi! shall not he-he! be made happy by it for stolen goods don't benefit anybody but why should I after all tell you the whole story ho-ho! of the new owner hi-hi! the ring gets he-he! into other hands again until at last the three maidens ha-ha! get hold of it again don't interrupt me I know what you want to say you seem to miss the punctuation in my remarks but it was high time that that stupid old fashion should be done away with the resolving of the hitherto obtaining constructions of sentences into the new never-ending sentence is the style of the future you have seen what I can do for do not fail to observe that I have not yet once taken breath it is now your turn to will and if you choose we shall now have a style" * * * * Here I awakened with a cry of agony; the sweat was rolling off my forehead. My first glance lighted upon a volume of Lessing, in which I had been reading during the evening. It was as though a mountain had been lifted off my chest "For the present," I said to myself, "we will stick to this style—we will endeavor to form ourselves after this model of truth and clearness—and we will leave the 'never-ending sentence' to later generations."

IN a letter from Leipsic, Mrs. Jane Swisshelm says: When we come to draw the line between the social conditions of the upper classes of German and American women, there is something to be said on both sides. A woman here has no temptation to go to opera for personal display. She cannot excite envy with her fancy hat, for this would interfere with the rights of the people who sit behind her and want to see the stage. She must wear nothing conspicuous, and must not, by word, look or act, call attention to herself. There must be no flirting of fans or 'kerchiefs, no sly glances, no flutter, or giggle, or display of a desire to be seen by strangers, on peril of life. A woman who would behave in an evening entertainment here as I have seen hundreds do in Chicago, Pittsburg, and other American cities and towns, would be irretrievably lost in reputation; the father or mother who would undertake to conduct a girl home from an opera where she had recognized the glance of a stranger would be apt to need the assistance of a police officer. Whereas a girl who goes to witness the performance may give it the closest attention, exchange salutations with all her friends, go from one part of the house to the other to do it, and walk home.

SOME of our contemporaries—(musical journals we mean—it is all very well for a "Music *Trade* Journal") have had their columns full, all summer long, with the free fight of piano exhibitors at the Centennial exposition. We have waited, and are now rewarded by getting the gist of the whole thing neatly served up in a nutshell in the Boston *Commonwealth*, thus:

In the matter of Centennial piano awards, Weber "received it," Steinway "obtained it," Decker "secured it," Chickering "took it," Knabe was "awarded it," and others "got it."

A RARE COMPLIMENT. A monthly paper published in Connecticut, called *Loomis' Musical and Masonic Journal*, bestows on us the following flattering notice. As our readers probably are not all Masons, any more than they are Wagnerites, we offer them a chance to read it.

Those who expected and confidently hoped for the downfall of Wagner and his theories, are hardly left a foot of ground to stand on, and it is pitiable to notice the anguish with which they cry out for some man of celebrity and unbiassed judgment to come forth to their defence and condemn the thing. In this connection we cannot forget that venerable fossil, John S Dwight, who is respected like an old broom "for the good he has done," and who lives and feeds on Bach and Gluck. This celebrated genius and would-be critic did not attend the Bayreuth festival, and therefore had no opportunity and no right to judge of it personally at all, and yet he sat in his sanctum and insisted that all the critics who praised the work and its rendering were wrong; that although they had listened to it and prepared their opinions evidently with care (and in point of ability many of them far excel the gentleman in question), still he who had not been out of his own State, neither had listened to a note of it as performed at Bayreuth, was after all the reliable authority upon which to judge of its merits. It is a pity to see a man obtain such confidence in himself that he loses confidence in every one beside. It is a cause of regret that a critic whose opinions were once worthy of respect should become so bigoted and obstinate as to forfeit that respect; it is sad that a man of an originally brilliant intellect should be so blinded to all progress as to blunt his judgment and render him worthless. But to every true musician there is encouragement in the fact that almost without exception, the strong anti-Wagnerites who have attended the Bayreuth Festival, have come away [*un*] converted. Their letters are full of enthusiasm, an enthusiasm not temporary and superficial but permanent and enduring. Even the composer himself could hardly have expected such a powerful effect to be created in his favor. Hereafter in the enumeration of new theories and marks of valuable progress, Wagner's ideas will always hold an important place.

There, reader! It is only fair that you should be informed how bad we are; and you will know henceforth where to seek the information.

EPITAPH for a musical director:—

In beating Time his life was passed,
But Time has beaten him at last.

ONE morning Cherubini saw Habeneck enter his study, at the Paris Conservatory, with strong marks of agitation in his face. "Why, what is the matter with you, Habeneck?" he inquired. "I am the bearer of a sad piece of news, sir," was the answer "Our celebrated professor of the oboe, poor Brod, died this morning!" "Did he, though—there was not much volume in his tone," observed Cherubini very resignedly, and this was the whole of his funeral oration on the deceased virtuoso.

"HOW IS THIS FOR HIGH?" The *Baltimore Gazette* (Aug. 22) is answerable for the following. If swallowing the monster whole be any merit, the writer certainly deserves a leather medal from the Emperor of Bayreuth. Whether he opened his mouth and shut his eyes we are not told, but it is clear that he is wondrous wise. The last sentence is profoundly suggestive—namely, of the proverb: "You cannot eat your cake and have it."

THE VICTORY AT BAYREUTH.

The "Music of the Future" has become the Music of the Present. The triumph of Wagner is complete, and the elacicists (*sic*), the dry contrapuntists, the disciples of the old-school romance, those of Bach and strict and form the upholders of French and Italian melody have all been silenced by the unparalleled success of the 'Future-music." Hereafter opera will never again be exactly what it was. The old well-worn favorites will be quietly laid aside, and whatever new is produced by the rising composers will be in some degree tinctured with the ideas of Wagner.

It is not just to all the rest to give Wagner alone the credit. True he has been the greatest composer and the strongest of the controversial writers that have carried on the war for twenty years The Nibelungen Trilogy, which has just received the approval of the most critical audience that ever collected to judge a work of art, is not a single effort of a great original mind. It is strictly in the line of musical development. This is why it is so great Wagner was rowing with the current of musical progress, not against it. And now when the smoke of the battle clears away and his success comes to be universally conceded, it will be found that he is not an upstart nor an innovator, and not an iconoclast; that he is the child of Gluck and of Beethoven's last and greatest period; that he has drunk deep drafts of inspiration from Berlioz and from Meyerbeer, and that Liszt and Franz [!!] both contributed something to the poetic richness of his musical imagination Let any one take Bach's passion music [!!!], Gluck's Iphigenia, and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and they will find that the "Nibelungen" is their lineal descendant. The formalisms of Mozart, Haydn, Rossini and Cherubini will grow antiquated; but the nude grandeur [!] of Bach Gluck and Beethoven will endure. Each of these differs from his predecessor more than the last differs from Wagner; and these mark the great periods of the growth of the art.

Wagner deserves much for his pluck and endurance in his long fight but it is probable that but for the princely aid of the King of Bavaria and the knightly help of Liszt and Von Bülow, he might have carried on the fight hopelessly, and died like Bach great but obscure, leaving to the future his immortal works. Few men have ever tasted more fully the cup of fame. He has drunk the sweet draught that so often is spilled upon the tomb.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

How sweet at the Twilight's Gleam. (Apart) *Db.* 3. F to A. *Cheney.* 30
"My heart goes out before me.
To the hills of Paradise."
For a high soprano voice. A sweet song of elevated sentiment.

La Vezzosa. (The Fair One.) Canzone. G. 4. d to a. *Berignani.* 75
"Mama, mi dicono ch'io sono bella"
"In brightest beauty, charming each heart."
A perfect bird-song, full of sweet warblings.

Love and Sorrow. (Amore e dolore) *Ab.* 5. d to g. *Lucantoni.* 30
"Io vivo in pianto"
"My sighs would move thee."
Flowing Italian music, one third of it triplets.

Blossoms. *Bb.* 3. d to g. *Hatton* 50
"Above, around, and at my feet,
Wher'er I turn ye smiling greet."
A perfectly sweet flower song.

I must leave you, my Darling. Song and Chorus. *Bb.* d to F. *Gus. Phillips.* 40
"I'll keep you forever in my heart"
One of Phillip's (Oofty Gooft) New Songs, of which, it is No 8. These songs are, some burlesque—ly comic, and some truly tender and beautiful, as in melody and sentiment this certainly is.

Instrumental.

Grand Festival March. *Bb.* 3. *Sudds.* 50
Played by the U. S. M. Band at Watertown, N. Y., and is a credit to the accomplished composer

Album for Organists. Concert Music for the Organ, with Pedaling and Registration. *Eugene Thayer.*

No. 1. Sixth Organ Concerto. *Bb.* 6. *Handel.* 1 00
This is an arrangement by Best, with marks and directions by Mr. Thayer who as well as any one, understands what music will please organists and their audience.

No. 2. Choral Variations in *Eb.* 7. *Smart.* 85
The Choral is impressive, and not difficult; but on the other pages any but concert performers will see that "they must not meddle" For advanced learners here is splendid practice both for hands and feet.

No. 3. Three Adagios. *Ab.* *Bb* and G. 6. *Volckmar.* 85
The difficulty in playing any of these concert pieces depends so much on one's mastery of the pedals, that the marking above may be too much or too little for various players. First class pieces.

No. 4. Variations on "Nuremberg." A. 7. *Thayer.* 75
The familiar air aids in the enjoyment by the hearer, who otherwise could hardly follow the artistic changes.

No. 10. Variations on "Auld Lang Syne." F. 6. *Thayer.* 60
Another old tune very much enriched with its 4 and 5 part harmony
There are 15 numbers in this valuable Album, and 5 of them, not yet noticed, are for two performers.

Flowers of Autumn. (Herbstbluthen.) G. 3. *Lange.* 40
This is Op 235, but if there were 235 pieces to come after it, Gustav Lange would probably so impress each one with his delicate taste, that we should not weary of them.

BOOKS.

A LOESCHHORN'S PIANO STUDIES.
No. 3. Op 66. Books 1, 2 and 3, each $1.25
These are studies of medium difficulty, to each one of which is prefixed an exercise embodying the principle of the study. This is a convenient arrangement, and the studies cannot fail to benefit the faithful student.

THE ORGANIST'S RELIANCE. Easy arrangement of the most beautiful pieces of the great masters. By Eugene Thayer.
Vol. 1. Music for Church Service.
This "volume" contains 10 numbers, each one containing 6 or 8 pieces; each one a gem, and marked so as to be easy for an amateur. May be played on Pipe or on Reed Organ. Price per No. $1.25.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, *Bb*, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus; "C. 5, c to E" means "Key of C. Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space.

Ditson & Co's Descriptive List of New Music.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

I love Him so! Bb. 3. c to F. *Kotschubey.* 35
"O, traitor glance, so timid bent and low,
Will ye not tell him all my heart's devotion?"
Very effective and sweet. Well worth singing.

Trusting on. Song and Chorus. Ab. 3. d to F. *Hodges.* 30
"And the golden curls that shaded
That pure brow, are turning grey."
A very melodious song, of excellent sentiment.

Rest at last. F. 3. d to g. *Keens.* 30
"After the shower, the tranquil sun,
Silver stars when day is done."
The contrasts, indicated in the above lines, are continued throughout the song, making a beautiful and rest-ful combination.

The Belle of Orangedale. Song and Chorus. G. 3. d to g. *Danks.* 30
"Her home is 'mid the hills that rise
In fadeless verdure 'round."
A beautiful musical tribute to a young fair one, who is doubtless "belle et bonne."

Donald Blain. E minor and major. 3. b to E. *Molloy.* 30
"Do ye hear, loud and clear;—
'Tis his pibroch on the mountain."
A rather wild highland ballad, quite effective for a clear Alto voice.

Thou Best and Brightest. D. 3. a to D. *Lowe.* 30
"My first love, and my last."
Words by Thos. Moore, with well fitting music.

The Lord is my Shepherd. Alto Solo. Eb. 4. b to f. *Hale.* 30
This is an arrangement of music from Beethoven, is of a high order, and may be called "an instrumental piece with vocal accompaniment" since the piano part is quite as prominent as the other.

To our Redeemer's glorious Name. Q't or Chorus. G. 3. d to g. *Lull.* 50
"O may the sweet; the blissful theme."
Perfectly beautiful. The melody is borrowed from Wilson's "Shepherd Boy," and fits charmingly to the words. Try it in your next rehearsal.

I would I'd never met thee. (The Coquette.) G. 3. d to E. *Williams.* 30
"Good bye false one! Adieu."
Almost a "Song and Dance," as it includes a waltz movement. Quite taking.

Thoughts of the Past. F. 3. F to D. *Russell.* 30
"My heart beats quicker measure,
I scarce restrain my tears."
A melodious song of "penseroso" character.

When shall I win thy Heart. C. 3. E to F. *Elson.* 30
"When shall my heart rejoice?
Tell me sweetheart; how long?"
Very musical serenade.

Sweet Rest beyond the Stars. F. 3. d to F. *G. Thomas.* 30
"When our feet shall weary grow,
Weary wandering to and fro."
A beautiful "resting" song which every one will like.

Annie Bell. Song and Chorus. E. 3. e to F. *Montell.* 35
"I know a rose embowered cot."
"Annie Bell! Dear Annie Bell."
The name is so musical that the song cannot help being pretty. But it is pretty anyway.

Thy Name. Eb. 5. d to a. *Millard.* 50
"I cried thy name aloud; and lo! the bird
Burst into song within the thick-leaved tree."
Mr. Millard has been fortunate in the words, having those capable of great intensity of expression. On these he has built a powerful song, requiring some execution for its performance, but one which will add to his reputation, already high.

The Day when you'll forget me. Lith. Title. Eb. 3. d to E. *Thomas.* 50
"And still you call me tender names,
And softly smooth my tresses."
A song which is a sure success, having all the qualities of a universal favorite.

Good Night, Farewell. (Gut Nacht! Fahr wohl.) For Soprano or Tenor. G. 4. e to g. *Kucken.* 35
"Farewell, my own true heart."
"Fahr wohl mein treues Herz."
There are two arrangements of this celebrated song, the other one being for Alto voice.

My sweetest Songs for you. A. 3. E to F. *Bentley.* 30
"A kiss, a kiss for the sweet red rose,
And one for the violet blue."
Beautiful sentiment, beautiful words and equally beautiful music. Good all over.

Surf. D. 2. d to F. *Walsh.* 30
"Down among the bathers, on the sunny shore."
Lively comic song.

Here's a Health to those who love us. Song and Chorus. Ab. 3. E to F. *La Rue.* 30
"God's mercy still is o'er us,
On sorrow's darkest day."
A good hearty musical Song and Chorus.

Kissing through the railing. D. 3. E to E. *Speck.* 30
Merry and pretty.

My Childhood's Home. Song and Chorus. G. 3. d to E. *Pearson.* 30
"'Tis many and many a weary year,
The days have come and gone."
First class ballad with good chorus.

Happy days. Ballad. G. 3. d to E. *Diehl.* 40
"Ah! yes, a dream with beauty filled."
A musical reminiscence of days departed.

Coquetting Blue Eyes. Waltz Song. F. 4. d to A. *Miers.* 35
"Thy sunny, bright blue eyes,
Sparkling with glee."
A very taking song for a high voice.

That was long ago. G. 3. d to E. *Wrighton.* 30
"Merrily went the round of life,
But that was long ago."
A fine ballad.

Instrumental.

Freedom. Grand March. Bb. 3. *Wendelstein.* 30
A powerful and original march.

Grand Ovation March. Eb. 4. *Jones.* 35
A very brilliant piece, with considerable variety.

Winged Words. Galop. (Geflugelte Worte.) D. 3. *Hermann.* 30
The flying words here tell their story in a very spirited manner, and one well worth hearing.

Clown Polka. C. 3. *Parlow.* 30
The rustic antics of the clown are closely responded to by the peculiar movement, which has a certain "knock around" style and is quite pleasing.

Trip lightly Schottische. G. 4. *Knight.* 30
The fingers must indeed trip lightly, to play with due clearness, all those quickly flitting arpeggios and chords;—but, having done so, the result is music of great sweetness and brilliancy.

Merry thought Polka. (Neue Bummler.) C. 3. *Michalis.* 30
There is a comic quality to this music, that is if we can imagine an instrumental piece to be comic. It is also good music.

Lilly Polka. C. 2. *Wendelstein.* 30
"Lilly" and the others will dance lightly to this, which is quite full of melody.

Bella Juliet Mazourka. Eb. 4. *Lauer.* 40
Characterized by rapid runs and arpeggios, which, however, fit easily to the fingers; and there are showy cadenzas.

Diamond Eyes. Polka Redowa. C. 3. *Knight.* 30
Bright eyes are here complimented with equally bright music.

Consequenzen Waltzes. 3. *E. Strauss.* 60
Four good Waltzes, with brilliant introduction and Coda.

Pearly Streams Waltz. Eb. 3. *Case.* 40
Of a delicate and sweet quality, suggestive of the light dance of rivulets adown the hillside.

Masaniello. For four hands. Fantasie Brillante. Bb. 5. *S. Smith.* 1 50
Commences like the overture, but speedily changes to a graceful, effective and brilliant fantasia on various favorite airs.

O mio Fernando. Transcription from Favorita. E. 3. *Everest.* 50
Graceful arrangement of a favorite air.

Beautiful View. (Reizende Landschaft.) G. 3. *Pathe.* 25
A nice little piece for study or amusement, being a sort of "Song without Words."

Tone Pictures. Instructive pieces for small hands, by *J. Low.* each 30
Six easy but classic pieces of about the 3d degree of difficulty. Titles are:

Good Morning.	In the free Air.
Memory	Evening Rest
Happy Play.	Spring Tidings.

Good Bye Sweetheart. Galop. F. 3. *Knight.* 30
Contains the charming melody of the song with the above title.

Arbeiter March. Eb. 3. *Wendelstein.* 35
In 6-8 time, and has a kind of elegant progression. Rather a quickstep than a March.

Amy Waltz. G. 3. *Milliken.* 30
Rich full and varied melody. Should be a favorite.

Cushing Guard Quickstep. Bb. 3. *Milliken.* 30
Wide awake, full, rich harmony, which many "guards" besides the "Cushing" will be pleased to march to.

Pioneer March. D. 3. *Wendelstein.* 30
Light and lively, and well fitted for the Piano.

Independence Grand March. C. 3. *Wendelstein.* 30
Unites simplicity with "grandeur," and is half light, half powerful in style.

Centennial Boquet of Musical Flowers. by *O. P. Layard.*
In this pleasing set of about 25 pieces, are included Duos for Piano and Flute or Violin, Trios for Piano and 2 Flutes, or Flute and Violin and Quartets for Piano and 3 Flutes, or 2 Flutes and Violin. These "flowers" are mostly from the operas. Of the Quartets,

No. 1. Una voce poco fa, from the "Barbiere," 1.00
which cannot be anything else but brilliant, and,

No. 4. Polacca de Tancredi and Ah, nati e ver 1 00
the latter air from Zoraide, will be found bright and entertaining. The whole set is valuable.

Sounds at Day-Dawn. Summer Idylle. F. 4. *Sudds.* 50
"The lowing herd. The sheep-fold's simple bell."
The music is very beautiful, and cannot fail to please.

Jolly Hearts. Polka Scherzo. F. 3. *Sudds.* 50
A brilliant polka, that has a very sensible arrangement of small notes, by using which the piece may be played on a reed organ of 5 octaves, as well as on the Piano.

Compositions by Georges Lamothe. Each 40
No. 1. St. Cloud Galop. No. 2. Nocturne. Vesper Bells.
" 3. Versailles Polka.
" 4. Marseilles Hymn, as a march.
Four fine compositions of about the 3d degree of difficulty, except in a few measures of the Marseilles Hymn, which are one degree harder. Original and good pieces.

Amateur Dramatic Lancers. 3. *Speck.* 40
The amateur players that first heard them, must have been greatly pleased; as will all others that try the figures.

Queen Mab's Ride. Galop Brilliant. Eb. 3. *Knight.* 35
Light, tripping, brilliant galop.

Spinning Wheel Stories. Characteristic Piece. E. 4. *Kolling.* 50
Very entertaining stories, surely, both to player and hearer.

Voyage in the Moon. (Voyage dans la Lune.) A. 3. *Aronson.* 40
Very spirited and neat piece, founded on melodies by Offenbach.

Twelve Easy Pieces, Violin (1st position) and Piano. *Eichberg.* each 40

No. 1. Canzonetta.	No. 7. Polonaise.
" 2. From "Cox and Box."	" 8. Andante & Rondino.
" 3. Hongroise.	" 9. Theme & Variations.
" 4. Wild Rose.	" 10. Menuetto.
" 5. Contrabandista.	" 11. Fairy Legend.
" 6. From "Aladdin." I.	" 12. March.

Charming little pieces for learners. Piano part and Violin part alike easy.

Baltimore City College March. Ab. 3. *Grauer.* 35
Quite original and with considerable variety.

Hail Drops. Galop Brilliant. A. 2. *Cheeney.* 35
With bright staccato and accented passages, suggestive of the spirited attack of the hail stones.

Dancing Feet Waltz. C. 3. *Lyle.* 30
No better name could be found for a pretty waltz.

Elfwood. Grand March. 4 hands. C. 3. *Johnson.* 60
Can be safely commended as a fine show piece for learners, being easy, powerful and pleasing.

Col. Readheads Quick Step. (Played extensively in the Revolutionary War, and more lately by "Si Smith" and "Dan Simpson.") D. 2. Arranged by *Lyle.* 30
The veteran drummer and fifer knew better than to keep up anything but the best kind of tune, all those years. Now give the old air a start on the second century!

Brilliant Rosedale Concert Waltz. Db. 4. *Jones.* 60
A brilliant and powerful production fitted for the concert rather than the ball room, where one might be too much engrossed with the rich music to dance properly.

Polo Galop. D. 3. *Catlin.* 30
The "Polo" ponies will please take notice that music is provided for them, and take steps thereto in their next little game. A wide-awake polka.

ABBREVIATIONS. Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note of on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E" means "Key of C Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space.

Centennial Songs and Pieces.

ADAPTED FOR USE AT CELEBRATIONS, OR TO PLAY AND SING IN HONOR OF THE YEAR, AND FINALLY TO KEEP AS AMONG ITS BEST MEMENTOES.

Centennial Chorus.

H. MILLARD. Grand Colored Lithograph Title.

PRICE 75 CTS.

Arranged for 4 (mixed) voices. Immensely spirited throughout. Suited for Quartet and Chorus, or Chorus throughout.

"And every star, and every fold,
Shall tell again the story old,
Of how our fathers fought and died,
To save our flag that floats in pride."

Centennial Hymn.

Words by WHITTIER. Music by J. K. PAINE.

Sung at the opening of the Great Exposition. Price 30 cts.

"God of the nations, from whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,"

Centennial Song.

Triumphantly the Morning Dawned.

By JOSEPH HEINE. Price 35 cts.

A worthy patriotic Song and Chorus, with fine music by a skilful player.

Hail to our Flag so glorious,
May we who guard it now,
Keep hearts as true as those that beat
One hundred years ago.

Centennial Days.

By C. E. PRATT. Price 30 cts.

Not high-flown, but a lively, common-sense ballad relating to the great Exposition.

And you'll say that I am right
If you see the splendid sight
At the Exposition on Centennial Days.

Ring the Bells, Centennial Bells,
Those Bells of Liberty;
Ring the Bells, whose chiming tells
America is free.

A Hundred Years Ago.

By EDWARD E. RICE. Lithograph Title. Vocal March.

PRICE 40 CTS.

A simple and easy Song-Story, but not the less taking.

"The Story that you know,
Of how the Sun of Glory rose
One hundred years ago."

The Great Centennial.

A NEW VIEW OF THE MATTER.

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Centennial on the Brain.

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One of the best views of the Art Building of the Exposition is on the title. This, with the easy and very agreeable music, will render the piece a favorite.

Brazilian Grand March.

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An excellent selection from the works of a first-rate composer.

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Tea Parties are common this year as all years, and along in the evening that follows, this fine set of waltzes may furnish good entertainment.

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Very bright and easy.

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Music is easy and brilliant.

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Price 40 cts. Nothing sweeter than this old march.

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Price 60 cts. The New, like the Old, appropriate to the year.

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Dwight's Journal of Music,

A Paper of Art and Literature.

WHOLE No. 927. BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 28, 1876. VOL. XXXVI. No. 15.

DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC,

Published every other Saturday

OLIVER DITSON & CO.

451 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

JOHN S. DWIGHT, EDITOR.

TERMS.—If mailed or called for, $2.00 per annum; delivered by carriers, $2.50. Payment in advance.

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After this time, until date of opening of the school,
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MR. JOHN ORTH, recently returned from Europe after five years study with the best Masters—*Liszt, Kullak, Lebert, Deppe*, and others, will receive a limited number of pupils on the Piano.

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Address, care of Oliver Ditson & Co. [798

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924 Music Hall, Boston.

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Price $1.25 per copy. Per Doz. $12.

The attention of conductors and members of Musical Societies is directed to this fine book. In reading the titles below, you will notice that most of the choruses make here their first appearance. All are selected and arranged by L. O. Emerson, who has shown his usual good taste and judgment.

Sacred.

Mighty Jehovah.....*Bellini*
God of Israel .... *Rossini*
O for the Wings. *Mendels'n*
O magnify the Lord..*Carter*
Gloria .....*Farmer*
O praise the Mighty God.....*Emerson*
The day is past....*Emerson*
Inflammatus.....*Rossini*
Father by whose Almighty Power.....*Handel*
God's mercy on them that fear him ... ..*Carter*
Come, ye blessed Children.....*Emerson*

Secular.

Awake, the Night..*Donizetti*
When Robin Redbreast. *Southard*
Fairy Song ....*Zimmerman*
Hast thou left thy blue course.....*Southard*
Gales are blowing..*Emerson*
Crowned with the Tempest.....*Verdi*
Flowerets close at Eve..*Abt*
Evening.....*Sullivan*
Blow, Winter Wind *Stevens*
The Sea hath its Pearls. *Pinsuti*
Rainy Day.....*Emerson*
Brightly the Morning. *Von Weber*
Hie thee, Shallop...*Kücken*
Sleep Well .....*Bradbury*
Anvil Chorus..*"Trovatore"*
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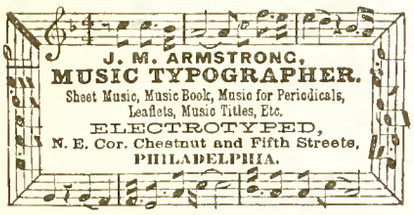

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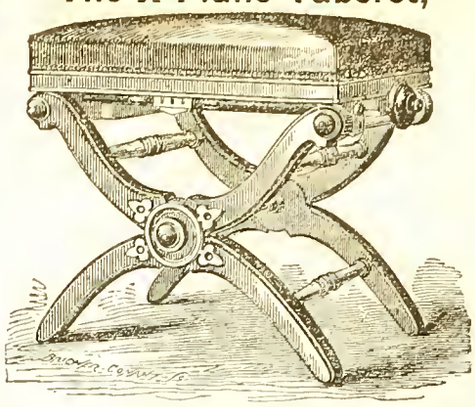

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 927. BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 28, 1876. VOL. XXXVI. No. 15.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Use of Slow Piano Practice.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

In the following paragraphs it is very likely I may repeat some of the ideas in my piece on "Mental action in piano-playing" published in this Journal (p. 50, vol. xxxiv, I think); but how many of them I cannot say as I do not happen to be able to lay my hand on that particular number at this time. Whether I do repeat or not, I hope the importance of the subject and the new light thrown on it may prove my justification.

I do not hesitate to say that more than three-fourths of the time spent in piano-practice by players generally is wasted. *How* they waste it would take too long to tell. In many cases they practice unproductive exercises. This, however, does not signify so much as the fact that even these are practiced in a wrong way. For there is scarcely any conceivable exercise which may not be made useful by a good mode of practice. Even a book full of ill-digested and (if I might so say it) un-radical exercises, like Lebhert and Stark's, may be useful to pupils if properly practiced.

Every well-taught piano-player who reads this, is familiar with the injunction oft repeated, to "practice slowly." Plaidy, I hear, used to direct a certain number of times slow and a certain number of times fast, as the rule of practice to be applied to all kinds of passages. Four or five times slow, and four or five times fast, was the rule, I believe, or near enough for our present purpose. Mills, the pianist, makes great account of slow practice, and applies it himself to everything, even to a review of pieces long familiar and many times played in public. Mason makes this principle his "joy and his song," as hundreds of his pupils can testify. Miss Julia Rivé, whose *technique* is acknowledged to be of a superior order, practices everything *very* slowly. With her the slow practice far exceeds the fast. If she plays a passage four times slowly, she will play it fast not more than twice; then comes another turn of slow practice. Such, I suppose, must be Mr. Lang's method, from what I hear of his accuracy and elegance of playing,—and in short such is the method of every great pianist, except perhaps Liszt, who never practices at all.

What is slow practice? For every pianist there are three grades of speed in all passages admitting of rapid playing. They are, first, a very slow rate. So slow, namely, that each motion is fully determined by the will, and there comes the response through the sensory nerves that the motion has been fully performed; *after which* there is a moment of repose before the next motion is ordered. Very slow practice is any rate of speed that admits of this moment of mental repose between the reception of the sense of having played one note, and the act of beginning to play the next. The second rate is moderate—the rate in which, as soon as the mind becomes conscious that one key has been played, it orders the next, without suffering a moment of repose to intervene. The third rate is that of velocity—a degree of speed in which the will orders a series of acts at once (as, *e. g.*, four octaves of the scale of A, or three octaves of broken chord of C, etc., etc.,) and the fingers play them as rapidly as possible, the mind not being conscious of the fact that one key has been played before it orders the next.

Perhaps a little further examination may render this plainer. There are two nerve fibres, the *motor*, and the *sensory*. The motor nerve transmits from the brain or some lower nerve centre an order for the muscle to contract; and it contracts. The sensory nerve transmits impressions from without. These sensory impressions are not always transmitted to the brain, but stop at a lower nerve-centre and are reflected back in the shape of a motor impulse which effects a new muscular adjustment to meet the emergency. Thus if I am kicked, I do not have to wait until I hear of it up in my *sensorium*; but as soon as the spinal chord finds out that such is the fact, it telegraphs to the nearest leg or arm to "answer immediately"—which order I hope my arms and legs may long have the muscle and the grace to obey. Thus it is that in walking or riding, the different muscles adjust themselves unconsciously so as to preserve the equilibrium of the body. Motory and sensory impulses are propagated with different degrees of speed. The motor impulse travels at the rate of about 92 ft. a second; the sensory at the rate of about 119 ft. It is understood, of course, that muscle contracts only in obedience to an order received through the motor fibres of the nerve.

In the case of acts that are completely volitional it appears that each one is separately determined and ordered by the will, and completes itself in consciousness whenever the sensory nerve has returned the information that the act has been performed. Any series of muscular motions may be made habitual, in which case they can be performed while the mind is thinking of something else. The shoemaker lasts his shoe, creases the channel, folds and waxes his thread, sews the seam, rubs down the channel, and so on, while he is busily engaged in conversation, or in a "brown study" on the question of ways and means. The blacksmith heats the iron, hammers and shapes it, all the while carrying on a discussion of politics or theology. His apprentice also heats and hammers his iron while carrying on a base-ball discussion with a mate. He spoils his job, and is cautioned by his master to mind his business and keep his mind on his work next time. So, too, the player goes through a familiar piece unconsciously. The beginner makes a mistake as soon as his mind wanders never so little.

All of these acts, so well performed without thought, have become habits, and no longer require the mind to order each separate detail. The beginners who failed, had not acquired the habit. To a certain extent each worker became a machine. He was merely an automaton—that part of him which made shoes, or shaped the iron, or played the piano, that is to say. The shoemaker was conscious only of the general intention of making shoes, and of having conveyed himself to the bench where were the necessary materials. All of him not engaged in making shoes was asleep or actively engaged in something else. A part of him breathed—also automatically. A part of him circulated the blood—also without his will. A part of him talked and thought theology or politics. A part of him worked away at the contents of his stomach. The *man* really, you see, was not making shoes at all,—that was only automatism, just the same sort of a thing as the heart beating, the lungs breathing, or the stomach churning the victuals, the operation of a machine. All there was of him just then that was really *man*, was the part talking theology—except away down in one corner of his being (like a tooth-ache) his love and anxiety for his poor sick daughter.

Let us attend more clo
performances. Are they
or imperfect? Not at all
lows in its proper order, beginning only when the previous one has been completed. Unexpected exigencies are met and allowed for with all necessary intelligence.

To such an extent may this machine-like ability be carried that the acts themselves may be conditioned on sense perceptions received through parts of the economy remote from those performing the automatic acts. For example, I have seen a once eminent organist play when so drunk that he was with difficulty seated at the instrument, and when I am very sure he couldn't possibly have distinguished between the "I" and the "not I." He played, of course, from notes. As long as he could keep his eyes open his hands would play whatever his eyes saw. But *he* knew nothing about it.

All piano practice, whatever its nature, has for its object to produce the habit of playing that passage or piece. The only part of playing that is completely volitional and not at all automatic is the melody, whether one means by this merely the air, or the counterpoints. When the melody is played automatically the playing becomes soul-less.

Playing may be poor in respect to its mechanism, or in the player's imperfect consciousness of the music. Ability to *think the music* is the first requisite of an artist. Some persons are extremely obtuse in this respect. Anything beyond the most elementary combinations eludes them. How to develop the musical perceptions I do not now stop to inquire.

At this time I concern myself only with the mechanism. The player must have a great stock of standard passages, embracing all the major and minor scales, the various arpeggios and broken chords, and the usual accompaniment formulas. Each of these must be subject to control by a merely general order of the mind. When one wills to play four octaves of the scale of C, the hand should adjust itself to the white keys and proceed to business, the thumb falling on F and C without further direction. And similarly of every other passage. But how can this come about? Is there some tree off which one can gather these passages already prepared, or the leaves of which one may eat and be brought into so comfortable an ability? Not at all. There is only one way, and that is in pursuance of the following law:

Any series of muscular acts may become automatic by being performed a sufficient number of times in a perfectly correct sequence.

Let the series of motions in question be ten in number. How does the average pupil set about mastering it! Why something like this (x being the unknown quantity, the mistake.)

1st	time,	(carefully).	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
2d	"		1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 x
3d	"		1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 x 10
4th	"		1 2 3 4 5 6 7 x 9 10
5th	"		1 2 3 4 5 6 x 8 9 10
6th	"		1 2 3 4 5 x 7 8 9 10
7th	"	(carelessly).	1 2 3 4 x 6 7 8 x 10
8th	"	(very carefully).	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
9th	"		1 2 3 x 5 6 7 8 9 x
10th	"		1 x 3 4 5 6 7 x 9 10

And so I might go on for pages, The wonder to me is that they ever get a piece near enough right to permit one to recognize it.

Here then we are, at length, able to see the value of slow practice. The necessary number of perfectly infallible performances which form the basis of automatism, can be secured *only* in slow practice. Each one of these three steps must enter into the performance of every single motion in the series. First, the volition to play a certain note. Second, the consciousness of having played it—the sense of having the finger on the key. Third, the moment of repose, in which the mind clearly apprehends the next note to be played. This slow practice may be faster or slower, according to the activity of the player's mind. The beginner must play as slowly as one note a second. The artist may play four or five. I have heard Miss Rivé practice Gustave Schumann's Tarantelle at the rate of about three notes a second, although in the performance it goes at the rate of from eight to twelve notes a second.

The average rate of transmission of the motor and sensory impulses through nerve tissue is about 120 ft. per second, or about 7200 ft. per minute. In automatic performances of the fingers the motions are supposed to be controlled from one of the nerve centres in the spinal coulmn, giving approximately five feet for the travel of the two impulses for every key played. This, supposing the muscles to obey instantly, would give about 1450 notes a minute as the ultimate of velocity, or about 24 notes a second. Any one who will play a scale four octaves in *nines* (going through nine times) at half this speed will be likely to find the exercise somewhat fatigning.

Exclusively slow practice will spoil the playing. It takes the life out of the music. It must, then, be alternated with the two other degrees of speed, in the proportion of say six slow, six moderate, and three *fast*, and so on, over and over until one learns the passage. This is not a rule. It is merely an indication of the proportion necessary to be observed in order to secure accuracy without sacrificing the musical quality of the playing. And it is in the almost total neglect of this kind of practice, that pupils in general may find the reason of their poor success.

The Nibelungen Trilogy at Bayreuth.

BY JOSEPH BENNETT.

(From the London Musical Times.)

(Continued from Page 315.)

From this necessary digression I return to the story of the drama. Having completed the poem of "Siegfried's Tod" ("Götterdämmerung,") Wagner, enamored of his subject, and necessitated to show much that else had to be intellectually perceived, took up the earlier life of the hero. From this sprang a second drama, called at first "Junger Siegfried," and now, as "Siegfried," forming the third section of the great work. There is reason to assume that here the whole scheme of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" dawned upon the author's mind. The force of circumstances carried him, almost despite his will, farther and further back to the origin of that which had previously occupied his thoughts, and from the working of this necessity arose "Die Walküre" and "Das Rheingold," connecting ultimate effect with remotest cause. It is not difficult to see in these later dramas—I avoid the word *libretti* throughout, especially here, where it would have no business at all—how Wagner had passed completely under the dominion of a theory that the poem ought to make no concession for the sake of musical effect. He had laid out "Götterdämmerung" with a view to the usual mingling of solo and concerted piece (though in setting it to music at a later time he refused the opportunities his own hand had prepared, and crowded the stage with dummies); but its successors became, more and more rigidly, dramas. In "Siegfried" there is not a single chorus, and only a few bars of concerted vocal music. In "Die Walküre" there is one chorus for female voices, and in "Das Rheingold" we have what, elsewhere, would be called a trio. In effect, therefore, the three works just named are "plays," throughout which but a single voice is heard at any given time. Unhappily for those who do not accept Wagner's theories, they are "plays," moreover, in the fulness—should I not say prolixity?—of their dialogue. The poet is wholly regardless of the musician. He will utter everything necessary to the completeness of his poem—and very often a good deal is thought needful—the result being a series of conversations, some of them wearisome repetitions, others abounding in allusions, and based upon ideas which are all very well for a reader who can pause to think, but which, on the stage, and associated with music, are embarrassing. Take, as an example, the interview between Wotan and Erda in the third act of "Siegfried," where 183 lines are devoted chiefly to telling us what we already know, or to references the significance of which by no means lies on the surface. I do not urge this as against the beauty and completeness of the poem, but simply to point it out for consideration as connected with a "drama for music." The question, of course, arises—and a most important one it is—whether a drama for music should so rigidly consult its own separate necessities, and yield nothing to the conditions of its alliance. My own answer, given deliberately after the experience of Bayreuth, is in the negative. It is true that Wagner has so far recognized the demands of music as to identify each scene with some distinct emotion, powerfully expressed; but even this is not enough to save his theory from rejection. In every drama so constructed there must be passages with which music has nothing to do, and the effect of which music, especially when written on the principles hereafter mentioned, simply mars. But the question underlying all is whether Wagner has not hit upon a fallacy in supposing that he can, from a practical point of view, subordinate music to drama. In theory, his system appears perfect; in reality, I doubt whether it will ever work. The way to test this is for the audience at Bayreuth to ask themselves what part of the compound thing there presented engaged most of their attention. Wagner, as the official mouthpiece of his system, would urge that the mind should have been sensible of nothing but a whole; but that was impossible. The three grand elements—music, poetry, and stage representation—stood separately before every eye, and there can be no doubt as to which was most earnestly regarded; which was most discussed, which contributed before the others to the judgment pronounced. The predominance of music in all these respects might have been foreseen, and was, in fact, inevitable. Associate music and poetry on equal terms you cannot. The more universal, emotional, and powerful art will prevail; and not all the force of twenty Wagners can alter the fact. Wherefore, I contend, that to write a drama with a view to dramatic exigencies alone, and then to ally it with music, must not only result in failure, but is contrary to the very nature of things.

Leaving these general considerations, I approach the particular illustration of his theory with which, in "Der Ring des Nibelungen," Wagner has furnished us. Does it prove that the domain of myth is that wherein the writer of music-drama should look for his subject? The answer is neither an unqualified "Yes" nor an unqualified "No." On the one side, the poet is free, in myth-land, from a number of embarrassments and restrictions which surround him elsewhere. He can, as Wagner has shown, well define and condense the emotion of each particular scene, and he is not bound by historic truth or regard for conventionalities. These are such immense advantages, that I am far from sure whether they do not outweigh anything on the opposite side. But, *per contra*, it may be urged that the more mythical a subject the farther does it stand away from the sphere of human interest and emotion. In all ages the greatest dramatists have recognized this cardinal fact. Take Shakespeare and his "Midsummer Night's Dream" as a conspicuous example. Essentially a fairy drama—the embodiment of a myth—the "Dream" is full of every-day humanity. The Athenian lovers, Bottom and his crew, the Duke and his court, are all so mixed up with Oberon, Titania, and Puck, that we are never sensible of a want of personal sympathy with character and event. But in "Der Ring des Nibelungen" the humanity is, speaking broadly, too faint for a sustained and absorbing interest. Note the subjoined outline of the story running through all four dramas, and say whether it comes very near the heart: The Rhine Daughters guard a golden treasure in the depths of the river. The treasure gives control of the world to its possessor, but can only fall into the hands of one who forswears love. Alberich, a Nibelung, representative of the subterranean powers of evil, fulfils the condition, seizes the gold, and fashions out of it a ring, the embodiment of his acquired might. At this time Wotan (Odin), chief of the upper gods, is in in difficulties. He has engaged giants to build him a castle, Walhalla; and not liking to give them the reward agreed upon, descends to the Nibelungs on a raid after the Rheingold and ring. By trickery he wins these, and with them pays the giants, not before Alberich has attached a curse to the ring, the first fruit of which is seen when one giant kills the other in a dispute over the spoil. The survivor carries off the ring, and, in the guise of a dragon, sleeps upon it, too brutish to avail himself of its power. Wotan, desiring to defend Walhalla, allies himself with Erda, the Earth Goddess, by whom he has nine daughters, Walkyries, whose business it is to people the god's abode with the bravest knights slain in battle. Wishing also to obtain the ring, he, by another alliance, raises up a hero, Siegmund, for whose use he destines a sword so buried in the stem of an ash that none other can pull it out. Siegmund meets with his twin sister, Sieglinde, married to Hunding, and though the relationship is discovered, carries her off as his wife. On the interposition of Wotan's wife, Fricka, a subsequent combat between Hunding and Siegmund is made fatal to the seducer, though Brünnhilde, the Walkyrie charged by Wotan to effect this result, disobeys and protects, unavailingly, him whom she should have caused to be destroyed. Wotan himself intervenes, and the god-given sword, Nothung, which Siegmund has drawn from the ash, shivers against the god-held spear which symbolizes Wotan's power. Sieglinde, after the fight, seeks refuge in a forest,

and Brünnhilde is condemned to sleep, surrounded by fire, upon a rock, till a man shall wake her and claim her as his wife. The incestuous union of Siegmund and Sieglinde produces a son, Siegfried, who, on the death of his mother, is reared by Mime, brother of Alberich, in hope of, through his means, winning the ring for himself. Siegfried, by-and-bye, discovers his parentage; welds together the pieces of the broken sword, Nothung; kills the dragon-giant; kills also Mime, who attempts treachery; carries off the ring, and by miraculous means, understanding the language of birds, hears from them of the sleeping Brünnhilde. Longing for human sympathy, and not knowing fear, he reaches Brünnhilde's rock, plunges through the fire and wins the maid. But he cannot stay with her always, and sets forth in due time to see the world and seek adventure. Lighting on the Court of King Gunther, he drinks a magic draught brewed by Hagen, son of Alberich, forgets even the existence of Brünnhilde, becomes enamored of Gutrune, Gunther's sister, and to obtain her agrees to win Brünnhilde for the King, who has heard of the sleeping heroine, yet cannot face the fire. Siegfried fulfils his promise in the guise of Gunther, and Brünnhilde is carried off as Gunther's wife. But the treachery is revealed through the ring, which Siegfried, acting for his friend, had wrested from Brünnhilde (who wore it as a love token) and forgotten to hand over to Gunther when they changed places. Full of revenge, the outraged woman reveals to Hagen where Siegfried is vulnerable, and, in the course of a hunting excursion, the Nibelung's son kills the hero. The body is carried to the palace, where Brünnhilde, putting the ring on her finger, leaps into the flames of the funeral pyre. The Rhine overflows the spot, and the Rhine Daughters recover the accursed ornament at the moment that Walhall in flames proclaims the downfall of the reign of force and the advent of that of love. Looking at this wonder-story, with its array of gods, demons, giants, dragons, miraculous gands, potent drinks, and what not that ever entered into the fabulist's head, it may naturally be doubted whether the drama at any time approaches the spectator near enough to touch the spring of his emotions. That it does so, here and there, is true, but it is also a fact that, generally speaking, we care little what becomes of anybody concerned. The supernatural beings, when not repugnant, are indifferent, the mortals as a rule are more or less contemptible, while upon all rests the dark shadow of an incestuous crime so rare even in the days of myth that Fricka exclaims, urging Wotan to punish Siegmund:—

> "Bridal embrace
> of brother and sister!
> When, where was it known
> to mate with the child of your mother!"

Is this story, wherein poetic beauty and ingenious circumstances are allied to childish imaginings, made black by association with a sin, which horrifies even a goddess, and degraded by connection with love that rises in but a single instance above animalism—is this a model for the national music-drama of Germany? Heaven forefend.

Here I have done with the poem of "Der Ring des Nibelungen." A consideration of the music is obviously impossible within the limits of the present article. Let it be postponed, then, till space enough is available for the treatment of a subject at once so novel and so important in its relations to the "Art-work of the future."

[To be Continued.]

The Story of Bishop's Dramatic Glees and Songs.*

BY J. S. CURWEN.

(Continued from Page 317.)

"Zuma, or the tree of health," was produced in 1818. The book was by T. Dibdin. The scene of the story is in Lima, Peru, and the action lies between the native Peruvians and the Spaniards. The glee, "The Silver Queen," opens the play. The scene is in a romantic valley; in the centre the Quinquina tree, on which the moon shines brightly. Four natives, Chinchilla, Zoro, Azan, and Zegro, take part, as follows. Chinchilla is waiting for a moonlight meeting with her lover, a Spaniard named Picquillo:—

> CHIN.—The silver queen, whose cheerful ray
> Illumes the stream with seeming day,
> Can warm this wakeful, anxious breast,
> To meet my love, when others rest.
>
> ZORO.—By yon pale moon, the signal soon
> CHIN.—Shall sound no longer drearily.
> ZORO.—Ere night is done, ere morning sun
> Then will the shell sound cheerily.
>
> AZAN AND ZEGRO ENTER.
>
> AZAN.—When the firefly lights his cold, pale lamp,
> And the storm-bird sleeps on the sedgy swamp,
> When the moonbeams o'er the waters play,
> Then will our tribe no longer stay.
> CHIN.—By yon pale moon, the signal soon
> No more shall sound so drearily!
> AZAN.—Ere night is done, ere morning sun,
> ALL.—Then will the shell sound cheerily.

The next piece of interest is the echo duet. Zuma, a native maid of honor to the Spanish vice-queen, is much separated from her husband, Mirvan, by her attendance at the palace. He has appointed a meeting with her in a remote part of the palace garden. Zuma enters, looking for Mirvan. "Mirvan not here," she says, "why has he thus called me from my duty, and left me in suspense?"

> ECHO DUET.
>
> ZUMA.—Whither, whither is he straying?
> Soft he whisper'd in my ear,
> Hasten, Zuma, no delaying,
> Mirvan soon will meet thee, dear.
> MIRVAN (WITHOUT).
> Mirvan soon will meet thee, dear.
>
> (ZUMA GOES OUT—MIRVAN ENTERS.)
>
> MIRVAN.—Thy voice I hear, and now retreating
> Yields alternate hope and fear;
> Echo, that sweet voice repeating,
> Charms thine anxious lover's ear.
> ZUMA (WITHOUT.)
> Charms thine anxious lover's ear.
>
> ZUMA ENTERS DURING THIRD VERSE.
>
> MIRVAN.—This way;
> ZUMA.— This way;
> Both.— { 'tis he! / 'tis she!

The chorus, "Daughter of Error," occurs in the third act. Zuma, though a Peruvian, is greatly attached to her mistress, the Spanish vice queen, and grieves to see her wasting to death from fever. The bark of the Quinquina tree is a sure remedy for her illness, but the Peruvians have sworn a solemn oath never to reveal its healing properties to their oppressors, the Spaniards. Zuma, with the logic o affection, thinks that if she can but administer doses of bark in her mistress's coffee she will get well without knowing the reason, and thus her own oath will not be violated. Jealous courtiers detect her in the act of putting what seems to be poison into the coffee at her mistress's side. Zuma is of course unable to say anything. Fear of her tribe forbids that she should reveal the real nature of the liquid, for did she do so, not only herself, but her husband and her boy would be sacrificed. On the other hand, her silence is interpreted by the Spaniards as sure evidence of guilt. A guard of soldiers drag her from the boudoir, while a chorus of monks and nuns assemble around her, hoping to convert her on her way to prison. As the procession forms, the symphony is heard, and the voices of the chorus enter in solemn and stately *Adagio*:—

> Daughter of error, hear!
> Hear! tremble and obey!
> O, may the penitential tear
> Fall, till thy guilt be passed away.

Zuma, confident in her innocence, does not heed the call. She is firm and calm.—

> Hour of death, and hour of terror
> Firm, thy coming I await!

Then the time quickens to *Allegro* as the hope that her innocence will be vindicated dawns upon her:—

> And see, a cherub seems to smile!
> And hark! his heavenly note I hear!
> As if it said, "yet, yet awhile
> Endure the storm, 'twill quickly clear."

This has been softly followed by the chorus, still bent on preparing her for death:—

> We call thee, hapless child of error,
> Think how near thy certain fate.

The opening *Adagio* movement is then—in the original version of the opera—repeated, and Zuma, overpowered by her feelings, falls senseless in the arms of two monks and the scene closes. The next day Zuma is taken for execution, and the fatal pile is indeed lighted, when the vice-queen, whose fever has been cured by drinking the medicated coffee, appears in the nick of time and orders her maid to be spared. The plot, it will be seen, is complicated and rather absurd, but it is necessary to understand it if the meaning of the words is to be understood.

The operatic drama of "The Virgins of the Sun," was produced in 1812. The book was by Frederick Reynolds, and the scene is laid in Peru, near the convent of the virgins. The quartet, with solos, "Is it the tempest that we hear," is sung by two of the virgins within the convent, and two Spaniards who, on an errand of love, are seeking for admission and shelter from the storm. The elaborate finale to the second act, "Vengeance we swear," abounds with admirable effects. Alonzo, a Spaniard, has induced Cora, one of the Virgins of the Sun, to break her vows and marry him. For this the one penalty of the law is death to her and hers. The scene is in the hall of audience in the palace, where the priestesses of the Sun are telling the king of the disgrace brought upon them. Soldiers advance to seize the aged father of Cora, and Alonzo her lover, singing their low breathing chorus. The priestesses and women who are near intercede for the twain, and turn to the priests, one of whom replies in the bass solo, "Yon false slave" is Alonzo. After all, Cora and her relatives are not sacrificed, but reserved for trial, and in the end get off with whole skins, for the king repeals the law.

"Guy Mannering," adapted from Sir Walter Scott's novel by Daniel Terry, was produced in 1816. It is full of music that has survived. The story is simply that of Scott's novel. The curtain rises on an old fashioned chamber of Mrs. M'Candish's inn. Several farmers and others are seated at the table, drinking. These at once strike up the glee

> The winds whistle cold,
> And the stars glimmer red,
> The flocks are in fold
> And the cattle in shed.

"A merry, social glee, and well sung, good neighbors,' cries the jolly landlady when they have finished. Those who are acquainted with Scott's story will remember how Lucy Bertram, who is homeless and an orphan, is induced to accept the hospitality of her father's friend, Colonel Mannering. The ludicrous medley, "The fox jumpt over the parson's gate," can hardly be separated from its dramatic connection. It forms the finale to the first act. Dominie Sampson, Miss Mannering, and the chorus, take part in it. The Dominie is overjoyed at the thought of his young mistress going to live with Colonel Mannering, and gives vent to his feelings in a grotesque way. "I do remember me of a catch, which I was wont to sing twice a year," he says, "when a bursar of St. Leonard's College, St. Andrews, with good appro ba-tion." Then with many contortions and efforts, like one who first forgets words, then time, at length he breaks out with absurd bashfulness—

> The fox jumpt over the parson's gate
> And stole his poultry from under his nose,
> "Aha!" quoth the parson who popt out his pate,
> "A good fat hen, and away she goes."

Then Miss Mannering addresses Lucy Bertram, and presses her to accept Colonel Mannering's offer of hospitality:—

> Calm, lady, calm your troubled breast!
> Beneath our roof of friendship rest.

The Dominie, having got to the pitch of singing a song, cannot leave off, and blarts in upon the tender accents of the ladies with rough snatches of his catch. Afterwards the chorus joins in, but still the Dominie's voice is heard, in ludicrous contrast to the rest. The lullaby

> O slumber, my darling,
> Thy sire was a knight,

is frequently introduced into the play—sung to a simple air. It is represented to have been used from an ancient period in the Bertram family to soothe the slumbers of the infant heir, and it awakes early memories in the mind of Henry Bertram, when he returns to the ancestral home from which he was decoyed in early childhood. The Echo duet, "Now hope, now fear," (which must not be confused with the Echo duet in Zuma) is sung by Miss Mannering and her lover, Henry Bertram. Bertram's parentage is not yet known; he is at present an unknown adventurer, and Colonel Mannering has forbidden his advances towards Miss Mannering. He however comes on the lake to her window by night, playing on his flute an Indian air which they both know. "It is indeed the very air he taught me," she says, "I'll sing it! if it be he, he will answer it." Then she begins—

> Now hope, now fear, my bosom rending,
> Alternate bid each other cease,

*From the Tonic Sol-Fa Reporter.

At the finale words, "I'm here! I'm here," Bertram rushes up the balcony steps from the lake, and embraces his beloved. She blames him for seeking a stolen interview, after her brother has forbidden their intercourse, whereupon he sings his passion in the song—

Be mine, dear maid! this faithful heart
Shall never prove untrue!
'Twere easier far from life to part,
Than cease to live for you.

The gipsy glee and chorus, "The chough and crow," occurs in the third scene of the second act. The scene is in a wild and romantic part of the forest, where the gipsies have their camp. A gipsy hut is in the centre, with a fire within. Men, women, and children mingle in the group, engaged in cooking, and various other employments. The gipsies are about to set out on their nightly depredations. A gipsy boy, Franco by name, "a promising young chick in the craft," sings the first solo—

"The Chough and crow to roost are gone,"

and a gipsy girl the second—

"Both child and nurse are fast asleep,"

the rest of the group joining in chorus. The song, "Safely follow him," of which the music is by Tom Cooke, is sung by Gabriel the gipsy, who has commissioned the boy Franco to be the guide of Henry Bertram and Dandie Dinmont.

"Clari, or the maid of Milan," produced in 1823, contains one piece that is known in every English-speaking country—"Home, sweet home." Clari is a beautiful peasant girl, who has exchanged her father's lowly cottage for the splendor of the Duke's palace, and become his bride. But she pines for the simple life she has led, and as she enters, fatigued and melancholy, she sings this song. The words are by John Howard Payne, an American, and though the music was called by Bishop a "Sicilian air," it is now generally agreed that it was really composed by him. "It is the song," says Clari, "of my native village—the hymn of the lowly heart, which dwells upon every lip there, and like a spell word, brings back to its home the affection which e'er has been betrayed to wander from it. It is the first music heard by infancy in its cradle; and our cottages, blending it with all their earliest and tenderest recollections, never cease to feel its magic, till they cease to live." The air is heard again during the play, a chorus of villagers sing it when Clari revisits her home.

"The Miller and his men," a melodrama by J. Pocock, was produced in 1813. The opening scene is on the banks of a river; on an eminence near a mill is at work. The Miller's men are seen in perspective, descending the eminence. They cross the river in boats, and land near a cottage, with their sacks, singing the round—

"When the wind blows
When the mill goes,
Our hearts are all light and merry."

The Sestet, "Stay, prithee, stay," occurs soon after. Count Frederick Freiberg and Karl, his servant, are benighted, and seek shelter at the cottage, where dwells the honest Kelmar, and Claudine, his charming daughter. After a meal, the travellers rise to go. Karl imagines that they are among enemies; Claudine and Kelmar urge them to remain;—

CLAUD.—Stay, prithee, stay—the night is dark,
The cold wind whistles—hark! hark! hark!

The next scene is in a cavern which is the resort of banditti. They are seen variously employed, chiefly sitting carousing round tables on which are flasks of wine, etc. They join in the chorus—

Fill, boys, and drink about,
Wine will banish sorrow.

After a time they prepare to sally forth on their nightly errand of rapine, and before they go strike up the chorus—

Now to the forest we repair,
Awhile like spirits wander there;
In darkness we secure our prey,
And vanish at the dawn of day.

"The fall of Algiers," a melo-dramatic opera, was produced in 1825. The opening chorus—

Far away from every pleasure,
Parch'd beneath a burning sun,

describes the depression and misery of the slave life. The scene is laid in Africa, in the grounds adjoining the country residence of the Bey. Several slaves are engaged in laying out a garden—some digging, others raising walls. When the symphony is finished, they come forward and join in the chorus. It is no sooner done than they are interrupted by the driver. "What ho! to work there, you lazy rascals, is this the way you employ your time? To work, I say, or I may chance to make you sing a different tune."

"Aladdin, or the wonderful lamp," (1826) contains the glee "Who first will strike the deer." The words of the opera are by G. Soane. The glee is sung by the huntsmen, and they enter to a symphony of horns. Aladdin contains a great deal of music, but only this piece seems to have survived.

"Don John, or the two Violettas," (1821) was a joint production of Bishop and Mr. W. H. Ware. The only piece of interest that it contains is the glee for five voices, "Now by day's retiring lamp."

"Cortez, or the conquest of Mexico," (1823) was an historical drama, in three acts, the poetry by J. R. Planché. The ingenious round, "Hark! 'tis the Indian Drum," is the only piece familiar to singers of to-day. This is sung by Marina, Francisco, and Alvarado.

"The Maniac," (1810) contains "The tiger couches in the wood," "Push about the bottle, boys," and "Merry boys, away."

In the case of the last four operas I have not succeeded in obtaining a book of words, and have gained my information from the music as it is separately published.

A number of Bishop's glees were written for the Shakespearean adaptations of his time. Among these are "Come, thou monarch," "A cup of wine," "What shall he have that killed the deer," and "Spirits advance." All reader of Shakspeare will understand the dramatic place of these songs. "Allegiance we swear," is from "Henri Quatre," (1820). "Hark! Apollo strikes the lyre," is from a musical entertainment called "The Royal Nuptials," and produced in 1816, in honor of the marriage of the Princess Charlotte (then the heiress apparent to the crown).

It must also be born in mind that Bishop's glees were not all written for dramas. His non-dramatic glees include the following:—

The fisherman's good night.
I gave my harp to sorrow's hand.
O by rivers.
Up, quit thy bower.
When wearied wretches.
Where art thou, beam of light.
Foresters, sound the cheerful horn.
No more the moon with tepid rays.
Where shall we make her grave.
Sportive little trifler, tell me.
Ronilda.
To harmony.
In tears the heart oppressed.

Dr. Hanslick on the Wagner Theatre.

"*Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*" What, in the name of fortune, induced Herr R. Wagner to fix on Bayreuth as the place for the performance of his Stage-Festival-Plays? is a question which might naturally suggest itself to the benighted persons who have not read the composer's literary works, and thus does Dr. Hanslick discourse upon it:—

"But why at Bayreuth of all places in the world? The notion of building a new theatre in this locality formed no part of Wagner's original plan. He thought, at the outset, of using the old Bayreuth Operahouse, a stately monument of Margravian magnificence in days gone by. But the more he reflected on the requisite alterations, the more he found that the house would not suit him. He soon perceived that he must build as he reformed—from the very foundations; a new kind of opera demanded a new theatre. He adhered, however, to the small and remote town of Bayreuth, so that the spectator's attention might not be diverted from the composer's work by the influences of a large city. In Bayreuth he might, Wagner believed, assume that the public would be in the festive mood best calculated for his purpose. In this respect, according to the unanimous utterances of numerous visitors, he appears to have made a mistake. A townlet like Bayreuth is in no way fitted for such an immense influx of strangers. Not only is there everywhere a want of comforts, but frequently of necessaries as well. I do not know that a man is likely to be in the most appropriate frame of mind for enjoying art when for a week he has occupied inconvenient lodgings, had a wretched bed to lie on, lived badly, and, after a trying operatic performance of from five to six hours, not been sure whether, by dint of hard fighting, he shall be able to procure a modest morsel of food. Few faces return an affirmative answer; and many persons who came here beaming with enthusiasm were seen yesterday, with far less gladsome looks, toiling up the hot and dusty road which leads to the far-off Wagner Theatre. Even the artists engaged in the performances indulge in well-grounded complaints. How easy, they say, might many a defect (such as the unsatisfactory manner in which some of the smaller parts were cast, etc.,) not evident until evident at the general rehearsals, have been remedied in a large city, while in Bayreuth any change is out of the question. A distinguished member of the band had the misfortune to arrive with a violoncello half smashed on the road; it might easily have been repaired in any capital, but Bayreuth boasts of no instrument-maker. I will not dwell longer upon this part of the subject, which, with the motto: '*Wer nie sein Brod in Bayreuth ass,*' is better suited for humorous treatment than for any other. I simply wanted to express my opinion, thoroughly corroborated by my experience here, that the proper place for a great art-enterprise is a great city.

"And what about the ultimate fate of the Wagner Theatre? Has it been erected, people frequently ask, really for the *Ring des Nibelungen* alone? At the onset Wagner's reply was to the effect that: 'The principal object of this new institution was nothing more than to supply a locally fixed *point of meeting where the best theatrical artists in Germany* might practise and carry on their art in a higher and more original style than usual.' In his *Schlussbericht*, Wagner narrows the circle still more, and says that the Bayreuth performances, indefinitely expanded, might include '*perhaps* every kind of dramatic works, which, in consequence of the *originality* of their conception and their *genuinely German style*, could lay claim to especially correct execution.' That this did not include operas originally Italian like *Don Juan*; or French, like *Armida*; or with spoken dialogue, like *Der Freischütz* and *Fidelio*, is a fact well known to everyone well posted up in Wagner's writings. It would, indeed, be a piece of absurdity to visit Bayreuth on purpose to hear operas by Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber, which are, as a rule, tolerably represented at the theatres of the various German Courts. Nobody labors any longer under the illusion that the theatre erected for the *Nibelungen* will henceforth be devoted *only* to the *Nibelungen*. But here we find ourselves involuntarily in a dilemma, which forces itself upon us. It is either not possible to produce Wagner's *Nibelungenring* any where but in this Stage-Festival-Playhouse—in which case, Wagner's tremendous labors would be out of all proportion to the quickly fading success achieved—or the work may and will be brought out at other large theatres; in which case, the erection of so costly a building of his own strikes one as a strange piece of luxury. But, however bitterly Wagner condemns our theatres, with which he will 'never again come in contact,' everything inclines irresistibly to our second assumption, and Wagner himself will find it difficult to oppose the current. Every serious work of art requires to be heard several times; it can produce its due effect and command due appreciation only by periodically recurring impressions. To think of restricting the principal work of his whole life to Bayreuth would, in Wagner's case, almost resemble professional suicide. The number of well-to-do Bayreuth pilgrims is far from being as large as Wagner could desire; least of all do these *Patronatsherren* represent the German people, for whom, we are informed, the *Nibelungenring* is intended. If Wagner wished not merely to amuse a handful of persons with his greatest creation in a particular place and on one particular occasion, but desired to see that creation take root in the nation itself, he must, without more ado, confide it to the 'accursed operatic theatres.' It is, in fact, already decided that Vienna will begin by performing *Die Walküre* and that Munich will bring out the entire *Trilogy*. The work, unless I am mistaken, may be got up with somewhat less magical machinery, but it will, notwithstanding, be rendered, in a musical sense, satisfactorily. If the *Nibelungenring* shows signs of defective vitality in Vienna, Munich, Berlin, and Dresden, because the colored steam is less suffocating, the Daughters of the Rhine swim less elegantly, and the Walkyrie do not ride so fast, there must be something wrong with the principal thing, the musical kernel of the work. The more genuine and greater the inward poetic vigor of a dramatic composition, the more easily can it bear shortcomings in the mode of its performance and the manner in which it is got up. *Don Juan* and *Der Freischütz*, *Egmont* and *Die Räuber*, hold the audience spellbound even in unpretending provincial theatres. And it is in small theatres that the operas of Wagner himself, those to which he owes his fame, his popularity, and, consequently, the possibility of the whole Bayreuth undertaking—*Tannhäuser*, *Der fliegende Holländer*, and *Lohengrin*—have obtained for him the greatest following. The most brilliant success of the *Nibelungen* at Bayreuth—a success as good as assured beforehand—affords no trust-worthy test of the value and effect of the composition. For this it is requisite that Bayreuth shall journey to Europe after Europe has journeyed to Bayreuth. The mountain has come *once* to the Prophet; the Prophet must now go to the mountain

"The Wagner Theatre itself is one of the most interesting and instructive sights imaginable. Not by its exterior, which is architecturally poverty-stricken, and imposes by its position alone, but by the sensible novelty of its internal arrangement. Immediately on entering, the spectator is struck by the auditorium: rows of seats rising, like an amphitheatre, in a semi-circle, with a low gallery, the 'Sovereigns' Box,' behind them. There is no other box in the whole house, but in the place of boxes there are pillars right and left. The spectator enjoys from every seat an equally good and unobstructed view of the proceedings on the stage, and of

der in the storm,

storm, o'er

wan - der in the storm,

Thro' cloud and mist our pathway leads us;

plain, in the storm.

p

we wan - - - - - - -

p

p p

. . . in the

p

we wan - - der, we

pp

f

der in the storm, . . .

f

f

storm, ...

f

wan - der in the storm, . . .

f

p p

f

p

we wan - - - - - - - - - - - -

p

we wan - - - - - - - - - - - -

p p

..... in the

p p

we wan - - - - der o'er

-der in the storm.

f

- der in the storm. ... .

f p

storm ..... we

p

plain in the storm, ... we

f p

p

we guide them to the fathers, the he-roes in the bat - - tle

p

we guide them to the fathers, the heroes in the bat - - tle

guide them to the fathers' home, the heroes in the bat-tle fall - - - - -

pp

f

fall - - - en.

fall - - - en.

f

- en, ... Where the

f

f

f

nothing else. At the beginning of the performance the auditorium is enveloped in complete obscurity. The brightly illuminated stage, on which neither side nor foot lights are visible, appears like a picture of glowing colors in a dark frame. Many scenes almost resemble transparencies or views in a diorama. Wagner hereby emphasizes the axiom that: 'A scenic picture should be exhibited to the spectator with all the inaccessibility of a dream.' The most remarkable object is the invisible orchestra, 'the mystic abyss,' as Wagner named it, 'because its office is to separate the Real from the Ideal.' It is placed so low as to remind one of the engine-room in a steamer. It is, moreover, almost entirely covered by a kind of tin roof. The musicians cannot see the slightest portion of the stage or of the public. The conductor alone can see the singers, but not the audience. Wagner's genial idea of sparing us in opera the irritating spectacle of all the musicians fiddling, blowing, and thumping away, is an idea of which I long since repeatedly acknowledged the merit, and of which, on the Munich model, I endeavored to act as propagandist. In his Bayreuth Theatre, however, Wagner strikes me as having gone too far, that is to say, too deep; for through the whole of *Rheingold*, though, it is true, I did not miss the clearness of the orchestra, I missed its brilliancy. Even the most stormy passages sounded muted and veiled. There is no doubt of this being a boon for the singers, but slightly at the expense of the instrumentalists, to whom the most important and the most beautiful part of the work is confided. Judging by the muted sound, hardly anyone would have suspected the numerical strength of the orchestra, the eight harps of which, for instance, sounded to me like only two or three. But it is not merely in important matters, such as the position of the orchestra, that Wagner has taken pains to hit on new arrangements, with the view of reminding us as little as possible of our operatic theatres. He has done so in smaller matters as well. Thus the signal at the commencement of the piece, and at that of each act, is given, not by a bell, but by a trumpet-flourish; the curtain does not rise and descend, but parts in the middle, and so on."

While delighted to give credit where credit is due, we must remind the reader that Herr R. Wagner cannot claim to have originated those changes in the Bayreuth Theatre which are indisputably ameliorations. Very many years have elapsed since Grétry suggested them; the amphitheatre-like auditorium, every seat in which would command a clear and unobstructed view of the stage; and the invisible orchestra. Such an orchestra, by the way, has, on a small scale, long been familiar to the frequenters of the Prince of Wales's Theatre in London. Whether we should consider the abolition of boxes advantageous or the reverse, is a moot point; still the idea is Grétry's, not Wagner's. It is true that Grétry did not suggest the advisability of dividing the curtain into two portions, and drawing them aside in opposite directions. But that plan was adopted by Mr. Macready at Drury Lane, and by Mad. Vestris, at the Olympic, and their example has since been followed by other occupants of the managerial throne in England. Herr R. Wagner may, however, proudly boast of having substituted a trumpet-call in lieu of the bell sounded by English prompters, or the three knocks in vogue among their French colleagues, and we readily acknowledge, in the name of a grateful world, his right to all the glory so important, so essential, and so momentous an innovation deserves.—*London Musical World.* K. R.

Schumann's Literary Works.

We are happy to announce the fact that the literary works by Schumann will soon be published in America. Before endeavoring to give our readers some idea of the importance of this work, and of the difficulty of the labor of translating it, let us mention the name of Madame Fannie Raymond Ritter as the person to whom English-speaking musicians will have to be thankful for what will prove to be to them the opening of a storehouse of rich and rare thought. We learn that the work has been undertaken in response to a request of Madame Clara Schumann, hoping that thereby her husband's works and character might be better understood by English-speaking people. It will appear in England and America simultaneously. The publisher, who copyrighted the American edition, is the present representative of the German house which first published Schumann's *Musik und Musiker*. The translation will be prefaced by a biography, and accompanied by notes, which no doubt will throw much light upon the many mysterious expressions in which Schumann's style abounds, as well as upon the various personages who are from time to time caused to speak. It will also be accompanied by the portrait sent to Mrs. Ritter by Madame Schumann. Schumann's literary labors do by no means occupy a low or insignificant position, when compared with his musical works. Schumann was one of the most remarkable men of his period, making his influence felt both in the concert-room and through the press, as a founder and editor of a musical journal. Of Schumann, the composer, we need here say nothing. If, as a composer, he departed from the style of the past, he did not do less so as a critic and newspaper writer. The spirit of 1830—that time of political restlessness which awoke the world out of its slumbers after a long period of sleep—no doubt was also felt by the young student of Heidelberg. Schumann was already known as composer before he entered upon his career as editor and critic. It was in 1838 that he attempted to start a musical journal in Vienna. But, though Beethoven had scarcely been dead ten years, the musical glory of Vienna had departed. The point of gravity of the musical world had been moved further north. The easy-going southern Vienna was not the city to comprehend the spirit that moved and labored in Schumann. Though delighted with the far famed sociability of the Emperor's city, we see him take his departure in April, 1839, and henceforth he is fixed as one of the stars of the Leipsic constellation. The Mendelssohn-Schumann period was for Leipsic what the latter part of the classic period was for Vienna.

Schumann was a composer, a poet by nature, and yet an acute critic. His *Neue Zeitschrift* was in many respects a total departure from the old beaten tract, which had been pursued for so many years by the *Leipzig Allgemeine Zeitung* and the *Cecilia*. He fought against that stagnation which had settled upon the classicists and their critics; he would not attach that importance to form which theorists hitherto had insisted upon; and if he did once in a while overstep the limits of prudence, he did, on the other hand, thoroughly arouse the musical world. Criticisms like his had never been written before, and they fairly hewed and cut their way into public recognition. His praise was as delicate and deserved as his criticism was refined and just. He had the faculty of laying bare the weaknesses of men in a few words. There was no bungling when *he* took hold of the dissecting knife. He had the power of reaching a point by apparently going in an opposite direction from the one he aimed at. He was full of Jean Paul, and the style of that writer makes itself unmistakably felt. The young, boisterous editor caused the old masters, with their ancient theories and periwigs, to look in dismay. That sharp controversies ensued was but natural, and that Schumann was not slow to retort is evident from these very works.

Schumann allowed several personages (fictitious, of course) to speak in his journal. There was *Florestan*, who debates with *Eusebius*, displaying humor and sarcasm. And, again, there is *Raro*, the autocrat, who settles the dispute with a wise sentence or two. Then there is *Chiara*, which name stands for *Clara Schumann*, and *Meritis*, a substitute for *Mendelssohn*. Not less important names are the *Davids-Buendler* (David Leaguers), who were forever in arms against the *Philistines*. What the David Leaguers meant is not difficult to tell. Some think that the name had reference to the friendship between Schumann and Schunke. But the introduction of the *Philistine* would cause one to look for another explanation. *Der Philister* (the Philistine) is a most characteristic creature. He resists the onward course of the times; he is impracticable; for ever croaking, and looking with horror into the future, while he delights in the past. He loves the old regime, and does not admit of a change in anything, *no—not if he can help it!* If improvements *must* be made, he deems himself the only safe person to make them. To him young and old ought to look for counsel and wisdom! *So he thinks!* He has an ominous look, shakes his head wisely, puts his finger to his nose, smiles contemptuously at the sayings and doings of the young, or treats them with a patronizing air. He is contracted, and for all deems himself the embodiment of all that is worth knowing. He is a prosaic creature, dry and shrivelled like old parchment. He is the extreme pole of the young dare-devil of a student, for whom he prophesies final destruction. The German University student generally is an egotistical creature; hence he styles all town people Philistines, until at last he becomes covered with the dust of the office of State, and in his turn is called a Philistine. Do not laugh, dear reader, at Germany, for the Philistines are upon us, too. We find them among theologians, educators, editors, lawyers, farmers, in fact, in every pursuit of life. Against this class of persons Schumann turned his weapons. Hence the assumed name of "Davids Buendler," or *David Leaguers*. And a noble, fearless David Schumann was, slaying his Philistines on the right and on the left, spreading dismay in their very camp.

Thus Schumann started out with criticisms boiling over with sarcasms and pleasantries. But, as he became older, he also became calmer and more serious. Although the volcano ceased to labor in throes, and did no longer spit fire, that consuming power was still there. The form, the importance of which he formerly strove to lessen, he now recognized as *the* body wherein the soul of music breathes. And later, when Wagner and Liszt startled the world with their ideas, we see Schumann cautious and, in a sense, even conservative. Weary, he at last, in 1843, laid down the pen, and the paper which he had founded was continued by Brendel, who, as our readers may know, took it over into the camp of the Wagnerites. Much might be said about the style and character of the articles as collected in the work now soon to be issued. They must be read in order to be appreciated. Such articles as those on Chopin, Op. 2; on Beethoven; on Beethoven's last groschen; on Kalkbrenner, Herz, Hummel, etc., are rich, racy models of criticism. They cannot fail to attract attention. It was in 1854 that the writings of Schumann were first published in book form, and twenty years have thus been allowed to pass before so beautiful, so rich a work was translated into the English language.—*Brainard's Musical World.*

A Berlin Critic upon Wagner.

"The first of living composers and of living bores" is the heading which the New York *World* gives to the following letter from a special correspondent in Vienna. It is amusing, much of the criticism just; but the concession ("highest place among living composers") is more wholesale than a more *musical* critic would have made; most *conspicuous* place would be a safer thing to say.

VIENNA, September 22.—The retrospective glances on the great Wagner festival are perhaps more profitable, if not more interesting, than the criticisms which were delivered at the time of the performance. Then, every observer's mind was heated with the splendors of the occasion, his judgment biased by a fete patronized by monarchs and nobles or his temper tri[illegible] food, and the har[illegible] town. Now, hov[illegible] about them, to r[illegible] aesthetically inc[illegible] exhausted themselves and friends by their oft-repeated literary and musical criticisms; the less aesthetical have grumbled themselves into a bad humor and out again over the discomforts of Bayreuth, and the public are soberly trying to decide whether Wagner is or is not what he professes to be. The excitement is by no means entirely gone. The windows of the photographers in Berlin and Vienna are full of extravagant and fantastic photographs illustrative of the various Wagnerian operas; the music dealers display Wagner's compositions in every conceivable form, for every conceivable instrument. It is interesting, now that it is all past, to gather up the more valuable criticisms of the Bayreuth exhibition, especially from the composer's own fellow-countrymen. The suggestions and conclusions of Paul Lindau are of considerable worth in many ways. His letters to a paper in Breslau, during and after the festival, attracted a great deal of attention, and were quoted in some of the London and even in some of the Paris journals. The letters have been revised and published in pamphlet form, and a glance at the contents will give a fair idea of a keen critic's and a talented writer's judgment of the "Wagnerian triumph."

The name of Lindau has become widely known in Germany by means of his paper, the *Gegenwart*, the most able literary weekly in Berlin. He calls his pamphlet "Temperate Letters from Bayreuth." (*Nüchterne Briefe aus Bayreuth*). The adjective is well applied. The letters have none of that unwise enthusiasm conspicuous among those who would see in Wagner the combined genius of Goethe and Beethoven, or, to use the extravagant language of one critic, "the gradual manifestation of the All in Æschylus, Shakespeare and Wagner." Neither does Lindau go to that other extreme which is so well exemplified by the sharp pen of Wolf in the *Figaro*, and which would make Wagner a musical charlatan, or the impersonation of all that is tiresome and confusing. Lindau is not a musical critic, and approaches the works of Wagner upon their literary side especially. This does not prevent him, however, from some very sound observations on "the music of the future."

Lindau's letters have in them, besides, a great deal of intelligent criticism, a fair amount of humor and a large amount of common sense. The literary

critic has almost as much to do with Wagner as the musical. He is author at once of words and music, and, though not claiming to be the creator of the poetry of the future, he writes in a style for which he has certainly no precedent in the history of German literature. Criticisms from a literary side cannot be favorable, and Lindau, while treating the whole festival with moderation and even with admiration, finds himsef compelled to criticize most severely the Wagnerian poetry and, in so far as he is capable, the Wagnerian music too. To enumerate in English the faults of Wagner's librettos would be difficult, but there is an alliteration, a terrible obscurity and a barbaric mutilation of language which are likely to be vexatious to a critic whose home and speech is German. Lindau gives lively and entertaining sketches of the preparations for the festival and the circumstances attending it, but as he says that "American newspapers were more strongly represented than any other foreign journals," it is unnecessary to quote from these descriptions.

The chief idea which pervades Lindau's letters is this: That Wagner is indeed a great musician, but not the creator of a new art; that Wagner is a great musician, but by no means a great poet; that Wagner is a great musician, but full of obstinate faults, which the revision and curtailing of his successors must eradicate before he can attain a seat in the musical Parnassus of Germany. Lindau found the scenery in many parts magnificent, but in general a great bungling in the stage effects, and a great awkwardness on the part of the composer in adapting his scenes to the human imagination. The composition and performance of "Rheingold" is admitted by Lindau to have been good, but in making this admission he deplores the tiresome and long spun scenes and orchestral parts, and ridicules such poetic effects as the opening chorus of the Rhine mermaids:

"Weia! Waga!
Wagalaweia!"

and, later on, the chorus of monosyllables, which closes:

"Wallalallalalala leiajahei."

"These cries," he says, "which, according to Edmund von Hagen, have a deep philosophical sense and meaning, to remove us out of the circle of real life into the realm of the ideal, to abstract the scientific fact of the priority of speech to developed thought, these opening words, on their presentation in musical discourse and in combination with instrumental adornment, did not produce on me the comic impression that I had obtained in the reading. They made no special impression, and that is the best thing to be said of them." But Lindau's criticism is not all of this trivial kind. In speaking of Vogel's execution of one of the airs in the "Rheingold," he pierces very delicately the armor of the upholders of Wagner. In the execution of this melody—"a melody in the good old sense of the word"—Vogel won the greatest applause. "Should it not make the Wagnerians somewhat uneasy that just at the point where this peculiar diverging score is once by chance interrupted to pursue the way of the old opera—that just there where it approaches, even in the least degree, this old form of opera,—that just there the effect was the most direct, the purest and the strongest?"

The "Walkuere" Lindau criticizes very severely for its absurd scenery, its fantastic music and its long-winded prosiness.

His description of the entrée of Fricka (one of the heroines) on the stage in "Walkuere," in a chariot drawn by horses, is very amusing:

"What kind of a span of horses is it to which in advance the honor of public praise is given (*i. e.*, in the chorus at Fricka's approach?) A pair of poor stuffed beasts, with tired-out, wagging heads, are pulled in on wheels—only a somewhat augmented play for big, overgrown children—a pair of baa-sheep, nothing further."

Then when the horse Grane comes in view amid great choruses in his honor, Lindau says of him: "There has more been written about this same horse than about many talented artists and many distinguished men of learning. Ah! we have at last seen the good horse—gentle as a lamb, mournful as a war-horse out of the ranks, which eats whatever it can find and follows its master's body. And this good beast is saluted with the wild cries and the indomitable quavers of the "Walkuere:"

Hojotoho! Hojotoho
Heiaha, Heiaha
Hahei, Hahei, Heiaha.

We have come to Bayreuth to see at last a Hojotoho horse. And what have we seen? The regular *Hottehüh Pferd*, or hobby-horse."

It is in connection with the immediately succeeding part of the "Walkuere" that Lindau attacks very sharply the long continued dialogues of Wagner's dramatic music.

"If in this long, long, long act, this everlasting address and response, or rather this everlasting address in the presence of another, would but for a single time leave the domain of musical declamation! * * * I beg only this once for what we uneducated people call melody. * * * Give me a frank, free melody, be it ever so bad; give me a *Volkslied* with *Ho'drioh* and *Juchh'sh*; despise me as much as you will, but torment me not with your eternal melody which is no melody.

"Spitzer has made a bitter but very true remark about this kind of endless melody. 'Endless melody—that is, as if one should call a pool of stagnant water an endless dewdrop.'"

We give these few extracts from Lindau's letters as fair specimens of his views.

The criticisms we have quoted refer only partially to the genius of Wagner, but give an idea of what the general impression of the Bayreuth festival is among a large number of educated artistic Germans, of whom Lindau is both leader and mouthpiece.

The critic is most severe on Wagner's speech at the close of the "Göterdämmerung," the last opera of the series.

The graceful gift of oratory has been denied to Wagner by the muses; every time he opens his mouth somehow something unfortunate happens. In most cases he limits himself to abusing several of the chief factors of his results, the artists, the management, the press or something else. The disagreeable experiences which he had in this way a short time ago at Vienna have not made him the wiser, and the greater circumstances of the artistic event of the close of which we are speaking, made him give even larger dimensions to his abuse. This time the universe must have pretty much believed on him. Wagner said: "You have now seen what we can do. Have the will now, and, when you have the will, we shall have an art."

Lindau continues: "His cold words, emotionless and joyless, acted on us like a plunge bath. What! Has not Wagner more to say than this—no thanks to throne, to public, to artists and to artistes, to press and to the little town that did its utmost for his fame? And if we have the will what then? Then we have—Art. What then have we had hitherto? Have all ideal productions of the grandest minds been vain bungling and worthless trifling? * * * Does your Art catechism teach: Wagner was from the beginning, is, and shall be to all eternity."

Lindau concludes by allotting to Wagner the highest place among living composers, but he maintains that while Wagner is the manager of his own music he will still torment and weary his audiences. As for his being the musician of the future, the founder of a new art, the critic denies it. He compares Wagner's revolution to the newer post-classic development of French literature, which supplemented but did not supersede the literature of the preceding age, and Moliere, he adds, still towers above Victor Hugo.

Criticism of criticism is a futile and useless task, and we leave these fragments of Lindau's views to speak, coming as they do from an impartial source.

MACEDONIAN.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 28, 1876.

Bands and Theatre Orchestras.

Any musical person who may chance to listen to a band upon a square, or some smart cornet player in a theatre, is forced to make in his own mind one criticism:—These instruments are continually attempting what it is not in their nature properly to do. Think for instance of an overture, by Rossini or by Auber, played by a mere military brass band! all the tones brass, all of one kith and kin, cousins, uncles, aunts and what not of the Sax-horn family, and all sophistications, by means of keys, valves and pistons, of old-fashioned genuine trumpets, trombones, etc., born for plainer, sterner work, to enable them to imitate and put on the flexible graces of violins, reeds, human voices! An overture is essentially an orchestral composition; without an orchestra it would not exist; and the very essence of the kind orchestral, is that there be contrast and variety in color and in quality of tone, pastoral reeds and flutes in pleasant contrast answering to harsh and thrilling brass, and both in still more striking opposition (as also in ingenious commingling, reconciliation, mutual support) with the violins and other strings, which constitute the intellectual, refined and soul-like nucleus or "quartet" of the whole. Now what a coarse, monotonous and awkwardly ambitious effect is produced, when instruments all brass attempt to do all this! No doubt they do it often very skilfully; there is surprising virtuosity and smoothness in the execution of some of these cornet-players; you would not suppose they could do so much; but what do you care for it when done? We have had occasion more than once to admire the ease, precision, fluency and generally good tune with which one of these brass bands went through a lively overture by Rossini. To be sure there was one clarinet among them—and that, as if to justify its place there, made of metal! Yet was it necessarily but a dull caricature of the overture, as any one would feel who heard it, just before or after, executed by a proper orchestra.

Overtures, however, are comparatively rare and exceptional in these band concerts. It is still worse in the far more frequent case of "operatic arrangements," where throats of brass are made to do the work at once of orchestra, chorus, and dramatic solo voices. In this way are served up the Trio from *Lucrezia Borgia*, the "Miserere" from *Il Trovatore*, and endless potpourris from fashionable operas, movements from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, songs by Schubert, two-part songs by Mendelssohn, etc., etc. Here cornets, sax-horns, valve trumpets, trombones, monster ophicleides, assume the personality of courtly and refined gentlemen and ladies, the heroes and heroines of history, beings of poetry and pride and pathos:—and is not the effect somewhat ludicrous? Does it not recall the fable of the ass who climbed into his master's lap because he saw the dog encouraged in it? In these tragic solo impersonations one cannot but remark a peculiarly vulgar and clownish quality of tone in the brass instruments. There is something in their singing which we can describe only by comparing it to the broad Yankee country-fied sound of the vowel in syllables like *how* and *now*. Our sense of hearing is affected by it somewhat as our sense of touch and smell are by the handling of copper coins. Tubas and cornets may go through all the figures, scales and cadences of voices and of violins or flutes, but they cannot deny or change their own nature. That nature is a useful one, and its sphere honorable:—why do they not stick to it manfully and be content to do their proper work and not affect to fill the sphere of others? These instruments are excellent, as lions, in their place, but they were never meant to "roar you as it were a nightingale."—We might allude, too, to another staple article in these "light" programmes: to those inexpressibly tedious Variation pieces, in which your cornet man, red in the face, tortures a poor melody to death, warbling and twiddling through an endless superfluity of runs and roulades, destitute of sense or beauty, and degrading music to a mere mountebank display of difficult achievements.

But we hasten to the conclusion of the whole matter, which is: That every combination of musical instruments sounds best and gives most satisfaction when it performs that kind of music which was originally written and designed for it. Leave overtures to the orchestra. Leave opera trios and ensembles to the opera singers; leave Fides to La-

grange, Lucrezia to Grisi, Mignon to Nilsson, and Edgardo to Mario, and let him not die perpetually in brass bands and hand organs until we all grow sick of him. The brass band was the creation of military wants; let it discourse martial music. Those swelling and heroic marches, with rich, crackling, startling harmony, and proud, buoyant rhythm;—they are genuine, and your brass band never sounds so nobly as when it plays them; yet even these, many of them, would make finer and less cloying music, were the band composed of reeds as well as brass, and were some of the brass instruments suffered to retain their old legitimate forms, instead of being emasculated into clumsy imitation of soft reeds and flutes, to sound like a man who sings *falsetto*. We like *truth* of tone; would have a trumpet be true trumpet, piercing, shrill, defiant, jubilant, and not subdued to sing a sentimental maiden's part, or warble variations like a flute.—Beside marches, doubtless there may be other forms of composition suited to the peculiar genius of brass bands. Rich and solemn strains of harmony, dirges, hunting pieces, etc. Religious chorals, well arranged and harmonized, have admirable effect sometimes so rendered. Then again the brass portion of an orchestra, alone or with the rest, contributes wonderful effects in special passages where the composer needs them; but all their spell is broken, if they occur too often. Remember the trombones where the statue speaks in *Don Giovanni*, and how Mozart has made them terrible by keeping them to that point in the background.

The bands themselves know very well the need of alternating and relieving the monotonous impression of brass music, through the evening, by something of a finer and subtler sort; and accordingly most of them have the faculty of transforming themselves into a small orchestra, with a few violins, clarinets, etc., suitable for dances, or accompaniment to solos. And we must say that now and then a set of Strauss or Labitzky waltzes, which we have heard them play in this way, have seemed to us decidedly the best selections of the Promenade Concerts; they are light, graceful, enlivening and refined, and withal true, and without false pretence or affectation, compared with operas re-coined into brass, showy variations, and the like. We do believe the general audience enjoy them more. There is much beautiful music in the waltz form; it is at least genuine; and, if rendered by a decent orchestra, not by a brass band, it is most appropriate for such pleasant, free and easy gatherings.

Of course, so long as we have only brass bands, programmes must be very limited, or must continue to be made up in great part of such questionable and unedifying selections as we have been describing. For ourselves we would rather listen only to the marches and the waltzes; but these give hardly sphere enough to the musicians, and would keep the public out of the fashions of the day in music, which might cause some murmuring; they know the Wagner music is now fashionable, and they must have a taste of it, even from a cornet band. But now suppose that all our bands were more complete and composite, with contrast of reeds and brass (of which we have comparatively few real models in the country), and suppose we could have common theatre orchestras of forty, instead of a dozen or sixteen instruments; then how much richer might the programmes be! How it would enlarge the repertoire; and how much better overtures, etc., would sound being given as the composers meant they should be given, and not in meagre adaptations and mere caricatures!

Free Organ Recitals. Mr. H. E. Parkhurst has just concluded his second series of Thursday afternoon Recitals at the First Church, in Berkeley Street. Mr. Parkhurst was a pupil at the Stuttgart Conservatory, also of Professor Haupt (J. K. Paine's teacher) at Berlin, and of the famous teacher and organist of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, Mr. W. T. Best. We give his programmes, sincerely disappointed at finding the recitals over before we were able to hear one of them.

I.

1. Prelude and Fugue, in D minor.....Mendelssohn
2. Pastorale .....Bach
3. Fourth Organ Concerto, in F.....Handel
   Allegro moderato, Andante maestoso, Adagio, Allegro.
4. Second Organ Sonata, in C minor.....Bach
   Vivace, Adagio, Allegro.
5. Offertoire, in G.....Wely

II.

1. Fourth Organ Sonata, in B flat.....Mendelssohn
   Allegro con brio, Andante religioso, Allegretto, Allegro maestoso.
2. Vorspiele, Nos. 44 and 45.....Bach
3. Introduction, Theme, and Variations.....Hesse
4. (*a*) Largo.....Beethoven
   (*b*) Andante.....Silas
5. Toccata and Fugue, in D minor.....Bach

III.

1. Offertoire, in G.....Batiste
2. (*a*) Bourrée.....Bach
   (*b*) Prelude .....Niedermeyer
3. Sixth Organ Concerto, in B flat.....Handel
   Allegro, Larghetto, Allegro moderato.
4. Prelude and Fugue, in F minor.....Bach
5. Introduction, Theme, and Variations.....Freyer

IV.

1. Passacaglia.....Bach
2. America, with Variations.....Parkhurst
3. (*a*) Vorspiel, No 58, His last composition, (*b*) " " 49, .Bach
4. Third Organ Sonata, in A.....Mendelssohn
   Con moto maestoso, Andante tranquillo
5. Third Organ Concerto, in G minor.....Handel
   Adagio, Allegro, Adagio, Allegro.

V.

1. Sonata, in D minor.....Merkel
   Allegro moderato, Adagio, Allegro con fuoco Fuga.
2. Third Organ Sonata, in D minor .....Bach
   Andante, Adagio e dolce, Vivace.
3. Overture to Occasional Oratorio.....Handel
4. Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue.....Thiele
5. Festival Overture.....Liszt

Worcester, Mass. Musical interests appear to thrive at "the heart of the Commonwealth" remarkably well for these "hard times." The success of the Annual Festival, financial as well as musical, gives sign that better times are not far off. Mr. B. D. Allen has resumed his "talks" on musical subjects, full reports of some of which we have copied in past years. It is certainly encouraging that there are six or eight hundred people there who are sufficiently interested to spend an evening once a week in this way; so many hardly would be found, we fear, in Boston. Here is the programme of his first "Evening with the Musicians," (Sept. 28):

I. Ancient Greek Hymn to Calliope.
   First published in 1581, by Vicenzo Galilei, father of the celebrated astronomer, Galileo Galilei.

II. Specimen of the Gregorian Chant, which came into vogue during the latter part of the sixth century.
   The harmony and Modern notation have been supplied by Mr. C. P. Morrison.

III. "A sweet and agreeable" specimen of the earliest harmony extant, Hucbald, about 900.

IV. Troubadour Music, Adam de la Halle, 1240–1286.
   1. Discant. 2. Chanson.

V. Folks-songs. 1 Irish Melody, "I go not forth."
   2. Scotch Melody, "Here awa' there awa!"
   3. English Canon, "Summer is a cumen in." 1250.

VI. Ancient Instrumental Music.
   1. Sellenger's Round, as harmonized by Byrd for Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book.
   2. Welsh Melody, as performed by the harpers to the stanzas of the Datgeinied, or Reciters.
   3. Dance Tune. Earlier than 1300.

VII. The Folks-song in Modern Composition.
   1. Vocal. (*a*) Hungarian. "Darlings two had I,"
      (*b*) Bohemian. "The Forsaken."
      (*c*) German. "O tell me is my wandering love,".....R. Franz
   2. Pianoforte. Polonaise. Op. 26, No. 2, F. Chopin

On the second evening Mr. Allen was to illustrate the Catholic music of the Flemish, Italian and German schools. After that, the Madrigal, Glee and Part-Song. And so on for perhaps ten evenings.

Concerts, etc.

The first Harvard Symphony Concert is announced for Thursday afternoon Nov. 9, at 3 o'clock. The programme consists of four sterling works of the kind that never become stale: Schumann's "Genoveva" Overture; Chopin's F-minor Concerto played by Mr. Leonhard; the "Jupiter" Symphony by Mozart, and that grand Marche Heroique, in A minor, by Schubert (arranged for Orchestra) which was heard here for the first time last winter.

Mr. Hugo Leonhard has prepared three admirable programmes for the recitals of piano-forte music which he is to give in Wesleyan Hall on Fridays Nov. 17 and 24, and Dec. 1. They are as follows:

I.

1. Sonata, op. 101.....Beethoven
2. Nocturne, op. 37, No. 2.....Chopin
   Study for Pedal Piano, op. 56.....Schumann
   Etude, op. 10, No. 3.....Chopin
3. Prelude and Fugue, No. 12 from "Well-tempered Clavichord".....Bach
4. Fantaisie, op. 17, ("Durch alle Töne tönet," etc.,) Schumann

II.

1. Prelude and Fugue, No. 22 (Well-tempered Clavichord).....Bach
2. Novelette, op. 21, No. 8.....Schumann
3. Sonata.....Schubert
4. Concerto, F minor, (orch. accomp. for second piano).....Chopin

III.

1. Prel. and Fugue, No. 1,.....Bach
2. Fantasie, op. 49, F minor,.....Chopin
3. Variations Sérieuses,.....Mendelssohn
4. Sonata Appassionata, op. 57.....Beethoven

Mr. Perabo's second Matinée next Friday. He will play Preludes and Fugues by Bach; a new Trio by Raff; Quartet for piano and strings by Beethoven; Romanza and Scherzo by J. K. Paine, (piano and 'cello,) etc., etc. The Philharmonic Club will assist.

Mr. John Orth, who has made his mark here as a pianist, with the aid of Mr. W. J. Winch, tenor, will give some matinées next month. The *new* composers come in for a large share of the programmes: Raff, Tausig, Liszt, etc., for the piano; Jensen and Raff, for the voice.

Music in New York.

New York, Oct. 23.—Theodore Thomas, whose absence from our city during the summer months has been greatly regretted by all lovers of music, seems determined to make the *amende honorable* for having deserted us for a season. Beginning on Thursday, Oct. 5, he has given, at Steinway Hall, an almost uninterrupted succession of musical evenings, which, although he calls them "Popular Concerts," contain only those elements which are the reverse of that which we were accustomed to consider as popular music. It may be, however, that this is a misnomer in appearance rather than in reality, and that Mr. Thomas gives this title to his soirées in simple recognition of the great change which he [he alone?] has brought about in the musical taste of the community. A few years ago no one would have dreamed of offering an orchestral work of Schubert's as an attraction to secure a large audience. The majority of concert-goers then would have preferred Spohr's "Consecration of Sound" to the Symphony in C. But last year at the Garden concerts a "Schubert Night" meant a crowded house and a delighted audience. Mr. Thomas has not popularized the music, but he has educated the people and refined their taste by constantly [?] placing before them that which is refining and elevating. I have attended but one of these concerts, but the programme of this will show the quality of all. The selections offered at this concert were taken entirely from the works of Mendelssohn, beginning of course with the breezy, romantic and altogether lovely Symphony in A minor. This was followed by the aria, "Infelice," which was very well sung by Miss Henrietta Beebe. Following this came the first movement of the Violin Concerto in E minor, so well played by Mr. S. E. Jacobsohn that the omission of the remainder was a matter to regret. Miss Anna Drasdil sang "The

Voices of Youth" with, it seemed to me, an exaggeration of sentiment, which however was loudly applauded.

Those who have heard Mr. S. B. Mills play the G-minor Concerto for piano and orchestra (most of us have enjoyed that privilege) know that he gives us a performance with which, on the score of brilliancy, correctness, taste and finish, it is impossible to find fault. The second part of the concert began with this work, and Mr. Mills played it with his usual success, but with characteristic imperturbability. Those who have heard this Concerto played by Rubinstein or by Clara Schumann, know that there are more things in it than are dreamed of in the philosophy of Mr. Mills; but there is nothing else to be said against a performance which is in a high degree finished and artistic.

The duet: "I would that my love," (Misses Beebe and Drasdil), and the Overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream" brought the concert to a close.

I enclose programmes of some of the other concerts also.

II. Beethoven Night, Oct. 5.

Overture—Leonore, No. 3.
Arietta—"In questa tomba,"
Mr. Myron W. Whitney.
Concerto for Piano—No. 5, E flat.
Mme. Madeline Schiller.
Songs from Op. 48—Nos. 6 and 7, "An dir allein."
Mr. Myron W. Whitney.
Symphony—No. 5, C minor.

III. Popular Night, Oct. 6.

Overture, Ali Baba (first time).....Cherubini
Aria—"In diesen heil'gen Hallen"—Magic Flute, Mozart
Mr. Myron W. Whitney.
Allegretto, 8th Symphony.....Beethoven
Aria, "O, Fatima," (A' n Hassan).....Weber
Miss Anna Drasdil.
Fantasie on Hungarian Airs, Piano and Orch., Liszt
Mme. Madeline Schiller.
Grand Centennial Inauguration March.....Wagner
Suite, "L'Arlesienne," new.....Georges Bizet
1. Prelude. 2. Minuet. 3. Adagietto. 4. Carillon.
Aria, "O, ruddier than the cherry".....Handel (Acis and Galatea).
Mr. Myron W. Whitney.
Traeumerei.....Schumann
Serenade.....Haydn
Cavatina, "O mio Fernando" (Favorita), Donizetti
Miss Anna Drasdil.
Overture, "William Tell".....Rossini

IV. Grand Matinée, Oct. 7.

Overture—"Consecration of the House"—Op. 124, Beethoven
Recitative, "And God said, Let the waters,"
Aria—"Rolling in foaming billows,"
Creation.....Haydn
Mr. Myron W. Whitney.
Adagio—Ingeborg's Lament,
Scherzo—Elves of Light and Frost Giants,
Symphony: Frithjof.....Hofmann
Krakoviac—Rondo de Concert, Piano and Orch., Chopin
Madame Madeline Schiller.
Grand Centennial Inaugnration March.....Wagner
Suite, L'arlesienne, new..... Georges Bizet
Aria—"I'm a Roamer" (Son and Stranger), Mendelssohn
Mr. Myron W. Whitney.
Traeumerei.....Schumann
Serenade.....Haydn
Maerchen.....Raff
Mme. Madeline Schiller.
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 2.....Liszt
Orchestra.

VIII. Second Matinée, Oct. 14.

Overture—Fingal's Cave.....Mendelssohn
Andante Cantabile—Op. 97.....Beethoven
[Adapted for Orchestra by Liszt.]
Aria—"Per pietà, non ricercate".....Mozart
Miss Anna Drasdil.
Concerto, Piano and Orch.—F minor, op. 21..Chopin
Larghetto and Finale.
Mr. S. B. Mills.
Symphonic Poem—"Phaëton".....Saint-Saëns
Overture—Oberon.....Weber
Nachtgesang.....Voigt
Sicilienne.....Boccherini
String Orchestra.
Piano Solo—*a*, Soirée de Vienne.....Schubert-Liszt
b, Spinning Song, Flying Dutchman. Wagner-Liszt
Mr. S. B. Mills.
Romanze—"Non conosci," (Mignon).....Thomas
Miss Anna Drasdil.
Funeral March of a Marionette.....Gounod
Introduction,
Nuptial Chorus, } 3d act Lohengrin.....Wagner
March Tempo,

These concerts will continue during part of the present week, this evening being a Beethoven night, and Wednesday evening (last concert) a Wagner night, with selections from the *Nibelungen-Ring*.

For the first Symphony concert, the following pieces are in rehearsal:

Symphony, No. 8, in F.....Beethoven
Fantasia in C, op. 15.....Schubert
Mme. Madeline Schiller.
Dramatic Symphony: Romeo and Juliet.....Berlioz
Orchestra, Chorus and Solos.

The Philharmonic Society, has in rehearsal the first act of *Die Walküre*, which they will perform at their first concert. A.A.C.

Worcester County Musical Association.

The nineteenth annual Festival of this well known Association began its rehearsals Monday morning, Oct. 2d, with very good attendance, increasing in numbers from day to day, until the chorus numbered fully five hundred at the closing concert. The Festival, taking place two weeks earlier than usual, allowed the engaging of artists that could not have been obtained after that week. The numbers attending the festival, both as visitors and in the chorus, insured the management against failure financially, and they are apparently striving to place the Association on a similar footing with those of Europe.

This year there were only two matinées, bringing the number of concerts to six. The principal features of the matinées, was the singing of the "Select Chorus." The Monday matinée gave the "Ave Maria" from Mendelssohn's "Lorely," and the "The Chorus of Houris" from Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri" (for female voices), Miss E. J. Sumner taking the solos. At Tuesday's matinée, the same "Chorus" (mixed voices) gave the "Finale" from "Lorely," solos by Miss Jennie Patrick.

The first concert (Historical) took place Wednesday P.M., the programme showing a composition of several of the classical authors from the days of J. S. Bach, A.D. 1685, to those of Chopin, A.D. 1849. Mr. Allen deserves great credit for arranging and carrying to a successful close this very interesting and instructive concert, and for the success of the "select chorus," at the matinées and concert.

Of the second concert, the first part was miscellaneous. The soloists were Miss Mary Stone, Mrs. Flora E. Barry, Messrs. J. C. Collins, and W. H. Macdonald of Boston. Miss Stone sang very nicely Donizetti's Cavatina "Regnava nel silenzio." The concert closed with Rossini's "Stabat Mater," the solos taken by the above named singers.

The third and fourth concerts were miscellaneous. The English Glee Club sang, as only their Club can. At the third, Thursday P.M., Mr. W. H. Merrifield played very well the "Fantasia on themes from Rigoletto" by Liszt. The chorus sang the "Centennial Hymn" of J. K. Paine; "Hymn for Soprano solo and chorus" by Mr. B. D. Allen, (solo sung by Miss E. C. Nason); and "To Thee, O Country," by Eichberg. At the fourth, Thursday evening, Miss C. L. Kellogg appeared with the Glee Club. Miss Kellogg sang well, considering it was a provincial town; but her continual instruction of the pianist (in the encore song), distinctly heard half way across the hall, was perhaps consistent with the woman, but was not appreciated by the musical audience present.

The fifth, (Symphony) concert, with the Germania Orchestra, Zerrahn, conductor, was extremely long (two hours and a half). The entire Heroic Symphony of Beethoven was given, and was too much for one time. Miss Matilda Phillipps sang admirably. Mr. John Orth was the pianist. The overture "Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt," by Mendelssohn, was the most pleasing and enjoyable performance.

Sixth concert, Oratorio of "Joshua," Handel, on Friday night. Soloists, Miss Clara Doria, Miss Matilda Phillipps and Mr. J. F. Winch of Boston, Mr. J. R. Nilsen, Tenor, of New York. For the time allowed in learning an Oratorio, it was well given. All the solos by Miss Doria and Mr. Winch were rendered in a very artistic manner. It was Miss Phillipps's debut in Oratorio singing, and was a decided success, except that in the closing of the Aria: "Heroes, when with glory burning," the tones were disagreeably harsh, which is not usually the case with her. Mr. Nilsen, from commencing well, ended finely, receiving hearty applause from all, by his singing the air, "With redoubled rage return." The choruses were sung well as a whole. "See the conquering hero comes" received an encore.

This has been without doubt the most successful festival yet held here, both financially and musically. The receipts were between $4500 and $5000. Great credit is due to the management for such success; also to the conductors, Messrs. Zerrahn and Allen, for their competent and thorough work. S.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Sacred Quartets. Arranged from Abt, Mendelssohn and others. Each 40
No. 1. My Opening Eyes. F. 3. F to g.
No. 2. See from Zion's. F. 3. d to g.
No. 3. There is a Land A. 3. E to g.
There will be more of these, forming a pleasing variety for choirs.

Three Sacred Quartets. *Havens.* Each 30
No. 1. The Lord is in his holy Temple. F. 3. E to F.
No. 2. Jesus, Lover of my Soul. E*b*. 3. d to E.
No. 3. Trisagion. "Therefore with Angels." D*b*. 4. d to D.
These are fine quartets of a Choral, classical nature, with organ accomp't, and with arrangement of stops indicated. Can be safely commended.

She's a Rosy, She's a Posy. C. 3. e to F. *Bishop.* 35
"She's a berry; She's a cherry."
Very lively and comic. Ends with a dance.

The Woman who stole my Heart. G minor. d to E. *Porter.* 30
"Her face is as fair as the Calla flower,
Her hair a golden hue."
All the words are as pretty as the above, and the melody is very neat and taking.

A knot of Blue and Grey. A*b*. E to F. *Bishop.* 35
"Each fought for what he deemed the right,
And fell with sword in hand."
The right kind of Union song, containing thoughts we all alike feel.

Drifting Apart. Song and Chorus. G. 3. d to D. *Keens.* 30
"For the cold cruel words that were spoken,
Drift us farther and farther apart."
Sad sentiments, truly, but beautiful music, which may check the "drifting" of some who hear it.

Instrumental.

Polo Waltz. F. 3. *Battersby.* 35
A good hearty waltz.

Hill-Side Quadrille. 2.
Chimney Corner Reverie. C. 2 } *Winner.* each 30
Wood Shade Waltz. F. 2.
Belong to Winner's "Golden Grains," of which there are 18 pieces, all easy and pretty.

Echoes of the Surf. Valse de Salon. C. 3. *Elson.* 40
A very graceful title for a brilliant and graceful composition. Play it as a memento of summer sea-side rambles.

First Battalion March. G. 3. *Head.* 35
Difficult springs in the left hand, for which it is fine practice. Otherwise easy.

Heart and Arm Mazurka. F. 3. *Ward.* 40
A bright mazurka of considerable variety.

Wagner's Select Compositions. With portrait.
No. 1. Album Leaf. (Albumblatt.) E*b*. 4. 50
The first of a number of elegant arrangements from the now famous works of Wagner. Good portrait.

Revival March. D. 3. *Sousa.* 35
Introduces the beautiful "Sweet Bye and Bye," in a manner which perfectly delights the hearer.

Album for Organists. By *Eugene Thayer.*
No. 5. Variations on God Save the King. C. *Fisher.* 75
No. 7. Two Canons on a Choral Theme. A. *Haupt.* 60
No. 8. Variations on "Sicilian Hymn." F. *Thayer.* 60
These first-class pieces will be of the 6th or the 7th degree of difficulty, according to the "pedal skill" of the performer. For manuals and pedals, and carefully marked for changes of stops. The variations, (and perhaps the others) would be "popular" voluntaries.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, B*b*, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C, 5, c to E" means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter, c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space.

Ditson & Co's Descriptive List of New Music.

Carefully written by an experienced Music Teacher. Descriptions, are short but sufficient. It is quite safe to select music by this list, after which selection the piece or song may be ordered by letter, and will be mailed to any address, post-free, on receipt of the retail price, mentioned below.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

I love Him so! Bb. 3. c to F. *Kotochubey.* 35
"O, traitor glance, so timid, bent and low,
Will ye not tell him all my heart's devotion?"
Very effective and sweet. Well worth singing.

Trusting on. Song and Chorus. Ab. 3. d to F. *Hodges.* 30
"And the golden curls that shaded
That pure brow, are turning grey."
A very melodious song, of excellent sentiment.

Rest at last. F. 3. d to g. *Keens.* 30
"After the shower, the tranquil sun,
Silver stars, when day is done."
The contrasts, indicated in the above lines, are continued throughout the song, making a beautiful and rest-ful combination.

The Belle of Orangedale. Song and Chorus. G. 3. d to g. *Danks.* 30
"Her home is 'mid the hills that rise
In fadeless verdure 'round"
A beautiful musical tribute to a young fair one, who is doubtless "belle et bonne."

Donald Blain. E minor and major. 3. b to E. *Molloy.* 30
"Do ye hear, loud and clear;—
'Tis his pibroch on the mountain."
A rather wild highland ballad, quite effective for a clear Alto voice.

Thou Best and Brightest. D. 3. a to D. *Lowe.* 30
"My first love, and my last."
Words by Thos. Moore, with well-fitting music.

The Lord is my Shepherd. Alto Solo. Eb. 4. b to f. *Hale.* 30
This is an arrangement of music from Beethoven, is of a high order, and may be called "an instrumental piece with vocal accompaniment" since the piano part is quite as prominent as the other.

To our Redeemer's glorious Name. Q't or Chorus. G. 3. d to g. *Lull.* 50
"O may the sweet; the blissful theme."
Perfectly beautiful. The melody is borrowed from Wilson's "Shepherd Boy," and fits charmingly to the words. Try it in your next rehearsal.

I would I'd never met thee. (The Coquette.) G. 3. d to E. *Williams.* 30
"Good bye false one! Adieu."
Almost a "Song and Dance," as it includes a waltz movement. Quite taking.

Thoughts of the Past. F. 3 F to D. *Russell.* 30
"My heart beats quicker measure,
I scarce restrain my tears."
A melodious song of "penseroso" charaeter.

When shall I win thy Heart. C. 3. E to F. *Elson.* 30
"When shall my heart rejoice?
Tell me sweetheart; how long?"
Very musical serenade.

Sweet Rest beyond the Stars. F. 3. d to F. *G. Thomas.* 30
"When our feet shall weary grow,
Weary wandering to and fro."
A beautiful "resting" song which every one will like.

Annie Bell. Song and Chorus. E. 3. c to F. *Montell.* 35
"I know a rose embowered cot."
"Annie Bell! Dear Annie Bell."
The name is so musical that the song cannot help being pretty. But it is pretty anyway.

Thy Name. Eb. 5. d to a. *Millard.* 50
"I cried thy name aloud; and lo! the bird
Burst into song within the thick-leaved tree."
Mr. Millard has been fortunate in the words, having those capable of great intensity of expression. On these he has built a powerful song, requiring some execution for its performance, but one which will add to his reputation, already high.

The Day when you'll forget me. Lith. Title. Eb. 3. d to E. *Thomas.* 50
"And still you call me tender names,
And softly smooth my tresses."
A song which is a sure success, having all the qualities of a universal favorite.

Good Night, Farewell. (Gut Nacht! Fahr wohl.) For Soprano or Tenor. G. 4. c to g. *Kucken.* 35
"Farewell, my own true heart."
"Fahr wohl mein treues Herz."
There are two arrangements of this celebrated song, the other one being for Alto voice.

My sweetest Songs for you. A. 3. E to F. *Beatley.* 30
"A kiss, a kiss for the sweet red rose,
And one for the violet blue."
Beautiful sentiment, beautiful words and equally beautiful music. Good all over.

Surf. D. 2 d to F. *Walsh.* 30
"Down among the bathers, on the sunny shore."
Lively comic song.

Here's a Health to those who love us. Song and Chorus. Ab. 3. E to F. *La Rue.* 30
"God's mercy still is o'er us,
On sorrow's darkest day."
A good hearty musical Song and Chorus.

Kissing through the railing. D. 3. E to E. *Speck.* 30
Merry and pretty.

My Childhood's Home. Song and Chorus. G. 3. d to E. *Pearson.* 30
"'Tis many and many a weary year,
The days have come and gone."
First class ballad with good chorus.

Happy days. Ballad. G. 3. d toE. *Diehl.* 40
"Ah! yes, a dream with beauty filled."
A musical reminiscence of days departed.

Coquetting Blue Eyes. Waltz Song. F. 4. d to A. *Miers.* 35
"Thy sunny, bright blue eyes,
Sparkling with glee."
A very taking song for a high voice.

That was long ago. G. 3. d to E. *Wrighton.* 30
"Merrily went the round of life,
But that was long ago."
A fine ballad.

Instrumental.

Freedom. Grand March. Bb. 3 *Wendelstein.* 30
A powerful and original march.

Grand Ovation March. Eb. 4. *Jones.* 35
A very brilliant piece, with considerable variety.

Winged Words. Galop. (Geflugleto Worte.) D. 3. *Hermann.* 30
The flying words here tell their story in a very spirited manner, and one well worth hearing.

Clown Polka. C. 3 *Parlow.* 30
The rustic antics of the clown are closely responded to by the peculiar movement, which has a certain "knock around" style and is quite pleasing.

Trip lightly Schottische. G. 4. *Knight.* 30
The fingers must indeed trip lightly, to play with due clearness, all those quickly flitting arpeggios and chords;—but, having done so, the result is music of great sweetness and brilliancy.

Merry thought Polka. (Neue Bummler.) C. 3. *Michaelis.* 30
There is a comic quality to this music;—that is if we can imagine an instrumental piece to be comic. It is also good music.

Lilly Polka. C. 2. *Wendelstein.* 30
"Lilly" and the others will dance lightly to this, which is quite full of melody.

Bella Juliet Mazourka. Eb. 4. *Lauer.* 40
Characterized by rapid runs and arpeggios, which, however, fit easily to the fingers; and there are showy cadenzas.

Diamond Eyes. Polka Redowa. C. 3. *Knight.* 30
Bright eyes are here complimented with equally bright music.

Consequenzen Waltzes. 3. *E. Strauss.* 60
Four good Waltzes, with brilliant introduction and Coda.

Pearly Streams Waltz. Eb. 3. *Case.* 40
Of a delicate and sweet quality, suggestive of the light dance of rivulets adown the hillside.

Masaniello. For four hands. Fantasie Brillante. Bb. 5. *S. Smith.* 1 50
Commences like the overture, but speedily changes to a graceful, effective and brilliant fantasia on various favorite airs.

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Graceful arrangement of a favorite air.

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Dancing Feet Waltz. C. 3. *Lyle.* 30
No better name could be found for a pretty waltz.

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Happy Play. Spring Tidings.

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Contains the charming melody of the song with the above title.

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In 6-8 time, and has a kind of elegant progression. Rather a quickstep than a March.

Amy Waltz. G. 3. *Milliken.* 30
Rich, full and varied melody. Should be a favorite.

Cushing Guard Quickstep. Bb. 3. *Milliken.* 30
Wide awake, full, rich harmony, which many "guards" besides the "Cushing" will be pleased to march to.

Pioneer March. D. 3. *Wendelstein.* 30
Light and lively, and well fitted for the Piano.

Independence Grand March. C. 3. *Wendelstein.* 30
Unites simplicity with "grandeur," and is half light, half powerful in style.

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In this pleasing set of about 25 pieces, are included Duos for Piano and Flute or Violin, Trios for Piano and 2 Flutes, or Flute and Violin and Quartets for Piano and 3 Flutes, or 2 Flutes and Violin. These "flowers" are mostly from the operas. Of the Quartets,
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"The lowing herd. The sheep-fold's simple bell"
The music is very beautiful, and cannot fail to please.

Jolly Hearts. Polka Scherzo. F. 3. *Sudds.* 50
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WHOLE No. 928. BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 11, 1876. VOL. XXXVI. No. 16.

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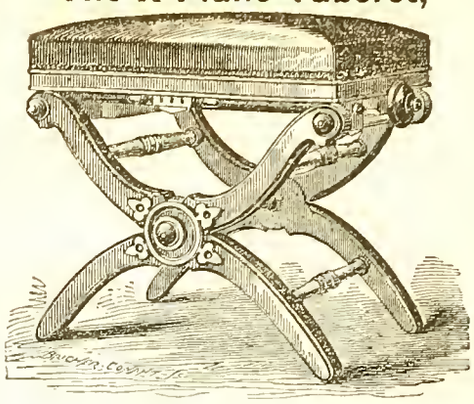

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WHOLE No. 928. BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 11, 1876. VOL. XXXVI. No. 16.

Dr. Hanslick on the "Ring des Nibelungen."

The London *Musical World* says: "Hear further the great Viennese critic (Wagner's Bane, as Siegfried was Fafner's Bane) on the Bayreuth performances," and translates as follows:

"In my last letter, I endeavored to describe the character of the *Nibelungen* music, as well as the mental and physical worry of my stay at Bayreuth would allow. While still under the oppressive weight of what I have gone through, I must to-day say something about the total effect of the entire performance. Before pronouncing a final and conclusive opinion, I must wait till I am farther off as regards both time and place.

"The impression produced upon the public by Wagner's *Nibelungenring* was not due in a preponderating degree to the music; had it been so, we must have designated it as totally crushing, even after the first two evenings. The most brilliant quality possessed by Wagner is the varied nature of his powers. This variety enables him to work at one and the same time with the special talent of the musician, of the painter, of the librettist, and of the stage-manager, and to effect in the last three characters what he could never have done in the first alone. It is more especially the feeling for the *picturesque* in Wagner's fancy which is incessantly at work in the *Nibelungen*, and it is from this feeling that the first notion of many a scene appears to have sprung. If we examine the photographs of the scenes due to the highly poetic imagination of Joseph Hoffman, we are involuntarily struck by the idea that such pictures arose in Wagner's mind before anything else, and that the appropriate poetry and music followed in their wake. This is the case with the very first scene of the 'Prelude.' The Daughters of the Rhine singing and swimming about in that stream, and, for 132 bars, surrounded merely by the waves of the long-drawn out triad of E flat major, present a picture which we admire without being very strict about the music. This part of the performance went off very well at Bayreuth because the scene and the machinery for the swimmers, which was worked from below, were very successful. From this point the musical charm of the *Rheingold* rapidly falls, and, as the susceptibility of the hearer, held fast uninterruptedly for nearly three hours, dries up simultaneously with it, he leaves with a feeling of deadly monotony. As a whole, it is really on Wagner's unexampled authority alone that this *Rheingold* will be accepted, partly by blind and partly by pretended enthusiasm. The second drama, *Die Walküre*, commences in an unusually spirited manner with the entrance into Hunding's house of Siegmund, who is fleeing from his pursuers. For the wearisome length of the scene at table (Siegmund, Hunding, and Sieglinde) we feel gradually compensated during the love-duet between Siegmund and Sieglinde, in which the B flat major movement, "Winterstürme weichen dem Wonnemonde," comes in like the sunshine of which we have long been deprived. Here we bask at any rate in a ray of melodious and sustained song! Notwithstanding this, the first act of *Die Walküre*, which, judging by the score, we had regarded as the gem of the whole work, did not quite realize the hopes entertained of it. The blame must, perhaps, be partly attributed to the tenor, whose voice was insufficient and wanting in tenderness. With the second act an abyss of wearisomeness opens before us. The god Wotan enters. He first holds a long conversation with his wife, and then (turning to Brünnhilde) delivers an autobiographical address, which fills eight whole pages of the text-book. The narrative, in slow time, and utterly devoid of melody, encompasses us like a dreary and far-stretching ocean, on which a few miserable scraps of 'guiding motives' float toward us from the orchestra. Scenes like this remind one of a species of torture which was very popular in the Middle Ages, and which consisted in waking up with pin-pricks a prisoner utterly overcome by sleep. We heard even Wagnerites designate the second act as a misfortune for the work as a whole—a very unnecessary misfortune, since with two strokes of the pen the two scenes might be extirpated and scarcely missed by anyone. But *Die Walküre* generally is only connected by the loosest bond with the action of the other parts of the work. We learn nothing in it which we have not already heard in *Rheingold* about the fatal ring, while, for what comes afterwards, there is nothing of importance except the punishment and enchantment of Brünnhilde in the concluding scene. The third act rises musically to greater power and breadth. It first does so, thanks to the Walkyres, whose wild singing with, and irrespective of, each other, imparts an agreeable animation to what they do. The *Ride of the Walkyries* and the *Fire Charm* are known, from being performed at concerts, as two magnificent pieces of daring tone-painting. In my notices of them when they were so heard, I relied upon their connection with the other portions of the drama, and prophesied that they would prove much more effective on the stage than has appeared to be the case at Bayreuth. This may be explained on two grounds: in the first place, the 'mystic abyss' of the Bayreuth Theatre is very far from possessing the captivating brilliancy and spirit of an open concert-room orchestra, and the visitor does not hear the two pieces till towards the close of the opera, when he is tired and dulled by what has gone before.—We must not predict from the score the greater or less effect of Wagnerian operas and scenes on the stage. I was taught this by *Siegfried*, also, which I thought would be far less effective than *Die Walküre*, while the contrary proved true. In the very first act, a tone of freshness, something realistic, something natural and hearty, breathes through the work. It is true that this element degenerates considerably in the 'Schmiederlieder' into the coarseness of Hans Sachs's Cobbler-Song, and sacrifices half its effect to immoderate length, yet it stands out very refreshingly from the stilted style of the preceding evenings. But what can we say of the long scene between Wotan and the dwarf, Mime? Each gives the other three questions, and each of them answers his own three with the minuteness of a student well coached up previously to presenting himself for examination—the entire scene is simply superfluous. Indeed, we may be sure, immediately only the tip of Wotan's spear is visible, that we have half an hour of the most crushing wearisomeness guaranteed. Is this 'dread God,' who never knows what is necessary and never does what is right; who, in the first drama, has to yield to his domineering wife; in the second, to a stupid giant; and in the third to a bold youth—is this unctuous pedant to be venerated as a divine ideal 'by the German people?' Even in his absence, Wotan manages to embitter our existence. In the first act of the *Götterdämmerung*, Wagner is unable to find an opportunity of bringing him on the stage, so a new and superfluous personage, Waltraute, is introduced, to give Brünnhilde an endless account of Wotan's unsatisfactory condition and sorrowful frame of mind. The second act of *Siegfried* left upon me a more pleasing impression than anything else. It is here that the feeling of the "Waving Wood" (Siegfried seated in the early dawn at the foot of a tree and listening to the song of the birds), is most deeply felt and most convincingly rendered. It is here that Wagner's virtuoso-like tone-painting celebrates its noblest triumph, because it works with more natural means, and is steeped in purely human feeling. Were it not for the eccentric and ludicrous scene with the singing dragon, which, wounded to the death by Siegfried, becomes sentimental, and, as though out of gratitude for the thrust, relates to the hero its biography—we might enjoy this act with unalloyed pleasure. In the third act, we have again to endure a long conversation between Wotan and Siegfried. The latter fortunately shivers the sleep-inducing spear of the divine watchman, and forces his way into the 'glowing blaze.' For Brünnhilde's awakening, Wagner finds the tenderest tones: the ensuing love scene, also, is at first sweet and full of fragrance, as far, at all events, as it can be under the 'system.' Unfortunately, its conclusion puts us out of temper by its smoking heat; it is the heat of a steam boiler. We are all acquain excited gruntings, stutterings, a of the latest creations of Wagner' fervent moments, on which the 'very quickly.'

"The *Götterdämmerung* strikes us as being dramatically the most successful of all four pieces; we now move once more upon this earth of ours, among beings of flesh and blood. We see, unfolded before us, a real story, but the introduction of the 'drink of forgetfulness,' which affected us so painfully even in the perusal of the work, strikes us as more repulsive and unintelligible than ever. Though the music of *Götterdämmerung* is carried out with a degree of industry which might do credit to bees themselves, and with more care than the music of the preceding dramas, there is yet a marked falling off in it. The first three dramas struck us, it is true, as sterile and unnatural in their musical method, besides being partially forced and abstruse, yet there ran through them a warmer and more rapid current of blood, a more original vein of invention, pointing to an earlier period as the date of their origin. A peculiar kind of wearisomeness and fatigue stamps the *Götterdämmerung*, on the contrary, with something resembling the labored efforts of old age. Nothing grows and blossoms spontaneously; the new motives are utterly insignificant; and the musical demand is supplied mostly in mosaic fashion from the earlier leading motives. The first act, which plays quite two hours, oversteps the utmost limits of our patience, and what comes afterwards leaves behind it the remembrance of only two striking pieces: the characteristic funeral march over Siegfried's corpse, and the song of the Daughters of the Rhine, those musical redeeming angels of the *Nibelungenring*. There appears to me no doubt that Wagner's power of musical invention, the place of which no virtuosity can fill, is rapidly on the decline, and the winged expression of the 'Wagner-Dämmerung,' that flew from lip to lip here, contains a sorrowful truth.

"I have simply given in a few rapid touches the general impression produced by the four *Nibelungen* dramas; anything like a detailed analysis of so gigantic a work is, in the limited space at my disposal, quite out of the question. As I have said, we must abandon all idea of a purely musical impression. Wagner felt very well that the pleasure of listening, and listening to *such* music, was insufficient for so protracted a term of theatrical imprisonment; so he gave the public all sorts of things to look at. Never before in any opera has there been such an accumulation of scenic marvels. The most wonderful things which we have hitherto considered impossible, or of which, to speak more correctly, we never even thought, follow one another in the most rapid succession. Such are the Daughters of the Rhine swimming far down below the surface of the water; the Gods walking over the rainbow; the transformation of Alberich into a dragon and then into a toad; the dragon vomiting forth fire; the Fire-Charm; the Twilight of the Gods, etc. The poet has afforded the composer the widest scope for the latter's virtuosity as a tone-painter. But should it be a dramatic composer's highest ambition to write music for a quantity of fairy machinery? Karl Lemcke, one of Wagner's avowed partisans, laments, in his very favorable notice of the *Nibelungenring*, the injurious influence of these 'conjuring tricks, with a flavor of Bosco's Hall of Magic about them,' which simply lead to our 'elevating into a religion our worship of the *fairy force*.' Indeed Wagner's *Nibelungenring* resembles works of this class far more than aught else. His material effects form a strange contrast to the pure ideality for which, as he boasts, his work is distinguished. He is invariably striving to produce the strongest possible effect upon the senses by all the means in his power. Even before the curtain rises, the mysterious heaving and surging of the invisible orchestra is intended to affect the hearer as a slight indulgence in opium eating would affect him—and, when the curtain is raised, but ere a single one of the characters opens his lips, we are under the continuous charm of a magically-lighted fairy-like scene; in the numerous night scenes, a vivid electric light illuminates the forms of the principal personages, and colored clouds of steam wave hither and thither, now rolled up together and now dispersed about the stage. These clouds of steam, which in *Rheingold* actually supply the place of the curtain between the acts, constitute one of the mightiest weapons in Wagner's new dramatic arsenal. As a formless and fantastical element calculated to entrap the senses the uprising steam agrees especially well with Wagner's musical principle. He himself compares the *music* which is heard from his invisible orchestra to the '*vapors* rising under the seat of the Pythoness,' since 'they throw the hearer into an enthusiastic state of clairvoyance!' From this there is but one step to the introduction on the stage of particular scents and odors—they are recognized by physiology as being particularly effective in working upon and strengthening our feelings. We speak quite seriously. Who does not know, from our nursery tales, that fairies are surrounded by a sweet perfume of roses, while the Devil regularly leaves a smell of brimstone behind him? The principle of making *all* the agents which work upon our feelings co-operate in strengthening certain emotions, and certain things represented, ought also to employ our olfactory nerves for the purpose of exciting our participation in the joy and sorrow of the personages of the drama. Wagner has laid under contribution all the modern discoveries in the application of science; with amazement did we see the gigantic machinery, the gas apparatus, and the steam engines upon and under the Bayreuth stage, Wagner's *Nibelungen* could no more have been composed before the invention of the electric light than without the harp and bass-tuba. Thus it is the *coloring*, in the widest acceptation of the term, which, in Wagner's latest work, covers the meagre design and usurps unexampled independence. The analogy between Wagner as a musician, Makart as a painter, and Hamerling as a poet, is self-evident. It is by its ensnaring influences over our senses that this music acts so powerfully as a direct nervous irritant upon the great mass of the public, especially on the female portion of it. The share of the professional musician is his interest in the high-pressure technical employment of the orchestra and in listening with strained attention to find out how it is all 'done.' We consider neither the one nor the other of trifling importance, but neither should preponderate overwhelmingly. Neither the professional greediness of the chapelmaster nor the haschish dream of the fair enthusiast constitute the be-all and the end-all of a tone-poem; both are conceivable, and often actually present without the soul of music.

"But with whatever hopes or fears people might have wandered to Bayreuth, all were united in the conviction that we were about to witness an extraordinary event in a *theatrical* sense. Even this expectation, however, was very imperfectly fulfilled. We have duly acknowledged Wagner's sensible arrangement of the front of the house, and, also, in connection with the machinery, the scene of the swimming Rhine-Nymphs in the Prelude. From this point, however, everything gradually fell off. That there was a hitch at the very first change of scene, and that everything stuck, is a fact on which we will not lay too much stress, for it may happen in any theatre, though it would have been preferable for it not to happen in this 'Model Performance' at Bayreuth, a performance which had been in preparation and trumpeted up for heaven knows how long. However, there were instances of absolutely wrong and defective scenery, and that at the most important points. The rainbow over which the Gods walked to the Walhalla was placed so low as to be taken for a painted rustic bridge. Siegmund's combat with Hunding, and Wotan's share in it, in the *Walküre*, took place in such darkness and so much at the back of the stage that not a soul among the audience had a suspicion of so all-important an event. So far from appearing on horseback, the Walkyres simply passed along the horizon in a series of very clumsy and indistinct 'dissolving views,' like the Wild Hunt in *Der Freischütz*. In Munich there were young grooms, dressed as Walkyres, who leaped backwards and forwards on thick carpets; their riding, of ghost-like speed and accompanied by no sound, was incalculably effective. What a paltry Court Theatre can do should surely be within the capabilities of the Model Theatre at Bayreuth. The wall of fire which ought to have encompassed Brünnhilde *on all sides*, blazed at Bayreuth only *behind* her, leaving the fair sleeper on three sides perfectly free and accessible. How *that*, also, ought to be done the Munich Operahouse showed us long ago. We pass over the ridiculous goats yoked to the carriage of the Goddess Fricka, and the poor, wretchedly weak old horse, not ridden by Brünnhilde, but led by the bridle and held fast by a strap passing under the stage, as well as the many failures in the lighting department; we will merely mention the concluding scene in the *Götterdämmerung*, where the scenic art of the Wagner Theatre ought to have done, and intended to do, its best. Who did not look forward with delight to the moment when Brünnhilde, according to the express assurance of the text-book, 'vaults wildly upon the steed and at one bound dashes into the burning funeral pile?' Instead of this, Brünnhilde calmly leads her miserable Rosinante behind the scenes and never thinks of doing aught in either the 'vaulting' or 'dashing' line. The bold Hagen, too, who should 'fling himself as though frantic into the stream,' walks out at the right wing and two or three moments elapse before we behold him in the Rhine. The said Rhine, finally, which, 'tremendously swollen, rolls its waves into the very hall,' wobbled with its badly painted waves, evidently sewn together at the top, like the Red Sea at a country performance of Rossini's *Mosè*. If in leading scenes like these the performance *does not* and *cannot* realize the express directions which Wagner gives in the text-book, and what Wagner promises the public, there cannot possibly be any further question of a 'Model Performance.' By far the most successful portion of the whole exhibition were the scenes, as picturesque as original, by Joseph Hoffmann; had they been faithfully worked and lighted in a more suitable manner, they would probably have produced a greater effect even than they did produce. The scene-painter holds only half the effect in his hand; the other half depends upon the art displayed in lighting, an art which resembles the scoring of a musical thought. This second half was not complete at Bayreuth, and Hoffmann's ideas appeared in the photographs more melodiously conceived than they actually sounded in the Festival Playhouse.

"With regard to the *musical* execution, the greatest share of praise is due to the conductor, Hans Richter, and Mad. Materna, who sang the part of Brünnhilde. We ought to feel pleased that three of the most eminent artists —Richter, Hoffmann, and Mad. Materna— —come from Vienna. With regard to the orchestra, we must extol not only its admirable performance, but also the super-human self-abnegation with which, shut off from light and air, and without coming in contact either with the stage or the spectators, its members did their work as cellarmen. The first violin was played by that renowned and well-proved artist, A. Wilhelmj; the instrument itself from which he obtained such dulcet sounds he vaunted to us as the production of our Vienna instrument-maker, Zach. Over all her fair colleagues towered Mad. Materna. A born Brünnhilde by vocal power and figure, she gave proof of having made wonderful progress in a dramatic as well as every other respect. May she return to us from this murderous campaign with her voice uninjured! The concerted singing of the three Daughters of the Rhine was excellent; Mad. Jaïde was very admirable in the small part of Erda; insignificant the representative of Sieglinde; and utterly insufficient the representative of Gutrune. On the whole, the gentlemen distinguished themselves more than the ladies. This is especially true of Herren Vogel (Loge); Schlosser (Mime); Niemann (Siegmund); Betz (Wotan); Hill (Alberich); and Reichenberg (Fafner).

"That the great majority of the Bayreuth pilgrims broke out, after each of the four dramas, into rapturous applause was a matter of course; it was with that intention they had come. The conviction which I expressed in my first notice, that the vitality and effect of Wagner's latest work must be proved in other theatres, remains unchanged. Doubts, however, may be entertained whether, after the impression produced by the Bayreuth Festival performances, our managers will evince any particularly lively solicitude to undertake the trouble and the expense of so costly an experiment."

And this (says the Translator) is the general impression produced upon a most competent and unprejudiced judge by the Model Performances of which we had heard so much, and from which we were taught to expect even more! Another example of the truth contained in Horace's well-known, and oft misquoted line:—

"Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus."

N. V. N.

What is English Opera?

Now that the Carl-Rosa Campaign is at its height, it may not be unprofitable for us to review the oft-mooted subject of English Opera, and ask what progress has been effected in this department of musical art during late years.

In the first place, we are bound to ask, what is English Opera? The numerous experiments in this direction, from the celebrated Pyne and Harrison venture downwards, have so far failed in at least one, and that the most important respect—the establishment of a *bonâ fide* and distinct English school of musical drama. If we glance at Mr. Carl Rosa's past and present repertoires, we shall find that, with a few exceptions, the works he presents are Italian and French operas "done" into English. He might as well put a troupe of foreigners on the stage, all speaking our language with a very bad accent, and call it English drama. It is impossible that anomalies of such sort can ever obtain a permanent hold on our public, who would much rather hear Italian airs sung by Italians, and to their original libretti. Even if we look at the most successful English operas—that is, operas composed by English writers to English words—we shall see that they are purely Italian alike in general structure and in detail. The fact is that the class of musical composition which we are accustomed to distinguish as opera, or operatic, is essentially un-English in character. The dramatic action and forms of expression to which operatic music is by long association inseparably wedded, can in no way be brought to accord with the more phlegmatic and reticent character of the Teutonic mind. The ecstatic love-making, the rhapsodical monologues, the tragic recrimination scenes, the—to our eyes—exaggerated speech and gestures, which make up the material of what is known as "opera," are so entirely foreign to our mode of thought and life, that when they are brought home to us in our own tongue, a sense of the ridiculous at the same time intrudes itself, though sorely, it may be, against our will. With our Italian friends, however, the opposite of this is the case. Naturally excitable in temperament and voluble in speech, their musical drama is a true—though poetic—reproduction of their every day life. When they greet each other as old friends, instead of the English handshake, they rush at each other in an ardent embrace. When they make love, it would come very naturally to them to do their wooing in an improvised aria, sung on bended knee, just as we see them upon their own stage. The discussion of the most trivial subjects will put them in a state of seeming frenzy. When, therefore, they see and hear Italian opera, they view a tolerably faithful picture of things as ordinarily presented to their minds. They see their own thoughts, emotions, and lives, just tinted with the slightest pink glow of romance, and all their sympathies go forth to such a representation; indeed no other form of musical drama would attract them, or be regarded by them as legitimate or real. Now the converse of all this is applicable to our own race; and our Teutonic brethren in Germany, always in advance of us in the respect of musical art, are beginning to be dissatisfied with the old formulæ, hitherto accepted because there has been nothing better to take their place. Into the art theories of Richard Wagner we cannot now enter, but the recent demonstrations at Bayreuth are in fact significant of the growing desire, amongst Germans in particular, for some form of musical drama more suited to their own sympathies and temperament. Whether Wagner has found the form which will satisfy this want is a question which time alone can fully answer. In the meantime, Italians, and others who have been brought up in the old traditions, cry out that this new thing is not opera at all. But, indeed, it is only a battling for terms. The word "opera" has been and is so intimately associated with the Italian form, that it is difficult, and perhaps scarcely worth while to dissever the tie. Give the Teutonic requirement a new name, and the atmosphere of this wordy war will at once become clearer. What we really want is a species of musical drama which will suit the German or English mind in the same manner as "the opera" suits the Italians or French. If we regard our own national music, we are as far off from the desired goal as ever. The so-called "English Opera," to which we are sometimes treated, is nothing more than Italian opera disguised, and if people go to hear it, it is because there is nothing better for them to hear.

But further, looking at the essentially non dramatic cast of the English mind, we are tempted to ask, is a popular English music-drama possible? The truth is, we are eminently a song or "ballad" loving nation, and the old "Ballad Operas" derived their one-time popularity from this fact. For the same reason, disjunct arias from the Italian operas, if they are sufficiently "taking," are warmly received at the same time that their dramatic connection is totally ignored. English people go to hear Italian opera because of the *soli* of a Patti or a Titiens. They care little for the rest of the work, beyond, perhaps, the *mise-en-scene*; and an Italian opera without "stars" would be simply intolerable to them. On the other hand the cantata or oratorio form is far more popular with our own countrymen than it is with the Italians or French. England has been the special home of oratorio ever since the days of Handel. An oratorio is nothing more than a collection of songs and choruses, more or less connected by a certain relativity of subject. English people are content to take their music, as they take their other pleasures—"sadly," or to be more correct, quietly. Not that they are less fond of fun and humor than other nations; they can enjoy to the full an opera bouffe, where indeed extravagant speech and violent action serve to enhance the sense of incongruity which attends upon the enjoyment of wit and humor. The never-failing audiences at the Christy's or German Reed's point to the possibility of a genuine English comic opera. But with respect to the more important and dignified form of musical drama, we have some misgivings. The English are not a "dramatic" race, even while they may be called a play-going people. Good acting is far rarer on the average English stage than on continental boards. Looking at opera in the same light in which the Italians or French are able to regard it, as a drama beautified by music, it fails in any appeal to the closest sympathies of our nature. While the actual music interests us, we incline to forget the story, or if at times we think of both we are apt to become disconcerted. To our minds it partakes of the ludicrous when the hero of a story takes to singing an elaborate aria in the midst of his death throes. In short, a tragedy set to music is a thing beyond our comprehension.

This is a subject to which the attention of English musicians cannot be too strongly directed. That the *soi-disant* "English Opera" is a failure from the highest point of view," few will gainsay. We should like to hear the views of other thinkers upon the subject; it is possible that after all some way may be found out of our present difficulty.—*London Musical Standard.*

Bellini's Remains.

At eleven o'clock in the forenoon of Friday the 15th inst., the mortal remains of Bellini were officially delivered up to the members of the Committee, despatched by the town of Catania, to carry them back to the composer's birthplace. Père-Lachaise was not crowded. Only a few invitations had been issued, as the Committee had not been long in Paris. There were two or three hundred persons present, among them being the Prefect of the Seine, the Prefect of Police, MM. Vaucorbeil, Perrin, Carvalho, L. Escudier, Muzio, J. Barbier, G. Gottrau, Léon and Ludovic Halévy, Jonciéres—the only French composer who thought it worth while to attend, and he is a journalist and critic as well as a musician—Delahaye and Rétz, representing the Opera and the Conservatory, respectively, a few members of the Press, and a certain number of Italians resident in Paris; outside the cemetery, however, some two or three thousand sight-seers had collected.

The first thing to be done was to verify the identity of the body. Though the latter was embalmed, the features of the Deceased had in forty-one years become irrecognizable, and the ceremony of verification was a mere legal form. When it had been gone through, the coffin was closed and placed in a magnificent outer coffin of cedar-wood, covered with red velvet, and ornamented with an inscription, a cross and four handles, the cross and handles being of massive silver. After the usual prayers, the Marquis di San Giuliano, who spoke in French, delivered an address thanking France for the way in which she received Bellini in 1835. Signori Curro and Ardizzoni then made speeches in Italian to the same effect. MM. Escudier, Grimaldi, and Michel Masson (the last representing the Society of Dramatic Authors and Composers) pronounced a few touching words, which found an echo in the hearts of those around, among whom was remarked, weeping bitterly, Bellini's old friend, Sig. Francesco Florimo. The tomb, henceforth empty, has borne since the 15th inst., a second inscription referring to the ceremony which took place on that day. It runs thus:—"*Catania, Grata alla Francia, Nel richiamare, le Ceneri illustri, Questa Lapide pose*, 15 *Settembre*, 1876" ("Catania, Grateful to France, When recalling the illustrious Ashes, Placed this Stone, The 15th September, 1876") By noon everything was over, and the Catanian Committee left with their precious charge for Italy. The Italian papers state that the Municipality of Catania have had a gold medal struck for presentation to the City of Paris. On one side is the portrait of Bellini, and, on the other, the inscription:—"*A Parigi, per le restituite Ceneri, Catania riconoscente*" ("*To Paris, Catania, grateful for the restitution of the ashes of Bellini.*"—*La Gazette Musicale.*

Hereford Festival.

The unusual success of this week's Festival proves that "the meeting of the Three Choirs," the oldest musical institution in England, if not in Europe, still flourishes both root and branch.

Certainty was felt by all who came that the feast of harmony would be abundant and excellent, for the conductor and manager was none other than the able and oft-tried musician, Mr. Townshend Smith, who had framed a capital programme, and engaged an orchestra, comprising renowned singers, a fine band, led by the gifted Sainton, and a powerful chorus; forming an *ensemble* capable to cope with any difficulty, and afford gratification to every listener. The quality of the band was early demonstrated, in the overture to *Elijah*, given on Tuesday morning. The double basses led off the mysterious and weird-like subject, treated by the composer in fugal form; the other strings, each in turn, taking up and increasing the intensity of the theme, until the united orchestra told, with marvellous voice, the horrors of impending famine. All doubts of the band's proportions, balance, and unity of pitch were instantly set at rest. The chorus also proved its efficiency and good qualities; considering the number of voices, the effect was magical, and convinced me that vocal tones are more favored by the acoustic properties of the building than those from instruments. The solo soprano parts were judiciously apportioned, Mdme. Wynne delivering the strains of the broken-hearted widow with fervor of soul, and Mdlle. Tietjens declaiming the angelic appeal, "Hear ye, Israel," with majesty of voice. Mr. Cummings was doubly successful—in his own part, and that allotted to Mr. Sims Reeves, absent through indisposition. Miss Enriquez and Mdme. Trebelli divided the contralto music; the accomplished English lady giving the air, "Woe unto him" with tender sentiment and suavity of voice; the French songstress exciting the listener to admiration by dramatic force. Consideration at all times should be shown to him who undertakes the *rôle* of the Prophet. I can never withhold sympathy from one charged with the most onerous and laborious task found in any oratorio. Not only does it try to the utmost his physical power and endurance, but it also makes exhaustive demands upon his mental resources. Mr. Maybrick, the Elijah of this Festival, has several pleas to put forward to claim the right of a hearing as the representative of the Prophet. Amongst them are a commanding figure, sentiment, compass of voice, and musical knowledge. These qualities enabled him to sing all the music accurately, and the delicate portions feelingly, but it must be confessed the rugged grandeur of the character was not made manifest.

Selections from *Samson* and the first part of the *Creation* were performed in the Cathedral on Tuesday evening, when the glorious fabric was invested with a fresh charm. Blank and dark were the walls, by day relieved and illumined by

> "——storied windows richly dight,
> Casting a dim religious light."

Lurid glares of gas fell upon the stately pillars, and pierced through gloom to the far-off roof; giving a weird like appearance to nave and aisle, and producing an effect on those present not uncongenial to that experienced in listening to the strains of the *Creation*. Strange to say, Handel's music did not go well. The chorus singers were careless, and some of the soloists fatigued. Not so Mr. Cummings, although he had again to do double duty.

Wednesday morning was devoted to the *Last Judgment* and *Hymn of Praise*. Spohr's *chef-d'œuvre* has gradually fixed itself as a standard work at the Festivals of the Three Choirs. It has done so in spite of coldness, gibes, and sneer. Why has it endured? Because it is adapted to the church; its subject and mode of treatment are alike appropriate to the sacred place. It moves the listener to contemplation of a subject the most awful in import through the emotions of the heart. Instead of terrifying by lightnings and thunders, it leads the soul to hearken to the gentle voice of the Redeemer and the songs of the redeemed. Under its influence the

weary one of earth feels rest is nigh; the sin-stricken is assured of grace; the bereaved finds comfort: tears are wiped from streaming eyes; and sorrow gives place to holy joy. The strains of "Blessed are the departed" fall on the ear as if they were whisperings of comforting assurance from dear ones passed into the happier land. The performance was excellent. The quartet of English vocalists, Mdme. Wynne, Miss Enriquez, Messrs. Cummings and Lewis Thomas, could scarcely be improved upon; and the band and chorus were admirable. The *Hymn of Praise* formed a delightful sequel to Spohr's work. The symphony was played grandly, and proved the most engaging occupation for the instrumentalists, and the highest test of their ability. Mdlle. Tietjens and Mdme. Trebelli sang splendidly. Mr. Sims Reeves was announced, but Mr. Cummings again acted as deputy. Mr. Reeves's illnesses prove a wide-spread calamity, for those deprived of hearing him share his misfortunes. He demands sympathy from all. The committee telegraphed Mr. Lloyd, who was from home. Mr. Rigby was known to be in Italy; but why did they not seek assistance from Mr. Montem Smith? He has claims upon them; his connection with the management, his former services, and present capacities should have induced the committee to have sought his aid. Mr. Cummings, however, proved equal to the ordeal of working a Festival single handed. None could doubt his skill and knowledge, but his fragile figure and delicate appearance may give impressions of unequal strength. In the end, however, the fearful were convinced that he has above all things staying power.

On Thursday morning Mr. J. F. Barnett's oratorio, *The Raising of Lazarus*, was performed. It was the novelty of the Festival. Everything that proceeds from this young composer's pen commands attention and respect. He has pursued the study of his art with an industry and assiduity unhappily rare. As a consequence, nothing in his writings is found hurried and crude. Instead of being satisfied with ideas as they start from an imperfectly trained mind, he patiently aims to present them in the forms of the great masters. In Mr. Barnett's melodies a striving for beauty is always perceptible, and often reached; his choruses are generally built up with contrapuntal art, and his instrumentation manifests a knowledge and command of scoring in all the fulness of modern development. These qualities are seen in every page of *The Raising of Lazarus*, and prove its author to be an able and practised musician. The composer has suffered from the usual calamity—he has been unfortunate in his libretto, which seems to be a prosy commentary upon the miraculous events rather than a clearly told narrative. Much of his finest music is devoted to subjects which have no appropriate application to the wondrous story; appearing, in consequence, more like a string of separate anthems than parts of a whole. Unity is thereby utterly sacrificed. Whether we do or do not agree with Wagner's dictum, that music should be subordinated to poetry, certain it is that in the book of any drama, sacred or secular, the parts should be subservient to the whole; nothing should be inserted that stops the action, or impedes the progress of the story. This looseness and disjointedness in Mr. Barnett's libretto have reflected evils upon his music. It is often diffuse. Has he not followed his models too slavishly? Imitation is praiseworthy in a student or workman, but not in a master. Wagner, by some, is deemed an iconoclast. God forbid he should break the glorious images left us by the great masters; but if he could destroy the moulds taken from them, in which composers cast their thoughts, he would do the world a service. The oratorio was executed with zeal and ability. Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdme. Trebelli, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Lewis Thomas sang to perfection their several parts, and the band and chorus honored the composer, who conducted, with their closest attention and heartiest efforts.

Gounod's Mass followed. Having often admired it in the concert-room, I was disappointed in finding it somewhat feeble in the cathedral. Its picturesque coloring scarcely made up for its want of solidity and grandeur. How different was it with Beethoven's "Hallelujah" from the *Mount of Olives!* The bursting forth of its wondrous strains seemed to shake the building.

The evening concerts at the Shire Hall have begun to take a subordinate position at the Festivals of the Three Choirs. Will they give place to cathedral performances? Until they do, Mr. Townshend Smith is too good a musician to allow them to pass without their teaching something sound and classic. He selected Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony and Mozart's "Jupiter" for the edification of the people, who received them with acclamations. The only instrumental solo given was by M. Sainton, a man and an artist *sans reproche*. The band on this occasion was conducted by his friend and old pupil, Mr. Weist Hill. Mr. Sims Reeves's absence was very much felt, although the numbers allotted him in the programme were taken by Mdlle. Tietjens and Mdme. Trebelli. The ladies undertook the task at a sacrifice of effect; for, as Mr. Reeves's songs were placed either before or after their own, they had to sing too consecutively for their own comfort and the appreciation of the audience. Mdme. Edith Wynne delighted all with her charming ballad singing. The voice of Miss Enriquez suffered not in comparison with any. Miss Bertha Griffiths pleased by her agreeable singing and unaffected manner. Mr. Lewis Thomas sang a new song by W. H. Thomas, called "Homelight." Mr. Maybrick found the concert-room less strange and exacting than the Cathedral. When Mr. Cummings appeared, on Thursday night, to sing "Tom Bowling," he was greeted with cheers for his immense exertions during the week. Subsequently he received a letter of thanks from the committee, enclosing a cheque of fifty guineas for his extra services. Bravo, Cummings!

An immense audience, rather, I would say, congregation, assembled on Friday morning to hear the *Messiah*. All concerned treated it as an act of worship.

Mr. Townshend Smith conducted through the week capitally, leading his people as much by his genial smile as the "stick." Mr. Done, of Worcester, did good and unostentatious work at the organ, and Mr. Lloyd, the newly elected organist of Gloucester, commenced with ability his Festival duties, for which I wish him many years of health and strength.—*Lond. Mus. World.*

PENCERDD GWFFYN.

Hereford, September 16th.

The Late Dr. Rimbault.

The death of Edward Francis Rimbault, LL.D., announced in last week's *Athenæum*, leaves a void not only in the musical world, but also in a considerable literary circle, and it is such a void as cannot readily be filled up. Dr. Rimbault died in his own house, 29, St. Mark's Crescent, Regent's Park, on the morning of the 26th of September, and was buried on the 30th, in Highgate Cemetery. He had completed his sixtieth year on the preceding 13th of June.

The special knowledge which Dr. Rimbault possessed, and in which he was, perhaps, unrivalled, was twofold: first, as to all that related to Early English music, including the history of the art and of its professors, from the commencement of the sixteenth century to the end of the last; and, secondly, as to the contents of Early English printed books, any, or all, of which he would read whenever he could find them, for the chance of gleaning some forgotten information and taking note of it. No sooner had he acquired new evidence upon any contested point, upon biographical details, or upon any forgotten subject, than he would place it at the service of his literary friends, with a liberality which is not often paralleled. Indeed, his readiness to oblige was not limited to personal friends, for he was also ready to impart his peculiar information to any literary inquirer; and it is not much to say that a considerable number of books upon antiquarian subjects by various authors were greatly improved by his advice and assistance. His own researches were commenced when only in his teens, and were so well known to others that at the age of twenty-four he was requested to accept the secretaryship of the Percy and of the Musical Antiquarian Societies, the former for the reprinting of Early English poetry and popular literature, and the latter for Early English musical compositions. For these two societies, which both endured for about eleven years, Dr. Rimbault edited fourteen works. Subsequently he accepted a place on the Council of the Handel Society; and, later still, on that of the Camden Society, which alone survives. For the Handel Society he edited three oratorios, and for the Camden two works. He was the factotum of the Motet Society, and edited Marbeck's *Book of Common Prayer* (date of Edward VI.,) and numerous collections of anthems, chants, etc., for publishers. On the literary side, he edited the works of Sir Thomas Overbury, the Hon. Roger North's *Memoirs of Musicke*, and many more. It is unnecessary to recapitulate them, as the list up to 1860 was supplied to M. Fétis, and may be found in his *Biographie Universelle des Musiciens*. It was the love of his special subjects which induced Dr. Rimbault to edit such works, and to give his time to a most careful series of biographical and bibliographical notes which accompany them. The remuneration for an editor rarely exceeded that of the twelve to twenty-five copies which a society gives, and which the editor distributes among his friends. The money to buy so valuable a collection of books as Dr. Rimbault possessed was supplied, first, by a kind godfather, and, secondly, by his professional earnings. The latter were limited, on account of the great share of time which he devoted to literature. He was habitually abstemious, and his only luxuries were old books, and now and then an old carved bookcase, or a bit of old stained glass. Such was the man. It is probable that this famous library will now be dispersed, for lack of the master mind, and the consequent decline of a modest income.

W. CHAPPELL.

Musical Pitch.

Mr. Sims Reeves has addressed the subjoined letter to the *Athenæum*:—

Grange Mount, Beulah Spa, Upper Norwood.

It is very painful to me to be dragged into something like a public controversy by the personal remarks of your musical critic, as to my being "the main cause of an agitation that has led only to confusion and discord," etc. No reform of standing abuses can be effected without a certain measure of debate. There are always opposing influences that must be overcome, and temporary strife may be well purchased by the final advance of the true interests of art. Uniformity, this gentleman assures us, can only be secured by legislative enactment, as in France. This may be so; but, though we are a law abiding people, we do not fly to a central authority on all occasions, and I almost fear that musical art is not yet quite sufficiently valued in this country for a legislative enactment of such a kind to be within the range of immediate probabilities. We must, then, as individuals, do what we can and may, and I, for one, am willing to incur the charge of interested motives, which your musical critic, not very graciously perhaps, urges against me, if thereby I can promote the cause of art and benefit my admirable fellow artists, both English and foreign. And now to answer the allegations urged against me as briefly as possible.

1. I really cannot take upon myself the credit for the reduction of the organ pitch at Birmingham, because it is notorious that this was an absolute necessity (and letters in my possession from the managers prove it), in order to conform the pitch to the reduced one at Drury Lane.

2. I can undertake to prove, if need be, by the works in my possession, that the pitch in Italy and in Germany has never been so high as that of Sir Michael Costa. I may venture in this connection that my esteemed friend, Herr Joachim, plays on a different violin in Germany, with thicker strings. Here he brings one with thinner strings, to suit the abnormal pitch. This one fact would be conclusive as to the continental usage in the eyes of unprejudiced inquirers.

3. If an unreasonable pitch was persisted on to the eleventh hour, and a sudden change then carried out, and disasters evoked at Birmingham, as your contributor alleges, I can surely in no sense be held responsible. The chief artists at Drury Lane had previously forced a reasonable reduction of the pitch on Sir Michael Costa. If this reform had been steadily adhered to, there could have been no confusion and no disasters at Birmingham or elsewhere.

4. I declare unequivocally, and for the twentieth time, that I only ask for the pitch of Donzelli, David, Duprez, and Nourrit. I most entirely concur with that great composer, Mendelssohn, that to transpose this in oratorios is highly objectionable. I am convinced that Handel, Mendelssohn, and all other masters, felt the color, as it were, of the keys they wrote and write in. Hence I am always unwilling to transpose, and that is just why I wished to secure the normal pitch, which will render transposing unnecessary.

5. With respect to those great artists, Mdme. Patti and Mdme. Nilsson, it is wholly unnecessary for me to vindicate their course of action, and I cannot but express my surprise at the liberty of comment which your musical critic has allowed himself, with regard to the latter artist more especially.

Where the bat - - - - - tle

Where the bat - - - - - tle

bat - tle joined, in val - ley, on height, where the

joined, ... in val - - - ley, on

joined, ... in val - - - ley, on

bat - - - - tle joined, in val - - ley, on height, where the

bat - - - - tle joined. in val - - ley, on height, in

height. . . .

bat - - tle joined,

val - ley, on height, there

p

p

rest . . . . we, and

p

And

p

call them, There sum - mon, And

wel - - come, each

p

And wel - - come,

wel - - - come, each

f COMALA.

one that falls, Ye spi - -

f

f

each one that falls.

f

one that falls.

cres. *f*

- - rits of the fa - thers,

dim. *mf*

tell me, each one that

Unpleasant personalities are surely out of place in the discussion of a public interest, where private likes and dislikes should be wholly set aside. I need only further observe that the pitch at Hereford was tuned to that accepted now both at Covent Garden and Drury Lane.

I have no delusion on the subject of pitch. Uniformity is doubtless most desirable, but it must not be uniformity in that which is abnormal and extraordinary. The pertinacity of my old friend, Sir Michael Costa, has alone so long retarded this essential reform, which, however, may now be said to have carried the day, finally. To the very personal concluding remarks of your contributor, I have only to reply that I am quite willing to accept his assurance of good will, and to recognize his past assertions that I am necessarily the chief loser by my inability at times to fulfil my engagements, whether to directors or to the public. Nobody can regret, need I say, as deeply as I do, the practical extinction of voice from which I sometimes suffer; the kind and art-loving public will understand, I am sure, that I have made great pecuniary sacrifices because I did not like to take pay for services which I could not discharge so as to do justice to the music I was called on to perform. Personal explanations are always painful things; to me, I may say, peculiarly so. It is certain that I never disappoint the public without being far more grievously disappointed myself; but our frequent changes of temperature are most trying, and no care or caution can guarantee me against occasional attacks which prohibit me for a season to leave the house, and yield my public services to that art which it is the highest ambition of my soul to forward by all the legitimate means within my reach.

J. SIMS REEVES.

Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" at the London Lyceum.

(From the "Academy.")

By the production of an English version of *Der Fliegende Holländer* at the Lyceum Theatre, last Tuesday evening, Mr. Carl Rosa has fulfilled what is in many respects the most important of the promises of his prospectus. The work had, it is true, been previously heard in England. It was brought out in 1870 at Her Majesty's Opera, under the management of Mr. Wood, but it was only played two or three times, at the close of a season, and has not been since repeated. There is, moreover, at the present time, so much more general knowledge on the subject of Wagner, and so much greater interest felt in his music than was the case six years ago, that I was by no means surprised to learn, on arriving at the theatre, that there was not a seat to be had in any part of the house.

The story of the "Flying Dutchman" is so generally familiar that it will be needless to dwell upon it in any detail. Suffice it to say that the three acts of the opera, as laid out by Wagner, show us, the first the ill-fated hero, the second his meeting with the maiden (Senta) who is to redeem him from the curse resting upon him, and the third the self-sacrifice of Senta, and the consequent salvation of the Dutchman. For the episodical incidents of the drama, readers may be referred to the libretto itself.

The "Flying Dutchman" was first produced at Dresden, under the direction of the composer himself, in 1843; and, after a recent visit to Bayreuth, it was most interesting to compare and contrast the Wagner of thirty years ago with the Wagner of the present day. At first sight it would seem as if two works could hardly be more unlike than *Der Fliegende Holländer* and *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. In the former we find abundance of concerted music, in the latter scarcely any; in the former the various numbers of the work are mostly detached, and we find airs, duets and choruses much as in an opera of Mozart's; while, in the latter, one piece runs on continuously into another throughout an entire act, and, in the *Rheingold*, throughout a whole drama; in the former the melody is of the conventional form, with a very large predominance of four-bar rhythms; in the latter we find the *unendliche melodie* so difficult, nay, often so impossible, to separate into its component parts. And yet, with all these important differences, no one who is tolerably familiar with Wagner's music can fail to perceive that in the earlier work are to be seen the germs of every one of those innovations which make the Bayreuth Tetralogy so different from everything that has preceded it. True, the composer has not carried out his own theories to their logical issue; he has in more than one number made concessions to public taste which now he would certainly repudiate; such, for example, as the double cadenza at the end of the slow movement of the great duet between Senta and the Dutchman in the second act, or the occasional repetitions of the text for the sake of musical rather than dramatic effect. But we see here throughout the work an early instance of Wagner's masterly employment of *Leitmotive*, of which the opera contains several; we meet with examples of his strikingly novel and abrupt harmonic transitions—such as the remarkable modulation from A major to G minor in Senta's ballad (Act II.)—nay more, we find passages in which purely musical beauty is sacrificed for the sake of dramatic appropriateness. Such is especially the case in the Dutchman's first song, "How oft i' th' ocean's deepest gloom." Yet, on the whole, the difference of style between "The Flying Dutchman" and *Lohengrin* is even greater than that between *Lohengrin* and the *Ring des Nibelungen*.

If there were any present in the Lyceum, on Tuesday evening, who still believe the often refuted but hardly less often repeated calumny that Wagner cannot write melody, they must, if capable of appreciating melody at all, have been considerably astonished. The work absolutely abounds in "pretty tunes." In the first act, the second subject of the overture, the Steersman's song, and the whole duet between Daland and the Dutchman; in the second act, the celebrated spinning chorus, Senta's ballad, and the final duet; and in the third act, the Sailors' chorus, and Erik's song, "Is that fair day no more by thee remembered?" are overflowing with melody; and many other pieces might be named which, though less popular in style, and perhaps less attractive, are hardly inferior in real beauty. A curious and interesting point with regard to the melody is the coincidence in rhythm between the chief subjects in the great duet between Senta and the Dutchman in the second act, and those in the duet between Elsa and Lohengrin, in the third act of *Lohengrin*. As there is very little resemblance between the dramatic situations, this coincidence is probably due to the fact that the poetry of both scenes is written in the same metre—the decasyllabic verse. * * * *

A few words will suffice to speak of the performance, though a column would hardly do more than justice to Mr. Rosa's exertions in presenting so difficult a work in so thoroughly satisfactory a manner. The part of the Dutchman was splendidly sung and acted by Mr. Santley, while Mlle. Torriani, as Senta, could hardly have been surpassed. The part is one of her best, which is no mean praise. Mr. Packard was very satisfactory as Erick, but Mr. A. Stevens, as Daland, seemed scarcely to possess a sufficiently powerful voice for the part, being in places overweighed both by the orchestra and by those who were singing with him. The small parts of Mary and the Steersman were excellently given by Miss Lucy Franklein and Mr. J. W. Turner. The orchestra was, as it always is, perfection, and the chorus singing was most admirable, especial praise being due to the elaborate double choruses which open the third act. The whole performance was one reflecting the highest possible credit on Mr. Rosa.

(From the London "Sporting Dramatic News.")

The opera has been several times repeated by the Carl Rosa Opera Company, and is performed by them in the most complete and satisfactory manner. All musical amateurs are aware that it was written before Wagner had found it politic to conceal his poverty of melodic invention by preaching those new doctrines which have recently been illustrated at Bayreuth; but it contains the germs of his latest theories, and its vocal melodies are to a certain extent subordinate to the claims of its instrumentation. Dismissing the Wagner controversy for the present, let us examine the claims of "The Flying Dutchman" to a high rank among standard musical works. The plot was constructed by Wagner himself, and is founded on Heine's version of the legend, adapted by Heine from Fitzball's drama, which had been founded on an account of the legend printed in *Blackwood's Magazine*. It is customary with Wagner's admirers to extol his libretti, and to give especial praise to his glorification of the female sex, as exhibited in such creations as Senta, Elsa, and Elizabeth. Are these creations really entitled to the admiration with which they are by some persons regarded? Do the women of Wagner realize the pure and lofty ideal which he is said to have attained? Mr. Jackson, like other uncompromising adherents of Wagner, insists strongly on this assumed fact. In the interesting preface to his English adaptation of *Der Fliegende Holländer*, he says —"We may regard it as a beautiful characteristic of Wagner's creations that woman, this pure, noble, self-sacrificing woman of the future, brings release and joy to man. In *Tannhauser*, it is the pure, holy love of Elizabeth that calls the erring minstrel from the abode of sensual pleasure to a higher and purer existence; in *Lohengrin*, it is Elsa, the pure maiden, who attracts the Swan Knight from his sunny abode to the warm invigorating embrace of earth; in "The Flying Dutchman" it is the naive, simple, dreamy Senta who, in the immensity of her sympathetic love, sacrifices herself in order to bring release to the sufferer. All Wagner's female creations are but embodiments of the most varied powers of Goethe's 'eternal womanhood, which draws us ever towards it.'"

So far as Elizabeth is concerned, it must be observed that she does not rescue Tannhauser from his sensuality. That loathsome hero is steeped in foul desires up to the end of the piece, and the only indication of repentant feeling is the brief supplication which, in his dying moment, he makes to the spirit of Elizabeth to pray for him. Why Elizabeth dies, how she dies, and in what manner her death can beneficially affect Tannhauser, is not shown in the drama, which at this point is not merely mysterious, but misty, foggy. We should be sorry to utter "any scandal about Elizabeth," but we fail to see anything to distinguish her from the ordinary run of pious young ladies. Elsa is a much more interesting personage, and in the first two acts of *Lohengrin*, the character is exquisitely conceived and elaborated, but in the third act she breaks the oath which she had sworn to her deliverer, and, with offensive pertinacity, persists in demanding from her husband those particulars of his antecedents which she had sworn she would never ask him to reveal. The littleness of mind and the deliberate perjury which are shown in her inquisitiveness, are not compatible with a lofty ideal, and are justly punished. Senta is equally unacceptable. She certainly displays an immensity of "sympathetic love" for Van Der Decken; but, in doing so, she breaks her plight with her affianced lover, Erick, and behaves in a perfectly heartless manner towards that luckless youth. Here, again, we fail to perceive the realization of ideal purity and goodness. Much praise has been bestowed upon Wagner's employment of Heine's distortion of the old legend, and we have been told to admire the plot in which Van Der Decken is allowed to revisit the land once in every seven years, and is promised release from his miserable existence, so soon as he shall gain the love of a perfectly pure and faithful woman. It is cynically implied that he has vainly sought for such a being, through weary ages, until he meets with the pure and faithful Senta, the quality of whose faithfulness has been exhibited in her perjury towards the honest lover to whom her faith was plighted. Surely this much lauded alteration weakens and vulgarizes the story. We have to picture the Dutchman's visits to land, his many wooings, introductions to family circles, invariable jiltings, reembarkations, and periodical returns. He becomes a familiar object in seaport towns—is sketched by artists for illustrated papers—is bantered by the seaside population, and becomes prosaic. The original story is not without ludicrous points, and, considering the kind of vocabulary generally popular among sea faring men, the condemnation of a Dutch skipper to eternal misery, because he has been "guilty of bad language," seems rather a severe mode of inculcating refinement of manners. Yet the old legend—its leading motive once accepted—is infinitely preferable to the prosaic version adopted by Wagner; and although it may not be suitable for dramatic purposes, there is something terribly appalling in the story of the Phantom Ship, and its wretched commander, doomed to plough the seas forever—shut out from human sympathy—denied the grasp of friendly hands and the music of loving voices—shunned by every ship—driven wherever storms are fiercest—mocked by verdant shores, never to be trodden—unable to cast off the horrible burden of existence, and compelled to sail for ever round the world in hopeless desolation. Surely there is more poetry in the familiar old story than in Wagner's Dutchman, with his periodical arrivals at Wapping, Liverpool, Stockholm, or Havre, in search of a Mrs. Van Der Decken.

The overture is familiar to amateurs, and is an illustration both of the faults and merits of the composer. The instrumentation is masterly, and it con-

tains many impressive and picturesque passages, but it is spoiled at the conclusion by noisy exaggeration. The "Sailors' Chorus," the "Spinning Chorus," Senta's "Legendary Song," the "Steersman's Song," Erick's romance, the duet between Senta and Van Der Decken, and indeed, all the music of the second act may be praised without stint. The long duet in the first act between Dalaand and Van Der Decken is a tedious forestalling of the kind of music which Wagner now writes, and the third act is by no means equal to the second. The opera cannot be accepted by unprejudiced judges as a worthy companion to such masterpieces as Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, Beethoven's *Fidelio*, Weber's *Der Freischütz*, or Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*. Still, despite its inequalities and defects, it has many claims to admiration, and is evidently the work of a man of genius. As we have already stated, it is admirably performed at the Lyceum Theatre, under the direction of Mr. Carl Rosa, and every musical amateur should avail himself of the opportunity of hearing it."

Mme. Essipoff.

This celebrated pianist, who will make her *début* in Steinway Hall, on Nov. 14, arrived in this city aboard the steamer *Labrador*, of the French line, on Nov. 1. She is a pupil of Mr. Leschetitzky, professor at the Russian Conservatory of Music in St. Petersburg, and arrives here with a great reputation earned in the greatest cities of Europe, before the most competent judges. She is generally admitted to be a greater and more artistic organization than Von Buelow; and it is stated that Rubinstein held her his equal, or, at least, that he expressed himself to that effect. A private letter from London written by one of the most eminent critics of that city states this: "I know the capacity of Mme. Essipoff well. She is a magnificent pianist of the school of Liszt and Rubinstein; far more able than Von Buelow and not nearly so incorrect. She is a most beautiful woman, and full of pluck." Here follows a story showing her presence of mind, which having no reference whatever to her musical accomplishments, finds no place in this paper. Mr. Leschetitzky, her professor, whose father was long and well known himself as a music teacher in Vienna, married his clever pupil, Mlle. Essipoff, who, as it seems, continues her maiden name.

Mme. Annette Essipoff will play the following selections at her three first concerts at Steinway Hall:—First concert—Concerto [Chopin?] in E minor with orchestra; toccata, Bach; minuet, Mozart; gavotte, with variations, Rameau; nocturne, Chopin; Traumeswirren, Schumann; Zur guitarre, Hiller; Alouettes, Leschetitzky; waltz, Rubinstein; fantaisie Hongroise, No. 12, Liszt. Second concert—Concerto in D minor (piano and orchestra), Rubinstein; Prelude and fugue, with chorale, Mendelssohn; Gigue in B flat minor, Bach; sonata in A, Scarlatti; barcarole, étude and waltz, Chopin; nocturne, Field; Ständchen, Schubert-Liszt; étude in D flat minor, Liszt; gavotte, Silas; polonaise in E (piano and orchestra), Weber-Liszt. Third concert (piano and orchestra)—Concerto in G major, Beethoven; concerto in D minor, Henselt; concerto in G minor, Mendelssohn. The magnitude of the programmes referred to will give an idea of the wonderful versatility of the fair pianiste and her confidence in her own powers. Three concertos in one evening are a trying ordeal for any pianist.

M. Vivien, professor of the violin at the Brussels Conservatoire, and a lady singer will support Mme. Essipoff.—*Music Trade Review.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 11, 1876.

Some Sentences from Moritz Hauptmann.

The wise old Cantor of the Thomas-Schule in Leipzig, who died in 1870, in his seventy seventh year, was a philosopher and thinker, as well as a musician of the most sound and sterling character. His genial nature led him into frequent correspondence with his musical friends; indeed he seems to have put his whole musical life and thought into these familiar letters. Sometimes to be sure they go into such deep metaphysical and almost mystical speculation, or into such intricacies of mathematics, as to make no very easy reading for the most of us. But in the region of his own Art, these letters are full of the most pregnant observations, the most clear and searching criticism. They abound in sentences of pith and point. Among other topics which occupied his attention were the theories of Wagner, about which, from the time when these theories began to be agitated, the letters contain many apt remarks, sincere, dispassionate and earnest, and well worth considering in this year of "the first Bayreuthiad."

We propose to reproduce a few of them in English,—so far as they will bear translation. They are taken from the little volume recently edited by Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, which contains (by way of supplement to the more copious volumes of correspondence with Hausmann) a series of letters to Spohr and others, besides various extracts, with headings to denote their topics, from letters without name or date. We begin with one of these; it evidently has reference to Wagner's idea of combining the Arts in an Art-work of the Future, and is entitled:

"GESAMMTKUNST."

That is to say *Collective Art*. He says: "I can't conceive the state of mind of certain people, when they come to read such indisputable truth opposed to their crack-brained and shallow dicta.—Have they really faith in their own doctrine? I cannot believe it. What they are after with their sundered arts and their Conjoint Art [*Sonderkünsten*—like the Swiss political term, *Sonder-Bund*,—and *Gesammtkunst*] is utter nonsense,—and shows not the least idea of that development through which things must and will come to pass.—They would have us stick the crown of the tree with all its boughs and twigs into the ground, and let the root grow out. What has unfolded itself must grow together again, must become *one*;—as if this *oneness* had not remained throughout the whole unfolding. But in the Opera, if one and the same person is to be both poet and composer, how is it with the singer, the scene-painter, the dancer, chorus and orchestra? Must all these be able so to enter into the idea of the creator, that they may represent his unitary work? To me the very idea of composing music to one's own poetry is something repugnant; it is like marrying one's self; it lacks contrast for the union out of which a new independent entity may spring; it is and must remain a hermaphroditic sort of business, out of which nothing artistically sound can come."

"When we go away oppressed, tortured, crushed from an Art-work, we can be sure that its creator was no genuine artist, however much he may have flattered himself that he has excited us so much more than the classic masters do. What do I care, after all, for the inconsolable lamentation of a composer? I rather turn away from it, like that lord of the manor who saw a lame and ragged beggar come into his courtyard, and said to his servant: 'John, take a whip and drive the fellow from the yard; the poor beast moves my pity too much!'"

Here is a passage from a letter to Otto Jahn (1855), after reading the first volume of the latter's life of Mozart:

"Our young artists always want to achieve something extraordinary; and therefore nothing ordinary [in the sense of orderly and normal—*ordentlich*] ever comes to pass. The old composers began with the ordinary—i.e., the regular, the orderly,—and so found themselves more surely on the way to doing something extraordinary. Even the greatest men of former times began with making nothing different from what was made in those times by others whom they respected, recognized and honored; they looked up to them; to-day they mount at once upon their shoulders. Then first of all they built up for themselves a *technique* (in composition), which even with the smallest talents gained more certainty, than you will now find with the exceptionally brilliant. Artists learned first of all their handicraft, their technical profession, in which nowadays our artists to the end have something dilettantish. I do not except one. Who is there now who could make such a thing as the little Mozart Mass in C major, with two oboes, trumpets and tympani? Not Mendelssohn, not Spohr; and that not because it is by Mozart, but only because it is by a finished and complete composer of that time; for I am not thinking of its poetic quality, but of its natural, unsought, sure and certain *make*, in which not the least thing could be changed without the risk of something awkward and uncouth.

"Some of the cleverest of our composers, to be sure, have possessed themselves of a certain *savoir faire*, which is well enough; but it is rather their own private mark, by which they may be recognized at once, and which no one else can do in the same way without becoming a plagiarist. This is not what I referred to in what I said of the C major Mass; that was no modes or styles of speech, that was speech in itself. It is hardly a good fortune for a young composer to form himself in times like our's, in an atmosphere, or *vapor*-sphere, as we Germans translate it, such as now surrounds us. *No one learns to write purely: how are impure and unwholesome thoughts to seek and find a pure expression?*

"But is it not in the highest degree untrue, when a nonsensical young blockhead seeks to pour out his deep sorrows, though with a mere C and G-major chord he might express all that *he* has the nature to feel? Goethe says somewhere: 'It is easy to speak when one has nothing to say.' That may be true, therefore it is well to learn to speak, before we have anything to say which is hard to express; only not with modes of speech, but with natural and simple words, without 'notwithstanding,' 'nevertheless,' or 'to be sure,'—terms which childlike speech never uses, anymore than it would all the harmonic, enharmonic and un-harmonic, unmelodic mistiness of our unchildlike musical youngsters. With unclear harmony goes unclear rhythm *pari passu*; indeed it is intrinsically one with it. The sense for sound, intelligible measure is as rare as for sound harmony; one hears rhythmical groups and phrases, but no intelligible periods. If we could only translate such absurdities into some other visible or tangible form, the artistic nothingness of such practices could not fail to be obvious even to the narrowest understanding.'

Here is more in the same spirit,—rather a long-spun and complicated German sentence, but, to keep its flavor, we try to translate it as literally as we can:—

"I confess I find the least possible of mannerism in Mozart. But when such originals appear as our newest composers, who conduct themselves so altogether otherwise than other poor mortal children, who are in all and everything *apart*, who seek the true everywhere only in the new, and want to free us from what is only a chain to *them*, in their unorganic After-Art nature, but what is *our* freedom, for which they magnanimously offer to bestow on us their own subjective, penned up, unfree personality, —a poor, meagre speciality, instead of the whole overruling divine-human spirit of the universe, as it has expressed itself in all ages through the inspired mouth of divinely gifted men to the understanding of all, not too high for the least, not too little for the highest,—then we feel that with them *all* is manner, for everything exceptional is mannerism and *Philisterei* as well. All that is easily imitated. The color of the human skin is an undistinguishable union or blending of yellow, blue and red; and one over whom the dear God had not drawn such a skin, would find it very difficult to color himself humanly; at least the greatest painters have great pains in bringing out the color truly, and very few succeed. With a parrot or a goldfinch, which have their variegated colors side by side so nicely separated, the coloring is an easier matter; and if it would not be so easy, on account of stature and some other circumstances, to make one's self, by means of color, into a parrot or a goldfinch, since man, while he has two legs like a bird, yet has no feathers, yet surely there would be fewer difficulties in becoming strikingly like a baboon with a red and blue snout by daubing on the colors out of any pots you please."

—So much for the present. There is enough in it to ruminate upon for one short spell; perhaps our young men of "the Future" will not find it altogether easy of digestion; yet it may do them good.

Concerts.

ERNST PERABO. The first two Matinées of Mr. Perabo were eagerly attended, the Wesleyan Hall being filled to repletion, and gave generally great satisfaction. We were accidentally kept from attending the first (Oct. 27), of which we have before given the programme. All the critics unite in praise of Prof. Paine's Sonata in B minor, for Piano and Violin, and testify that it improved upon a second hearing.

The second Matinée (Friday, Nov. 3) had, we thought, the fault of too great length, and of taxing the attention with rather too many altogether new works between the Preludes and Fugues of Bach (from the "Well-tempered Clavichord," Books 1 and 2, in C major), with which he opened, and the Beethoven Quartet for Piano and Strings, op. 16, arranged by Beethoven from the Quintet. The latter, though a long piece, was a great refreshment after the four new works. It cost no strain to listen and surrender one's self without reserve to such fresh, genial music, making that perfect unity of impression which the real masterworks of Art are sure to do. The Quartet was most admirably played, both on the part of Mr. PERABO, and of Messrs. LISTEMANN, BELZ and HARTDEGEN, of the Philharmonic Club. It is indeed very rarely that we listen to so pure a reproduction of a classic work. The Bach pieces were very nicely, clearly rendered by the concert-giver.

Of the new works, the one of most pretention, and the best, was the third Trio, in A minor, op. 155, by Raff. Indeed we found more in it to interest us, than we are wont to find with Raff. The first movement, *Allegro agitato*, to be sure, did not entirely carry us away, and it reminded us too often of his "Lenore" Symphony. The Scherzo (*Allegro assai*) is bright and full of grace and delicacy. The *Adagietto* has a quaint, ballad-like melody, followed by several ingenious and rather captivating variations, in which the 'cello, violin and piano become by turns the leading instrument, and have enough to do; it needs not to be said they did it well. The Allegro Finale, with Larghetto prelude, was brilliant and exciting, making fit climax to the whole.—Then followed a *Berceuse* by Rubinstein (op. 50, in B minor), a piano work, arranged for string quartet by Perabo; it was delicate, but we think we had rather hear it in the original form. A new work by Paine, Romanza and Scherzo, for Piano and 'Cello, op. 27, made quite a pleasant impression, especially the Scherzo, though hardly a work of so much mark as his Sonata Duo.—There were fresh, bright things, too, in the "Novelette und Melodie," op. 22, by Xaver Scharwenka, a new name to us.

Miss ITA WELSH'S Concert, at Mechanic's Hall, last Saturday evening, drew a select and numerous audience and proved a highly agreeable occasion. This was the programme:

1. Quartet,.....Fidelio.....Beethoven.
2. Air with Violin Obligato..Il Sogno...Mercadante.
   Dr. Bullard and Mr. Aug. Fries.
3. Romance.....Marie Stuart.....Niedermeyer.
   Miss Ita Welsh.
4. Sonata, FMaj., Op. 8 for Piano-forte & Violin. Grieg.
   Messrs. B. J. Lang and Aug. Fries.
5. Duet.....Contralto and Tenor.....Spohr.
   Miss Ita Welsh and Dr. Langmaid.
6. Cavatina.....Qui la voce.....Bellini.
7. Song.....The Hidalgo.....Schumann.
8. Piano-forte Solos..a Prelude.....Bach.
   b Caprice .....Widor.
   c Gavotte. (Arr. by C. Saint. Saëns.).....Bach.
9. Song.....Out on the Rocks...Sainton-Dolby.
   Miss Ita Welsh.
10. Quartet.....Oberon.....Von Weber.

The opening Quartet (the *Canon* from *Fidelio*) was nicely sung by the four vocalists above named; and so was the breezy spirited and florid Quartet from *Oberon*, which made a capital close to the promiscuous programme. Miss Welsh's voice has lost none of its sweetness, and has rather gained in evenness and firmness, though the quality at times is still a little childlike. She sang the very Italian melody by Niedermeyer with great tenderness of expression; and gave in response to an encore a more original Rossini-ish little ballad melody, dreamy and sad, which might have been from *Otello* or from *Cenerentola*. The Sainton-Dolby song was sung, too, with much pathos. But perhaps the most beautiful thing sung at all, and very beautifully sung, was the Duet by Spohr. Mrs. SMITH was in fine voice and sang the florid *Qui la voce* more effectively (hardly like the Lind that first night in Castle Garden!) than she did a Franz Song for an encore. Dr. LANGMAID'S singing was altogether artistic and delightful, both in the Spohr Duet, and the Quartets, and in Schumann's "Hidalgo," which he gave with a great deal of spirit; only the tempo was a trifle fast. Dr. BULLARD sang, as he always does, with intelligence and refinement. The accompaniments were played with certainty and good discrimination by Mr. ARTHUR FOOTE. The Sonata-Duo by Grieg, and the short piano solos, were pleasing contributions both in matter and in execution.

HARVARD SYMPHONY CONCERTS. Of the opening concert next week. The second programme, for Nov. 23, is as follows:

PART I. Overture to "Lodoiska," *Cherubini*; Scena and Romanza, from the "Huguenots," *Meyerbeer* (Dr. S. W. LANGMAID); Overture: "The Hebrides," *Mendelssohn;* Songs.—PART II. Seventh Symphony, *Beethoven*.

In the third concert (Dec. 7) Miss JULIA RIVE, the young pianist of Cincinnati, who has become so highly distinguished, but who has never appeared yet in New England, will play the C minor Concerto of Beethoven and the second *Rhapsodie Hongroise* by Liszt.—Mr. LEONHARD will play the F minor Concerto of Chopin in the fourth concert, Dec. 21.

THE first THOMAS Concert, on Monday evening, offers a long and varied programme. For Overtures, *Tannhäuser* and *Oberon;* for Piano with Orchestra, Liszt's arrangement of the Schubert Fantaisie in C, op. 15, played by Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood, who for solos will also play a Fugue (E minor) by Handel, a Nocturne by Chopin, and his own Capriccio, op. 4. For vocal solos, Miss Henrietta Beebe sings Mendelssohn's Concert Aria, "Infelice" and English ballads; Mr. M. W. Whitney sings Beethoven's "In questa tomba" and a couple of Scandinavian songs. For novelties, the orchestra is to play an Adagio and Scherzo from the "Frithjof" Symphony by Hofmann; "Nachtgesang," by Voigt, and "Sicilienne," by Boccherini (Strings alone); and the second Hungarian Rhapsody by Liszt. The other concerts follow on Wednesday evening, Saturday afternoon, and Monday and Wednesday evenings of the following week.

MR. and MRS. WM. H. SHERWOOD, pianists, propose giving a series of five piano recitals, the first to take place about the middle of November next, in which are to be brought out a great variety of choice works for two pianos, piano solos and duets. Nearly or quite all of the following composers will be represented: Scarlatti, Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, Henselt, Tausig, Von Buelow, Moscheles, Brahms, Weitzmann, Rheinberger, Thalberg, Rubinstein, Kullak, Reinecke, Raff, Wagner, Gustav Schumann, Bargiel, Dupont, Raff, Grieg, Jensen, Wm. Mason, Rufer, Maas, Moszkowski, Von Weber, Roche, Sherwood and others. Mr. Geo. L. Osgood and other prominent artists will assist. Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood has made a most successful *début* at the Thomas concerts in New York, of which the N. Y. press speak in highest terms of praise. He is to appear in the month of November in a succession of Theo. Thomas's concerts, beginning in Philadelphia. Subscription lists will shortly be placed in the music stores for the series.—*Orpheus.*

Music in New York.

Nov. 4, 1876. Steinway Hall was crowded on the night of the first Symphony Concert, Oct. 28th, when Mr. Thomas offered the following programme:

Symphony, No. 8, in F.....Beethoven.
Fantaisie in C, Op 15 .....Schubert.
Adapted for piano and orchestra by Liszt.
Dramatic Symphony, "Romeo and Juliet," Op. 17. Berlioz.
Orchestra, Chorus and Solos.

The Eighth Symphony contains none of the bold and ambitious conceptions which mark the fifth and the seventh of the immortal series; nevertheless it is instinct with genius, the various Motets containing nothing commonplace or stale, and developed and combined by the hand of a master spirit whose touch gives life and breath to every theme. The Symphony received the most delicate and refined treatment at the hands of the orchestra to which the Allegretto is exceptionally familiar through frequent repetition at the garden concerts.

Schubert's great Fantasie was played by Mme. Madeline Schiller with her accustomed brilliancy and accuracy, but not with entire clearness, some of the rapid passages being blurred by unskilful use of the loud pedal. The poetic spirit of the piece was finely developed; the lyrical cry of the "Wanderer" theme being very effective. The composition is dramatic in a high degree, but lacking in unity. The orchestral setting is particularly happy and the orchestra was perfection itself.

The Romeo and Juliet Symphony is best defined in the words of the great critic who was its composer.

"There cannot be any misunderstanding as to the nature of this work. Although voices are often employed in it, it is neither a concert-opera nor a cantata, but a symphony with choruses.

If the voices are introduced almost at the outset, it is in order to prepare the mind of the hearer for the dramatic scenes about to be illustrated by the orchestra, as also for the sake of the gradual musical development of the choral masses, whose too abrupt entrance might detract from the unity of the work. Thus the Prologue, in which, as in Shakespeare's play, the chorus indicates the action, is recited by but fourteen voices. Afterwards, we hear (behind the scenes) the chorus of Capulets (men) only; later, in the funeral ceremony, the Capulets, both men and women. At the opening of the Finale we have the two entire choruses of Capulets and Montagues, and Friar Laurence; at its close, the three choruses combined.

This last scene of the reconciliation of the two families belongs strictly in the domain of the opera or the oratorio. It has never, since Shakespeare's time, been represented on any stage; but it is too beautiful, too musical, and too well adapted to crown a work of this kind for the composer to think of treating it otherwise.

If in the celebrated "balcony" and "graveyard scenes" the dialogue of the two lovers, Juliet's "asides" and Romeo's passionate outbursts, are not sung, if in fine the duets of love and despair are given to the orchestra, the reasons for this are numerous and evident. First—what alone would suffice to justify the composer—because it is the case of a symphony, not of an opera. Again, as duets of this kind have been vocally treated a thousand times and by the greatest masters, another kind of setting was attempted, from prudence and as a matter of curiosity. Moreover, the very sublimity of this love rendered its representation so hazardous for the musician that he had to give to his imagination a latitude which the positive sense of the words sung would not have admitted, and to recur to instrumental language, a language which is richer, more varied, less determinate, and, by its very vagueness, incomparably more effective for the present purpose."

The work was admirably rendered; the soloists being Miss Antonia Henne, Mr. Geo. Werrenroth, and Mr. Franz Remmertz. A.A.C.

WORCESTER, MASS. The *Spy*, Oct. 28, has the following report, with programme, of Mr. B. D. Allen's "Evenings with the Musicians." It will be seen that Rossini's *Pro Peccatis* is set down as "an amusing composition"; if this be a typographical blunder, it shows that chance can be ironical.

The subject of Mr. Allen's lecture in the Music School course last night was Catholic Church Music, and was listened to by the usual intelligent audience which is drawn to Plymouth chapel on the occasion of these Evenings with the Musicians. Musical illustrations formed a prominent feature of the lecture, Mr. Allen's descriptions and suggestions serving to give his hearers a clear understanding of the compositions performed. The programme included selections from Flemish, Italian and German composers in chronological order, as follows:

Flemish.

Canon, by Wm. Dufay, about the year 1400, sung by a chorus numbering eighteen.

Canon, composed for Louis XII. of France, by Josquin des Pres in 1445-1521, a laughable affair.

Ave Maria, by Jacques Arcadelt in 1550, a solo very finely rendered by C. R. Hayden.

Italian.

Hymn, Alla Trinata Beata, unknown composer in 14—, a quartet by Mrs. J. Stewart Brown, Mrs. Wm. Spaulding, and Messrs. Gassette and B. T. Hammond.

Sentence, We Adore Thee, Giovanni Palestrina, in 1514-1594, chorus.

The Eighth Psalm, Benedetto Marcello in 1680-1739, a chorus, Miss Mary Beebe taking the solo.

Quis est homo (Stabat Mater), Emanuel Astorga in 1681-1736, a duet by Misses Ellie Sumner and Alice Prouty.

Solo, from the 31st Psalm, G. V. Pergolesi in 1710-1736, by Mrs. A. C. Monroe.

Requiem Aeternam, Luigi Cherubini in 1760-1842, chorus.

Pro Peccatis from Stabat Mater, Gioacchino Rossini in 1782-1868, an *amusing (!!) composition*, sung by Mr. B. T. Hammond.

German.

Gloria, from the Imperial Mass, Joseph Haydn in 1732-1809, a quartet and chorus in which Misses Sumner and Munger, and Messrs. N. Bacon and Hammond sang.

Tuba Mirum, from the Requiem, W. A. Mozart in 1756-1792, sung by Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Munroe, Messrs. Hayden and Hammond.

Sanctus, from Deutsche Messe, Franz Schubert in 1797-1828, a beautiful composition, sung by a male chorus.

Offertory, Alma Virgo, J. N. Hummel in 1778-1837, the solo by Mrs. J. Stewart Brown.

Mrs. J. Stewart Brown, the principal soloist of the evening, sang all her music in the most satisfactory manner, and the concert was exceedingly interesting throughout. Mr. Allen gave, in the course of his lecture, a pleasant tribute to the merit of the work of our home composers, Messrs. Morrison, Stearns and Dana.

PHILADELPHIA. The last nights of October were the last of the Kellogg English Opera at the Academy of Music. Miss Kellogg herself, Mme. Julie Rosewald, Mrs. Zelda Seguin, Mr. Maas, Mr. Conly, and Mr. Peakes took part in Meyerbeer's "Star of the North."

During last week the last Centennial Musical Festival Concerts were given, under the direction of Theodore Thomas, with the aid of the Women's Centennial Chorus (400 voices); Mrs. H. M. Smith, and Miss Emma Thursby, Sopranos; the Swedish Lady Quartette of singers; Mr. M. W. Whitney, Basso; Mr. Jarvis and Mr. Sherwood, pianists, Mr. Jacobsohn, violinist, and the Thomas Orchestra.—Of one feature in the closing programme the *Evening Bulletin* asks:

Is it really true that the Centennial authorities propose to make the blunder of introducing "America" into the musical programme of the closing day? It is so announced, though not officially. "America" is the misnomer which some misguided Yankee plastered over "God Save the King!" some years ago, when a pious parody of that famous national song of Great Britain was launched upon the singing schools of New England. "God Save the King!" or "the Queen!" as it now is, is a noble choral, known to everybody, the world round, as loyal England's national song, and its adoption as a semi-national air in this country, under the pseudonym of "America," is "flat burglary," and certainly should not be countenanced on such an imposing occasion as the Centennial Closing Day. It does not belong to us, and it would be in shockingly bad taste to parade our larceny of it before our British guests on this occession.

We do not need to go abroad for national songs, wherewith to close the Exhibition. A couple of stanzas of the "Star Spangled Banner," transposed into a low key to avoid the highest range of the melody, would be sung with splendid effect by any American assemblage. And our new national song, "Whittier's Hymn," especially if slips of the words were distributed through the crowd, would be sung with almost equal effect. The air is already widely familiar, and supported by the organ, orchestra and chorus, it would be a far nobler expression of the people's patriotism, and far more appropriate to the occasion, than the "America," which is not "America," but a mere parody purloined from our British brethren, to whom alone it belongs.

CINCINNATI. The promise of musical events in Cincinnati for the season of 1876-7 is not at this moment particularly brilliant. However, there is no danger of a dearth in that direction. Our home societies are too active and enterprising to permit the reputation of Cincinnati as a musical centre to wane, or the people to want for entertainment of the highest kind. The Harmonic Society is hard at work, under Mr. Singer's direction, and will doubtless do a large share to enliven the winter, while at the same time keeping alive the interest which is already felt in regard to the great musical festival for 1878. The Cincinnati Orpheus will give entertainments this year in Saenger Hall on the following dates: Nov. 5th and 19th, Dec. 3d and 17th. The Cincinnati Orchestra will be considerably strengthened for the winter season, and at least as much is expected of it as its past history justifies. Of the tuneful travelling stars, Kellogg, Belocca, and the Carlberg Opera Company at least will visit us, the latter with the "Flying Dutchman" as the attraction. Local concerts by prominent members of the profession are already promised in cheerful abundance. Signors Jannotta and Alfisi will both offer operatic entertainment by home talent. Mr. Armin Doener announces a series of chamber concerts, and Messrs. Singer, Andres, and Pallat will doubtless resume their delightful and very successful *musicales* of last year.—*Church's Musical Visitor.*

NEW YORK. The *Tribune's* critic, still all aglow with the Bayreuthian baptism, tells us in last Saturday's paper:

The last rehearsal of the New-York Philharmonic Society for its first concert took place yesterday afternoon, when Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and the first act of Wagner's "Die Walküre" were given. The Symphony was not well played. There was great want of finish almost throughout—the strings were ragged and scratchy, and the brass very often out of time, sometimes out of tune. This may of course have been because this was only the first time of rehearsing the work, but it is difficult to see how Dr. Damrosch can get his men well enough in hand to give a very creditable performance to-night. However, the rendering of the Wagner music made amends for any shortcomings in the Symphony. The music itself, in the first place, is extremely beautiful—anything much more beautiful, indeed, it is hard to imagine—and its performance by both orchestra and soloists was extremely creditable. In this work Dr. Damrosch shows what he can do with the orchestra if he takes the time. The concert, which takes place at the Academy to-night, will be extremely interesting, in many respects extremely good, and it is one which no one who is desirous of learning about this new and wonderfully beautiful music of Wagner's can afford to miss.

DECENT AND INDECENT OPERA. The brilliant opening of a season of English opera at the Philadelphia Academy of Music deserves congratulatory notice, especially as it follows immediately a dismal failure of the blackguard French opera on the same stage. The attendance at the French performances fell off to almost nothing, last week. This week has opened with one of the largest and most fashionable audiences the theatre can hold, attracted to hear a not very great performance of an English version of an old and hackneyed Italian opera. But the music is good, the story is decent and the artists behave like gentlemen and ladies; and it is a good sign when these features of a performance at the Academy are appreciated.

The rage for blackguard opera, politely called *opera bouffe*, which prevailed among the stockholders and other habitués of the Academy of Music a few years ago, cannot be accounted for any more than can other forms of morbid appetite, or mania, or disease, which occasionally appears even in the best society. But there was such a rage, and it led to immense success for the prima donna of the first *opera bouffe* season, who was the ugliest and vulgarest woman that ever was allowed to take a leading part on the Academy stage, she who had neither voice nor method to commend her as a singer. Her insolent, audacious indecencies, however, somehow attracted the people of the time, and young girls and boys were taken to see and hear her, and were taught to think her performances were fine examples of the high art that is taught in academies of music. A good many fallen characters and tainted reputations of the present day may be dated from the season, not many years ago, when the ingenuous youth of Philadelphia took their first lessons on the subject of Parisian licentiousness in the Academy of Music of Philadelphia during the seasons of *opera bouffe*.

But the epidemic is over; the mania is at an end. The opera bouffe no longer pays at an expensive theatre. The blackguardism has lost all the charm of novelty, and its results have alarmed some of the fathers and mothers who used to delight in it. So the attendance in the late season was so small as to discourage managers from bringing their companies hereafter to such a house, or to any above the level of the lower-class "variety" theatre, where they may find an appropriate and prosperous home. And immediately following the demonstration of this fact, comes a confirmation of it in the shape of an immense success for the Kellogg English opera troupe, which has at least the one great merit of being decent. Society gains considerably when the decent becomes more fashionable than the indecent.—*Evening Bulletin, Oct. 17.*

FEMALE VIOLINISTS. There has been no lack of lady violinists. On the painted roof of Peterborough Cathedral, an edifice said to have been built in 1194, there is depicted a female figure seated, and holding in her lap a sort of viol with four strings and four sound holes, indicating, it would seem, that in early ages ladies sometimes played the violin. Among the accounts of King Henry VII., for Nov. 2nd, 1495, we find the item: "For a womane that singeth with a fiddle, two s." Anne of Cleves, after her divorce, amused herself with playing a viol with six strings; and from a ballad of the time of Charles I., we may infer that it was not then accounted extraordinary for ladies to play the fiddle:—

"She sings and she plays,
And she knoweth all the keys
Of the viol di gamba and lute."

Maddalena Lombardi, who came from Venice, produced a great sensation as a violinist in 1735, at Paris. Regina Schirk was a famous violinist in 1764; Mozart said of her, "No human being can play with more feeling." In 1788, Signora Vittoria dall' Occa played publicly on the violin in the theatre at Milan. Signora Varravicini, born in 1760, at Turin, was a violinist of considerable reputation, and enjoyed the special favor of the Empress Josephine. Louise Gautherot, a French woman, was celebrated for the violin performances which she gave in London, from 1780 to 1790. In 1811 Signora Gerbini performed on the violin, in Paris. In 1835 Mad Filipowiez, the wife of a Polish Colonel, played the violin at the London Philharmonic Concerts. We are told that those who came to laugh remained to admire. The names of Krahmen, Schultz, Newman, Himler, and Vittoria de Buono are those of renowned female violinists. Many will remember the *furore* produced in 1840, and later, by the sisters Milanolla. Mad. Norman-Neruda is professoress of the violin in the Academy of Stockholm; and to this list of lady violinists must be added the names of Camilla Urso and Miss Collins.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Take this Mesage to my Darling. D-minor. 4. d to F. *Dulcken.* 40

"Tell her in the gentlest whisper,
That in death I bless her name."
Full of pathos and expression.

They are beckoning me. Song and Chorus. E*b* 3. d to F. *Lyle.* 30

"Nearer, nearer comes the music,
Since the early dawn of day."
Of that beautiful kind that always pleases.

Little John Bottlejohn. E*b* 3. F to g. *Fernald.* 30

"And there on a rock sat the little mermaid.
And she was singing so fine."
A pretty and humorous narration of L. J. B's affair with the little sea-maiden, with whom he descended to the region where Dives lives, and where he has doubtless became an old salt.

She loved me in Life's Summer time. G. 3. d to E. *Keens.* 30

"And from their depths a perfume sweet
Steals o'er my spirit like a prayer."
Very sweet, every way.

Angels wanted her in Heaven. Song and Chorus. G 3. c to E. *Lyle.* 30

"There this flower of earth must lie,
The angels plucked it in its bloom."
Mournful, beautiful words, and sweet music.

The Sailors Grave. 4 F. F to a. *Sullivan.* 50

"But the gallant fleet shall proudly steer,
And warrions shout above thee."
A gallant tribute to a brave sailor. A good concert song for a hearty voice.

I'm feeling like a Big Bull-Frog. A. 3. E to E. *Tony Pastor.* 35

"But I never can forget Aleene,
Stitching on a sewing machine."
Fine potrait of the frog, and grotesquely sentimental ballad.

A plain Te Deum. E*b* 3. E. to F. *Tattem.* 30

Two pages of Chants, with Soprano and Tenor solos. We need many Te Deums for a change, and this is simple and sufficiently brief.

Instrumental.

Star of Empire March. G 3. *Goerdeler.* 35

Quite powerful, yet elegant in structure.

Legends. (Tonstuck). D. 3. *Lange.* 35

One of Lange's tasteful pieces. Fine practice.

Nearer my God, to Thee. G 2. Arranged by *Fernald.* 30

A simple and pretty transcription.

Emma Polka. D 2. *Bergerdahl.* 30

Pretty piece for learners.

Three Easy Operatic Duets for Violin and Piano. *Eichberg.* 40

No. 1. Aladdin. 1. By *Howe.*
" 2. Contrabandista. By *Sullivan.*
" 3. Cox and Box. " "

3 neat novelties which will please those who have a violinist in the family. Perhaps 3 would excress the difficulty.

Bright Butterflies. Idylle. F 3. *Lange.* 40

Light, fluttering arpeggios which suggest the erratic flight of the pretty insect.

Irresistible. Valse brillante. F. 4. *Wels.* 60

Bright waltz, (not set of waltzes) with a certain unusual richness in its brilliancy.

Album for Organists. By Eugene Thayer.

No. 9. Fugue in C-major. 6. *Haupt.* 85

One of a fine set for advanced players.

Organists Reliance. By Eugene Thayer.

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	Romanza.	*Dussek*
	Two Responses.	*Battman*
About 3.	Service Prelude, in F.	"
	Fugue.	*Rink*
	In Memoriam.	*Spark*
	Service Prelude in F.	*Hesse*
	March Heroique. No. 1.	*Schubert*
		$1.25

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from I to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, B*b*, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5, c to E" means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter, c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space.

Ditson & Co's Descriptive List of New Music.

Carefully written by an experienced Music Teacher. Descriptions, are short but sufficient. It is quite safe to select music by this list, after which selection the piece or song may be ordered by letter, and will be mailed to any address, post-free, on receipt of the retail price, mentioned below.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

I love Him so! Bb. 3. e to F. *Kotochubey.* 35
"O, traitor glance, so timid, bent and low,
Will ye not tell him all my heart's devotion?"
Very effective and sweet. Well worth singing.

Trusting on. Song and Chorus. Ab. 3. d to F. *Hodges.* 30
"And the golden curls that shaded
That pure brow, are turning grey."
A very melodious song, of excellent sentiment.

Rest at last. F. 3. d to g. *Keens.* 30
"After the shower, the tranquil sun,
Silver stars, when day is done."
The contrasts, indicated in the above lines, are continued throughout the song, making a beautiful and rest-ful combination.

The Belle of Orangedale. Song and Chorus. G. 3. d to g. *Danks.* 30
"Her home is 'mid the hills that rise
In fadeless verdure 'round"
A beautiful musical tribute to a young fair one, who is doubtless "belle et bonne."

Donald Blain. E minor and major. 3. b to E. *Molloy.* 30
"Do ye hear, loud and clear;—
'Tis his pibroch on the mountain."
A rather wild highland ballad, quite effective for a clear Alto voice.

Thou Best and Brightest. D. 3. a to D. *Lowe.* 30
"My first love, and my last."
Words by Thos. Moore, with well-fitting music.

The Lord is my Shepherd. Alto Solo. Eb. 4. b to f. *Hale.* 30
This is an arrangement of music from Beethoven, is of a high order, and may be called "an instrumental piece with vocal accompaniment" since the piano part is quite as prominent as the other.

To our Redeemer's glorious Name. Q't or Chorus. G. 3. d to g. *Lull.* 50
"O may the sweet; the blissful theme."
Perfectly beautiful. The melody is borrowed from Wilson's "Shepherd Boy," and fits charmingly to the words. Try it in your next rehearsal.

I would I'd never met thee. (The Coquette.) G. 3. d to E. *Williams.* 30
"Good bye false one! Adieu."
Almost a "Song and Dance," as it includes a waltz movement. Quite taking.

Thoughts of the Past. F. 3 F to D. *Russell.* 30
"My heart beats quicker measure,
I scarce restrain my tears."
A melodious song of "penseroso" character.

When shall I win thy Heart. C. 3. E to F. *Elson.* 30
"When shall my heart rejoice?
Tell me sweetheart; how long?"
Very musical serenade.

Sweet Rest beyond the Stars. F. 3. d to F. *G. Thomas.* 30
"When our feet shall weary grow,
Weary wandering to and fro."
A beautiful "resting" song which every one will like.

Annie Bell. Song and Chorus. E. 3. e to F. *Montell.* 35
"I know a rose embowered cot."
"Annie Bell! Dear Annie Bell."
The name is so musical that the song cannot help being pretty. But it is pretty anyway.

Thy Name. Eb. 5. d to a. *Millard.* 50
"I cried thy name aloud; and lo! the bird
Burst into song within the thick-leaved tree."
Mr. Millard has been fortunate in the words, having those capable of great intensity of expression. On these he has built a powerful song, requiring some execution for its performance, but one which will add to his reputation, already high.

The Day when you'll forget me. Lilh. Title. Eb. 3. d to E. *Thomas.* 50
"And still you call me tender names,
And softly smooth my tresses."
A song which is a sure success, having all the qualities of a universal favorite.

Good Night, Farewell. (Gut Nacht! Fahr wohl.) For Soprano or Tenor. G. 4. c to g. *Kucken.* 35
"Farewell, my own true heart."
"Fahr wohl mein trenes Herz."
There are two arrangements of this celebrated song, the other one being for Alto voice.

My sweetest Songs for you. A. 3. E to F. *Beatley.* 30
"A kiss, a kiss for the sweet red rose,
And one for the violet blue."
Beautiful sentiment, beautiful words and equally beautiful music. Good all over.

Surf. D. 2 d to F. *Walsh.* 30
"Down among the bathers, on the sunny shore."
Lively comic song.

Here's a Health to those who love us. Song and Chorus. Ab. 3. E to F. *La Rue.* 30
"God's mercy still is o'er us,
On sorrow's darkest day."
A good hearty musical Song and Chorus.

Kissing through the railing. D. 3. E to E. *Speck.* 30
Merry and pretty.

My Childhood's Home. Song and Chorus. G. 3. d to E. *Pearson.* 30
"'Tis many and many a weary year,
The days have come and gone."
First class ballad with good chorus.

Happy days. Ballad. G. 3. d to E. *Diehl.* 40
"Ah! yes, a dream with beauty filled."
A musical reminiscence of days departed.

Coquetting Blue Eyes. Waltz Song. F. 4. d to A. *Miers.* 35
"Thy sunny, bright blue eyes,
Sparkling with glee."
A very taking song for a high voice.

That was long ago. G. 3. d to E. *Wrighton.* 30
"Merrily went the round of life,
But that was long ago."
A fine ballad.

Instrumental.

Freedom. Grand March. Bb. 3 *Wendelstein.* 30
A powerful and original march.

Grand Ovation March. Eb. 4. *Jones.* 35
A very brilliant piece, with considerable variety.

Winged Words. Galop. (Gefluglete Worte.) D. 3. *Hermann.* 30
The flying words here tell their story in a very spirited manner, and one well worth hearing.

Clown Polka. C. 3 *Parlow.* 30
The rustic antics of the clown are closely responded to by the peculiar movement, which has a certain "knock around" style and is quite pleasing.

Trip lightly Schottische. G. 4. *Knight.* 30
The fingers must indeed trip lightly, to play with due clearness, all those quickly flitting arpeggios and chords;—but, having done so, the result is music of great sweetness and brilliancy.

Merry thought Polka. (Neue Bummler.) C. 3. *Michaelis.* 30
There is a comic quality to this music;—that is if we can imagine an instrumental piece to be comic. It is also good music.

Lilly Polka. C. 2. *Wendelstein.* 30
"Lilly" and the others will dance lightly to this, which is quite full of melody.

Bella Juliet Mazourka. Eb. 4. *Lauer.* 40
Characterized by rapid runs and arpeggios, which, however, fit easily to the fingers; and there are showy cadenzas.

Diamond Eyes. Polka Redowa. C. 3. *Knight.* 30
Bright eyes are here complimented with equally bright music.

Consequenzen Waltzes. 3. *E. Strauss.* 60
Four good Waltzes, with brilliant introduction and Coda.

Pearly Streams Waltz. Eb. 3. *Case.* 40
Of a delicate and sweet quality, suggestive of the light dance of rivulets adown the hillside.

Masaniello. For four hands. Fantasie Brillante. Bb. 5. *S. Smith.* 1 50
Commences like the overture, but speedily changes to a graceful, effective and brilliant fantasia on various favorite airs.

O mio Fernando. Transcription from Favorita. E. 3. *Everest.* 50
Graceful arrangement of a favorite air.

Beautiful View. (Reizende Landschaft.) G. 3. *Pathe.* 25
A nice little piece for study or amusement, being a sort of "Song without Words."

Dancing Feet Waltz. C. 3. *Lyle.* 30
No better name could be found for a pretty waltz.

Tone Pictures. Instructive pieces for small hands, by *J. Low.* each 30
Six easy but classic pieces of about the 3d degree of difficulty. Titles are:
Good Morning. In the free Air.
Memory. Evening Rest.
Happy Play. Spring Tidings.

Good Bye Sweetheart. Galop. F. 3. *Knight.* 30
Contains the charming melody of the song with the above title.

Arbeiter March. Eb. 3 *Wendelstein.* 35
In 6-8 time, and has a kind of elegant progression. Rather a quickstep than a March.

Amy Waltz. G. 3. *Milliken.* 30
Rich, full and varied melody. Should be a favorite.

Cushing Guard Quickstep. Bb. 3. *Milliken.* 30
Wide awake, full, rich harmony, which many "guards" besides the "Cushing" will be pleased to march to.

Pioneer March. D. 3. *Wendelstein.* 30
Light and lively, and well fitted for the Piano.

Independence Grand March. C. 3. *Wendelstein.* 30
Unites simplicity with "grandeur," and is half light, half powerful in style.

Centennial Boquet of Musical Flowers. by *O. P. Layard.*
In this pleasing set of about 25 pieces, are included Duos for Piano and Flute or Violin, Trios for Piano and 2 Flutes, or Flute and Violin and Quartets for Piano and 3 Flutes, or 2 Flutes and Violin. These "flowers" are mostly from the operas. Of the Quartets,
No. 1. Una voce poco fa, from the "Barbiere," 1.00
which cannot be anything else but brilliant, and,
No. 4. Polacca de Tancredi and Ah, nati e ver 1 00
the latter air from Zoraide, will be found bright and entertaining. The whole set is valuable.

Sounds at Day-Dawn. Summer Idylle. F. 4. *Sudds.* 50
"The lowing herd. The sheep-fold's simple bell."
The music is very beautiful, and cannot fail to please.

Jolly Hearts. Polka Scherzo. F. 3. *Sudds.* 50
A brilliant polka that has a very sensible arrangement of small notes, by using which the piece may be played on a reed organ of 5 octaves, as well as on the Piano.

Compositions by Georges Lamothe. Each 40
No. 1. St. Cloud Galop. No. 2. Nocturne. Vesper Bells.
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" 4. Marseilles Hymn, as a march.
Four fine compositions of about the 3d degree of difficulty, except in a few measures of the Marseilles Hymn, which are one degree harder. Original and good pieces.

Amateur Dramatic Lancers. 3. *Speck.* 40
The amateur players that first heard them, must have been greatly pleased; —as will all others that try the figures.

Queen Mab's Ride. Galop Brilliant. Eb. 3. *Knight.* 35
Light, tripping, brilliant galop.

Spinning Wheel Stories. Characteristic Piece. E. 4. *Kolling.* 50
Very entertaining stories, surely, both to player and hearer.

Voyage in the Moon. (Voyage dans la Lune.) A. 3. *Aronson.* 40
Very spirited and neat piece., founded on melodies by Offenbach.

Twelve Easy Pieces. Violin. (1st position) and Piano. *Eichberg.* each 40
No. 1 Canzonetta. No. 7. Polonaise.
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" 3. Hongroise. " 9. Theme & Variations.
" 4. Wild Rose. " 10. Menuetto.
" 5. Contrabandista. " 11. Fairy Legend.
" 6. From "Aladdin." " 12. March.
Charming little pieces for learners. Piano part and Violin part alike easy.

Baltimore City College March. Ab. 3. *Grauer.* 35
Quite original and with considerable variety.

Hail Drops. Galop Brilliant. A. 2. *Cheeney.* 35
With bright staccato and accented passages, suggestive of the spirited attack of the hail stones.

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PUBLISHED BY

OLIVER DITSON & CO., BOSTON.

CHAS. H. DITSON & CO., 711 BROADWAY, N. Y.

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This majestic composition, full of fine effects, is, to the American public, less known than most others. But its stately choruses at Gilgal, at Jericho, by the Vale of Ajalon; such duets as "Our Limpid Streams, such songs as "O had I Jubal's Lyre," and those belonging to the parts of the Angel, of Joshua, of Caleb, and of Othniel, are quite sufficient to make it one of the most interesting of Handel's great works.

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Nothing can be more powerful than the greater choruses;—nothing more elevating or inspiring than "When around about the starry throne;" nothing more mournfully beautiful than the blind Samson's "No Sun!—No Moon!" Well established societies cannot afford to ignore this magnificent work, and young organizations should not think of stopping short of the ability to sing it.

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The sacred drama of passion week, taking shape about the year A. D. 1250, became gradually clothed with music. Of all compositions of the kind, this is doubtless the most beautiful. (To some music lovers, it is the best of all sacred compositions.) It is very difficult, and as a whole, beyond the reach of any but the best performers. But the easy parts, including the chorals, are quite attainable, and the work may be attacked in sections with the best results.

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Composed A. D. 1797-'98, by *Haydn.*

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When Father Haydn chants, "The Heavens are telling the glory of God," all men must listen and applaud. Of this cheerful descriptive and perfectly melodious oratorio, we cannot be weary. As it is comparatively easy, it is often the first choice of new societies.

Athalie.

Composed by *Mendelssohn* (Posthumous Work.)

Boards $1.00, paper 80 cents.

Although published after the death of the author, it is a complete composition, and Mendelssohn, if living, might have enlarged, but probably would not have otherwise changed it. Founded on Racine's Athalie.

Elijah.

Composed A. D. 1846, by *Mendelssohn.*

Boards $1.25, paper $1.00.

A work filled with such a "sacred" spirit, that, in its effect on the heart and the feelings, it may be said to excel the most solemn church service. Not of great difficulty.

St. Paul.

Composed by *Mendelssohn.*

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Many parts of this Oratorio have such a fame, that no collection of choruses is complete without them. But they are best in their true places, where scenes connected with the martyrdom of Stephen, the conversion at Damascus the sending forth of Paul as an apostle, the attempted sacrifice at Lystra, are vividly brought to mind by words and music.

David.

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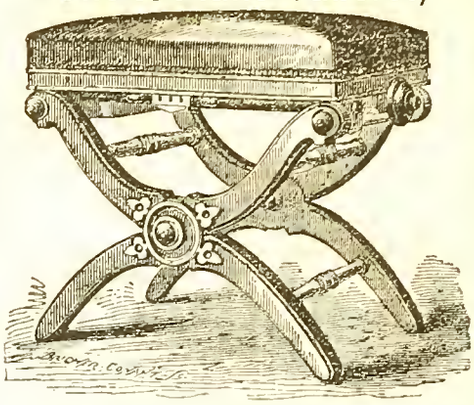

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The Musical Student.

Air—"Woo'd and married an' a'."

They speak o' the musical beauties
O' Bach an' Beethoven an' a';
But waes me, o' a' their inversions
They ken almost naething ava.'
Their chords o' the sixth in the minor,
Wi' dominant sevenths an' a',
Their discords wi' neat preparations,
An' fine resolutions an' a':—

Plagued an' bothered an' a',
Bothered an' plagued an' a',
Wi' chords o' the sixth an' the seventh,
The ninth, eleventh, an' a'.

The subject I just had completed,
Had twa or three fifths in a raw,
Wi' ither sic fause-like relations,
Consecutive octaves an' a'.
My discords, I tried to resolve them,
By contrary motion an' a';
But tho' I had *contrary motion*,
'Twas *contrary* only to law.

Plagued an' bothered an' a',
Bothered an' plagued an' a',
Wi' a' their confounded *suspensions*,
Which simply means *hanging by law*.

An' then cam' their fugues an' their canons,
Augmented, *diminished*, an' a',
Which only *diminished* my chances
O' getting them richt ava'.
But then cam' the end o' the session—
A jolly relief frae a'—
When my chords went to *sixes an' sevens*,
An' I to the Hielands, hurra'!

Freed frae bother an' a',
Dominants, tonics, an' a';
Resolving the whole into pleasure,
The best *resolution* o' a'.

F. E. I. S.

—*London Musical World.*

The Wagner Festival at Bayreuth.

BY JOSEPH BENNETT.

(From the London Musical Times.)

(Concluded from Page 323.)

Having, in a former article, discussed the poem of "Der Ring des Nibelungen," I now approach its music, not, however, for the purpose of detailed criticism. To go point by point through Wagner's score—a monument of industry and perseverance—would demand qualities second only to those which made its creation possible. Furthermore, such labor is needless. Great as may be the individual claims of "Der Ring des Nibelungen," musical men are not so much concerned about it, *per se*, as about the new and startling principles embodied. Wagner's drama might disappear tomorrow, but the theories upon which it is based would remain for acceptance or rejection just as though nothing had happened. Consequently, I have to deal, before all, with principle and theory; but this cannot be done apart from a discussion of the music to the drama, since the latter presents itself as an authoritative exposition of the former—so authoritative that the fate of the one may be considered as carrying with it the fate of the other. Let me, then, take both Wagner's theory of dramatic music and his "Ring des Nibelungen"—to regard this in the light reflected from that, and *vice versâ*.

The theory may be stated briefly, though, if Wagner's voluminous argument be a necessity, the reasons upon which it is based would take long to exhibit. I shall avoid the reasons, not merely because there is no space for them here, but because I now aim at criticism from a practical standpoint, and to take my reader into the wilderness of Wagnerian verbiage would be to harass his mind and tax his patience unnecessarily. Here, then, without further preface, or setting forth of Why and Wherefore, is the root of Wagner's musical system as applied to drama—*the Word must dictate the Tone.* From this brief thesis springs the whole art-fabric about which the world is talking. The Word must dictate the Tone—that is to say, the Word must be brooded over by the composer, whose instinct will divine its musical equivalent, to which his skill will give expression. Beyond the range of the Word the composer may not go, and he must follow it whithersoever it lead. Nay, he must bring his eye so closely down to it that anything besides, even a contiguous word, is unseen. It is not for him to move to a distance, painter-fashion, that a number of objects may blend and furnish materials for an artistic design. This would be inimical to the absolute supremacy of the Word, which demands individual attention, and reduces the unfortunate composer to the position of the man in arithmetic books who undertook to pick up so many eggs, placed some yards apart, in so many minutes, starting on a separate journey for each. The athlete in question never had more than one egg on his mind and in his hand at a given time, and, like him, the Wagnerian composer moves from word to word, putting his ear to each and jotting down its note. About the influence of this strange procedure upon musical form I shall have somewhat to say by-and-by, but it will be convenient now to remark its working in a less mechanical and more important direction. A reader may here interpose and say, "Can there be any result more important than the break up of form, upon which music, not less than any other art, depends for all its intellectual and much of its sensuous charm?" In reply, let me state that there are pages upon pages in "Der Ring des Nibelungen" where the music, taken in conjunction with its dramatic surroundings, satisfies every requirement, formless though it be—as form is commonly understood. Listening to it, the unbiassed critic finds himself on the verge of a belief that Wagner has hit upon a system which, however strange, belongs to the Eternal Veities. But the action of his fundamental theory in the direction at which I have hinted is attended by no such results, simply because a drama, properly so called, cannot be constructed without obliging the Wagnerian composer to shut his eyes to the sole objects of art—mental elevation and sensuous pleasure. A drama, while a work of art, is an exhibition of human nature, and would not be true unless it set forth vice as well as virtue, obliquity as well as straightforwardness, that which is mean and small as well as that which is noble and great. In "Der Ring des Nibelungen" Wagner recognizes the fact as completely as can be desired. We have seen that his drama abounds in trickery and low device; that even his gods are gamblers; and that hardly a character is free from chicanery. It is to the discredit of the master that he shows us this apart from any high moral purpose; but, generally speaking, the dramatist uses that which is ugly to enforce the desirableness of beauty, and makes virtue more attractive by contrast with vice. But between music and the drama, so regarded, there is not the smallest analogy. The "divine art," abstract in its very essence from everything in the material and moral world, has no necessary connection whatever with anything materially and morally objectionable. He, therefore, who makes the connection does so on his own responsibility, and is solely accountable for the result. Looking at Wagner's theory of the evolution of the Tone from the Word, and not less on his practice as exemplified by "Der Ring des Nibelungen," in the light of this unquestionable truth we see at once the fallacy of both, and understand how both fail on a vital point. Composers, from the earliest years of the lyric drama until now, have had to deal with baseness of character and meanness of sentiment; but they have treated these things under the influence of an idea that their business was not to drag art down to the level of its subject, but always to maintain its dignity and worth. Wagner, on the other hand, sees no dignity and worth in music as such, but hauls it anywhere and everywhere, over flower-decked meadows or through bogs and swamps, tied to the chariot wheels of the Word. Aware of this fact, and familiar with the story of "Der Ring des Nibelungen," the reader can form a tolerably accurate idea of much of the music. Sweet waters do not run from a foul spring, neither do thistles produce figs. Similarly, the scenes in Wagner's drama, where that which is physically and morally repulsive dominates, cannot, according to the theory he sternly practises, be attended by other than repulsive music. Even at this distance of time a kind of shudder passes over me as I recall the wide dreary deserts of barren sound through which at Bayreuth Wagner smilingly conducted us, as though they were strips of the Promised Land, flowing with milk and honey. His grotesque imps, scheming gods, and stupid giants were continually evolving their musical equivalents, and all their lies and dodges were reflected in false and tricky strains. It would be easy to give a hundred examples of this fact—to cite passage after passage, in interminable procession, which, from a musical point of view, has nothing to recommend it. I did so at Bayreuth, in the hearing of one among Wagner's most ardent supporters, and was calmly assured that a musical result was not intended. If so, musicians may well demand, with no little indignation, why the apparatus and resources of music are used for the low and unworthy object of mere noise—why the purest and most beautiful of arts is employed in so degrading a connection, married to the mean and low, and prostituted to the creation of repulsiveness.

I need not stop to show how the notion of evolving the Tone from the Word is destructive of form, which, in its very nature, presupposes the independence of music as regards structural lines. Where the business of the composer is limited to catching each idea as it falls from the mouth of the poet, and clothing it in an appropriate musical dress, he can entertain no notion of symmetry, fitness of parts, beginning, middle, and end; the grouping and general arrangement of that which he produces being dictated by another. We see this constantly exemplified in "Der Ring des Nibelungen," though there are occasions when Wagner so handles his dramatic material as to make the resources of form available. The music streams on down the course of the poetry, turning and twisting in infinite convolution; now calm, now stormy; now flowing over smooth sand, now whirling in eddies among rocks; now expanding into a broad reach, now rushing through a gloomy ravine; now clear as crystal, and now (more often) opaque as a Black Country canal. Nowhere do we find the lines which commonly break up dramatic music into symmetrical forms, as a microscope breaks up a snow-flake into a multitude of perfect and in-

dependent crystals. Like the brook which I have used in figure, the music is continuous, varied, not by reasons of art, but only by the dramatic circumstances which control it. It has already been indicated that this system is not necessarily an evil. There are scenes in "Der Ring des Nibelungen" where the formlessness of the music never occurs to its hearer—where the poetry of the situation inspires so much beauty that mind and sense are "possessed" to the exclusion of consciousness that anything is wanting. Such is that of the interview of Siegmund and Sieglinde, and of Brünnhilde and Siegmund, in "Die Walküre;" of the forest episode in "Siegfried," and the awaking of Brünnhilde by her hero. In these instances, as well as in others which might be named, Wagner's system is shown under conditions that make it compatible at once with dramatic truth and musical charm. But how does the result arise? From any excellence in the system itself? By no means; rather is it the consequence of things lying outside the system—the consequence of situation and poetic thought, the music springing from which is beautiful, without regard to form, like the merry noises of nature on a summer's day. Turning from the scenes where this result is produced, we find others, in which the composer, having no such help, lies at the mercy of a theory, and is bound down by it so that he cannot employ the full resources of his art. Almost of necessity, there are occasions when the operatic composer derives little help from his subject, which has its moments of exaltation and depression, of emotional arsis and thesis, like everything that reflects the waves of life in a human soul. At such times he can sustain the interest by his own artistic means. The poet retirss into the background, but the musician comes to the front, and the balance is preserved without change. How many examples could be cited in which a poor dramatic situation is thus redeemed by the composer's art! But Wagner makes this impossible. If the poet retire, his shadow—the composer—goes with him; if the one sink, down goes the other, albeit there lie close at hand the means of keeping afloat. Herein, as the case appears to me, consists a weakness second only to the deadly heresy that the Word must inspire the Tone. In order to secure the advantage of a damatic truth which is not very obvious, and, by comparison with that sacrificed, is valueless, Wagner bars the composer from all the resources of form even when he is, through no fault of his own, reduced to the last extremity. The matter has only to be so looked at in order to ensure prompt rejection for this feature of Wagner's plan. But if anybody wishes to see its actual working, let him turn to "Der Ring des Nibelungen" and regard painfully the pages wherein the musician, dragged by the poet through quagmires of dreary talk, is bound by the system to be as flat and unprofitable as his tyrant. If that experience do not convince him nothing will, and further argument is useless. But the chances are in favor of a conclusion that the abolition of form in dramatic music, however possible to a certain extent without serious loss, cannot be accepted as a general principle apart from the gravest sacrifices.

Rejecting Wagner's theory of the absolute domination of the poet, we reject all that is fundamental; but some things yet remain, as exemplified in "Der Ring des Nibelungen," for further thought, and among them the so-called "characterization of themes:" that is to say, the representation of persons, feelings, and situations by *motivi*, which regularly appear whenever the things represented are placed before the bodily or mental eye. This device, it is hardly needful to point out, is not of Wagner's creation, but one found ready to hand, and brought to the highest pitch of development in his latest work. Judiciously used, it is of immense service, as helping to define and realize character, besides enabling the musician to suggest or strengthen ideas. Take, for example, the Funeral March of Siegfried ("Götterdämmerung,") which recalls nearly every leading incident in the life of the fallen hero, and makes the musician a biographer without taking him outside the bounds of his art. It must frankly be said for Wagner that he illustrates the use of this new power to perfection. The ingenuity with which he interposes, interweaves, and varies his character-*motivi* is infinite. Every connoisseur must regard with profound respect and admiration this feature in the work, conclusive as it is, not alone of high intelligence but of splendid musical genius. Here, however, we touch but the fringe of that which, in "Der Ring des Nibelungen," shows the greatness of the composer. No one who has followed me thus far will imagine that I entertain a blind prejudice in favor of Wagner. No one, therefore, will question my sincerity when I avow that the master's latest work argues his possession of qualities which rank him by the side of the first musicians. "Der Ring des Nibelungen" teems with evidence of genius. Its form may be fantastic and its principles a perversion of that which is musically true, but the underlying power is magnificent and overwhelming. Let there be no mistake here, because error would imply a want of the commonest perception on the part of him who errs. Wagner is an illustrious victim of his own theory. The Frankenstein of composers, he has vivified a monster which compels him "to do such tricks before high heaven as make the angels weep." What, otherwise, might not this great and remarkable man have wrought for his art? His capacity is boundless. From him melody streams as from a perennial spring—the "Nibelungen" is full of it—while his imagination never fails, his power of comprehending and expressing dramatic feeling and situation is always true, and, within the limits he allows himself, his employment of musical resources shows the hand of a consummate master. "Der Ring des Nibelungen" will remain for all time a proof of these gifts, and a monument of genius. But it will testify to something more; it will show how even a man capable of being its author may go wrong in the very essentials of his craft; how he may in the pride of his intellect and the splendid daring of conscious might become the Satan of his order, war against the Eternal Principles, and govern only in Pandemonium. Something of Milton's Fallen Spirit surrounds Wagner with a strange mixture of attraction and repulsion. Among the gods of his native heaven he might have been great, and in that which is now "his own place" he lifts himself in Titanic grandeur. But let us not forget that he is powerful chiefly for evil. Let us take care that neither in toad-form nor any other does he sit at the ear of the fair art-world, pouring therein sophistries to work irretrievable ruin.

Church Choirs in America.

The following article on American Church Choirs appears in the *Scottish Guardian*:—

It may or may not be known in Scotland that in the United States the church choirs form a very large proportion of the musical community. In each church there is a 'music committee,' charged with the management of the music; and it is to a great extent on the quality of the music and of its performance that the popularity of the great majority of the churches of New York depends. The American Church, it must be remembered, is a free Church, and boasts of no State support. In the eyes of the Republic all Churches are alike, and so long as they do not offend against the civil or the moral law, all religions are of course tolerated. As each church is dependent upon its supporters and upon the size of its congregation for the income of itself and of its religious staff, it almost necessarily follows that there is an immense amount of competition. Indeed, the affairs of the church are in this respect managed upon something which seems very much like commercial principles; and as large congregations must be attracted, it follows as a logical consequence that there must be an attraction. In these attractions there is, of course, a very great amount of competition, and matters have progressed to such a pass that the music of a fashionable New York church costs annually a very large sum of money, far larger indeed than we should dream of paying for it in the United Kingdom. Nor is this competition confined to one sect. All enter into it with heart and spirit, and American Episcopalians, Roman Catholics, and Hebrews, and even the *soi-disant* simple Baptists, Presbyterians, and Covenanters, run a mad race for popular support in a way which would, if the character of the people were less known, shock their brethren on this side of the water. Even Plymouth Church, the elect of which is Mr. Henry Ward Beecher, has its music committee and a very extensive choir, under the direction of a Mr. Camp; and a few months ago, when the post of tenor soloist became vacant, and no vocalist efficient enough for the purpose could be discovered in the United States, the leader of the choir was empowered by the music committee to send to England for one. The gentleman selected is, we learn, said to have been successful as a concert singer, although his name and fame have not yet reached the public ear in Brooklyn, where the Plymouth Church congregation is located.

The church choirs of New York are very highly paid, and indeed we are informed by a lady vocalist who, long a member of American church choirs, has recently arrived to settle in England, as a concert-singer, that the best and most popular members are frequently paid salaries amounting to 100 dollars, or £20 a week. Inasmuch as the average salary of a choir-singer in England is but £10 to £50 per year, the great difference involved in the comparison will be obvious. Nor are the New York churches by any means economical in the number of vocalists they engage. Trinity Church, a Protestant Episcopal church, boasts of an organist and musical director (Mr. Arthur H. Messiter), besides an associate organist, a leader of the choir, and a choir of 15 treble, 5 alto, 6 tenor, and 5 bass voices, all picked vocalists, while other churches are equally fortunate in this respect.

But the high salaries paid to the vocalists of church choirs have produced a retrograde, or rather a progressive, movement in favor of a more simple form of divine worship. The prices paid have really become so high, that many churches in the year which commenced on May-day last, have been compelled to dispense with the choir altogether, and this has caused a flood of out of work vocalists, the increase of the supply in relation to the demand necessarily in many cases decreasing the salaries. Mr. Wardwell, who owns perhaps the largest church choir agency in New York, has in his books, it is said, over 200 applicants, while a single advertisement for tenors and basses was responded to by 130 individuals. A certain Miss Thursby, long a favorite in the New York churches, having retired from the choir of the Broadway Tabernacle, and an advertisement for a new soprano having been inserted in the newspapers, numerous singers succeeded in obtaining the opportunity for a practical trial in the church. The announcement of the first evening's test was answered by a crowded house, and when the request was made that all those desiring to take part in the contest should remove from the body to the gallery of the church, nearly the entire congregation arose and, with rolls of music, marched to the rapid beatings of their own hearts to the seats above. For three hours the panorama of sopranos passed over the musical disk with one enervated organist and two alternating blow-boys in the background. 'Angels ever bright and fair' appeared to be the favorite selection, and when it came to the words, 'Take, O take me,' which were delivered with all the pathos demanded by the text, it appeared a direct and touching appeal to the hearts and pockets of the committee. Soon after 11 p.m. a fresh orchestra was substituted, and it was nearly midnight before the contest was adjourned until another evening.

But another and far more serious alteration has also been effected in the musical arrangements of many of the New York churches. Especially in the Presbyterian, Baptist, and churches other than the Episcopal, the change has frequently been made from choir to congregational singing, and in the adoption of the volunteer system. There is also a tremendous run upon precentors, the salaried quartet being abandoned altogether, and the precentor leading the congregational singing instead. This change is eminently satisfactory, as well to those who do not care to have their singing done by proxy as to those who desire a curtailment of the expenses. But the changes have not been made without vigorous opposition on the part of many members of the congregation; and in one church,

it is said, when the question arose, the more youthful members, finding they were likely to lose their choir, swept the board of the music committee, the members of which had served for years, and formed a new committee to sustain the musical prestige of the church. In the Episcopal churches a reduction of salaries has been effected; but music plays, we are told, far too important a part to admit of the employment of a precentor, unaided by a paid choir, or at least a salaried quartet of vocalists.

It must be admitted that the change from elaborate to congregational singing is one for the better; but a mixed service, such as is adopted in many of our Anglican churches would surely be better still. Take, for instance, the case of the Foundling Chapel, to which we have before had occasion to allude in these columns. At the Foundling the congregation joins heartily with the choir throughout the service, with the exception of the anthem sung immediately before the sermon. The responses are chanted, in the Litany they are spoken, the priest does not intone, the Psalms are chanted, and a hymn is sung before the Litany and a Kyrie before the Holy Communion. There are six paid vocalists to lead the choir, which is formed of the boys and girls of the Foundling Hospital, a great majority of whom sing plain but good music from notes. The congregation joins heartily in this service, which in its way and despite a few defects affords, we fancy, about as good a model as could be found. The object of a church choir is to lead the congregational singing, to improve it, and to make it worthy of a place of worship, thereby disproving the *mot* attributed to a certain sensational preacher, that a certain personage had all the best music. The singing of church choirs ought certainly not to be made a means of display, an attraction which offers battle under heavy disadvantages to the secular concert. But a good quartet, or even better, a thorough good voluntary choir led by an efficient musician, whether as organist, precentor, musical director, or leader, is quite sufficient to keep an ordinary congregation from stumbling; while, with proper training, even Bach's 'Passions-musiken,' and other devotional works, might be included in the scheme. We should indeed be sorry to see the entire abandonment of more elaborate music, believing that, inasmuch as part of the Church service is directed to be said by the priest and part by the people, even so part of the music could with advantage be sung by the choir and part by the congregation. But we should, on the other hand, regret to see the musical portion of the Church service converted entirely into a mere medium of display, or that music should be used solely of so elaborate a nature that an ordinary congregation would be afraid to deal with it lest it should spoil it. The change which is now progressing in the American churches will be watched with interest, but it will have but little effect upon our own churches. Although we have a somewhat exaggerated idea of the dispositions of our American cousins, it is yet certain that they are not without a dash of sensationalism, and that which is necessary for them might not be good for us. Many of our churches, indeed, stand in need of reform, but hardly in this direction. What we chiefly require is a certain amount of levelling up, while our American friends appear to need a pretty considerable dose of levelling down.

Creating the Sound.

It is an accepted custom for anybody who wants to become a great singer either to go to Italy, before either he or she comes out, or to do so after several years study with other than Italian masters.

Whenever there is a question of fashion or superiority between the different operas, German, French, English, or Italian, the latter is sure to carry off the prize, though it has been stated, time and again, that the great stars of the Italian opera are, with very rare exceptions, not Italians.

What is the reason that the Italian singers are believed to be so superior to those of any other country that Germans, French, Belgians, etc., usually add an i, or an o, or a little syllable to their names, so as to be thought Italians? And why should people make peregrinations to Italy as the only land where singing can be learned to perfection?

That it is a prejudice kept up against the clearest evidence can be proved by the fact that the great prima donnas of the moment—Patti, Nilsson, Lucca, Tietjens, Trebelli, etc.,—are not only not Italians, but that they have never been in Italy to take one lesson. Patti comes from Italian parents, but that is all. She made her début here, and went from here to London, where her first season was immediately a success. Tietjens, one of the most dramatic singers on the lyric stage, is a German; so is Lucca, and both these ladies never had but German teachers. Nilsson and Trebelli began and finished their studies with Wartel in Paris; neither of them has ever seen an Italian professor, the few lessons which Mlle. Nilsson lately took from Delle Sedie amounting to very small importance.

This being so, we ask again, why has this prejudice in favor of the Italian school lasted so long?

For a very simple reason. The Italians taught their pupils to open the mouth and sing straight out *dal petto*, from the chest; not, like most Germans, from the throat, or the French through the nose. The language has of course much to do with this, the German pronunciation being rather guttural, and the French dipthongs of "in" "en," etc., being nasal.

But though this may be an extenuating circumstance for bad emission of voice, there is not the slightest necessity for it; as we have above mentioned, German and French singers having very well succeeded in appropriating to themselves the correct method of Italian singing, and entirely overcoming the impediments of the language. The great affair, the all-important affair, the only real difficulty, is to know how to produce the sound. And that it is upon which the Italians insisted before all. Their great masters insisted on the pupils forming this emission of the sound for many years, going through all the studies, *solfeggi*, *vocalisés*, etc., before they were allowed to touch a song. But when the voice was firmly set, *posée*, when the emission came clear from the chest; when the inequalities inherent to nearly every uncultivated voice, usually to be found in the first and second third of the voice's extent, were overcome; when they had learned how to produce properly their scales and shakes, and how to sing strictly *legato* and *staccato*; when they had passed, like Rubini and Lablache, seven years in forming, setting, and plying the voice, then there was no difficulty for them to be found in any opera. All the difficult passages had been foreseen, prepared, studied, so that, when they came to want it, it was all child's play to them.

If pupils would consent to studying under a conscientious and competent master, so seriously, with zeal and perseverance, until they can sing, instead of beginning where they should end, with learning how to sing a ballad or an air, there would be no need for them to make the pilgrimage to Italy.

But there is the whole secret. How many voices, good, full, fresh voices, are spoiled because the teacher, anxious to bring the pupil out, instantly makes her sing compositions which she is no more fit for than a baby to ride before it has learned to walk! Another fatal disadvantage is the eagerness of ladies themselves to sing and force high notes, in order to astonish the natives; and the natives are astonished, and applaud, and the voice is forced, strained, broken, and so ends the whole game suddenly.

The first thing, therefore, is to set the voice, well to know, before all, what *timbre* of voice it is, not to sing a mezzo-soprano up to high notes, nor, what is equally often done, down to a contralto register. The voice once well fixed as to extent, which requires an experienced ear and an able teacher, then go to work and fix it in the limits recognized to be correct.

But rushing into ballad singing, to make a few dollars at once, is killing the goose with the golden egg, and to sing at once airs with *fioriture* instead of studies, is evidently to do a thing without having learned how to do it, and this, moreover, by blundering and struggling before an audience, with the unavoidable anxiety consequent upon a first appearance, so that these young ladies break a career, which, with proper training, might have led to highly satisfactory, in some instances even to glorious results.

We give this bit of advice to a number of young lady beginners in the art of singing, who with pleasant appearance, sympathetic voice, and intelligent conception, stop their own career by not taking sufficient care to avoid the temptation above mentioned.—*Music Trade Review.*

Carl Rosa Opera Company.

ISOUARD'S "JOCONDE."

By the production of *Joconde; or, the Adventure Seekers*, Mr. Carl Rosa taught all but the very few who were previously acquainted with the fact that a musical composer named Nicolo Isouard once lived. Possibly the enterprising manager did more, and excited a mild curiosity with regard to the man and his works, in which case a few biographical details will prove acceptable. Nicolo Isouard—better known in France by his Christian name alone—formed one of a group of musicians who came into the world about the middle of the last century, and chiefly distinguished themselves in opéra-comique between the advent of Napoleon and the overthrow of the restored Bourbons. The names of the rest were Dalayrac, Méhul, Berton, Catel, and Boieldieu, two only of whom acquired what may be regarded as European fame. Nicolo was born at Malta in 1775—the year in which Boieldieu first saw the light—and made his *début* on the stage of the great world as a banker's clerk. In that capacity he snatched a musical education how and where he could, finally abandoning the desk of commerce for that of composition, and trying his "prentice han'" at Florence upon an opera entitled *Avviso ai Maritati*. From Italy, Nicolo went back to his native island, removing to Paris on the capture of Malta by the French, and there meeting Rodolphe Kreutzer, by whom he was much assisted. Nicolo's name first appears in the repertory of the Opéra Comique under date 1801, when he produced *Le Tonnelier*. In 1802 it appears again, and again in 1803 and 1805, when *L'Intrigue aux Fenêtres* made him popular. Between the last-named year and 1811 Nicolo produced fourteen operas, many of which were written with more haste than judgment, the composer having scarcely a rival to dispute his sway or put him on his metal. In 1811, however, Boieldieu returned to Paris from a long residence at St. Petersburg, and Nicolo was ousted from his position of leading favorite, after a struggle, amid the excitement of which he produced *Joconde* and other of his best works. Subsequently he gave way to habits of dissipation, and died in 1818, at the early age of forty-three, his rival surviving him sixteen years. *Joconde*, produced at the Feydeau, Feb. 20, 1814, a year after Auber's *début* with *Le Séjour Militaire*, is a choice example of the composer, who, anxious to checkmate Boieldieu, lavished upon it all his skill. Not only so, but it affords a conspicuous proof of the influence which Mozart at that time exercised over the French school. Only a few years previously Berton had introduced *Le Nozze di Figaro* to Paris, and every page of *Joconde* shows how powerfully that masterpiece affected Nicolo. Save, indeed, that the French opera does not bear the stamp of commanding genius which the German composer impressed on all his dramatic works, it might be signed by Mozart, page after page and scene after scene recalling his style and form. *Joconde* comes to us, therefore, with a certain historical interest, as marking both a personal and artistic episode in the annals of the French lyric stage.

The story of the opera has the merit of simplicity. A certain Count Robert and his friend Joconde, fancying that they are jilted by their respective fair ones, Mathilde and Edile, resolve to go forth in disguise, and make a raid upon the entire female sex. Dressed as troubadours, they begin by attacking a rustic maiden, Jeanette; but not only does the claim of the one clash with that of the other and lead to disagreeables, but the village beauty, aided by Mathilde and Edile, who have followed their lovers, also in disguise, outwits them both, and the village mayor puts them in the lock-up as rogues and vagabonds. This business gives vivacity and dramatic interest to the second act; the third being, of course, devoted to setting all things right, and spreading happiness over castle and cottage. As only the first act takes place in the Count's halls, the prevailing element is bucolic. Across a pastoral scene, where Strephon pipes to Chloe as she spins, ranges a couple of wolves, seeking whom they may devour, and getting caught in a trap which effectually spoils their game. All, therefore, is appropriately idyllic. There are trees, cottages, rustic bridges, dancers, beer barrels, jovial peasants, rural *fêtes*, plenty of ribbons, and much blowing of hautboys. An old-world simplicity pervades the scene, together with the flavor of the pastoral poetry in which our grandfathers delighted, and, really to harmonize with it, the audience should dress *à la* Watteau, and carry crooks. The music is quite in keeping. It contains nothing of the *Sturm und Drang* element which now-a-days seems to best agree with public taste. Rather does it suggest the precise and studied elegance of the "pigtail and powder" school. An air of graceful repose prevails, and even in animated moments the life is carefully measured out, like poison in medicine. Nobody, therefore, will go to *Joconde* in search of excitement. On the other hand, if anybody has

been too much stirred by *The Flying Dutchman*, Nicolo's opera may be recommended as an unfailing sedative, equivalent to a spell of quiet country life. *Joconde* is a corrective in another sense, as affording very agreeable proof that the dramatic music which satisfied a past generation has still a *raison d'être* in its own native and, let us hope, ineradicable charm. No reformer of the lyric drama, even with the power of twenty Wagners, can reason away the attraction of a beautiful melody, symmetrically developed and tastefully scored. He may gain the assent of our reason in the discussion forum, and convince us that such a thing is a crime against art; but, hearing it in the theatre, we cheerfully put ourselves among those who "know the right, yet still the wrong pursue." As long as this possibly very wicked yet, somehow, natural disposition lasts, *Joconde* will have admirers, for nearly all its music is charming. Nicolo's themes, ever appropriate, flow on with an easy grace that delights both ear and mind, while his orchestral and concerted music has a clearness and a play of modest color that, in our times of glare and confusion, come like a breath of fresh air into a room heavy with perfume. For modern musical development we are bound to be thankful; but a well-known couplet in *Joconde* applies to art as well as love:—

"Et l'on revient toujours
A ses premières amours."

By the way, the familiar song of which these lines are the refrain—a song long known amongst us by the name of "We've lived and loved together"—stands very well as representative of the entire work. Its suavity, grace, and melodic attractiveness are found in an almost equal degree from the pretty opening duet to the last *finale*. This being the case, we need hardly state that Mr. Rosa deserves thanks for the production of *Joconde*. The opera may not become naturalized among us, but as an occasional visitor it will surely meet with a welcome.

In speaking of the performance, credit is first due to Mr. Santley for undertaking, and accomplishing with a measure of success unusual to inexperience, the task of preparing the English version of M. Etienne's libretto. If a better artist in tones than in words, Mr. Santley has yet done that with words which is more than equal to the average of its kind. He cannot be congratulated with equal warmth upon his assumption of the title *rôle*. Mr. Santley excels in such parts as the Water-Carrier and the Dutchman, but when he essays to be a court gallant he goes beyond his *métier*. Wherever he goes he makes himself welcome by his singing all the same, and his delivery of the air before mentioned may be cited as perfect. He was encored in this, and elsewhere applauded with heartiness. Miss Yorke as Mathilde and Miss Corani as Edile sang pleasantly, the second lady obtaining a special round of applause by her clever assumption of the gipsy character; while, as Jeanette, Miss Gaylord played with a mingled archness and simplicity that established her in the favor of the audience. Mr. Nordblom as Robert, Mr. Turner as Lucas, Mr. Stevens as Lysandre, and Mr. Aynsley Cook as the Bailli—a part he assumed at short notice in consequence of Mr. Lyall's illness—severally contributed to the strength of the cast. The chorus and orchestra were, as usual, quite equal to their work, and, under Mr. Rosa's able direction, Nicolo's music received justice. There were unanimous calls for the principal performers after each act.—*D. T.*

Testing Choir Boys in New York.

At the clear-toned melodeon in the choir-room of Trinity Chapel, West Twenty-sixth Street, Thursday afternoon, sat organist Walter B. Gilbert, Oxford Bachelor of Music, testing the voices of three trembling boys, aspirants for two vacancies in the choir of the chapel.

"Some of the sweetest voices in the world are in New York, and we should be glad to have them in our choir," said Mr. Gilbert; "but mothers and fathers keep boys at home that can sing, when, if they were here, they would earn from 3 dols. to 5 dols. per week, be thoroughly trained in music, and receive a good education in the chapel established for choristers. Now, boys, how old are you?"

"Thirteen, sir," replied both in a breath, their wide-open eyes fixed steadfastly upon Mr. Gilbert's firm, but kind, face. Their hands meanwhile travelled at a 2·15 gait around the brims of their hats.

"My brother Marcus is in the choir, sir," returned the smaller.

"Oh, indeed," observed Mr. Gilbert, "I thought I recognized your face. The brother may be a splendid singer, while the other is as unmusical as possible. Musical talent runs in a family sometimes for three generations, and then dies out. You are both a little above our standard of age. We do not want boys much over eleven, but I will try you. Cluny, sing with the instrument," beginning a middle octave.

Cluny cleared his throat nervously, and followed the tone of the melodeon up the scale very sweetly. The other boys were tried, and he whose brother was already in the choir, was found wanting. He hurried out of the room.

"Cluny, try again. Open your mouth wide. It is no more possible for sound to come out of your chest and throat if you keep your mouth closed, than it is for me to go out of this room if the door is closed. Stand up straight; every live singer does; the voice must come out."

Cluny tried again the musical ascent, and accomplished it satisfactorily.

Three more boys, the larger very good-natured looking, in a white linen coat, entered. He (the larger boy) was under the convoy of his father, a smiling German.

"How old is your boy?" asked Mr. Gilbert.

"Twelve years, sir."

"He is well grown for twelve. Don't say that he is younger than he is. Some folks say that they are not so old as they are, and few people know better. But the voice shows how old boys are, for it begins to crack at fourteen. Has he sung anywhere?"

"In the school, sir."

"That don't amount to anything," said Mr. Gilbert. "The singing in the public schools is unworthy. It might be made pleasanter than any other child-singing in the world. The children, some of whom are the brightest in the world, are only half taught music. Follow the instrument, Muller."

Muller did, smiling a faint smile, to make Mr. Gilbert and his father believe he liked to do it, and was quite at ease in doing it. But he was not, as was shown unmistakeably by his treatment of his hat. "Your voice is sympathetic, and you have a good ear. Give me German sympathy and American quickness combined. You must be part American. English boys' voices are excellent, German boys have the best ear for music, and American boys' voices beat the world. But the climate of this part of America ravages voices frightfully. I have had boys that sang superbly at rehearsals, and like frogs when their best was most needed. The thermometer had fallen, thirty degrees perhaps, and the boys were knocked out of voice. We have had boys of almost all nations here. Some of our boys are now among the worthiest men in the city. They form a sort of class, and love to meet one another. Employers can come here and learn the qualities of boys that have been here. We discipline them thoroughly, and put the names of the best boys upon a scroll that will be perpetuated so long as Trinity Corporation exists."

Having thus spoken, Mr. Gilbert tackled one of the boys that had entered with Muller. His coat was of the highest order of bobtails, and his Piccadilly collar stood up about his shrewd, tanned face. "Have you been to school?" questioned Mr. Gilbert. "No, sir," replied the boy, "not in a city."

"Where, then?"

"Oh, nowhere, sir, particular—in Newark. I can't sing, I guess, sir."

"Did you come from Newark to tell me that, my boy? Sing this," playing on the melodeon.

"I don't think I can hit the notes very near," observed the boy doubtfully.

"Well, I do not think I will need you, my boy," said Mr. Gilbert, "because we want boys here who can hit very near the notes." And the little Newarkian went out just as confidently as he had entered.

Three more boys, who applied without backers, and two boys that did not, being supported in their aspirations by their mothers, whose representations of the former musical achievements of their offsprings were very encouraging, were tried, and all but a little fellow in sailor blue, William Goodwin, a mother's pet, were invited to retire. Willie joined the elect, Cluny and Muller, amid a salute of smiles from his proud mother. At this point the choir boys bustled in, fresh from a run in the crisp air, to be in time, and smoothing their hair with hands and buttoning their coats.

"Form in line," directed Mr. Gilbert. And they stretched, fourteen boys long, in front of the blackboard. Two boys handed instruction books to their fellows, who stood like soldiers in line, neither stirring nor speaking.

"Begin," said Mr. Gilbert. And the choristers, in school-boy sing-song, went through a chapter in the book, beginning "Music is composed of five lines, called the stave," etc. And then they marked notes upon the blackboard, none coming up in that line to Smith, the head chorister, probably because he was the oldest and largest. At command the choristers sang the service in D, flowing into the Jubilate, and then leaping into a grave calming air, wherein Smith sang a solo finely. When they had done, Mr. Gilbert distributed tickets, valued at from eight to thirty cents, and redeemable on every quarter day, each boy receiving in proportion to his standing in the choir. Then they went home.

Mr. Gilbert then sent Goodwin's mother, Muller's father, and Cluny away exulting. Muller and Cluny being elected to the prized vacancies, and Goodwin added temporarily, on probation, to the choir. —*New York Sun.*

Music Abroad.

Leipzig. The customary Gewandhaus season of 20 concerts began Oct. 5. The programme offered: Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas* Overture; a Recitative and Cavatina from Reinecke's *King Manfred* (sung by Frau Peschka-Leutner); Max Bruch's Violin Concerto, played by Concert-meister Schradiek; Scena and Aria ("So schaöde, Barbar") by Spohr (Peschka-Leutner); Pastoral Symphony, Beethoven. The orchestral performances, under Carl Reinecke, are pronounced fully up to the high standard of Leipzig.

The second Concert (Oct. 12) offered two novelties, viz.: four pieces for string orchestra, entitled "Novelettes," by Gade, and a new pianist, Prof. Anton Door, of Vienna. The pianist seems to have caused the greatest pleasure and surprise by his "eminent virtuosity united with the finest taste and feeling." But not the same praise is accorded to his principal selection, the G-minor Concerto of Saint-Saëns (a composition not unknown here in Boston.) "The last movement (says the *Signale*), with its heaping up of hideous absurdities, stands in most cutting contrast with the preceding *Allegro Scherzando*, which forms so neat a cabinet picture, and partly also with the first movement, which is too much like an extended prelude." But the *Neue Zeitschrift* thinks the first movement "animated by a surprisingly grand and noble spirit for a modern Frenchman; by its sombre, demoniacal resolvedness reminding one of the introduction of the *Don Juan* Overture." "After the necessary concession to the sustained element has been made by its *Andante sostenuto*, the author moves only in the swift and animated rhythms in which he is most at home. The second movement, *Allegro scherzando*, fascinates by its verve, its deft and frequently poetic make; some passages are taken very unconcernedly from Weber's *Concertstück*. The weakest is the Finale; here the composer cuts many queer faces, and almost grimaces; his inventive wit expresses itself more powerfully here. For the musician this movement contains several original instrumental effects of peculiar interest." Herr Door's solo selections also are found fault with: a Song without Words (Op. 2, No. 3) and "Humoreske" (Op. 10, No. 2) by Tschaikowsky, and "German Dances" by Rubinstein. The vocal part of the concert was by Frau Schimon-Regan, who sang the Aria: "Zeffiretti lusinghiere" from Mozart's *Idomeneo*, and songs by Schumann and Heinrich Hoffmann. The second part was filled by Schumann's B-flat Symphony, "exquisitely rendered."

Dresden. Here are the programmes for the winter's Symphony Concerts, which we commend to many of our own music-lovers, and even of our best musicians, who manifest almost superstitious horror at the very thought of two Symphonies in

Chorus.

falls, but Fin - - - gal not, but

In the storm ..... o'er

We wan - der in the

We wan - der in the storm o'er plain, We

Fin - - - - gal not. What whis - - - per

plain, in the storm, ... we guide them to the

storm, we wan - der in the storm.

wander in the storm o'er plain, We guide them to the

they? what say they? what whis - per they?

dim. *pp*

fa - - - thers' home, the he - - - roes in the

dim. *pp*

dim. *pp*

fa - - thers' home, the he - - - roes in the

dim. *pp*

what say they? O why, ye spir - its, ap - pear ye to

bat - - tle fall - - en.

bat - tle fall - - - - en.

pp

me? O woe! ..... he hath

The

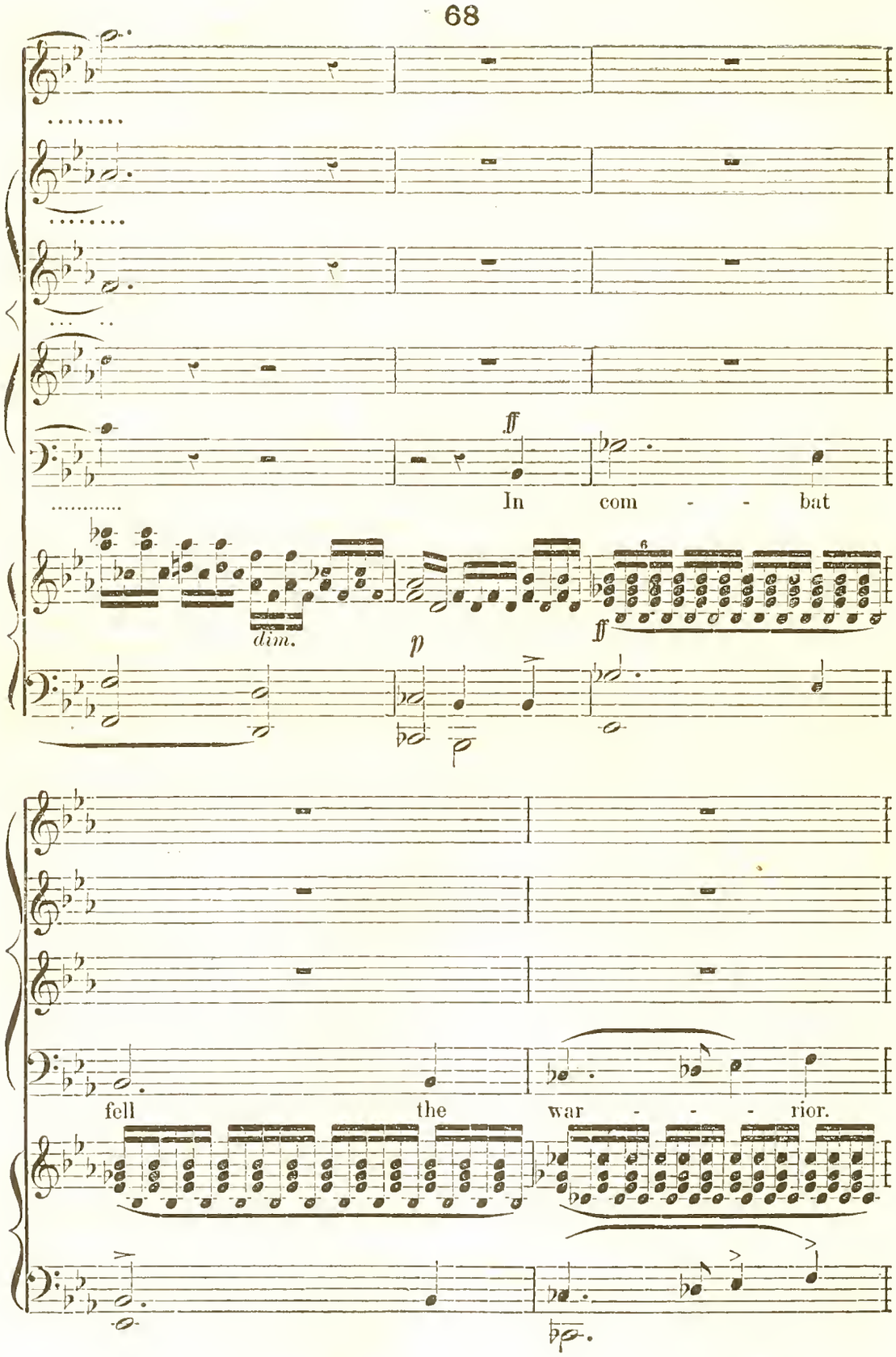
The bat - tle's rage is past and o'er, the bat - tle's rage is

fal - len, he is no more! .....

bat - tle's rage is past and o'er. .....

past and o'er, is past and o'er. .....

past and o'er, the bat - tle's rage is past .... and o'er. .....


ff
In com - - bat
dim.
p
ff
fell the war - - - rior.

the same concert. These concerts are given by the Court Kapelle in the hall of the Gewerbehaus.

1st Concert, Nov. 10.

Overture to "Oberon".....Weber
Symphony (F major), First time.....Herm. Götz
"Le Rouet d'Omphale:" Poème Symphonique, (first time).....Saint-Saëns
Symphony, No. 2, in D.....Beethoven

2nd Concert, Dec. 1.

Overture, Op. 124.....Beethoven
Symphony, in F, (first time).....J. Rheinberger
Ballet Music from "Paris and Helena" (first time).....Gluck
Symphony in C ("Jupiter").....Mozart

3d Concert, Jan. 5.

Symphony in E flat, first time, (No. 1, of André's edition).....Haydn
Laendliche Sinfonie, (first time).....Goldmark
Overture, Scherzo and Finale.....Schumann

4th Concert, Jan. 26.

Overture to the "Vehmrichter," first time..Berlioz
Symphony in E flat.....Mozart
Overture: "Zur Schönen Melusine"...Mendelssohn
Symphony, No. 8, in F.....Beethoven

5th Concert, Feb. 23.

Symphony in C, (No. 3 of Rieter-Biedermann Ed.) Haydn
Funeral March from "Götterdämmerung" (first time).....Wagner
Symphony, No. 1, in B flat.....Schumann
Overture, No. 2, to "Leonore".....Beethoven

6th Concert, March 9.

Concert Overture: "Michel Angelo".....Gade
Symphony No. 3, first time.....Jadassohn
Sinfonia Eroica.....Beethoven

BAYREUTH. *Nota bene!* In one of our foreign exchanges we read:

The assertion that the *Ring des Nibelungen* is to be repeated next year is open to grave doubts. It is true that the Corporation have offered to make good the pecuniary deficit of 60,000 marks resulting from the Festival Performances in August, but only on condition that Herr Wagner shall produce in 1877 at his Grand-National-Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre six operas, namely: *Fidelio, Olympia, Jessonda, Oberon, Don Juan*, and *Tannhauser*, on the same "model" style as that in which the Trilogy was got up, under the direction of Herr Hans Richter. The price of a pit-seat for the series is to be 100 marks.

KOENIGSBERG.—Mad. Pauline Lucca will sustain the parts of Margarethe, Frau Fluth, and Cherubino, in *Faust, Die lustigen Weiber*, and *Le Nozze* respectively at the Stadttheater in February.

HAMBURG.—*Aida* and *Der fliegende Holländer* have been alternating lately at the Stadttheater, and drawing good houses. M. Anton Rubinstein's new opera, *Nero*, is to be produced in March or April. The second season of the Hamburg Concert Union, which, under Herren Laube and Beständig, has so quickly assumed a high place in public estimation, was inaugurated by Beethoven's Overture, Op. 124. A new Cantata, by Rheinthaler, "Gott, du bist mein Gott," for chorus and orchestra, constituted the first novelty of the evening, but produced no very deep impression. It was followed by Hopffer's ballad: "Pharao," also for chorus and orchestra. The latter composition, which is a great favorote here, was greeted with loud applause. The purely orchestral works were the Funeral March from *Die Götterdämmerung*, and Raff's Symphony: "Im Walde." The reception accorded to the former was very cold indeed. The Symphony fared better during the first three movements, but the last movement was less fortunate.

The Bristol Festival.

(From the London Musical Times, Nov. 1.)

The capital of the West Country has held its second Triennial Musical Festival, not without success. A lot of good music was more or less well performed, and the statistics, both of attendance and money returns, compare favorably with the gathering of 1873.

Looking down the programme, one is struck by the prevailing familiarity of its selections. The "Messiah," "Elijah," "Lobgesang," "Israel," "Mount of Olives," the "Pastoral" and "Jupiter" symphonies, the overtures to "Oberon," "Tannhäuser," and "Jessonda"—all these are so commonly given on festival occasions that an observer unacquainted with facts might reasonably assume the non-existence of anything else of equal rank.

The make-up of the miscellaneous selections has been sharply criticized, and not without good reason, if such things are to serve in any degree the high purpose which all festival doings should have in view. One of the worst legacies bequeathed to us by our musical fathers consists in the notion that a hodge-podge of songs, ballads, overtures, symphonies, etc., has a value great enough to serve on a purely artistic occasion. It has nothing of the kind, and, looked at from any other point of view than that of a means *pour passer le temps*, possesses no value whatever. As yet the Bristol managers are not awake to this fact. They go upon the bad old plan of permitting artists to insert a lot of show and royalty pieces, very good in their place perhaps, but simply harmful when dovetailed with works of classic rank. That the Festival public are prepared for a better arrangement all my observation tends to show, and I am not without hope that on the next occasion at Bristol we shall find the miscellaneous programmes drawn up in accordance with some guiding artistic principle.

The executive resources of the Festival were adequate in all respects. Mr. Charles Hallé is a conductor who brings to his work an artistic taste, and who, moreover, is at the head of an orchestra constantly playing under his *bâton*. Band and *chef* were, therefore, beyond cavil at Bristol. The Festival choir, trained with zeal, care, and skill by Mr. Alfred Stone, was equally up to the required measure of excellence. Indeed, the western city has a right to be proud of a body of voices so pure in quality and so capable of "going anywhere and doing anything" as that over which Mr. Stone presides. If the choir lack the great power of its rivals farther north, it more than atones for this deficiency by a refinement and sweetness such as are barely equalled, certainly not surpassed elsewhere. The principal vocalists were Mesdames Titiens, Albani, Wynne, Patey, and Trebelli; Messrs. Cummings, Lloyd, Maybrick, and Behrens—a fairly strong body; and with these the festival resources were competent to the highest things. Unhappily, the same arrangements for general rehearsal prevail at Bristol as at Birmingham; that is to say, however competent hand, chorus, and principals may be in their individual capacity, no means of securing collective excellence are allowed, the more unfamiliar things being scrambled through as far as time permits, all others having to take their chance. Such a system as this knows no possible defence. It is absurd on the face of it—a thing *pour rire*, and one which patriotic as well as artistic Englishmen never mention in presence of the foreigner.

Had the Festival programme contained nothing but "Elijahs" and "Messiahs," my remarks would end here; but a word is due to its *quasi*-novelties. The "Requiem" of Verdi need not, however, detain me long. Only a short interval separates us from the date of its first performance at the Royal Albert Hall, when, conducted by the composer in person, and given under every possible advantage it made a deep impression, and was exhaustively discussed. Enough now that the Mass, albeit written in a style foreign to the taste which regulates the sacred music of England, achieved a marked success. Whether it will take a place beside the "Stabat Mater" of Rossini, and thus become the second example of Italian Church composition accepted amongst us, time alone can show; but that it is worthy of such an honor not a few amateurs unfeignedly believe. The "Fall of Babylon" commands greater attention, as a work written for England by a composer whose artistic relations with our country were unusually close. It must at once be admitted that Spohr's Oratorio has not met with a large amount of good fortune. Rarely is a chance of hearing it presented. The Exeter Hall authorities have lost sight of the work, and if it be sometimes given in Norwich, other places are careful never to show a knowledge of its existence. To this extent it suffers in common with all the master's sacred effusions (the "Last Judgment" excepted), and by consequence of the reaction which set in against Spohr when the star of Mendelssohn rose above the horizon. The genius of the younger composer, trained in the school of Bach, and developed so that it combined modern emotionalism with the power and grandeur of the contrapuntal masters, accorded more with English tastes, and was allowed, unhappily, to supersede not a little worthy of a better fate. Before it the light of Spohr grew faint, and although that work survives wherein he gives expression to the solemnity of the "last things," "Calvary" and "The Fall of Babylon" are rarely heard and little known. In this matter there has undoubtedly been a failure of justice. Neither of the oratorios just named are unworthy of their composer, which is equivalent to saying that they deserve a good deal of the favor lavished elsewhere. In the case of the "Fall of Babylon" this is emphatically true, for reasons not difficult to set forth. I know well enough that the subject of the oratorio is dramatic, and that Spohr had but a small share of dramatic genius, the lyrical element diffusing nearly everything he did. But I also know that the author of the libretto, Professor Taylor, appears to have done his work in full view of the fact. The "Fall of Babylon" is dramatic only in a subordinate sense, nearly all the first part consisting of lyrical or reflective passages such as Spohr delighted to obtain as a subject for his ornate and intense expression. In the second part, which deals with the Feast of Belshazzar and the events closely following, Taylor's book becomes more strictly a drama; but even here it is curious to observe how, after the march and chorus "Shout aloud" the lyrical character once more prevails, and Spohr deals with nothing but words of gratitude and praise. Undoubtedly this is a blot upon the libretto *per se*, but, having regard to the genius of the composer, it is an advantage, measurable when we compare Spohr's success in the lyrical part of his work with that obtained elsewhere. If the master attempts to be dramatic he fails, and that Taylor's book exacted so little which he was unable to give is a merit rather than a defect. To judge the "Fall of Babylon" properly, therefore, it should be regarded less as a sacred story than as the expression of certain sacred, domestic, and patriotic feelings, called forth by a great national crisis, which, like the keystone of an arch, supports the whole. Thus looked upon, it matters comparatively little that Spohr's handling of dramatic incident and situation compares unfavorably with the works of other great masters of oratorio. One may, of course, wish that he had given to the various characters and scenes a more decided and individual physiognomy, but it would be wrong because he has not done this to condemn an artistic creation wherein characters and scenes are subordinate. The "Fall of Babylon" must be estimated by its didactic and lyric numbers, and in these there can hardly be a doubt the master appears at his best. Take, for example, the tenor air "Remember, Lord," the bass song and chorus "Mighty God, Thine awful mandate," the *berçeuse*, "Dear child of bondage," the duet "Judah, still the chosen nation," and the air "No longer shall Judah's children wander." All these are gems which excite the highest admiration because full of deep sentiment and intense musical beauty. The wonder with regard to them is, in point of fact, that they have not become general favorites distinct from their surroundings, so marked are they by those qualities which the popular mind most easily appreciates. The impression made at Bristol could hardly have been greater, and it may be assumed that hundreds of west-country amateurs are now making themselves familiar with these charming examples of Spohr's lyric genius. Although some of the choruses in the "Fall of Babylon" are distinguished by requisite breadth and grandeur—witness "God of our fathers" and "Lord, Thine arm hath been uplifted"—it must be admitted that others exhibit in too forcible a style the composer's mannerisms; yet everywhere a musician finds plenty to admire. Spohr may have been destitute of broad artistic sympathies, but he was in regard to his own works an artist *par excellence* and nothing to which he put his hand shows other than the signs of exalted musicianship. If for this reason alone, his oratorios deserve more justice than they obtain—the justice which certainly awaits them as a result of the law whereby, in matters of taste as in all other, that which has been will be again. Bristol did well to give the "Fall of Babylon" a hearing, and to secure for the work a performance adequate on the whole to its merits. Let us hope that now the Oratorio will no more return to the obscurity in which it has so long dwelt. There is room for it, and all things of its degree, and there is need that vacant places should be filled, not by the pretentious, vapid, and inartistic creations of self-styled masters, but by the finished productions of those whose genius lies outside dispute.

London.

CRYSTAL PALACE. The Prospectus of the Saturday afternoon concerts announced to commence on the 30th Sept., promises many highly-interesting works during the series of 25 performances, 12 of which are to take place before, and 13 after, Christmas. The following compositions will be given for the first time: Palestrina.—Ave Maria. Purcell.—The Yorkshire Feast-song, for solos, chorus, and orchestra. Bach.—Concerto for orchestra. Haydn.—Two Andantes from his earliest symphonies. Mozart.—Concerto for violin in E flat, Concerto for pianoforte in E flat, recitative and aria for soprano, "Ah! io previde," being centennial works composed within 1776-77. Beethoven.—Dances for orchestra, composed for the Redouten Saal at Vienna, and a fragment of a violin concerto with orchestra. Schubert.—Fantasie in C, Op. 15 (adapted for pianoforte and orchestra by Liszt). Sterndale Bennett.—Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor." Berlioz.—Overture and selection from Benedict and Beatrice. Raff.—Overture on "Ein feste Burg" (Op. 127), and his newest symphony or other orchestral work. Wagner.—"Der Walküren Ritt," from "Der Ring des Nibelungen;" the Centennial Philadelphia March. Rubinstein.—Symphony, Ocean; pianoforte concerto, No. 2, in F, with other compositions in pursuance of his arrangement to appear as pianist and conductor at two concerts. In addition to these novelties, composers of every school will be fully represented, and an engagement has been offered to Herr Brahms on the occasion of his visit to England to receive his degree as Doctor of Music at Cambridge. The orchestra will maintain its usual standard of efficiency; and the performances will be, as before, under the conductorship of Mr. A. Manns, whose zeal in organizing and directing these concerts is now two well known to need eulogium.—*Mus. Times, Oct. 1.*

The Crystal Palace has always been distinguished for the attention paid to the works of English composers. It was therefore only appropriate that the first concert of the present season should open with an Overture by the late Sterndale Bennett, the one selected being that to "The Merry Wives of Windsor," which had not befor been heard at Sydenham. The Overture we are inclined to consider one of Bennett's best works, full of pleasing ideas, and marked by that finish of detail which was one of his characteristics as a composer. Two other novelties were given at this concert—the one a solid and well-written, though rather heavy, Concerto by Hans von Bronsart, admirably played by Mr. Fritz Hartvigson; the other, a selection from a Suite by the French composer Ernest Guiraud, assuredly neither solid nor heavy, but on the contrary very light and piquant, though with no great depth of invention. On the same afternoon a superb performance of Beethoven's Symphony in A was given. The vocalists at this concert were Madame and Signor Campobello.

The second concert included Haydn's delightful "Military" Symphony, and Weber's Concertino for clarinet, in which the fine tone, remarkable execution, and excellent style of Mr. Clinton (the first clarinet in the Company's band) were heard to great advantage. The special feature of the afternoon, however, was a large selection from the works of Wagner, including the Overture to "Rienzi," the Prelude and "Elsa's Dream" from "Lohengrin," the Funeral March from "Götterdämmerung," and the March composed for the Centennial Festival at Philadelphia. Of these five numbers the first three have often been previously heard in our concert-rooms; we need not therefore dwell upon them now. The Funeral March, following the death of Siegfried, with its truly wonderful instrumentation, was splendidly given under Mr. Mann's direction, and created a profound impression, even apart from the stage. The Centennial March, on the other hand, is alike unworthy of the occasion for which it was written and of the reputation of its composer. The vocalists at this concert were Miss Sophie Löwe and Mr. W. Shakespeare.

The concert on the 14th ult., commenced with Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" Overture, and concluded with a very sparkling and pleasing Overture by Mons. Gevaert (the principal of the Conservatoire at Brussels) to his Opera "Le Billet de Marguerite." Schumann's Symphony in B flat was played as it is played nowhere but at the Crystal Palace. Herr Wilhelmj was the instrumentalist at this concert. He was heard in a very dry Concerto for Violin by F. Hégar, and in his own transcription of Walther's song in Wagner's "Meistersinger." Some very excellent vocal music was also contributed by Miss Catherine Penna and Miss Enriquez.

At the fourth concert the Crystal Palace Choir appeared for the first time this season; and, so far as can be judged from a single hearing, there seems to be a marked improvement in their performance. The chief feature of the concert was Gade's charming Cantata "The Erl-King's Daughter," a work, by the way, which may be recommended to the attention of Choral Societies, as being full of beautiful music, and neither too long (it occupies rather less than an hour) nor too difficult. The solo parts were sung by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Bolingbroke, and Mr. Maybrick. An Adagio, for strings, from an unpublished and very early symphony of Haydn's, was a novelty of special interest. The movement is given in the appendix to the first part of Pohl's "Life of Haydn," and though decidedly old-fashioned in style, it was worth reviving, not merely from a historical point of view, but for its own sake. A second novelty was a "Marche Héroique," by Camille Saint-Saëns, a brilliant composition, but one in which the workmanship is more interesting than the ideas. The Overture to "Fidelio," Mendelssohn's "Reformation" Symphony, and two songs completed the afternoon's programme.

For the fifth concert, (on the 29th ult.), the chief works announced were Raff's "Lenore" Symphony, Schubert's Overture to "Alfonso and Estrella," Sullivan's "Ouvertura di Ballo," and Beethoven's Violin Concerto, to be played by M. Wieniawski.—*Ibid. Nov.* 1.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 25, 1876.

A Plethora of Music.

There is such a thing as too much of a good thing. Concerts in Boston, ever since the gloomy month came in, have been as frequent as the stormy days and nights, and the few pleasant ones besides. The music lover, who may feel in duty bound to keep in the current, soon finds that he has no evenings left for friends or quiet thought or other kind of recreation; no time to study music in his own private way, at his own liesure, taking things at his own *tempo*; no time to examine and fairly acquaint himself with one or two important compositions,—simply because he has to hear so many and so multifarious,—an experience like that of the tourist, who feels obliged to wander through interminable galleries of Art in his available one day or two, gazing at everything, remembering almost nothing. So it is with this unflagging, swift succession of great programmes of things old and new, good, bad and indifferent, in music. The good alone,—or those containing enough of the good, or of the interesting on the ground of novelty with high pretention, to make one loath to lose them,—are quite enough for one man or one woman to keep up with without stultifying the brain, like the "walkist" who paces hundreds of miles around a narrow circle for a wager.

—To notice all would be impossible; we can only make a beginning of the more important.

Harvard Musical Association. The twelfth season of Symphony Concerts began satisfactorily and with good promise on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 9. The day was stormy, yet the audience a fair one in point of numbers, of the best in character, and attentive to the end of a programme of the good old substantial, classical kind, by no means lacking contrast. It is, we presume, commonly understood that the chief end of the concerts for the present, after the financial losses of the past two seasons, is to save the orchestra,—to keep a local Boston orchestra in some sort of training to the higher tasks, in the hope of building up a much more perfect orchestra hereafter. The effort is dependent mainly on season subscriptions, and the times are hard and money scarce. Therefore the plan of the concerts is perforce an economical one; beyond the *essentials* of a good Symphony Concert, little else is promised save as the means come in for giving it without much risk. There will be no lack however of excellent artists, pianists, singers, etc., to lend variety and personal attraction. The orchestra is very nearly of the same size and proportions as last year (just about the same with the present Thomas orchestra). With a larger share of public support it could be enlarged and made more effective in so vast a Music Hall; and, what is still more desirable, much more time could be given to rehearsal; for time is money, says the proverb.

Considering the very short time for practice, after being scattered for six months, the musicians, we think it will be generally admitted, gave a very air interpretation to the master-pieces which composed the programme. The experienced conductor, Carl Zerrahn, had brought sympathetic unity and order into the body in a short time. The opening Overture, the romantic, brilliant one to Schumann's *Genovera*, whose charm never fails, came out with spirit and with freshness. Mozart's greatest Symphony, in C, (the "Jupiter,") so jubilant, so regal and so wholesome, was on the whole smoothly and clearly played; particularly the wonderful Andante; and if there seemed any lack of clearness in the famous fugued Finale, it was probably owing more to the intrinsic complexity of the four interwoven themes, than to the reading by the instruments.

The Heroic March by Schubert (in A minor, Op. 66), arranged for orchestra by O. Bach, and played here for the first time last winter, doubtless wearied some of the audience by its length, in spite of its remarkable richness and grandeur, and the exquisite felicity of themes and treatment in its two softer Trios. Much of this prolixity could be remedied by omitting a number of the formal repetitions; and in this way we trust the March, which is indeed a master work, will yet have another hearing.

The pianist of the day was Mrs. Wm. H. Sherwood, whom many remembered as Miss Mary Fay, of Boston, a pupil eighteen or twenty years ago of Otto Dresel, and who even then in her girlhood excited admiration by the ease and brilliancy of her performances in public. Returning now from studies in Germany, the wife of a gifted pianist, she brings musical experience, a rich repertoire, and more maturity of musical character and culture. Seldom have we heard the oft-played Mendelssohn Concerto in G-minor played in a more simple, unaffected manner, with such ease and fluency, such truth of expression—notably the *Andante*—and such delicacy of finish. Yet we heard her do it to much more advantage in rehearsal. She may have been nervous on the first reappearance before so changed a Boston audience; but there was some lack of strength. Our publics have become so accustomed to a muscular and masculine style of playing, even in lady pianists, that they are apt to overlook the merit of anything more feminine and unobtrusive. Of her solos in the second part—Thalberg's *Etude* in A minor, and the *Ballade* in F, by Chopin, the former was most happily rendered, the latter hardly reaching the ideal. Hearty applause, however, followed all her efforts.

☞ Of the second Concert we must speak next time. The third (Dec. 7) offers: Overture, "Alfonso and Estrella," *Schubert;* C-minor Concerto, *Beethoven*, played by the remarkable young pianist from Cincinnati, Miss Julia Rive (her first appearance in New England); Allegretto from Third Symphony, *Gade*; Rhapsodie Hongroise, *Liszt* (Miss Rive); First Symphony (B flat), *Schumann*.

—N. B. The *fourth* concert, on account of other engagements of the Music Hall, is postponed to *Tuesday*, Dec. 26. Programme:—Concert Overture, *Rietz;* F-minor Concerto, *Chopin* (Hugo Leonhard).—Pastoral Symphony, *Beethoven;* Vocal Solo; Jubilee Overture, *Weber*.

Theodore Thomas's "Five Grand and Popular Concerts" in the Music Hall have met with good success. The Orchestra shows many changes in its membership, especially in its first violins; we miss the second leader, Mr. Arnold, the admirable oboist, Mr. Eller, and several more of the best; and it is too true that the orchestra as a whole does not sound as it did in its best estate; the ensemble of tone is less perfect; there is roughnesss in the brass, such as we have been wont to hear complained of in our own orchestras. But the accomplished leading violin, Mr. Jacobsohn, remains at his post; there is the same skill and energy of conductorship; and the general style of performance is still excellent compared with any other orchestral playing we have known in this country. It will take some time, of course, for the perfect fusion of the new and old materials, and to recover all that was lost of continuity of habit, of long established mutual *rapport*, through the disastrous experience in Philadelphia and the temporary disbandment. With plenty of employment and a generous public support, the old causes will produce again the same results. And this support seems likely to be given, if we may judge by the very large audiences this past week in Music Hall, even on stormy evenings. Economy, retrenchment, has had a voice in the matter here too, it appears; the hard times are for all; the orchestra no longer boasts its "sixty;" it is reduced to about the same scale with our own: eight first violins, four 'cellos, &c. The proud distinction of the harp remains though.

A serious fault with these five mixed programmes has been their excessive length,—two hours and a half, at least, each time,—due in great measure to the almost too liberal array of solo attractions. Where one suffices to "lighten up" the programme of a good Symphony concert, here on the first evening there were three.

The first concert (Monday evening, 13th) began with the *Tannhäuser* Overture, played effectively of course, as was the overture to *Oberon* at the beginning of the second part. Of the other orchestral pieces the least familiar, and the one of most pretention was the Adagio ("Ingeborg's Lament") and Scherzo ("Elves of Light and Frost Giant"), from Hoffman's "Frithjof" Symphony. The former seemed to us too much in the Tristan and Isolde vein,—yearning and lamentation without much relief; we should like Ingeborg better would she dry her tears. There is a light and tricksy fancy in the Scherzo, and the frosty breath of the giant is made palpable enough. "Nachtgesang," by Voigt, and a *Sicilienne* from the old Boccherini, played by all the strings, were instances of that *ad captandum* kind of *pianissimo* which many hearers think *too* exquisite for this poor world. The orchestral arrangement of one o the most familiar *Rhapsodies Hongroises* by Liszt, brought the concert to a fantastical and brilliant close.— Mr. M. W. Whitney was not in his best voice, yet his grand deep tones accorded with the character of Beethoven's "In questa tomba;" his two Scandinavian Songs were rather commonplace. Miss Beebe sang Mendelssohn's Concert Aria, "Infelice," in fine artistic style and with dramatic fervor and expression; yet it needs a larger, grander voice; her English ballads, too, were beautifully sung. Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood's rendering of the Schubert Fantasia in C, op. 15, (as arranged with Orchestra by Liszt) was masterly and most effective. His group of smaller solos (Fugue in E minor, Handel; Nocturne, Chopin; and his own Capriccio, op. 4) showed his versatility of expression, and his inventive faculty, to good advantage.

Second Concert, Nov. 15. Part I. was as follows:

Overture—Der Frey-chuetz, Weber
Aria—"As when the Dove," (Acis and Galatea), Handel
Miss Henrietta Beebe.
Andante Cantabile—Op. 97, Beethoven
(Adapted for Orchestra by Liszt.)
Aria—"Le oppressi ognoe," (Le Juive), Halevy
Mr. Myron W. Whitney.
Scherzo—Komarinskaja, Glinka
Songs, Rubinstein
Miss Henrietta Beebe.
Symphonic Poem—Les Preludes Liszt

To our feeling the old *Freyschütz* Overture was worth all the rest; what an experience it would be to hear that for the first time! The Beethoven

Andante (from the great B-flat Trio) hardly bears transplanting from the intimate appreciative sphere of the Chamber concert room to the great Music Hall, even with all the expansion, the enhanced intensity, and the contrasted coloring of Liszt's skilful instrumentation; yet several of the variations made a deep impression. "Les Preludes" never interested us very much except by its ingenious effects of instrumentation; pregnant musical themes (ideas), spontaneous development from such as from vital germs, we miss. The piece was beautifully played. The Russian Scherzo was unmistakeably national, full of quaint vivacity and dash. Miss BEEBE sang the Handel Aria in a most liquid, pure and birdlike style, winning an encore from which its length should have saved it and us. Mr. WHITNEY, also, had to repeat the elaborate Aria from "The Jewess," which is well suited to his voice and was sung with unusual fervor and expression.

Part II. gave us our after-share of the Inauguration programme of the Centennial Exhibition. The famous ("$5,000.") Wagner March, as now given by full orchestra, seemed to us just as empty and commonplace in themes, just as forced, spasmodic, ineffective in its working up, just as unjubilant, depressing, and destitute of any *lift* for a proud national occasion, as it did some months ago, when we described the impression which it made upon us in the pianoforte arrangement. We find the general criticism abroad confirming us.—It needed hardly more than the rich, sonorous volume of the Sharland Chorus, with full orchestra, to make Prof. Paine's simple, psalm-like setting of Whittier's Hymn impressive. Mr. Dudley Buck's Cantata shows a very sensible, straight-forward, ingenious and clever way of dealing with the perplexing problems which Mr. Sidney Lanier's "Centennial Meditation of Columbia" must have offered to the composer. As we have said before, his music is always clear, however bewildering the poem; it has much good writing both for instruments and voices, is full of felicitous, effective contrasts, and is indeed throughout fresh and pleasing. The Hallelujah Chorus from the *Messiah* was well sung, though hardly with the overpowering grandeur of the great Handel and Haydn choir.

The *Matinée* of Saturday had the following programme:—

Overture—Ali Baba.....Cherubini
Adagio—Prometheus.....Beethoven
Violoncello Obligato by Mr. Chas. Heuman.
Aria—"Le pre aux Cleres".....Halevy
Miss Emma C. Thursby.
Fantasie on Hungarian airs.....Listz
Mme Madeline Schiller and Orchestra.
a. } Songfoglarne (Singing Birds).....Lindblad
b. } Melodikrans.....Ahlstrom
Swedish Ladies' Quartette.
Suite L'Arlesienne, (new).....Georges Bizet
1. Prelude. 2. Minuetto, (Allegro Giocoso)
3. Adagietto. 4. Carillon.
"Preghiera E Barcarole"—La Stella del Nord.
.....Meyerbeer
Miss Emma C. Thursby.
Traeumerei.....Schumann
Sicilienne.....Boccherini
Orchestra.
Solo for Piano—Mærchen.....Rag
Madame Madeline Schiller.
a. } Waldandacht.....Abt
b. } Skyndd Pa (Hurry up).....Wahlin
Swedish Ladies' Quartette.
Introduction. Nuptial Chorus. March Tempo. } Third Act Lohengrin.....Wagner

Cherubini's rather trivial and noisy Overture, full of "Janissary music," is not without traits of the master's subtle power. It is the work for which Mendelssohn, somewhere in his letters, takes Cherubini to task for condescending to such clap-trap. The Adagio from *Prometheus*, with its lovely violoncello melody, and sweet solicitations of the flute and harp, we have not heard for several years; it was nicely played, renewing its old charm. The Suite by the French composer, Bizet, had so much of fresh and piquant charm and contrast, that we should be glad to know it better. Why speak of "Traumerei?" It is more than many of us can do (say after the hundredth time) to hear it.

Three notable attractions had this concert in the way of solo artists. The freshest and most unique was the singing of the four Swedish ladies. Their picturesque appearance won the audience already; two of them blonde and tall (contraltos), two short and dark (sopranos), all with genial, expressive faces, and an air of untaught refinement. Their voices are singularly pure and musical; the first soprano really exquisite, while there is a firm and solid tone in the contraltos, as if it were an organ, or the low tones of a clarinet or middle tones of a bassoon. Their intonation is perfect, though they sing without any accompaniment, or any apparent taking of the pitch. The sympathy is perfect, the execution smooth and finished, full of light and shade and true expression without any affectation or overdoing. We cannot say so much for the compositions which they sung, though most of them have a certain Northern (but rather modern) flavor.

Miss THURSBY's voice and singing were delightful, especially her bird-like florid execution in the higher tones. All was in good taste and spontaneous, while she has gained in power and firmness. Mme. SCHILLER's performance of the difficult Hungarian *Fantasie* was simply superb; we thought the Raff piece hardly worthy of her powers.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20. The début of Mme. Essipoff at Steinway Hall, on Tuesday evening last, and her very remarkable performance at the succeeding concerts, have been the leading topics of discussion in musical circles here. The arrival of this lady was not heralded by the amount of trumpeting and puffing which is usually deemed essential to the introduction of an artist who visits us for the first time; the articles announcing her arrival in America being addressed to a discriminating few rather than to the public at large. One statement, however, was made in her behalf which seemed injudicious, namely: the publication of what purports to be a remark made by Rubinstein, implying that he considers Mme. Essipoff as a pianist equal or superior to himself. Rubinstein being the best player who had visited this country, such a comparison seemed like raising expectations destined only to be dashed to the ground.

Notwithstanding the threatening aspect of the weather a very large and brilliant audience greeted the pianiste on her first appearance at Steinway Hall on Tuesday evening, Nov. 14. The programme was well calculated to display the versatility and extraordinary talent of the performer, embracing the following works:

Concerto, E minor.....Chopin
Toccata.....Bach
Menuet.....Mozart
Gavotte and Variations.....Rameau
Nocturne.....Chopin
Traumeswirren.....Schumann
Guitarre.....Hiller
Alouettes.....Leschetizky
Valse.....Rubinstein
Fantasie Hongroise, No. 12.....Liszt

The performer was supported by an orchestra of about 25 musicians, among whom could be recognized Bergner, Arnold and other well known faces. Mr. Richard Schmetz conducted the orchestra, and the performance began with the *Freischutz* Overture, upon the conclusion of which Mme. Essipoff came forward, made her first bow to an American audience, and sat down to the piano.

A few words as to her personal appearance, if written at all, must come here, as all such details seem doubly trivial when mentioned in connection with her wonderful talent. In person she is of medium stature and graceful figure. The effect of her dark hair and eyes and fine complexion was heightened by her costume, which was entirely of white, unredeemed by any color. Her features are fine, but not regular, and her face, seen in profile, interesting rather than beautiful. Her shapely arms, bare to the shoulder, show a remarkable development of the forearm and wrist, and this it is which enables her to play, as she does, entirely from the elbow and wrist, avoiding the awkward appearance of moving the shoulders or the body. Her attitude, while playing, is one of perfect repose, while the simplicity and graceful abandon of her manner are, alike, charming. Before she has played many bars of the Concerto we know that we are listening to a performer of no ordinary type. At the end of the first movement the feeling of skepticism, with which we had received the very extraordinary statements made concerning her merits, is somewhat diminished, and before she has finished the composition all such feelings have vanished into thin air, leaving only emotions of wonder and delight. She played the Concerto, as we are informed she plays nearly all of the two hundred compositions comprising her repertory, entirely from memory; and a more satisfactory performance we never have heard. Her technique is simply immense; every note is played with that distinctness gained by striking each key exactly in the middle, thus avoiding the possibility of striking two notes instead of one (a fault which we have noted in writing of some of the most distinguished of pianists), while her perfect command of the pedal is at once apparent. The importance of a proper use (not abuse) of the loud pedal is almost invariably underestimated by *pianistes*; and yet when this is not understood there can be no good performance. Add to the merits already enumerated, a most amazing brilliancy and ease of execution, perfect accuracy and a touch altogether phenomenal, and you will have a faint idea of some of the least of those qualities which mark the playing of this great artiste. Without dwelling too long upon those qualities which are, to the real worth of her playing, only as the stepping stones to the sanctuary, mention must be made of her touch,—*i. e.*, of the quality of the tone which she produces from the instrument; since Gottschalk sang his way into our heart with syren fingers we have heard nothing to equal it. Mme. Essipoff is able to produce from the piano, to suit the varying moods of a composer, a great variety of tone, as if she had changed her instrument repeatedly. Her runs and arpeggios are as clear and sparkling as the musical glasses; her chords are like a single note; while her legato must be heard to be appreciated. The sum of all these qualities of virtuosity is sufficient to place Mme. Essipoff in the front ranks, among the best pianists who have visited this country. All this was shown in her performance of the very difficult Concerto of Chopin. But the pianist, like the poet, must be born, not made, and the [illegible] rendering of a Chopin Concerto dem[illegible] higher and rarer merit than any of the [illegible] have enumerated. It was equally a s[illegible] delight to find the artiste fully up to those higher qualities necessary to a [illegible] formance rounded and complete. Of [illegible] the music of Chopin is the touchstone. One who plays Chopin can play anything. But it is no mean test, for his music traverses the whole gamut of human emotions and experiences. In Mme. Essipoff's interpretation nothing seemed wanting. There was breadth of sentiment, intensity, fire, passion; and in some mysterious manner she placed her audience *en rapport* with the very spirit of the work. It was the same in the lovely Nocturne in D flat; it may have been our good fortune in being placed very near to the piano, but it certainly impressed us as being altogether a wonderful interpretation.

In the Organ Toccata, by Bach, arranged for piano by Tausig; the familiar Menuet by Mozart, and the other pieces enumerated in the list, the pianiste showed great versatility, each selection being exquisitely treated; and it is a remarkable proof of her power that she reserved the *pièce de resistance*, the great *Fantasie Hongroise* of Liszt, for the last. This piece, which we have recently heard performed by Von Bülow, is one of immense difficulty, and is well calculated to display every merit that a pianist can possess. It was performed in magnificent style and apparently without the least effort.

M. Vivien, a violinist, also appears at the Essipoff concerts, at the first one of which he played a Concerto by Paganini, and the Vieuxtemps Fantasia, which has been played so frequently here of late. After a certain roughness of tone, due doubtless to nervousness, had worn off, he appeared to be an excellent player, worthy of the distinguished company in which he is found.

At her second and third appearances, Mme. Essipoff confirmed the excellent impression which she had made at first; but we must reserve farther comment for a future occasion, simply saying now, that whatever may be her position as compared with Rubinstein, Liszt, Von Bülow and Clara Schumann, she must be ranked with these, and not among the lesser gods.

At the second and third concerts, the following selections were rendered:

Second Concert, Nov. 15.

1. Grand Concerto (in D minor)..... ..Rubinstein
   Madame Annette Essipoff and Orchestra.
2. (*a*) Prelude and Fugue (with Chorale).Mendelssohn
   (*b*) Gigue.....Bach
   (*c*) Sonate, in A major .....Scarlatti
   Madame Annette Essipoff.
3. Fourth Concerto (First time in America), Leonard
   a, Recitative et Prière. *b*, Allegro et Cadenza.
   Monsieur Alfred Vivien.
4. Barcarole ..... } Chopin
   Etude, in F..... }
   Valse. ..... }
5. (*a*) Nocturne..... ...Field
   (*b*) Serenade .....Schubert-Liszt
   (*c*) Etude, D flat..... .....Liszt
   (*d*) Gavotte ..... Silas
   Madame Annette Essipoff.
6. Polonaise..... ....Wieniawski
   Monsieur Alfred Vivien.
7. Polonaise.....Weber-Liszt
   Madame Annette Essipoff.

Third Concert, Nov. 17.

1. Grand Concerto G major..... ..Beethoven
2. Fantasie Pastorale (violin).....Prume
3. Grand Concerto.....Henselt
4. Duetto, (Violin).....Vivien
5. Grand Concerto, G minor.....Mendelssohn

At the Saturday matinée the programme of Tuesday evening was duplicated.

Next week the concerts will be continued, but the Orchestra will be dispensed with, and, remembering the way in which the pianist was hampered, in Beethoven's G major Concerto, by the incompetency of the conductor, we think it will be no great deprivation. A. A. C.

CHICAGO, Nov. 16.—We have a new pianist in Chicago, Mr. Emil Liebling. Mr. Liebling formerly resided here, but returned to his home in Berlin for two years study, chiefly with Kullak. During the last year he was teaching there for Kullak. He had a great deal of execution and was a remarkably facile reader before he left here, and before his departure gave a soirée in which he played Jensen's "Wanderbilder," Schumann's Kreisleriana No. 2, Chopin's Nocturne in G minor, a Liszt Rhapsody, etc.

Some weeks ago he gave a soirèe at Standard hall with this programme:

1. Sonata, Op. 31, D minor.....Beethoven
2. Tenor Solo—"Salve dimora" Faust.....Gounod
   Mr. Alfred Wilkie
3. Songs without Words, Nos. 1 and 6..Mendelssohn
   Octave Study..... ....Kullak
4. Contralto—"O Be Gracious, Lord,".....Merkel
   Miss Ella White.
5. Etude Op 10, No 3,..... }
   Prelude in D flat,..... }
   Valse in D flat,.... ..... } Chopin
   Nocturne,..... }
   Scherzo in C sharp minor ..... }
6. Trio—(Piano, Violin, 'Cello), in D minor, Mendelssohn
   (Messrs. Liebling, Lewis, and Eichhorn.)
7. Duet—"Onward, bonny boat,".....Kucken
   (A sop to Cerebus.)
8. Soirée de Vienne. }
   Polonaise Heroique, } .....Liszt

Later he played a recital at the Seminary in Highland Park, with this programme:

1. *a*, Prelude, }
   b, Gigue, } .....Bach
   c, Gavotte. }
2. *a*, Air and Variations, (Harmonious Blacksmith), Handel
   b, Sonata, (arranged by Tausig).....Scarlatti
3. *a*, Songs without Words, Nos. 1 and 6, Mendelssohn
   b, Intermezzo.....Seiss
   c, Impromptu.....Henselt
4. *a*, Scherzo. }
   b, Octave Study, } .....Kullak
5. *a*, Preludes in D flat, }
   b, Etudes, Op 10, Nos. 3, 4, and 5, } .....Chopin
   c, Scherzo. C sharp minor, }
6. *a*, Soirée de Vienne, }
   b, Polonaise Heroique, } .....Liszt

On the whole I find little to record except praise. Mr. Liebling has a great deal of execution, and a remarkably delicate touch; and as a concert player I should unhesitatingly place him higher than any one else here, and higher than any except a *very* small number of the best in the country. But I could not go so far as many of his friends do and claim for him a place above any pianists that have appeared here except Rubinstein and Von Bülow. To my mind, fine as the playing is, it lacks something of being the best. And I find it difficult to point out this lack satisfactorily, for as regards the execution, phrasing, power, delicacy, etc., scarcely anything lacks. I should say that it was in the mental *grip* on the music, that the lack existed, if anywhere. I notice between him and Miss Rivé (whose playing I had the opportunity to hear enough of last year to know it pretty well) a curious difference between the tenacity with which they respectively remember music. In speaking with Miss Rivé of what I supposed must be the immense difficulty of remembering such a list of works as she played last year, she replied: "Oh no! It is not at all difficult to *remember* them; but I find it very hard to keep them all up so as to be able to play them to my own satisfaction." Now Miss Rivé's memory in spite of its accuracy (in which it resembles a photograph) does not seem to me the highest type of musical memory. For on inquiring, I am informed that she plays from a sort of mental *photograph of the notes of the piece*,—while playing she sees page after page before her. Whereas in the highest musical memory I have an idea that the player plays from a memory of the musical thought as such, the mental picture of the notes of the piece no longer existing in consciousness. And this way, I imagine, Rubinstein remembers. I don't see how he can play in his peculiar manner as to fire and faults in any other way. But even Miss Rivé's way gives her great confidence, and enables her to perfectly absorb herself in her music, and this is where a part of her success lies. Now Mr. Liebling, on the other hand, forgets very easily. Whenever he plays an old piece after several weeks, he is obliged not simply to exercise his fingers in it, (everybody has to do that) but he has to learn it all over again—which, however, he does very easily, by simply looking it over once or twice. It comports with this that he forgot two or three bits of his pieces in his first recital, and was obliged to splice in a little of Liebling, which, excellent as it was, did not improve the Beethoven Sonata. I mention this not with a view of drawing personal comparison, but on account of the interesting psychological question involved. Any way, wherever he may be placed, in Boston, New York, or Chicago, Mr. Liebling will occupy a high place, and I am very glad to be able to record our good fortune in possessing in Chicago so fine a pianist.

He has announced a series of recitals beginning Dec. 8, of which the first programme contains Liszt's arrangement of Bach's great G-minor Fugue, a Weber Sonata (Op. 39), Liszt's 12th Rhapsody, Chopin's F-minor Concerto (with second piano), etc.

Last night Mr. C. E. R. Müller, formerly an organist here, and lately returned from five years study in Stuttgart, gave an organ recital in the first Methodist Church (Clark St.,) with the following programme:

1. Passacaglia, C minor, Bach
8. Fugue on B-A-C-H, Op. 60, No. 6, Schumann
5. Sonata, No. 2, Op, 42, Merkel
7. Sonata in D minor, C. E. R. Müller

The even numbers were occupied with vocal selections by Schumann, Liszt, etc., which I haven't space to comment on. Mr. Müller is a painstaking, studious gentleman, well known through his translation of Lebhert and Stark's Pianoforte Method. The organ last night was shockingly out of tune and sounded very badly indeed, a streak of "cussedness" which nothing in the playing went to correct or cover up. The programme, as you can see, was very severe, and Mr. Müller, although evidently of of fine attainments, has not composure in playing before an audience, for which reason I prefer to hear him again before expressing myself more fully.

We have also another organist, Mr. John White, who has been playing a series of recitals in St. James church, with very fine programmes indeed. Mr. White has not hesitated to "tackle" the heaviest jobs in organ playing (like the Thiele pieces, etc.), but whether the result justified his courage and ambition, perhaps admits of doubt. I have not had the pleasure of hearing him, hence my inability to say anything especially to the point.

Strakosch has been here with Italian opera (as was alleged), and, from what I hear, it must have been pretty near the bottom of the scale of excellence.

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Messiah.

And the Glory of the Lord.
And He shall Purify.
All we like Sheep.
For unto us a Child is Born.
Glory be to God.
His Yoke is easy.
Hallelujah.
Oh, Thou that tellest. (Song and Chorus.)
Lift up your Heads.
The Lord gave the Word.
Their Sound is gone out.
Worthy is the Lamb.

Judas Maccabæus.

Mourn, ye Afflicted Children.
O Father, whose Almighty Power.
We come in Bright Array.
Disdainful of Danger.
Fallen is the Foe.
Hallelujah, Amen.
Hear me, O Lord.
Tune Your Harps.
Hail, Judea's Happy Land.
We Hear.
We never will bow down.

Elijah.

Thanks be to God.
He Watching o'er Israel.
Angel Trio—Lift Thine Eyes.
Yet Doth the Lord see it not.
Blessed are the Men, &c.
Baal, we Cry to Thee.
He That shall endure to the end.
Behold, God the Lord Passed by.

Samson.

Awake the Trumpet's Lofty Sound. To fame immortal go.
Oh, First Created Beam.
Then, round about the starry Throne Let their Celestial Concerts.
Fixed in his everlasting seat.
Great Dagon has subdued our Foe.

St. Paul.

Stone Him to Death.
Happy and Blest are they.
How Lovely are the Messengers.
Sleepers wake. } To God on High. }
Oh, Great is the Depth.
Oh, be Gracious.

Mount of Olives.

Hallelujah Chorus.

Israel in Egypt.

He gave them Hailstones for Rain.
But as for His People.
But the Waters overwhelmed.
Thy Right Hand, O Lord.
Sing Ye to the Lord. (The Horse and his Rider.)

Creation.

Awake the Harp.
Achieved is the Glorious.
The Lord is Great.
The Marvellous Work. (Song and Chorus.)
The Heavens are telling.

Woman of Samaria.

Therefore with Joy, &c.
Come, O Israel.
And Blessed, blessed be the Lord.

Eli.

Let the People Praise Thee.
No Evil shall befall Thee.
Angels' Chorus. (Female Voices.)

Naaman.

The Curse of the Lord.
When Famine o'er Israel.
With Sheathed Swords.
God, who cannot be Unjust.

Joshua.

See, the Conquering Hero.
The Great Jehovah.

Hymn of Praise.

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All ye that cried to the Lord.
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Ave Verum	6	Spirit Immortal	8
God of Israel	8	Sweet is thy mercy	6
Mighty Jehovah	8	Onward, Christian Soldiers	6
" "	8	Abide with me	6
Now the day is over	6	Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all	6
O Paradise	6	Alleluia! Song of sweetness	6
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Let their Celestial Concerts. Chorus ..... *"Samson"*
Go forth to the Mount. Solo and Chorus ..... *Stevenson*
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O Lord, Our Governor. Anthem ..... *Sir John Stevens*
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Almighty God, before thy throne. Motet ..... *"Harp"*
I was glad when they said. Chorus ..... *J. E. Gould*
Swell the full chorus. Chorus ..... *Handel*
Father, thy Word is Past } The Multitude of Angels. } ..... *King's "Intercession"*
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The Lord our Enemy has slain. Chorus ..... *Handel*
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What lack the Valleys and Mountains..... "
The Old Canoe. (Solo and Chorus.).....*Johnson*
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With Merry Glee..... "

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" " " Christmas.....*Earl of Mar*
But the Lord is mindful.....*Mendelssohn*
Blessed are the merciful.....*Hiles*
Bow down and hear me.....*Mozart*
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Call to remembrance.....*Novello*
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" " " .....*Bowles*
" " " .....*Novello*
Hosanna.....*Macfarren*
Hear my Prayer.....*Winter*
Have mercy upon me.....*Macfarren*
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And ye shall seek me.
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As pants the hart.
Behold, how good and how pleasant.
Blessed are they who have believed.
Blessed are the peacemakers.
Blessed are the dead.
But the Lord is mindful.
By the Rivers of Babylon.
Cry aloud and shout.
Call to remembrance.
Come unto me, all ye.
Doth not wisdom cry?
Enter not into Judgment.
God is Our Refuge.
God is a Spirit.
Hear the Prayer of Thy Servant.
How Lovely are Thy Dwellings.
Holy Lord God of Sabaoth.
How beautiful upon the mountains.
How beautiful is Zion.
Happy and Blest.
If you love me.
It is a good thing,
Let the words of my mouth.
Let us now go to Bethlehem.
O Lord, how mindful.
Praise waiteth for thee.
Sing, O Heavens.
The Lord is my strength.
The Lord is my Shepherd.
The Lord will comfort Zion.
Therefore with Joy.

Come, said Jesus' sacred voice.
Come, Thou Fount of every blessing.
Come, Ye that love the Lord.
From the Cross uplifted high.
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WHOLE No. 930. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 9, 1876. VOL. XXXVI. No. 18.

Tribute to Carl Bergmann.

BY DR. R. OGDEN DOREMUS.

At the Bergmann Memorial Concert, at Steinway Hall, last Sunday evening, Dr. Doremus, ex-president of the New York Philharmonic Society, paid the following thoughtful and touching tribute to the memory of one whose services to the cause of music in New York can hardly be over-estimated: Ladies and Gentlemen: Members of the "Philharmonic," "Liederkranz" and "Saenger-runde" Societies: As a cordial friend of the departed Bergmann, and an ardent admirer of his genius, and because of my official relations with him in the Philharmonic Society during the most brilliant part of his professional career, I have been honored with the request to participate in these sad memorial services. On the day appointed to sacred thoughts, when the hum of business and political strife is checked; when the sun has set, and the stars of Heaven yield us their celestial light, how appropriate that we should gather ourselves together and with heart give utterance to our profound regrets.

"Time has laid his hand upon his heart gently, not smiting it. But as a harper lays his open palm upon his harp to deaden its vibrations."

Carl Bergmann was one of the choicest gifts of Germany to America.

He was born in Saxony in 1821. One of his schoolmates says, "he was a musician from childhood." When but 18 years of age he became a musical director! The rebellion of 1848 induced him to cross the Atlantic in search of a new home.

As the conductor of the celebrated "Germania Society" many of us first knew him. Since 1857 his name has been familiar to us in connection with the "New York Philharmonic Society," (the oldest association of professional instrumental musicians in America), at one time dividing the honors of conductorship with the renowned Eisfeld; but for the last fourteen years in sole charge of the baton, now so successfully wielded by his distinguished successor Dr. Damrosch. As conductor of the great German festival in 1855, Bergmann added fresh laurels to his name. A year later he presented us with the first troupe of German Opera singers. He has occupied the position of leader of several of our great singing societies, as the "Arion," the "Liederkranz" and the "Saenger-runde." Bergmann was a man of progress. To him we are indebted for our first lessons in the so-called "*Music of the Future.*"

In 1856, with the efficient aid of the Arion Society, he introduced for the first time in America, Wagner's "Tannhäuser." Other works soon followed, such as the Faust overture—Tristan and Isolde—Lohengrin—Meistersinger. Under his conductorship we heard first in this city the intricate compositions of Liszt: The Faust Symphony—Dante—Berg Symphony—The Preludes—Tasso. But I leave to my distinguished fellow citizen, Herr Klamroth, who follows me, to tell you the full story of this remarkable life.

You, gentlemen, (turning to the Philharmonic and other societies) who have been swayed by the power of his magic wand, as he has triumphantly led you through the intricate harmonies of the almost inspired composers, keenly feel his loss. You fully comprehend the rare qualities requisite in a successful conductor, which he so pre-eminently possessed. A musical organization combining the comprehensive brain to grasp the poetic conception of the author, with its varying lights and shades; a thorough familiarity with every instrument of the orchestra: a quick and delicate ear, so acute that each and every performer, whether instrumentalist or vocalist, knows and feels that he is under strict surveillance, a glance of the flashing eye of his leader giving approval or the reverse; and superadded to these rare gifts the "*Sacred Fire;*" and the genius to communcate the inspiration to all under his control, that auditors may thrill with the electric rendering. A conductor, though he be like the son of Cœlus and Terra of Greek Mythology, *Briareus*, with his hundred hands and fifty heads, labors in vain if he lacks this magnetic influence. Those to be swayed must have complete confidence in the knowledge of the controlling spirit; a respect almost amounting to fear; and there must emanate from the conductor a mysterious power, never yet analyzed by the chemist, the physicist or the physiologist, but similar to that possessed by a great military chieftain as he triumphantly leads his army to victory. This city mourns the loss of a great teacher. In the midst of the engrossing labors of this busy mart, the human brain needs and often craves relaxation, in the development of its finer and higher capacities. Two generations have had the privilege (availed of by many now before me) of this education under the fostering care of the Philharmonic Society. For the fifth of a century the name of Carl Bergmann has been indissolubly associated with it; and the proud laurels it has won have been achieved under the potent influence of his controlling genius. I doubt if our citizens fully appreciate the disinterested labors of this society. Just before visiting Paris in 1817 I was told by one of its members, M. Boucher, a distinguished violincellist, that notwithstanding the variety and superiority of the music in that brilliant European capital, I should be unable to hear any of the grand compositions of Bach, Beethoven, Weber, Handel, Haydn or Mozart, for they were not offered to the public. This I found to be true. The faithful services of this society, with which our lamented one was so long connected, should be rewarded by the advocates of a higher culture in music, with a hearty responsive patronage: a suitable music hall; and with means to aid the suffering and at times indigent musician.

I cannot but feel that we delay too long our expressions of appreciation, until the honored ones have passed beyond the need of human sympathy. The sad fate of one of the founders of the Philharmonic Society weighs heavily on my heart. This community owes him a debt of gratitude. High honors are conferred on military heroes, and on those distinguished in the political arena; while the gifted teacher to whom is entrusted the moulding of the human brain, sometimes asks for bread, and we give him a stone. Our souls may be too petrified to grant this memorial tribute.

True, there may be imperfections of character. These are spots on the face of the sun. The gorgeous hues of the solar spectrum are crossed by dark lines. Every star that glitters in yon heavens, when criticized by the prism, exhibits similar peculiarities.

"He who is innocent, let him cast the first stone." These habiliments of mourning seldom decorate this hall.

We meet to honor the dead. "DEAD! A world of sorrow lies in the word," (says Hans Christian Andersen.) "It is a two-edged sword, which while it sunders the beloved of our heart, penetrates our own bosom. A single word, as short, only can heal the wound—it is GOD."

"The departed, the departed, they visit us in dreams,

"And float above our memories as cloudlets over streams."

If the bright spirits of those who have gone before are permitted to revisit these earthly scenes, may we not invoke the presence of him we mourn?

Ye artists, who are gifted with the power to produce sweet harmonies, foretastes of celestial bliss; and we who are privileged to listen, may we all feel that the beloved Bergmann is with us once more!

In our loss of his bodily presence let us be submissive and respond with the sacred writer: "The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."—*The American Art Journal, Nov. 18.*

Hiller's "Musical and Personal."

(From the Monthly Musical Record.)

Musikalisches und Persönliches. Von FEDINAND HILLER. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel.

Excepting Wagner, there is, probably, no living German musician who, in the double capacity of composer and writer on musical subjects, has employed his pen more actively than Dr. Ferdinand Hiller. It would, doubtless prove an interesting task to speak at length of his many fine compositions which, though widely known and esteemed in Germany, cannot be said to have met with the recognition they deserve in England. That they have not done so can only be put down to some strange fatality, such as that arising from the infrequency of his visits to us and the consequent absence of personal influence. From his book on Mendelssohn, and the many fugitive articles, translations of which from time to time have appeared in the *Musical World* and elsewhere, he may be said to be better known here as a writer on musical subjects than as a composer. By degrees, it is pleasing to note, he seems to be publishing his most important writings in a collected form. Three volumes, "Aus dem Tonleben unserer Zeit"—the first two of which were issued in 1868, have been before the world for some time. Quite recently he has edited a volume of letters by Moritz Hauptmann, in addition to the book which heads this notice. It is of this latter that we have now to speak.

Like its predecessors, issued under the title "Aus dem Tonleben unserer Zeit," this latest contribution of Dr. Hiller's to musical literature consists of a series of articles which for the most part have been suggested by some passing occasion. Some of them we remember to have already read in the *Kolnische Zeitung*, but are glad to meet with them again in a collected form, and to find that they have thus been rescued fram the oblivion which contributions to a daily paper usually meet with.

"Musikalisches und Persönliches"—"Musical and Personal"—Few, perhaps, will so readily recognize the pertinence of the title adopted by Dr. Hiller for his book as reviewers in search for a convenient mode of classifying its contents. A better or more distinctive title could hardly have been devised. All the articles which it contains are more or less musical; all are more or less personal—that is to say, they have been suggested by passing events, such as the deaths of men of note with whom he had come in personal contact, or by matters in which he has himself taken an important part, or has felt so much interest in as to be obliged to express an opinion upon them.

Thus his book furnishes us with biographical or obituary notices of Cherubini,† Ferdinand David, Etienne Joseph Soubré, Moritz Hartmann, Sir W. Sterndale Bennett, and Louis Napoleon, with all of whom he was more or less intimately acquainted. Under the title "Dramas as Operas," he gives us the text of a lecture delivered in Cologne, in 1874. We have also the speech he made on the occasion of the removal of the Cologne Conservatoire to new premises; a report of the *Concours International* of male vocal societies at Verviers in 1872; and accounts of a tour in Scandinavia, and of a day and a half's stay in Rotterdam. Among the most interesting of the more critical notices are papers on Handel's borrowings; conducting by heart; Handel's *Theodora;* Verdi's *Requiem;* Pergolese's *Stabat Mater;* Bach's *Christmas Oratorio;* Carissimi's *Jonas;* together with reviews of F. A. Gevaert's "Histoire et Théorie de la Musique de l'Antiquité;" C. F. Pohl's "Joseph Haydn;" and Otto Gumprecht's "Neue Musikalische Characterbilder."

The short account of the life and works of Cherubini, for some particulars of which Dr. Hiller acknowledges his indebtedness to M. Fétis, is specially valuable as an expression of his own opinion of the worth of this master, and as containing several anecdotes derived from a personal acquaintance with him, which are not to be found in previous accounts of his life. Of his powers of originality as a composer, Dr. Hiller speaks in the warmest terms, but without exaggeration. He says:—"Our musical historians have repeated, one after the other, that Cherubini, the Italian, did well to turn to Germans as his examples and instructors. It is my conviction that Germans have learnt far more from Cherubini than he from them. For his clear mode of treating the orchestra he may owe something to Haydn; in its liveliness it coincides with that of Mozart, whose greatest master-works were composed only a few years before the most famous of Cherubini's operas. But the undeniable affinity which one has always recognized between Cherubini and Beethoven, can only be attributed to the choice of the latter, except so far as it might be affected by the similarity of their natural genius. One must remember that at the time of *Lodoiska* and *Medea*, Beethoven was still quite a young man, who, though he came forward with his first trios about the same time as an instrumental composer of the first rank, had not yet written a single work which bears any affinity to those of Cherubini. It is clear enough, however, that in the subsequent composition of *Fidelio* he largely drew upon the great Italian's dramatic ssyle of writing, and this he himself openly and honorably avowed."

We must pass over Dr. Hiller's illustrations of some of Cherubini's characteristics, which he says are reflected in his works and *vice versâ*, and which he discusses fully and pleasantly, to repeat one or two anecdotes of the Italian master, which we have met with for the first time. It was Hiller's first wish (he tells us) on his first visit to Paris as a youth of seventeen, to make acquaintance with Cherubini, to whom he was furnished with a letter of introduction from his master, Hummel. At first sight he was disappointed with the lean little man's appearance, which he had anticipated would be as imposing as his music. This soon wore off, and his piercing eye and noble bearing soon seemed more like that of a famous statesman than of a musician. Acquaintance ripened into friendship, and many were the acts of kindness received from Cherubini, for which Dr. Hiller expresses his gratitude. As an instance of the good-nature which underlay the severity with which, to its great advantage, he ruled the Conservatoire, Hiller relates that on asking permission one day to borrow a couple of books from the library of the institution, he was met with the stern rejoinder, "Ca ne se peut pas, c'est défendu." The conversation took another turn, and as he was leaving the room Cherubini called him back, and asked, "What, then, are the books you wish to borrow from our library?" "Palestrina's Motets," he replied. "Well, then," said the old man, in kindly tones, "I will have them fetched for myself—and then you shall have them."

On leaving Paris, Hiller begged for a manuscript as a remembrance. Cherubini offered him his choice of two. Without considering much their contents he seized the thickest, and was about to pocket it, when he was met with the usual "Non, ca ne se peut pas," for the pieces which were lettered and numbered had their respective places in his library, and might not be removed under any pretence. Three days afterwards he received a copy of the coveted score—a very beautiful *Agnus Dei*—which the indefatigable old man, with trembling hand, but with extreme neatness, had in the meantime made himself.

The following testifies to Cherubini's strong sense of order. He had his pocket-handkerchiefs marked with consecutive numbers, indicating the order of rotation in which they were to be used. While on his death-bed, and racked with pain, a fresh handkerchief was handed to him. Noticing even then that it was given to him out of its proper order, he threw it aside, and asked for No. 7—the one whose turn it was. To the last he showed the strong determination of his spirit, dying with the words "Je ne veux pas mourir" almost upon his lips. Eleven years after his demise Hiller had the rare delight of being allowed to examine his *reliquiæ;* the rich result he has detailed in one of his previous volumes—"Aus dem Tonleben unserer Zeit."

The articles "Dramas as Operas," and "On Conducting by Heart," together with the review of Verdi's *Requiem*, may be classed as polemical; but their polemical character will hardly be recognized by the world at large. Indeed, those who have been wont to regard Hiller as the "Altmeister" of Germany, and consequently a conservative musician of the old school, and a staunch opponent of Wagner and the disciples of the new, will be surprised at the temperate manner in which he delivers himself. Only once (in his review of Otto Gumprecht's work) does he approach severity. Therein he avers that Wagner has much in common with Napoleon III. Will he yet meet with his Sedan? he asks. Hardly, he thinks; but, at the same time, he predicts that his works will meet with their Sedan, because, like those of the once mighty Emperor, as he at least regards them, they are based upon untruth.

The favorable view taken by him of Verdi's *Requiem*—his review of which some, perhaps, will be inclined to regard as a counterblast to Dr. von Bülow's famous letter to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*—will, probably, surprise many. Yet it must be said that Dr. Hiller by no means stands alone among German musicians of eminence who have expressed admiration for Verdi's work.

In the article, "Handel's Borrowings," suggested by some remarks of his biographers and critics, especially Schoelcher and Chrysander, upon Handel's appropriation of somewhat more than occasional passages from the works of Erba, Urio, and others, Handel has found a vigorous advocate and supporter. Far from blaming him for what some have regarded as his thievish propensities, and consequently as marks of weakness, Dr. Hiller makes out a good case in his behalf, which, did space permit, it would be interesting to follow from point to point. Regarding Handel's borrowings from these composers as a mere drop in the ocean, in comparison to what he originated, he avers that it is Handel they have to thank for the little notoriety they at present may be said to enjoy.

The sketches of travel, necessarily more personal than musical, written in Hiller's generally genial and lively manner, will be found entertaining, and by no means devoid of interest.

* *Mendelssohn. Letters and Recollections.* By Dr. Ferdinand Hiller. Translated by M. E. von Glehn. (Macmillan & Co.)

† Since the above notice of Dr. Hiller's sketch of Cherubini's life has been in type, it has been brought to our recollection that his article appeared in an English dress in *Macmillan's Magazine* for July, 1875, some months previous to its publication in Germany.

Large and Small Concert Halls.

(From the Atlantic Monthly, Dec. 1876.)

One of the questions which the growth of music during the last half-century has brought into peculiar prominence is that of large and small concert-halls. Since the various departments of music—the symphony, the opera, the oratorio, and vocal and instrumental chamber-music—have followed such widely divergent paths, this question has assumed greater and greater importance. It may be safely said that almost all music may be completely *heard* in any hall of good acoustic properties, no matter what the size of such a hall may be. Of course this proposition, like all others in art, must not be submitted to the *reductio ad absurdum*, but within reasonable limits (and they are by no means narrow) it is safely to be asserted. But it must be borne in mind that merely being distinctly *heard* is but one of the many conditions that are indispensable for music to produce its full effect upon the hearer. Leaving aside the question of favorable and congenial surroundings, which applies with equal force to the other arts, there is this point in which music essentially differs from its sister arts. So long as we can distinctly see a picture or a statue, so long as the light is of such quantity and quality as to make its outlines and colors easily discernible to the eye, the conditions for our enjoyment of it are fulfilled; but it is not enough for the outlines and colors of music (to use a not too forced metaphor) to be clearly discernible to the ear. When the observer stands in the best place to view a picture, the diminution of his enjoyment that would result from his lessening or increasing the distance between it and himself is caused solely by the undue prominence of unessential details on the one hand, or by the growing indistinctness of outline and light and shade on the other. In either case it is a matter of more or less distinct vision. But the change in our enjoyment of music that results from greater nearness to or distance from the point of departure of the sound has (except in very extreme cases) a far other cause. The best argument that we know of on this subject is in Berlioz's "A Travers Chants." Whatever may be thought of Berlioz's genius, or his rank as an artist, there can be no doubt about his having had one of the most delicate ears for all effects of *tone* that ever existed, and his qualifications for discussing subjects relating to *musical sound* are unquestioned. He says:—

"People are always ready to answer, when the question comes up of the sonority of an opera-house or concert-room, that *every note can be heard very well*. But I can also hear very well from my study the cannon that is fired on the esplanade of the Invalides, and yet that noise, which is moreover outside all musical conditions, does not in any way strike, move, or shock my nervous system. Well, it is just this stroke, this emotion, this shock, that sound absolutely must give the organ of hearing in order to act upon it musically, and which we do not receive from even the most powerful masses of voices and instruments, when we listen to them from too great a distance. Some scientists think that the electric fluid cannot traverse a distance greater than a certain number of thousands of leagues; I don't know how true this may be, but I am sure that the musical fluid (I beg leave to thus designate the unknown cause of musical emotion) is without force, heat, or vitality at a certain distance from its point of departure.* We *hear*, but we do not *vibrate*. Now, *we must ourselves vibrate* with the instruments and voices, and by them, in order to experience true musical sensations. Nothing is easier to demonstrate. Place a small number of well-organized persons, gifted with some knowledge of music, in a room of moderate size, not too much furnished or carpeted; play worthily before them some true masterpiece, by a true composer, truly inspired, a work quite free from the insufferable conventional beauties that pedagogues and bigoted enthusiasts admire—a simple piano-forte trio, Beethoven's trio in B-flat, for instance; what will happen? The listeners will, little by little, find themselves seized with an unaccustomed agitation, they

* It must not be supposed from this that Berlioz was bad physicist enough to discard the undulatory theory in favor of a "musical fluid" as a theory of sound, as Chomet did. He merely uses the the term that came first to hand, to denote the *cause of musical emotion*.

will experience an intense, profound enjoyment, which will now excite them strongly, now plunge them into a delicious calm, a veritable ecstasy. . . . There you have a musical effect! There you see the listener seized and intoxicated by the art of tones, and raised to an incommensurable height above the common regions of life. . . . . Now suppose that in the midst of the same piece, played by the same artists, the room in which it is played could gradually enlarge, and that, in consequence of this progressive enlargement of the room, the audience is, little by little, removed to a greater distance from the performers. Well, suppose our room to have reached the size of an ordinary theatre; our listener, who but the moment before felt his emotions rising, begins to regain his previous tranquility; he still *hears*, but he hardly *vibrates* any more; he admires the composition, but by reasoning, and no longer from feeling, nor in consequence of an irresistible impulse. The room grows still larger, the listener is farther and farther from the musical focus. He is as far distant as he would be if the three performers were grouped together in the middle of the stage of the Opera,† and he himself were sitting in one of the first boxes in the balcony, opposite the stage. He still *hears*, not a note escapes him, but he is no longer reached by the *musical fluid*, which cannot reach so far; his agitation is dissipated, he grows cold again, he even experiences a sort of disagreeable anxiety, which is the more painful because he makes greater efforts to fix his attention and not lose the thread of the musical discourse. But his efforts are in vain; insensibility paralyzes them; he begins to be bored, the great master tires him, annoys him, the masterpiece is no longer anything more than a little ridiculous noise in his ears, the giant a dwarf, art a deception; he grows impatient, and stops listening."

In the passage just quoted Berlioz merely considers the influence of distance from the point of departure of the sound upon the intensity of the musical impression that the sound produces upon the listener. It stands to reason (as Berlioz goes on to say, though we will not quote his words) that this diminution of musical force is in part to be referred to another cause, namely, to the greater diffusion of the sound in large halls than in small ones. This latter cause will affect the musical impression produced upon any listener in a large hall, no matter at what distance from the performers he may be; even if he sit very near the musical focus, his ear will receive the "musical fluid" much less condensed in a large hall than in a small one. Of course it is a fair subject for debate, how intense it is desirable to have this musical impression, how concentrated the musical fluid should be when it reaches the ear. We are, however, spared the necessity of discussing this point here, from the fact that the principal musicians in both Europe and America are of one opinion on the subject, however much at variance they may be on other points relating to the art of music.

It may be taken for granted that, in general, those compositions for which a large mass of performers (either vocal or instrumental) is required are more suited to large halls than works which require a more modest number of executants. Wagner's prelude to Tristan und Isolde, or Liszt's Tasso, will produce their full effect upon the listener in a hall where a Haydn symphony would lose much of its brilliancy. But here we come to a point concerning which the musical public at large has, it must be admitted, very unmusical ideas. There is no lack of musical persons who will readily admit that a large hall is no proper place for piano-forte sonatas, string quartets, or other chamber music; if a Rubinstein or a Von Buelow is forced by outside circumstances to give chamber concerts in large halls, they are glad enough to go to hear him, yet they will at the same be as ready to appreciate how much they lose from the size of the hall, as any musician can be. But when it is a question of listening to symphonies or concert overtures, the public seems to lose sight of distinctions which are yet of great importance. A symphony is a symphony, it is said, and the largest hall must of necessity suit the largest form of orchestral composition. The fallacy of this doctrine is easily shown. Largeness of form in a composition does not necessarily imply largeness of orchestral means. Compare the scores of the two following compositions, one in the largest symphonic form, and the other in a comparatively small musical form.

† The old opera house in the Rue Le Pelletier.

Beethoven's Symphony in A major is scored for		Wagner's Prelude to Tristan und Isolde is scored for
Wood.	2 Flutes, 2 Oboes, 2 Clarinets, 2 Bassoons.	3 Flutes, 2 Oboes, 1 English Horn, 2 Clarinets, 1 Bass Clarinet, 3 Bassoons.
Brass.	2 Horns, 2 Trumpets.	4 Horns, 3 Trumpets, 3 Trombones, 1 Bass Tuba,
1 pair of Kettle-drums.		1 set of Kettle-drums (3.)
Strings.	First Violins, Second Violins, Viola, Violoncello, Basses.	

A fair proportion of the strings to the rest of the orchestra would be: ten violins on a part for the Beethoven symphony, and fifteen violins (at least) on a part for the Wagner piece. Doubling* the remaining string-parts in a corresponding ratio, we should have in one case an orchestra of fifty-five performers, and in the other case an orchestra of eighty-seven performers. This is at least a prima facie evidence that Wagner's prelude is suited to a larger hall than Beethoven's symphony. When we compare the masses of brass instruments in the two scores, this difference is all the more striking. Of course it is possible to put a larger force of strings upon the symphony; this is often done; but it must be remembered that this will destroy the dynamic balance of the score. If we are to have as large a mass of strings in the symphony as in the Wagner piece, the wind parts (with the possible exception of the trumpets) will be covered up. The orchestra of the Royal Opera in Berlin is the only one we know of in which the flutes and reeds in classical scores are so arranged as to counterbalance a large mass of strings in strong passages. Each pair of wooden wind instruments is reenforced by a second pair (*ripieni*) which play only in the *tutti* passages.‡ If this method were adopted in all large orchestras, the question of playing classical orchestral works in large halls would be solved satisfactorily at once; but it is not. In America, where we have the largest concert-halls, it is very rarely that we have even a large body of strings. We continually hear works given by orchestras of fifty or sixty performers in halls that would require an orchestra of very unusual size. The reader will notice that we have hinted that the usual four pairs of wooden wind instruments are unable to cope with a large mass of strings *in strong passages*. This brings us to a very delicate point, which is too little noticed. The strings, especially the violins, are the part of an orchestra which most loses in intensity of tone by being heard in a large hall; or, as Berlioz would say, the musical fluid generated by the strings loses its power at the shortest distance from its point of departure. Thus it happens that, although the dynamic balance of the strings and reeds in an orchestra of fifty-five performers,† playing at its mean degree of loudness (that is, mezzo-forte) may be perfect in a small or moderate-sized hall, this equilibrium will be destroyed in a large hall. The violins lose the telling quality of their tone before the wind instruments do. Many delicate passages for the strings are thus covered up the wind. * * *

The strings in an orchestra can play as piano as need be, and in all the degrees of loudness, ranging from the softest pianissimo to mezzo forte; no mass of strings, no matter how large, need cover up even a single flute. But when we pass beyond the mezzo-forte to forte and fortissimo this mutual dynamic relation of the instruments changes. Although the quality of tone of the violins is, of itself, inferior in penetrating power to that of many other instruments, the accent that can be obtained by a strong stroke of the bow upon stringed instruments is unrivalled in intensity except by the instruments of percussion. This stirring force of accent gives the strings a commanding power of tone in strong passages, which one would hardly expect from instruments that can be so readily subdued to a scarcely audible pianissimo. * * * * * * * *

An orchestra which is suited to a small hall not only loses its specific intensity of effect (the force of its musical fluid) in a large hall, but also the dynamic equilibrium of its component instruments is often shaken. Taking an orchestra of from fifty to sixty performers as the standard for the performance of classical works in small or moderate-sized halls, when the same works are given in large halls the number of executants should be increased in the ratio of the cubic contents of the two halls. This does not refer to orchestral works of the present day, in which the greater brilliancy of instrumentation fits them for performance in large halls with no larger orchestra than would result from a sufficient doubling of the string parts (only in some few cases of the flutes and reeds) to counterbalance the mass of brass instruments with a single player on each part. The very full scores of Wagner, Liszt, and Berlioz, with their large masses of brass instruments, find their proper sphere in large halls. With a body of strings sufficient to counterbalance this brass, they cannot fail to produce their full effect. But when orchestral works of the classic period are transplanted from the smaller halls for which they were intended by the composers, into large concert-halls, a mere increase in the number of strings is not enough; every part should be doubled in a corresponding ratio. Were it possible for us to get at the exact statistics of the dimensions of some of the most noted concert-rooms in Europe (such as the Gewandhaus in Leipzig, the concert-room of the Schauspielhaus in Berlin, or the hall of the Paris Conservatoire), we could furnish the curious reader with an array of figures that would prove beyond a doubt that the number of executants necessary for a correspondingly effective performance of classical orchestral works in our large halls far exceeds the limits of any orchestral means we have habitually at command in this country. But these statistics we have found, after much fruitless searching, to be beyond our present reach. We only know that the halls we have mentioned are very much smaller than the large music-halls in which we hear (or try to hear) orchestral works in this country; so much smaller, in fact, as to make any idea of compensating for the difference by increasing our orchestras little better than chimerical.

* We use the term "doubling" here and afterwards in its musical, not in its mathematical sense, to denote increasing the number of performers on a single instrumental part.

‡ This was the case in 1842, and we suppose the custom has been kept up. And even here this strengthening of the flutes and reeds was not done for the purpose of counterbalancing a large mass of strings in classical works, but to counteract the very strong bodies of brass instruments in the scores of Meyerbeer's and Spontini's operas. The effect, however, in classical works was very satisfactory.

† Vide supra.

Wagner at the New York Philharmonic.

The *Music Trade Review*, in a criticism on the first Concert of the New York Philharmonic Society, at which the first act of the *Walküre* was performed, arrives at the following conclusion about the "leading motives," the "infinite melody," etc.

As to this act of the *Walkuere* performed by the Philharmonic band we have got to say, as indicated in our last article on the subject, that Wagner's music is so difficult to appreciate that it wants special study and unusual attention on the part of a trained musician to follow all his intentions. We have to praise in the work the immense brains, the clever calculations, the clearness of the intentions, and the well pointed indications with which through the much mentioned *Leitmotive* the hearer is continually reminded, musically, of the entry or the movement of any persona represented by this little motif. But the grand and genius-like inspiration, the all-pervading warmth and fire of creative genius, can not sufficiently be replaced by all these auxiliaries, which we will not call clever tricks, but which are nothing but clever auxiliaries, with which art, in the strict sense, has nothing to do, for they are no creation by which art has anything grand to gain. We deny that this so called *unendliche* melody is something new, or that this tetralogy constitutes a *new art*. The Greek unity, which, confessedly, Wagner has in his own words acknowledged to have imitated, the series of recitatives, which are the single expressions of the *unendliche* melody, where we can see the *unendliche* but not the melody, are not new, except in the new but not exactly desirable unending suspense in which the hearer is held, to this unutterable and unpleasant impression; and altogether, after having devoted all possible time and study to reading the orchestral score and the piano score, and reading the immense amount of volumes and articles written on the tetralogy, we have come to the conclusion that Wagner, undoubtedly an excessively clever man, a musician of rare accomplishments, talent and knowledge, deified beyond his deserts and ridiculed by people who did not understand one bar of his work, has out-lived himself;

that like a number of other composers, the inspiration, the youth, the creative vigor, has gradually dried up, and that with an immense , a genius in making his success equal to the genius that made his works, he has pretended to turn his back on melody, which had turned its back on him, and that he has invented, if we may call it so, a new art, which it would be deplorable to see followed by all those who are poor in ideas, and do not possess the immense knowledge and resources of Richard Wagner. It is very easy to turn up your nose at melody. But melody is music, and music is harmonious melody. Of course, in the vulgar adaptation of the word, every little common song is called melody; but the true declamation, the noble inspiration, the clear, rhythmic beauty, the precise accent expressing your inmost feeling, that is melody as the great masters wrote it, and without which it is as impossible to write good music, as without ideas and feeling, you can, with empty words, write a poem. Von Bülow, when here, said that he thought opera was dead, and that Wagner is the last expression of it.

Let us compare other composers', particularly operatic composers', careers, and we will find the same result. Bach, Handel and Beethoven, wrote to the end of their lives with the same train of melody; but what small place takes opera in their life's work! In this century, we find only two celebrated composers who wrote on to the age of Wagner, and both came to the same result.

Mozart died young, and we cannot know what would have become of him had he lived to an old age. So did Bellini. Donizetti got mad, and Rossini ceased writing for the stage when he was 32 years old. But Meyerbeer and Verdi wrote on, and both came to scientific writing when the rich stream of original ideas with which their youth was blessed, came to dry out. The same thing happens to Wagner, who, it is impossible to conceal the fact, delights his audience with the duet between Siegmund and Sieglinde, full of streaming, charming melody, which comes in like a God-sent relief after the excruciating tediousness of a long series of recitativos, the originality of which consists in excessively difficult intervals and unconcluding harmonies, which keep the hearer in a continually anxious desire and eagerness after some sort of conclusion, which never in his suspense he seemed destined to reach. It is like the barrel of Sisiphus, continually hoping to reach the last stage of repose, and when you feel you can wait no more, down rolls the barrel, and you have to go through all your anxiety afresh. It is perfectly true that what is immortal has no end, but it is not true that what has no end, is immortal.

All that a great mind, an ingenious and inventive cleverness can do to cover these defects and invest them with the brilliant glittering of a new art, has been successfully done. Wagner is an extraordinary man, in so manifold directions, that he can make a defeat look a victory; but as far as we are concerned, we say that if a work to be appreciated wants all that study, all these preparations, all these combined efforts of so many different branches, and then does not universally please, in any way comparative to the immense outlay of preparation, and if by the side of all this scaffolding, we take the parts of the C-minor symphony, put them on the desk of the musician, and it produces such an extraordinary effect by its own intrinsic value only, without any addition, preparation, mechanism or scenery, then we say that the fifth symphony killed, and always will kill, the Walküre, and no Wagner will dethrone Louis von Beethoven.

Music at the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind.

(From the Annual Report of the Director, MICHAEL ANAGNOS, Oct. 18, 1876.)

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC.

The love of music is a universal gift from God to man, and its moral effects and practical bearings upon a system of education are of such vast importance as to deserve more than a passing mention.

From the fabled times of Orpheus and Apollo to the present day, music has alwas been regarded as the great handmaid of civilization and moral refinement. It is one of the fine arts which appeal to the imagination as well as to the feelings. Through its instrumentality the sentiments of love, reverence, patriotism, and philanthropy can be kindled, and the foundations of an earnest and sincere, a pure and lofty character laid. It quickens the activity of the intellect, and furnishes it with images of beauty. It leads the mind to think and act of itself. It develops and fosters a general taste for aesthetics. It is a kind and gentle discipline which purifies the passions and improves the understanding. It has a powerful influence in rendering children susceptible of government; and finally it lifts into ascendency the moral and intellectual over the animal nature, by substituting the elements of harmony and order in place of discord and contrariety. In the language of the great educator of Massachusetts, Horace Mann, "Music is a moral means of great efficacy; its practice promotes health; it disarms anger, softens rough and turbulent natures, socializes and brings the whole mind, as it were, into a state of fusion, from which condition the teacher can mould it into what forms he will as it cools and hardens."

Such in brief are the moral effects, and such the general considerations, which call for the culture of musical taste in all children. But besides these, the social advantages obtained from it, and the practical bearings of music upon the condition and prospects of the blind are of such immense value, that they demand with tenfold force a thorough course of musical instruction in all schools established for their benefit. Persons bereft of sight may find in the practice of music sufficient means not only to beguile their solitary hours, but to increase and strengthen their social relations by contributing to social enjoyments. Here they can compete successfully with the seeing. Here they labor under no disadvantage; for, although the contrivance of embossed notes can never equal the value of those read by the sight, yet the blind have a positive advantage over the seeing in the greater quickness and delicacy of their ear, and in their nicer faculty of measuring time. Paganini, on visiting the Institution for Blind Youth at Paris, and hearing the musical performances, declared that he had never had before an idea of correct accord in time.

Humane thoughts and economic considerations like these have always had due weight in the administration of our Institution; and its sagacious founder, eager alwnys to increase the capacity of the blind for self-support, never spared either expense in providing all the necessary musical instruments, or pains in securing the services of able and talented teachers. Thus our musical department continued from year to year to grow in usefulness and importance, until it became a complete conservatory in itself, where the piano, church and reed organ, flute, clarinet, and the various kinds of brass instruments, class and solo singing, harmony, and the history of music are thoroughly and scientifically taught.

The number of pupils connected with this department during the past year was ninety-two, and the time devoted by them to musical instruction and practice varies from one to eight hours per diem.

We have five competent and zealous resident teachers and one assistant (all, with one exception, graduates of our school), and three experienced music readers. Beside these, the services of three eminent non-resident professors are regularly employed for special instruction on particular instruments or in particular branches. Mr. George L. Osgood gives lessons to some of the advanced pupils in the art of singing and vocal training Mr. Henry C. Brown, of Brown's Brigade Band, devotes two hours per week to individual instruction on brass instruments; and Mr. Ernest Weber teaches the clarinet and flute three hours per week. The department is under the immediate direction of Mr. Thomas Reeves (himself blind), than whom there is no more earnest and devoted instructor of the blind in the country.

During the past year several new pianofortes and instruments of various kinds have been added to our collection, and a number of the older ones repaired and put in good order. The number of our pianofortes has reached forty, seven of which are exclusively used in the tuning department.

Musical notation according to the Braille system has been constantly used by our classes in harmony, of which there are five in number, and all their exercises are written in it. This system is pronounced by the most competent and impartial judges far superior to all others. It is ingeniously contrived and scientifically arranged. Its method is simple and its acquisition extremely easy. The characters occupy less space and are more legible than those of any other contrivance of embossed notes. A system of musical notation, by which the blind themselves can write and read, is, of course, a great assistance to those who have no opportunities for regular recourse to a seeing reader; but in our establishment there is ample provision for this latter purpose, and thus much valuable time and arduous labor are saved.

Thus the internal means and facilities afforded by our Institution for a thorough musical education are complete and excellent.

External advantages for musical culture and refinement have also been amply enjoyed by our students during the past year. They have had frequent opportunities of hearing the works of the best masters interpreted by prominent artists. Time and space forbid my giving a detailed statement of these advantages. Nevertheless, I must seize the opportunity to express my heartfelt thanks, as well as the gratitude of the whole school, to the various societies and artists to whom we are indebted.

To the Harvard Musical Association, for forty season tickets to their ten symphony concerts, and the public rehearsals to the same. These concerts have for ten years been gratuitously accessible to a sufficient number of our music students, and have contributed much to their pleasure and musical culture.

To Mr. C. C. Perkins, president of the Handel and Haydn Society, for allowing a number of the pupils to attend three of the oratorios.

To Mr. Orlando Tompkins, for admitting large parties of our inmates to seven operas.

To J. B. Sharland, for the privilege of hearing his chorus and the Thomas orchestra.

To Dr. von Buelow, Mr. Ernst Perabo, and Mr. George L. Osgood, for similar favors; and, through the latter, to the Boylston Club, for the privilege of attending two of their concerts and rehearsals.

To Mr. J. B Lang, for his usual hearty invitation to as many of the pupils as could attend his five concerts.

Finally, to Mr. Eugene Thayer, for giving, with the assistance of four of his pupils, six classical organ recitals in the hall of the Institution expressly for the benefit of our inmates. These concerts were of a high order, and Mr. Thayer's appropriate and witty remarks on the various pieces performed, as well as his brief reference to their composers, rendered them so instructive and interesting, that our hall was sometimes crowded to its utmost capacity. Mr. Thayer's free organ recitals in the city were also regularly attended by our pupils, who constantly remember with pleasure and gratitude his kind efforts in their behalf.

The internal advantages afforded by the establishment for a thorough musical education are within the reach of all pupils, and every one has a fair and faithful trial in elementary instruction; but the higher fields of music are opened only to those who are endowed with a sufficient degree of talent, and who have sufficient patience and determination to make a profession of it, the remainder devoting their time to other callings for which they are more particularly fitted. There is no lack of appreciation of these advantages among our pupils. On the contrary, they influence the imagination of the less thoughtful to such an extent that they manifest a strong desire to apply themselves to music without much regard to the other branches of education. This is a mischievous tendency, arising from a natural error of judgment, and should be strenuously and effectually resisted. It is important that persons who are to devote themselves to the science of music should have well developed and disciplined minds. They should be acquainted with the elements of mathematics and natural history, and should possess a fair knowledge of languages, the general rules of logic, and, if they intend to become instructors, of the principles of pedagogy. No man can rise to eminence in the profession of music without a thorough cultivation of the mind, whereby all the natural talents become broadened and well directed.

THE TUNING DEPARTMENT.

The particular attention which has long been paid in this Institution to the art of tuning and repairing pianofortes has suffered no relaxation during the past year. On the contrary, it has increased; and the means and facilities for thorough instruction and practical training in this important calling have been improved and multiplied.

The number of pianofortes exclusively devoted to the practice of tuning is seven, two of which have been added during the past year.

Nineteen pupils have received instruction in this department, eight having been admitted at different periods during the year, and three graduated at the close of the term. These have already commenced business for themselves, and they have thus far met with such favor and encouragement from the public as to warant the belief of their ultimate success.

ff

the war - - rior

prince, in com - bat fell the war - - rior,

pp

and now his

dim. *p* *dim.* *pp*

prince,..... and now..... his

dim. *p* *pp*

ff *dim.* *p* *dim.* *pp*

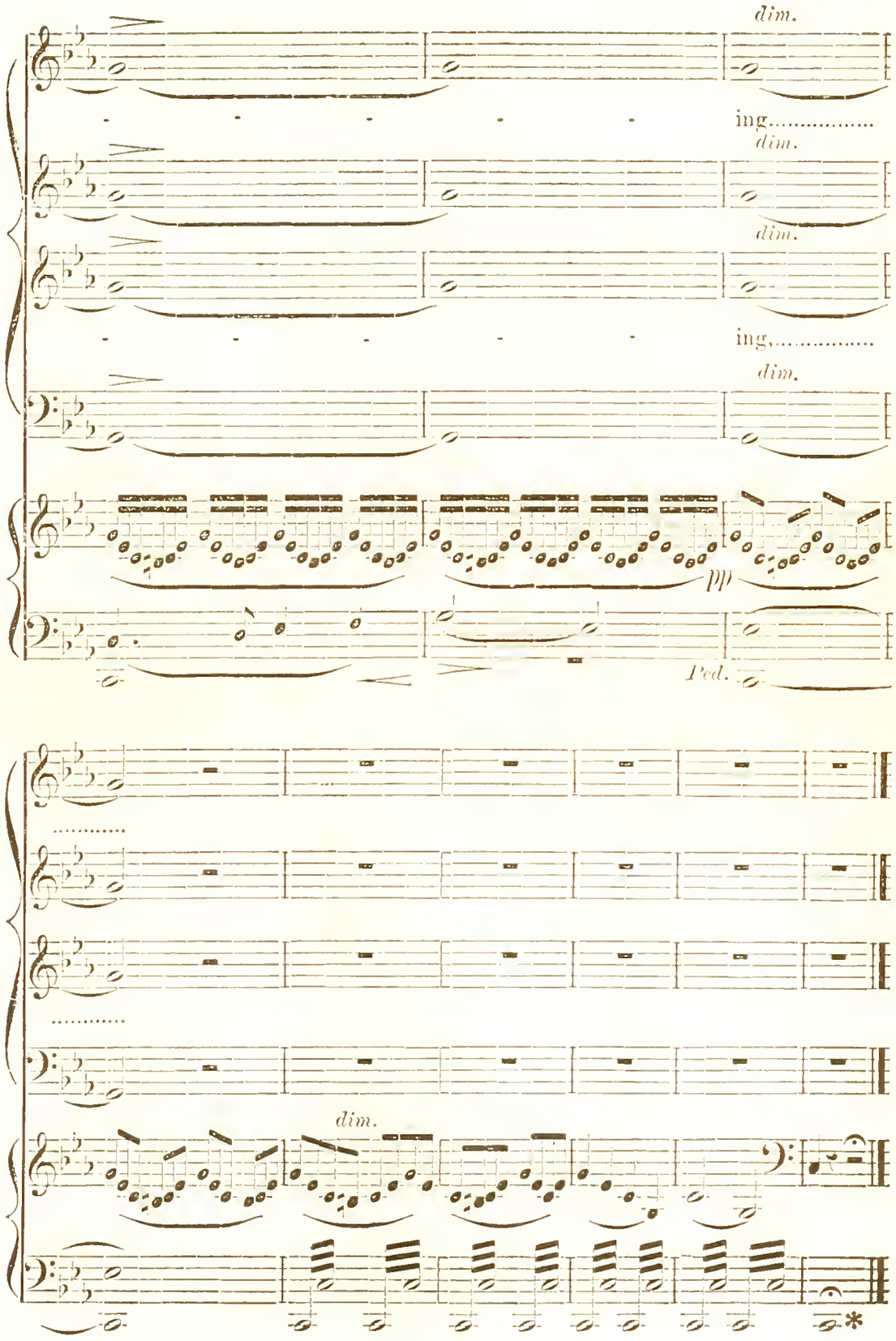
shade ..... is home. - - - - - -

shade .... is home. - - - - - - - -

6

ward flee - - - - - -

ward flee - - - - - - -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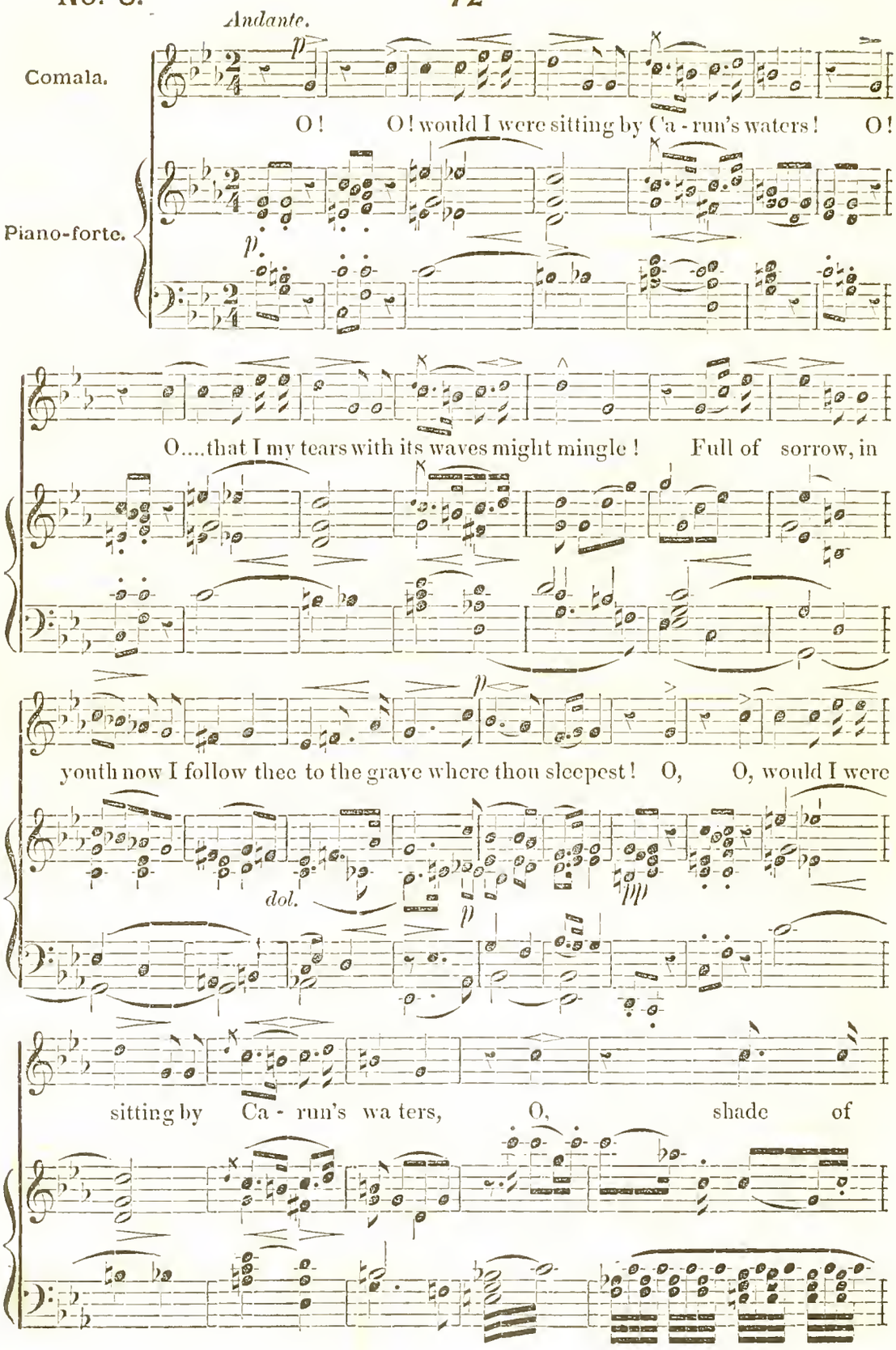
Andante.
Comala.
Piano-forte.
O! O! would I were sitting by Ca - run's waters! O!
O....that I my tears with its waves might mingle! Full of sorrow, in
youth now I follow thee to the grave where thou sleepest! O, O, would I were
dol.
sitting by Ca - run's wa ters, O, shade of

The progress of the pupils in tuning has been very satisfactory, and the pressure for admission into this department has been as strong as ever. There has been more attention than usual paid to the practical study of the art of tuning; and a complete collection of all the tools and appliances necessary for making ordinary repairs, and for the acquirement of a thorough knowledge of the mechanism of the piano, has been supplied. Upon this latter subject too much attention cannot be bestowed. Here the blind are too often found to be deficient; and to enable them to become acquainted with the form and working of all parts, and their relations to each other and to the whole mechanism, models of the various actions are employed and carefully studied. Without these a tuning department for the blind is as incomplete and inefficient, as a school of chemistry for the seeing would be without a laboratory. To the firm of Chickering and Sons we are indebted for three of these models, to Henry F. Miller for one, and two others have been made on the premises.

Those of our pupils who have received instruction in music, and have had their taste for it cultivated, but who, owing to the lack of natural talent, fail to become good teachers or performers, are well prepared and eager to learn to tune; and, if endowed with a good ear and a fair amount of mechanical skill, they become experts in this lucrative art, increasing thereby their prospects of self-support.

That the blind succeed wonderfully well as tuners, we have abundant proof in the annals of the Institution for Blind Youth at Paris, and in the experience of our own. It was a pupil of the former establishment, Claude Montal, who wrote the best treatise on the art of tuning pianofortes, and prepared the way for the development of the most systematic and efficient course of instruction for its acquisition; and it is a graduate of our own Institution, Mr. J. W. Smith, who has organized and conducted the most successful tuning departments in this country and in Great Britain. Both of these gentlemen stand high; but they are not alone in their profession. There is a great number of very successful blind tuners in France, some of whom have been very popular with the pianoforte makers of Paris; and there are many in New England who, on the whole, are better qualified in their art than the average of their seeing competitors, and who, despite the difficulties and prejudices which they have had to encounter, have won favor with the public, and are earning a good and honorable livelihood. Several of our tuners, moreover, have been, during the past year, employed in manufactories in the city, and their work has in every instance given satisfaction.

Careful observation and long experience have proved that a high standard of excellence in the study of the art of tuning, both in theory and practice, and a certain degree of business talent and natural refinement, as well as disciplined manners, lie at the foundation of all success. These are rigidly required here. No pupil will ever be supplied with a certificate as tuner unless he is of a stainless character and good address; nor unless he is fully able to take out the action from the pianoforte and put it in again without assistance, to replace a broken string in any part of the instrument, to describe the form and office of every part, and to make all incidental repairs. Let me add in this connection, that every blind tuner who intends to seek employment in the country should secure the services of an intelligent seeing person to act as guide and to assist in such repairs as would be too difficult for one entirely deprived of sight to attempt alone. This has been done by the most successful blind tuners in Paris, and in some cases in this country.

The business of tuning pianofortes outside of the Institution has been increased during the past year, and more than fifty names have been added to the list of our patrons. This work is done by the pupils, who, besides gaining in practice and experience, receive fifty per centum of the net earnings. To some of them the money thus earned is a great help. In acknowledging gratefully all past favors, I would ask for our tuners a full share in this business. They can tune in the best style, and in many cases more correctly than the average seeing tuners. They will wait upon customers in any part of the city or the neighboring towns. Pianofortes will be kept in order by the year at a reasonable rate, and the work is warranted to give satisfaction to competent judges.

Most of the graduates of our tuning department become agents for the sale of pianos and organs. A number of them are already established as such in various parts of the country, and derive handsome incomes from this business.

Our tuning department is under the able management of Mr. J. W. Smith, who, after an absence of three years in Great Britain, where he organized and put into operation a similar one in the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind, has returned to his old post with renewed zeal and enlarged experience.

Mme. Essipoff.

POETA NASCITUR, NON FIT.

(From the Music Trade Review, Nov. 18.)

When we announced Mme. Essipoff's arrival in our last number, we quoted from a letter directed to us by one of the greatest musical authorities in Europe, the following words: "She is a magnificent pianist of the school of Liszt and Rubinstein; far more able than von Bülow, and not nearly so incorrect." This seemed no trifling praise, and yet how far it falls behind the real truth. At last—at last, we can say we have heard a great, admirable, perfect artist!

A pianist need no more of necessity be an artist than an artist is bound to be a pianist. The fact is that so very few pianists are artists, that is to say, that so very few represent in their mechanism more than a certain sum of hours passed in practising, and soul, real art, genius, are out of question. It is not in mere execution that we find the artist.

In Madame Essipoff we discover such a combination of all that makes a great artist, that we might as well say "she is perfect," and save ourselves the trouble of indicating every quality in detail. But that would not be fair. We must try, however difficult it may be, to give our readers an idea of what they are going to hear whenever their good fortune will bring them within the radius of Mme Essipoff's performances.

Everything is extraordinary in Mme. Essipoff—the most extraordinary thing, in our opinion, being that the people understood her (which we very much feared would not occur), though it took them the whole evening to reach that point, seeing that she was called back by the applause to the platform once after the first piece, twice after her second appearance, and three times after the third.

Never have we heard an artist with such a high degree of poesy, with such an unequalled touch, capable of innumerable degrees of *p* to *pppp*, and *forte* to *fff*. She caresses the keys; her fingers drop sometimes like a catspaw, only just touch them, and though she has the most powerful tone any man or woman can hope to produce, her *pianissimo*, and the way she produces it, is an interesting study by itself. She has the specialty of elevating her wrist so as to bend the finger nearly perpendicularly, and then the wrist goes gradually down until it is on a level with the keys, and all the tints of light and shade are brought out in a manner never heard before.

No wonder she plays Chopin better than anybody. Chopin is before all the poet among piano composers. To understand him and interpret him so as to do him full justice, it absolutely wanted a lady—and to the best of our experience, having heard all the great pianists of the day, the Princess Czartoriska, his favorite pupil, was the only one who approached the solution of this nearly insoluble problem. Mme. Essipoff, however, who combines with the most poetic touch and conception that we ever heard, a facility, not of playing difficulties, but of playing with the difficulties which never, however accumulated they may appear, cause her the slightest effort, is, of course, the greatest exponent of this most difficult school.

Our readers who never have seen us give so unconditional an acknowledgement to any artist's claims, will now acquire the certainty that when we have a truly great artist before us, it is our delight, with all our heart, to say so.

To those who have not heard her and will have to wait some time before hearing her, we will try to describe, as far as poor words will go, what she does and how she does it.

We said that everything is unusual in her. She sits so high and so far away from the piano that we should have thought her outstretched arms would soon get tired. But that is a condition which she seems not to admit, for when we asked her manager why she had put down for Friday evening three immense concertos, with orchestra, an effort that would be extraordinary for any man, he replied with the greatest simplicity: "That is no effort; she has done it time and again."

Once seated, her small and graceful foot seeks the pedal, of which she makes a more careful and judicious use than we have ever heard any pianist do, for, through the whole evening, we could not discover a pedal on different chords, or, anyway, the use of it where not absolutely indicated. The way she puts her fingers on the key board, the five or six different ways of the bending, the movements of the wrist alluded to above, and the different effects thereby obtained, are an exclusive specialty of her's, and explain the immense power with which she dominates the orchestra, although nobody ever produced a more delicate and tender pp. than she does, every now and then. All these movements are made with an unstudied, natural grace, which alone it is a pleasure to observe. She played a great many different composers' works, but it would not be an easy task to point out one that had not been interpreted in the most accomplished manner. Difficulties do not exist for her. She plays the most rapid octave passages, third or sixth passages, arpeggios or scales, with such immense equality, with such extraordinary independence, not only with regard to each hand of the other, but with the most marked independence of each finger by itself. The wonderful tone painting in her *crescendo* and *decrescendo*, naturally is most astounding in her shakes with the last two fingers, whereas her shake with the first two fingers is of an equality which leaves you to wonder, has she so weakened her thumb, or so strengthened her index, that it is impossible to hear any difference in the touch of the two fingers? Her left hand in single runs, thirds, or octaves, does exactly what her right hand does, and still, with all these marvellous advantages of the best cultivated mechanism, it is not her play with difficulties—the greatest triumph, as it has rightly been stated, the art to conceal her art—it is not this which makes her rank so high in our opinion. It is the complete abandonment of her inner soul to the spirit of the composer—the most touchingly poetic conception and interpretation of every phrase—the deeply felt, and nevertheless never sentimental expression of her singing her phrases and the perfect ease with which she shows herself equally at home in variations of Rameau, which require so great a clearness, and so perfect an execution in both hands, as in a *toccata* of Sebastian Bach, which she handled with the utmost superiority and correctness, through all the complicated development. The sweet, thoughtful, dreaming style of Chopin's *Andante*, and the crushing dash of Liszt's Hungarian *fantasia*, all this combined, the extraordinary versatility, which simply means that she can play everything with the same mastery, that she stands beyond any difficulty, not only of execution, but of understanding and entering into the spirit of so various and so different composers,—it is this universal, unequalled talent of performance, which makes us say that she stands high beyond any pianist that ever came to this country, with the exception of Rubinstein, whose superior she is, not in power and execution, because that cannot be, but whose superior she is in adorable poetry and interpretation, since Rubinstein broke, so to say, every composition to his undaunted frenzy, when such frenzy occasionally got hold of him, while she remains continually, and with a reserve and modesty that never goes for effect, the interpreter of the great work she has undertaken to perform. Her whole nature is grace and poetry, and the expression of her face, evidently unknown to herself, changes while the inspiration comes over her, and she becomes the prophetess of the creed to which she has devoted herself.

We do not want to be accused of the exaggeration of putting Mme. Essipoff beyond Rubinstein; that is not our opinion, for Rubinstein had a wild, savage, but irresistible dash, with which, in crazy moments, he rushed through every note, but which, in an inspired moment, carried everything irresistibly before him, and in this he is Mme. Essipoff's superior, as she is his superior in poetic and irreproachable interpretation.

If people wish to establish some idea of her playing by comparison, we will only say that she stands undoubtedly higher than any lady pianist here or in Europe, including Madame Schumann, even when she was Clara Wieck, and then at the age of Mme. Essipoff (21). Liszt is the only pianist whom she could not crush; with Rubinstein she has many qualities in common—she is, as we mentioned, his superior in some regards as he is her superior in others. One of the critics, whose poverty of judgment is an established fact, has stated that she is

most like Bülow. . . . . The same great critic speaks about "skilfully rounded harmonies." If he understands what that means, it would be charitable on his part to let us know. Concerning his comparison we can only say that never was there a greater contrast between the schoolmaster-like pedantry of the one and the poetic unconsciousness of the other. Bülow represents the steady laborious worker with a great amount of brains; where, therefore, work and brains would not suffice, where it wanted inspiration (Beethoven) and poesy (Chopin) he failed and failed, too, in the very part of the performance where Mme. Essipoff, from opposite reasons, stands highest. That with all these uncommon advantages she combines a memory which it will not be easy to match, playing as she does dozens of pieces each time by heart, is one of those details that disappear in the immensity of her artistic grandeur. And what a musician she is. It is wonderful to hear how she marks the time and holds the band to herself, and we have been told that at the rehearsals it is she who gives all the necessary indications; and when we see that the moment she has done and the orchestra enters she never looks at the people, but instantly at the instrument whose turn it is to come in, we can readily believe it. Among the perfections of her touch are the *staccato*, light, sharp, determined, and, nevertheless, never dry; and the *legato*, with which her left hand accompanies the right one, and which we can only compare to one man's *legato*, and the man was Rossini, who, at the age of 65 years, accompanied *legato* on the piano in a way that defied any pianist. Under the circumstances the reader of the *Music Trade Review* will understand that there is no talking about single pieces. Of course she plays everything marvellously. What could you expect? She gives with the same hand that so poetically caresses the keys such whippings (*coups de fouet*), and then again such incredibly clear *pianissimos* as in Chopin's Valse, as to make a real revelation of it. In the study of Liszt, for instance, the difficulty is to sing a melody played in continuous change of the two hands. Well, her touch is so well trained and equal that she plays the whole on, and unless you see the hands you can never detect any difference between the finger of one hand and the finger of the other hand. Such is Mme. Essipoff's play all through old, classical and modern composers.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 9, 1876.

Orchestral Concerts.

Sanders Theatre, Cambridge. Those who made their way that stormy Tuesday night (Nov. 21), to old Harvard's grand Memorial Building, to listen to the first concert ever given on that classic ground, and in the most beautiful of amphitheatres, were richly rewarded; and the number who went out from Boston was quite large. Of course all Cambridge was there, whether of the College or the town, eager to *assist* at this auspicious new departure in the musical life of the University. The subscription for a series of six concerts, three of them with Orchestra, had been prompt and generous. Alma Mater offered her most exquisite new hall for the purpose, her Theatre for academic exercises, the worthy complement to that noble building raised in grateful memory of Harvard's sons who gave their lives for their country in the war of the rebellion. Through the august transept, whose walls bear the memorial tablets, and which forms the vestibule to the great Alumni (dining) hall on the left, and to the Theatre on the right, we entered a scene of light and beauty, where reverent sentiment, pure taste and architectural art had done their best; and, though the room was not designed with principal reference to musical performances, yet it had proved at the last Commencement so convenient and good for hearing, that the idea spontaneously suggested itself to many, that here Harvard has a hall fit and attractive for good music, as she has for a year past had a musical Professor, than whom none could be more fit to take the organization of some good feasts of harmony in hand.

It was a good beginning, a success in every way, although it might be rash to say a quite unqualified success; for in truth to our own experience, sitting as we did upon the floor in front of the orchestra, we are bound to confess that the acoustical effect was not entirely satisfactory; there was a certain deadness in the sound, and indeed some blur,—less troublesome, however, as the concert went on and the ear became accustomed. Doubtless many shared this feeling, and many others did not, according to the place from which they listened. But we are well aware that the acoustic qualities of a new hall are not to be fully judged at once; we believe that the walls of a room become attempered gradually by much music-making, like the body of a violin.—The concert this time was by the Thomas Orchestra, and this the programme:

Overture.—"Consecration of the House," in C major, Op. 124.....Beethoven
Unfinished Symphony, in B minor.....Schubert
Allegro moderato.—Andante con moto.
Violin Concerto, in E minor, Op. 64.....Mendelssohn
Mr S. E Jacobsohn.
Overture to Shakspeare's "As You Like It," in F major, Op. 28.....J. K. Paine
Andante espressivo.—Allegro vivace.
Symphony, No. 7, in A, Op. 92.....Beethoven

An admirable and most appropriate programme, but too long. A good song, in the place of the Schubert movements, which with all their peculiar beauty and their fascination for the general audience, are extremely mournful,—or else, of a portion of the Concerto, would, we fancy, have relieved the too much of a good thing. A fine orchestral execution throughout was a matter of course although something of the old charm undeniably is missing in that once perfect orchestra, now changed in many of its elements. The Seventh Symphony, even if we allow it faultless in execution, was not so in interpretation; there was an unnatural rapidity of tempo, particularly in the Finale, and even in the introduction, which takes the life out, instead of putting new life into music all-inspired, and setting its own time.—Mr. Jacobsohn's rendering of the Mendelssohn Concerto was masterly and won great applause. The one novelty of the concert, and the theme of greatest interest, was Prof. Paine's truly beautiful and genial Overture. It is not important that the listener should trace Shakspeare's scenes and characters through the unfolding music. Enough to suppose that the impressions left on the mind by reading of the play dictated the mood, or moods, in which the music was conceived. In the *Andante* you may think of the shady forests of Ardennes and the serious love plot of the story; while the *Allegro vivace* is full of hunting strains, and fresh wood life, sunshine and gayety, with now and then a touch of humor, not without passing reminders of the "winter wind" and "man's ingratitude," but on the whole a fair musical commentary on the text:

Under the green wood tree,
Who loves to lie with me, etc., etc.

If Shakspeare's play does not need the Overture, neither does the Overture need Shakspeare. Taken as music purely, without poetic key or programme, it seemed to us a work that may stand for itself, rich, varied, musical, consistent and symmetrical, with a more genial flow than anything we have yet had from its accomplished author. The orchestra, too, played it *con amore*, and the audience received it *con furore*, the composer being compelled to rise in his seat and bow acknowledgment.

The second concert is set down for Thursday evening, Dec. 21. It will consist of Chamber music, thus:—

String Quartet in C major, *Mozart* Boston Philharmonic Club, Mr. B Listemann, Leader; Songs: "First Sorrow," "The Absent One," *Mendelssohn*, Mr. George L. Osgood; Piano Quintet in E flat major, Op. 44, *Schumann*, Madame Madeline Schiller and Philharmonic Club; "Song of the Bride," *Schumann*, "The Post," *Schubert*, Mr. G. L. Osgood; Piano Solo, Madame Schiller; Sextet for Two Horns and Strings, Op. 81 *b Beethoven*, Philharmonic Club.

Second Harvard Symphony Concert, Thursday afternoon, Nov. 23.—The programme, as printed, was as follows:—

Overture to "Lodoiska".....Cherubini
Scena and Romanza from "The Huguenots," 1st Act.....Meyerbeer
Dr. S. W Langmaid
(Viola obligato, Mr. J. C. Mullaly.)
Overture: "The Hebrides".....Mendelssohn
Songs, with Pianoforte:
a. "Dein Angesicht".....Schumann
b. Journey Song (Wanderlied).....Mendelssohn
Dr. S. W. Langmaid.

Seventh Symphony, in A, op. 92.....Beethoven

We feel assured,—and we are confirmed by the opinion of the best musical authorities in the audience (much larger than the first, and of the most musical character, and closely attentive to the end) that the *tempi* taken in the Seventh Symphony, this time, were just the right ones. Moreover the whole execution and treatment of the work in all its movements, was one of the most satisfactory ever heard from any orchestra in Boston. The instruments were all in tune, the wood band sweet and smooth and sympathetically blended in its tones, the phrasing both of wind and strings clear and expressive; and it was the general feeling of all present that the dear old Symphony was brought near to us and home to us, so that all felt it, in a most enjoyable way. How to account for such "improvement" we are at a loss; the material of the orchestra was no better than before, the numbers somewhat smaller, and the amount of rehearsal less than usual in past years. We think it must be credited to moral influences; that the tone and purpose of the orchestra is raised; that every musician felt the responsibility that rested on himself to save the Boston orchestra, so that all tried, all did their best; and so too in a higher, an inspiring and controlling degree, was it with the Conductor; Mr. Zerraan may well feel proud of that day.

The rendering of the two Overtures was also unexceptionable; and in themselves, intrinsically, each was much enjoyed, but with a difference. That to *Lodoiska* was the freshest to the present generation; sincere, sound, unstrained, unaffected music, full of the same sort of simple charm, and often vividly reminding one of passages in the "Water-Carrier" (the play itself, not the Overture), with all the mastery, the fine sense of fitness, the *ars celare artem*, possessed in so high a degree by Cherubini. Mendelssohn's romantic, seashore Overture has more depth of poetry, more ideal wealth, more of modern color contrast, and its charm is ever fresh.

The Scena and Romanza from the *Huguenots* was peculiarly well fitted for Dr. Langmaid's voice and style. It is not a "heroic" Aria (as some of the critics said of it the next morning), made for your robust tenor; it is simply a delicate and tender love song, most of the time with no accompaniment save that of a single viola (originally *viol d'amour*), with its soft aerial arpeggio; the orchestra enters in the pauses of the song, with bits of chorus in the play. It is a very lovely melody, full of fervor, as of grace and sweetness. And in that sense it was sung, and sung effectively, in a beautiful and sympathetic quality of tone, with true artistic finish and refinement, as well as honestly and simply. The alleged falsetto high tones (what matter how we call them if they are only *good* tones?) were in fact not falsetto, with the exception of perhaps once or twice; they may have been *made* tones, tones methodically developed, but they were musical, substantial, pleasing tones. The piece was sung precisely as Meyerbeer wrote it, with all the difficult cadenzas, and no note avoided. The Viola *obligato* was beautifully played. The best appreciated of Dr. Langmaid's efforts was that perfect melody of Schubert's: "Du bist die Ruh," which he substituted for the song by Schumann, and which indeed he sang with exquisite purity and truth of feeling, to the judicious and tasteful piano accompaniment of Mr. Parker. The "Wanderlied" was hardly so effective.

The Last Thomas Concerts. Turning back to record the fourth and fifth of the series (Nov. 20 and 22), we can hardly do more than name the pieces.

The fourth concert opened with the lovely Symphony from Bach's Christmas Oratorio, of which the rendering, though delicate and nice, was not entirely unaffected; the excessive *pianissimo*, too often a fault in these Concerts, seemed not in the spirit of Sebastian Bach. The "No. 1" of Beethoven's *Leonore* Overtures (though there is reason to suppose that it was composed some years after the great No. 3, of which it seems to be a fainter sketch) was beautifully played. The other orchestral selections were new or nearly new to to us. Schumann's "Bilder aus Osten," Op. 66, (adapted for Orchestra by

Reinecke) have a certain oriental seductiveness, and the pictures are quite varied. Mr. Arthur Sullivan's Pastoral Introduction and Overture to his Oratorio, "The Light of the World," seemed to us strong, impressive writing, with a well-marked individuality. The other pieces were *Airs de Ballet* by Tschaikowsky, Gounod's grotesque and pretty "Funeral March of a Marionette," and a rich and brilliant Polonaise from Meyerbeer's *Struensee*.—The Quartette of Swedish Ladies sang several of their unaccompanied pieces in such admirable manner that the public called for more. A new tenor singer, Mr. GEORGE WORRENRATH sang an Aria from Handel's *Sosarme* in a chaste, well studied style; but in a dramatic English song: "The Sands of Dee," and the Scotch "Roy's Wife," the interest in his voice and singing rather flagged.

The last concert began with a highly dramatic, tragical, and in parts declamatory Overture to *Othello*, by Prof. F. L. Ritter, of Vassar College. It is a strong, impressive work, and richly scored. The Adagio and Scherzo from Beethoven's fourth Symphony came in, in the midst of the miscellaneous programme, like "the sweet of the night." The "Phaëton" of Saint-Saëns was just the thing for such an orchestra, and was of course encored. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. SHERWOOD played a Grand Duo Concertante by Weber, arranged for two pianos by Henselt (from the Clarinet Concerto, op. 48);—it was a brilliant piece of virtuosity, full and sonorous, but on the whole tedious. Mrs. Sherwood played, with orchestra, the *Capriccio Brillant* of Mendelssohn, and very finely. The Swedish Ladies and Mr. Werrenrath sang as before, and the Concert ended with the "Merry Wives of Windsor" Overture.

Chamber Concerts.

HUGO LEONHARD'S MATINEES. Hardly a more poetic interpreter of what is best in pianoforte music, or one more deeply imbued with the spirit of the great masters, or more uncompromising in his loyalty to truth in Art, has lived among us than Mr. Leonhard. He always found sympathetic and admiring audience for his renderings of such rare tone-poems as the G-major Concerto of Beethoven, the F-minor of Chopin, and of the Fugues, Sonatas, Fantaisies, Nocturnes, etc., of Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin and the rest. He always makes admirable programmes; always studies and prepares them conscientiously. It would seem this time almost *too* conscientiously; for in the first two matinees, of which we have already given the programmes, with all that there was fine in his intentions, and partly also in his renderings, it became too evident that his nervous system was unstrung, or in some way out of the normal condition, so that one's sympathy with the endeavor became painful. The wise physician intervened to put a veto on his playing more in public for the present—we trust a short season of rest will make all right again. Meanwhile the remaining Matinée, Dec. 1, was kindly taken in hand by a number of his brother artists (Messrs. LANG, PARKER, PERABO, FOOTE and DRESEL) who, with the kind aid of the charming singer, Miss NITA GAETANO, gave the concert for him, involving of course an entire change of plan. This beautiful tribute to Mr. Leonhard, with its thoroughly unique programme, and the complete success of the performance, make the occasion memorable. A more notable concert has not occurred here, and probably, will not occur, this winter.

1. Concerto for three Pianos, D minor.....J. S. Bach
(Accompaniments arranged for a fourth Piano.)
First movement.
Messrs. Lang, Perabo, Parker and Dresel.
2. Songs. *a.* "Ave Maria".....Gounod
b. "Barcarolle".....Gordigiani
c. "Au Printemps".....Gounod
Miss Nita Gaëtano
3. Duet for two Pianos, on a theme by Beethoven, C. Saint-Saëns
Messrs. Lang and Foote.
4. Songs. *a.* "Wild was the day when he came," (op. 4, No. 7.....Rob. Franz
b. "How truly thine" (Op. 14, No. 6) Rob. Franz
c. "Spring Night".....Schumann
Miss Nita Gaëtano.
5. Concerto for three pianos, C major.....J. S. Bach
[Accompaniments arranged for a fourth Piano.]
Allegro—Adagio—Fugue.
Messrs. Lang, Perabo, Parker and Dresel.

The audience, of the highest character, completely filled Wesleyan Hall, and musically the satisfaction was complete. The wonderful freshness, the vitality, the richness, the clearness [with all its fascinating polyphonic intricacy] of those Concerto movements by Bach was never felt more vividly before. Such wholesome music, and so full of genius! We all drank music in at every pore. For the performance, by such a combination of artists, was singularly perfect, and not one effect was blurred or lost. Bach's string accompaniments were played by Mr Dresel on a fourth piano. The single movement from the D-minor Concerto was to us the best of all, if best there could be where all was so good; and we could not but regret that we had not the whole Concerto.

The Duet by Saint-Saëns on the Trio from one of Beethoven's Sonatas, is a very skilful, ingenious and effective piece of variation writing; many of the variations being much after Beethoven's own manner; though one or two of them are decidedly French, and there is some prolixity in the concluding portion. The introduction also seemed to us superfluous, indefinite, such as might lead to anything; would it not have been better to proceed at once to the business in hand, the statement of the theme? It is a work not easy of performance and if we say that Mr. Arthur Foote proved not ill matched with Mr. Lang, the rest will be understood.

And now for the singer—in some respects the most notable and charming fresh appearance in that character that we have had for some time. Miss Gaëtano, not unknown here seven or eight years ago as Miss Mackie, from New Orleans, has in the mean time been studying with Wartel in Paris, and for several years past has lived in England, singing in Gounod's and in other concerts with success. She is on a short visit to her friends here now. She has a wonderfully rich, sweet, sympathetic soprano voice, especially in the lower tones, which have a sort of sunset purple hue. Occasionally a high tone was a little over-loud and hard; but for the most part her singing was exquisite, and she entered fully into the spirit of the songs with the exception perhaps of the first by Franz ["Er ist gekommen"] which she did not seem to have made so completely her own that she could sing it out with freedom. "How truly thine" was faultless. And the Schumann song was so beautiful in itself, so finely sung, and so exquisitely accompanied (as were all the rest) by Mr Dresel, that the delight of the audience knew no bounds. She responded to the encore with the "Im Wald" by Franz.

We heard the question asked on all sides: Why can we not have concerts like this, by the same artists, once a week or fortnight through the winter?

NEW YORK, Dec. 2.—In the week ending Nov. 25 Mme. ESSIPOFF gave two evening concerts and two matinées. At the first matinée she played Beethoven's Sonata, op. 53, "Des Abends" and "Springbrunnen," by Schumann, a Gavotte by Raff, a Nocturne, a Mazurka and a Valse by Chopin, and Liszt's Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 8. M. Vivien played the "Fantasie Caprice" of Vieuxtemps, and Wieniawski's Polonaise; and Mdlle. Reher sang "Ah! mon fils" by Meyerbeer, and Clay's ballad "She wandered down the mountain side."

At the concert on Wednesday evening, the following programme was rendered:

1. Fantaisie.....Chopin
Mme. Essipoff.
2. Ballad—"It was a dream".....Cowen
Mrs. Louise Oliver.
3. Concerto.....Leonard
M. Alfred Vivien.
4. *a* Barcarole.....Rubinstein
b. Menuet.....Schubert
c. Vogel als Prophet.....Schumann
d. Scherzo.....Chopin
Mme. Essipoff.
5. Legende.....Dulcken
M. Alfred Vivien and the composer.
6. *a.* Song.....Robert Franz
b. Nightingales' Trill.....Ganz
7. Paraphase sur des Motifs de Rigoletto.....Liszt
Mme. Annette Essipoff.

The selections above named are sufficiently diverse to afford a fair field for testing the merits of any pianist, but Mme. Essipoff has already proved herself superior to all tests, and criticism of her performance is merely enumeration of her merits. Her playing is absolutely faultless, unless an occasional deviation from generally received notions of *tempo*, in certain classical compositions, is considered as a fault. Mme. Essipoff undoubtedly takes liberties with the tempo, as she did in the case of the Minuet by Schubert, which she dashed off in a manner that would have astonished the old-time votaries of that stately and slow going dance. Nevertheless not a note was slighted, and the inspiration, the delicate aroma of the piece, which would have escaped under a rude hand, was not lost. We have said that Mme. Essipoff can play Chopin. To describe her reading of the Fantasia and of the Scherzo it is only necessary to repeat that assertion. But what a catalogue of great and wonderful qualities is embraced in that simple statement! Apropos of composers, there is a *mot* of the French: "In order to succeed at the Conservatoire it is necessary to be dead;" and so it may be that, to interpret the music of Chopin, as it should be interpreted, would be to die, as Chopin himself died of his own genius. We hear, now and then, of a true expounder of the gifted Pole usually some far away Princess, with an unpronounceable name, but now we have the Princess at our very door.

The Liszt Paraphrase which came at the end of the bill was probably intended as a sop to the popular Cerberus. As a display of virtuosity it was remarkable, but it was not received with marked enthusiasm. Perhaps our Cerberus is beginning to rate such trash at its true value.

On Friday evening, Nov. 24th, Mme. Essipoff played Schumann's "Carnival,', Nocturne by Field, Von Bulow's *Intermezzo*, and pieces by Chopin and Schubert.

On Monday evening, Nov. 27th, the programme was made up almost entirely of selections from Chopin, opening, however, with a Sonata by Rubinstein for piano and violin, (in A minor), rendered by Mme. Essipoff and M. Vivien. Rubinstein's genius is shown in this, as in all of his compositions; but there is too much of the untamed Cossack in the piece to suit our taste. The performance was not entirely satisfactory, inasmuch as M. Vivien, in his effort to read the music,—with which he seemed not thoroughly familiar, failed in his bowing, producing a harsh and very unpleasant tone. In Wieniawski's "Caprice Fantastique," which came later, he did much better. The Chopin numbers were:

Ballade, G minor; Berceuse; Polonaise, Op. 26; Mazourka, in A; Valse; Nocturne, in E; and Tarantelle.

Each piece was exquisitely rendered, and it is hard to praise one more than another.

On Wednesday evening, Nov. 29, the selections were entirely from Beethoven:

Sonata, Op. 30, No. 2, C minor,
Mme. Essipoff and M. Vivien.
"La Vita Felice,"
Miss Lilian Norton.
Sonata—"Quasi una fantasia," Op. 27, No. 2,
Romanza for Violin in G,
Song—"Mignon"
Sonata in D minor, Op. 31, No. 2.

In the Sonata for piano and violin, M. Vivien manifested the same defects which we had before noted: viz: rough and unequal bowing; thinness where a full, broad tone is required, and inaccurate stopping. Altogether the favorable impression which he made at his first appearance is not confirmed, although there is still much to be said in his favor.

Mme. Essipoff in her interpretation of Beethoven, showed an amazing power of execution, subduing all technical difficulties so completely as to conceal their very existence. As for her poetic conception, no language can describe it.

Berlioz was undoubtedly right in saying that there are not six pianists in the world who can play the "Moonlight" Sonata as it should be played. No one who heard the ineffable Adagio, of the opening—that divine melody, soaring faint and clear as the "horns of Elfland," above the fateful arpeggios, can doubt that in Mme. Essipoff we have a true interpreter of Beethoven's music. The beautiful episode which forms the second part of this Sonata, and which Liszt has compared to a "flower between two abyssess," is like the remembrance of happiness in a time of grief; and its interpretation was a triumph of the art which conceals art; while the great Finale, that funeral hymn of hope, was truly a revelation.

On Friday evening, Dec. 1, the programme was miscellaneous, not altogether satisfactory from an artistic point of view, but doubtless calculated to draw a full house. Mme. Essipoff's selections were as follows:

Andante et Scherzo.
Impromptu, (de la Rosamunda).....F. Schubert
Prelude and Fugue, D flat.....Bach
Gavotte, D minor.....Gluck Brahms
La Sonnambula, (Fantasie).....Thalberg
Chant des Pecheurs, Mazourka.....Leschetizki
Valse [d'apres Johann Strauss].....Tausig
"*Man lebt nur einmal.*"

Mlle Gomien sang a Scena and Cavatina "Romeo," by Bellini and the Romance, "Knowest thou the land," from the "Mignon" of A. Thomas.

M. Vivien played the "Introduction, Cadenza, and Adagio Religioso" by Vieuxtemps, and *Legende* by F. Dulcken, in which he was accompanied on the piano by the composer, who is a thorough musician, and an excellent accompanist. M. Vivien displayed considerable facility of execution in this piece, but his violin was not strictly in accord with the piano, and this was no accident, for we have shown the same fault in his performances on several other occasions.

The managers of the Essipoff Concerts have secured the cooperation of Theo. Thomas and his orchestra for the coming week and we shall enjoy the pleasure of hearing the great *pianiste* in two concerts and one matinée with an adequate orchestral support. She will play Beethoven's 4th Concerto; the G-minor Concerto of Mendelssohn; the 2d Concerto, in G minor, Saint-Saens; and Chopin's Concerto in E minor.

A. A. C.

LEIPZIG. The fourth Gewandhaus Concert, (Oct. 26), had for programme: Overture to *Euryanthe*, Weber; Cavatina: "Glöcklein im Thale," from the same, sung by Frau Kölle-Murjahn from Carlsruhe; Concerto in B minor for violoncello, by Davidoff, played by a member of the orchestra (dul. Kienzel); Songs with piano; and a new Symphony by Raff (No. 7, in B flat, "In the Alps." This last named novelty, according to the *Signale*, 'made *tout bonnement* a fiasco.' "That it deserved this fate it cannot alas! be denied; for in all four movements (bearing the special titles: *a.* "Wandering in the high mountains;" *b.* "In the tavern;" *c.* "On the Lake;" *d.* "At the swinging fest; Leave taking") it contains far too little of what, in respect to invention fascination or attraction, is calculated so give pleasure and far too much of what is odd and angular, faulty in form, empty and dry in fact, but raised by all sorts of manœuvres to a semblance of significance and weight; in short far too much of what is to be reached on the one hand by rumi-

nating and reflecting, on the other by routine and sleight of hand; qualities which exist largely in Raff's music, and which, when so wholly unrelieved as in the present case, can only have a depressing effect."

—Weber's early opera, *Abu Hassan* (pronounced still wonderfully fresh and charming), and Schubert's *Der Häusliche Krieg*, have been revived at the Stadttheater.

PARIS. The correspondent of the London *Musical Standard*, Oct. 31, writes:

The second Concert Populaire, which took place last Sunday, will not readily be forgotten either by M Pasdeloup or his audience. A remarkably interesting programme, including the Scotch Symphony, and Air de Danse of the late regretted Felicien David, Bizet's Arlésienne music, and, positively, two works new to Paris, attracted a more than usually large number of persons to the Cirque. When the preparatory tap of M. Pasdeloup was heard, there were probably not fewer than four thousand people in the room, amongst them M. Jules Simon, the leading critics, and some hundreds of foreigners. The occasion was plainly not an ordinary one. In the audience there was a certain suppressed excitement only noticeable on the great field-days—please understand the word literally. To explain, I must tell you that the two novelties set down for execution were respectively the Andante and Minuet from Handel's 4th Concerto, and The Funeral March from the Götterdämmerung. Handel's Andante fell flat, the Minuet had better fortune, and, though coming in for a more cordial reception, it is clear that the simplicity of the man who wrote the "Messiah" is not heartily appreciated here or soon likely to be.

Thus far matters had gone smoothly enough, but hardly had the last sweet earnest chords of the concerto died away, when there began the most senseless, violent tumult. A strong majority of the audience evidently had determined not to give the Bayreuth composer a hearing, while a smaller, but equally resolute, minority was just as bent on the programme being carried out in its integrity. Eventually the latter carried the day, and, amidst a disturbance, which proceeding from the gallery of a New Cut "penny gaff" (if they have galleries), would have been as natural as coming from the benches of the Paris Cirque; it was ridiculous and misplaced. The much talked of March was allowed to continue.

On a single hearing, I must say, the March does not make a favorable impression, and is, moreover, perfectly unintelligible to anyone who has not followed the development of the Niebelungenring's story from the beginning. Our musicians were not hidden as those of Bayreuth were. The harshness of Wagner's brass had nothing to soften it at the Cirque, and the overwhelming tubas came to our ears untempered by the merciful mediumship of distance. I cannot but think that, from an artistic point of view, it was an utter mistake to pitch upon this particular number for performance. To understand it at all, one should have seen the opera (or at least have read it carefully): even then it would still remain a mystery to the mass. Interesting though it was, no doubt, to a few men of high musical education and to the critics, it was quite unsuitable for a popular concert or a popular audience. Having said this much, I feel bound to thank M. Pasdeloup for giving us the opportunity of forming an idea of the tetralogic music.

London.

The MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS began on Monday evening (November 6), and will continue, with a month's interval at Christmas, until the end of March, 1877. Mr. Arthur Chappell has issued a promising prospectus. The list of solo artists includes the names of Madame Schumann, Mdlle. Marie Krebs, Mr. Franklin Taylor, Herr Barth, M. Wieniawski, and Herr Joachim. We annex the scheme of Monday:—

Octet in F, Op. 166, for two Violins, Viola, Violoncello, Double Bass, Clarionet, French Horn, and Bassoon.....Schubert
MM. Straus, L. Ries, Zerbini, Lazarus, Wendtland, Winterbottom Reynolds and Piatti.
Prelude and Fugue in E minor, Op. 35, No. I, for pianoforte alone.....Mendelssohn
Miss Agnes Zummermann.
Sonata in G minor, Op. 5, No. 2, for Pianoforte and Violoncello..... Beethoven
Miss Agnes Zummermann and Signor Piatti.
Quartet in C major, Op. 64, No. 3, for two Violins, Viola and Violoncello.....Haydn
MM. Straus, L Ries, Zerbini and Piatti.
Conductor.....Mr. Zerbini.

ORATORIO. The prospectus of the forty-fifth season of the Sacred Harmonic Society proves that the conservative line of policy which has hitherto ruled the counsels of this Association is still to be adhered to. Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," "Elijah," and "Athalie;" Handel's "Israel in Egypt," "Messiah," and "Solomon;" Haydn's "Seasons;" Costa's "Eli;" and Spohr's "Last Judgment," are the Oratorios promised; and the plan of giving a selection from the lesser-known works of Handel and other composers, inaugurated last season, will be repeated. That Professor Macfarren's Oratorio "The Resurrection" which achieved so decisive a success at the Birmingham Festival, should not have been included in the programme must excite universal surprise, especially as Sir Michael Costa, the conductor of the Society, may be said to have tacitly acknowledged the verdict of the audience by leading the composer forward at the conclusion of the performance. The season is announced to commence on the 24th inst., with Handel's "Israel in Egypt."—*Ibid.*

Christine Nilsson's Visit to her Birthplace.

After having finished her concert tour through Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, Christine Nilsson paid a visit to her native place, which she has not seen since she rose to her present fame. Her home is situated on the main road between Wexiö and Christianstad, in Smaland. She had promised to give a concert in the church at Wexiö, the proceeds of which were to go to a fund for the erection of workmen's dwellings in Wexiö. After her arrival in this town she proceeded on Tuesday, Sept. 26, to Hera A. Wideman's to rehearse the duet with Herr Olsson, which was one of the pieces on the programme for the concert next day. As soon as Fru Nilsson's voice was heard by the people passing the house, a crowd collected outside. On looking out, Fru Nilsson recognized one of her brothers, Andreas, who with his little son had come to town, and now with great pride showed him "Aunty Stina." The friendly and hearty way in which Fru Nilsson saluted her brothers through the window made a good impression on the crowd outside. Later in the day she and her husband were seen walking together with these relations in the market-place. In the evening she dined with M. Schandes, where she met the Bishop and some of the principal inhabitants of the town and the county. Next day, the day of the concert, was a holiday in Wexiö. All the shops were shut, and all the streets and places were crowded by the Wexiö people in their holiday attire. At one o'clock the church opened its doors, and was soon filled to excess. Christine Nilsson sang five songs and two Swedish ballads, with which she enraptured her audience. At the end of the concert she was presented with a laurel wreath. On her way to the hotel she was heartily cheered by the populace, and greeted with a shower of flowers from the houses she passed. In the evening a *soupé* and a ball were given in the town hall in honor of the celebrated singer.

Thursday forenoon she departed from Wexiö in Herr Brukspatson Dahl's carriage, accompanied in another by Herr Schandes and her nephew. On her way through Vederslöf and Dänningelanda she paid a visit to Vederslöf Church, where she was met by her brother Magnus, who showed her the graves of their parents. She promised to erect monuments over their graves, and to have a railing placed round them. She then entered the old parish church, which is soon to be pulled down. She desired to be informed when this would take place, as she wished to purchase the old peculiar decorations around the altar. When the new church would be ready, she declared herself willing to present it with an organ or a church harmonium. At the church she was joined by her sister-in-law and her youngest daughter, who accompanied her to their home.

On her arrival there (the farm is called Sjöabohl) she found that the little house had been decorated both outside and inside, and that all her relations had assembled to receive their celebrated kinswoman. The house is now owned by her eldest brother, Anders. They partook of dinner and Christine Nilsson proposed the health of all her relations, and drank with each of them. She expressed her joy at finding all her brothers and sisters alive and in good health. Her husband could not, of course, converse with his wife's relations, but he made a good impression on them all by his friendly manners. To her most distant relations he presented small amounts of money.

On her return through Nobbeled, where she in the forenoon had been received by a choir of twenty-five school children, she invited the children to some refreshments in the inn, made some presents to them, and sang some verses for them. The windows were open, and the crowd of people collected outside had thus also an opportunity of hearing her. On the road to Wexiö there were people assembled everywhere to get a sight of the famous Swedish nightingale. By the beneficence of Christine Nilsson, her brothers are now all in possession of their own farms, she having paid off the mortgages with which most tenants in Sweden and Norway are burdened. She has five brothers and one sister alive. She is herself the youngest of the family, having been born in 1843.

Her visit will long be remembered by all classes in her native place. H. L. B.

—*London Musical World, Nov. 11.*

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And Eyes will watch for Thee.
And so will I.
Angels whisper sweet Good-night.
Beautiful Lena.
Beautiful Love.
Bloom is on the Rye.
Breathe again those Sweet Words.
Carry me back to Tennessee.
Chiming Bells of Long Ago.
Close the door gently.
Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.
Come to me quickly, my Darling.
Come when you will, I've a Welcome.
Dancing in the Dreamy Waltz.
Do not forget your Nellie Darling.
Down in a Coal Mine.
Dresden China.
Dying Nun.
Ellie Rhee.
Embarrassment.
Farewell Song of Enoch Arden.
Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.
Friends of my Youth.
Golden Locks are Silver now.
Good Bye (Farewell is a Lonely Sound).
Good-bye, Charlie.
Good-bye, Liza Jane.
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Happy Moments (Duet).
Heart Bowed Down.
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I Think of Thee.
If I had but a Thousand a Year.
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Jack's Farewell.
Just Touch the Harp Gently.
Just as of Old.
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Little Brown Cot on the Hill.
Little Bud of Loveliness.
Little Maid of Arcadee.
Maggie's Answer.
Massa's in the Cold Ground.
Mistletoe Bough.
Mother says I Mustn't.
My Heart's Best Love.
My Heart is thy Home.
Nellie's Secret.
Nellie Wildwood.
Nobody Home but me.
Nome to Love.
O Fair Dove, O Fond Dove.
Old Folks at Home.
One Horse Open Sleigh.
Once Again.
On the Blue Wave (Duet).
O Take me to thy Heart again.
Only Waiting.
Our Good Old Friends.
Picking Cherries down the Lane.
Please give me a Penny, Sir.
Pretty as a Picture.
Pull Down the Blind.
Put my little Shoes away.
Robin Ruff.
Rock Beside the Sea.
Sands O' Dee.
She's a Rosy, She's a Posy.
Somebody's coming, but I'll not tell who.
Sounds of the Sea.
Speak to me.
Spring, Gentle Spring.
Star Spangled Banner.
Sweet By and By.
There's nae room for Twa'.
Three Calls.
Twilight Fancy.
Twilight in the Park.
Wait 'till the Moonlight Falls.
What care I.
What the Candle Told was True.
When You and I were Young, Maggie.
Whippoorwill (The)
Whispering Hope (Duet).
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You and I.
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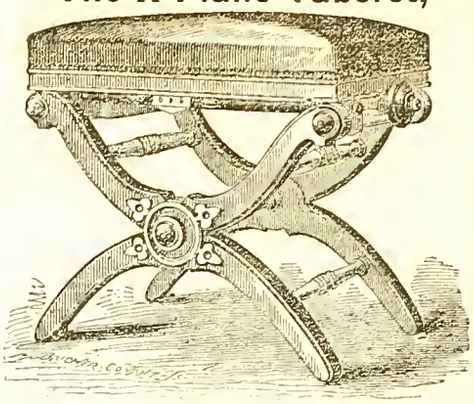

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WHOLE No. 931. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 23, 1876. VOL. XXXVI. No. 19.

On the Employment of the Orchestra in Church Music.

BY E. H. TURPIN.

(From the London Musical Standard.)

The following is the text of a paper recently read at the London College of Organists, by the able Honorary Secretary:—

* * * * In calling to the aid of the church, such a powerful and fascinating element as that of orchestral coloring, it is well to remember that the highest utterances have ever, and must ever, proceed from human voices. Again, it is evident that the vast and varied powers of the orchestra must always be held subordinate to the noblest function of religious music, the reverent and fitting expression of the words; the enunciation of the words, aided but not created by the music, being an act of worship, and not a mere performance of artistic labor. Further, it is clear that the calm depths of organ tone must ever permeate and modify the brighter colors of the orchestra in church. In the proper employment of the organ as an essential element of the church orchestra, it will be shown that composers have, to a serious extent, failed to recognize its large and profoundly reflective powers, by assigning to it, in such combinations, but a poor and almost completely secondary part. The saying that the organ is a king and the orchestra an emperor, and that they cannot well occupy the same territory, has, under certain circumstances, some force in the concert room; but surely both king and emperor may fittingly aid, side by side, in the worship of the King of kings. Indeed, such a companionship is necessary to accompany the noblest forms of worship music. Let me now say a few words on the apparently divergent, but really convergent functions of the organ and orchestra; the complete harmonization of which in Divine Service will be, we all trust, the glory of some future school of sacred music. In the organ we find a grand body of earnest, but not exciting tone, a profound depth and calm produced from its large array of evenly blown pipes. But in this very mechanical evenness of tone surface, this fixed pressure of wind, while tending to produce in the listener's mind deep reflective thought, self abnegation, and that sublime uplifting which comes from the contemplation of masses of calm, evenly piled colors or tones, there is an absence of emotional warmth, a coldness which must be modified before the highest conditions of art are realized. In the orchestra we find every single note has had the concentrated expression of a mind engaged in its production. Here, then, we stand before a magnificent musical vitality, overflowing and glorious with the never ending transmutation of thought into tone and tone into thought. Now this life in the orchestra, under certain circumstances, is in excess of our requirements, and begets restlessness, and such is the case in church. There the living idioms of the orchestra become its difficulties, and the colder and far less perfect mechanism of the organ becomes, in the hands of thoughtful men, its source of peaceful, reflective power. So it appears that we want the orchestra in church, to carry in its living sounds, emotion, earnestness, and devotional warmth; the duty of the organ being the supplying of reflective, self-sacrificing thought and devotional calmness. Thus we call to the service of the Most High, the two musical chiefs; neither of them servant to the other, but each in his distinct place. Now, I would repeat, composers have not generally done justice to the distinct powers of the orchestra and the organ: in degrading the latter to a condition of servitude by only calling upon it to support the band, rarely seeking to develop its higher capabilities, and its modifying influence over the often too strongly expressed individualities of the orchestra. Another subject must be considered to some extent, before we can satisfactorily examine the influence and position of the orchestra in church music. I allude to that great subject, the difference in religious thought and impulses of faith, which, broadly speaking, has since the Reformation separated the Saxon from the Celtic nations, and which is expressed imperfectly in the two words, Catholicism and Protestantism. While the worship of the Celtic race, as observed in the ritual of the Roman church, has ever sought to express itself in realism, gorgeous ceremonial and powerful emotional art, the Saxon people incline to adore the Maker of all with a simpler, calmer faith, of which the strongest outcome is the spirit of Puritanism. It is, indeed, a matter of history that the orchestra has been the favored expression of Catholicism, as the organ has been the chosen medium for the musical worship of Protestantism; even though both orchestra and organ have been largely used together in both of the two great divisions of the western church. The cause of these preferences can be clearly seen by comparing the emotional realism of the Roman church with the calm, philosophical, religious thought more peculiar to Protestantism, and by remembering how the distinct characteristics of the two musical powers adapt themselves specially and severally to the expression of the two schools of religious feeling. Yet, there are so many idioms of praise and prayer which touch all in common, and which are to be most powerfully expressed by the combined musical forces, that we must accept the conclusion that such a combination is the loftiest illustration of the musical worship of the church universal.

As a corollary to these remarks upon the two large types of religious impulse and their musical expression, I will in passing call your attention to the distinct styles of organ playing to be found, say, in Catholic France and in Protestant Germany. I do not propose to inspect the music of the Ancient Jewish Church in the course of these remarks, because the organ then had no well defined existence, and further, though the Jews may have possessed a school of sacred orchestral music of power and eloquence, their instrumental combinations were, so far as we know, of an elementary kind. But we learn at least from the Bible that the orchestra, primitive as it then was, had from early times been engaged in the coloring and deepening of religious music, and that such use of orchestral instruments had the highest sanction. Considering the difficulties and persecutions which on all sides met the Christian church in its earliest years, we may safely conclude that its musical services, as is still the case in the Eastern churches, were sung with little or no instrumental accompaniment. Nor was such assistance greatly sought until the organ was considerably developed. It has been observed that music is the one art which has grown up with the Christian religion, and it might be added that the organ is the one instrument which has grown up in the church, and still remains the grandest single-handed exponent of the best worship thoughts which have as yet been assigned to any musical instrument made by hands. We read that even before the labors of St. Ambrose in the Western church in the establishing of the authentic Plain Song modes, the congregations of the churches in Asia were instructed by a Council held about the year 360 to leave certain portions of the Service music to be rendered by the trained choirs. Such a regulation would betoken a proficiency in the choral department, at least commanding the respect and consideration of the ecclesiastical authorities; but we lack evidence as to the character of the music used. The probabilities are that it was borrowed from Hebrew sources, and possibly may occasionally have been adorned and strengthened by the accompaniment of instruments.

For centuries little or no progress was made in the application of instrumental music to the service of the church, and we must take the gradual introduction of the organ during the eighth and ninth centuries as the starting point of the history of instrumental church music. Our old friend Sir John Hawkins in his "History of Music" notes a few particulars from various authorities bearing directly or indirectly on our subject. About the year 740 the use of the Roman Plain Song, then esteemed as the purest in the Christian world, and the employment of instrumental music, spread through France under the fostering care of Pepin, the father of Charlemagne, and by the direct encouragement of the then Pope, Stephen the Second. Now, though we have no information as to the nature of the in[illegible] or respecting the music perforn[illegible] it is, I think, safe to conclude [illegible] used in the Services of the chu[illegible] ing the then existing power a[illegible] Rome, the marked efforts of th[illegible] themselves of the best obtainal[illegible] fects, and the strong probability that the instrumental music just spoken of was introduced into France by the train of learned ecclesiastics accompanying Pope Stephen during his long sojourn in France. I am here reluctantly compelled to acknowledge the existence of an antagonism, or rather rivalry, between the organ and the orchestra which even now remains. During periods in which the mechanism of the organ has been rapidly improved, the orchestra has been kept more in the background, or banished entirely from the church. Such was the case about the period of which I have just spoken, when the advance in organ building greatly raised the king of instruments in the estimation of the Christian nations of the west, and enabled it substantially to assert the calm grandeur it still can best express. Not only did the organ practically keep other instruments out of the church during the middle ages, but we find the orchestral use restrained in Germany from shortly before Bach's time, when an illustrious race of organ players arose, and in their way an equally famous race of organ builders were at work. Similarly we note that the brilliant and splendid organs built in Paris, and in many of the chief towns of France and Belgium, during the last 50 years have rather displaced than assisted the once numerous orchestral services in those countries; and it is hardly necessary to remind you of the successful crusade of the organ against the instrumentalists in almost every town and village in our own country during the same period.

Now turn back to the consideration of the state of instrumental music before the Reformation, when the broad lines of demarcation in the practice of religion were as yet only dimly shadowed forth. It would seem that the organ enjoyed for several centuries a nearly undisturbed monopoly in the field of church mu-

sic; and it was probably not until about the beginning of the sixteenth century that these instruments were fairly enlisted into the service of the church. Further we may conclude that the instruments gradually being introduced at this period were all of the wind family, as the string bow instruments do not appear to have found their way into church until something like a hundred years later still, when the modern art of orchestration came into existence. Cornets and sackbuts were the first instruments employed to join the organ. The first named instruments played for generations very important parts in the church orchestra. They were commonly made of wood covered with leather. The tone, which was coarse and uneven, was produced from a conical mouthpiece, and the notes of the scale were chiefly regulated by the stopping of notes with which the body of the instrument was perforated. The highest pitched member of the family was the zincke, and the lowest toned of the group enjoyed from its curved form the distinctive name of the serpent. This specimen, by far the best in tone, has come down to our own day, being, I believe, last written for in the score of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul." Some of you may remember that two serpents were, not many years ago, employed in the orchestra of the Sacred Harmonic Society. According to the authority of Kircher, a species of cornet was used by the Jews. We know that several members of the family were in use until towards the close of the seventeenth century, and the serpent is still to be found in a few old French towns, accompanying the Plain Song; though generally it has now given way to the ophecleide and sax bass tuba or euphonium. Probably such a length of service in the church may be equalled by that of sundry members of the trumpet family. The sackbut, bass trumpet, or to use the modern word, trombone, is one of the most ancient of musical instruments, and was for a long period the almost invariable companion of the cornet. Doubtless these instruments were at first only employed, as indeed the limited and imperfect regals and organs were, in strengthening the Plain Song in the unison. Afterwards it would seem that the early simple counterpoints, first assigned to the organ, were also given to the cornets and sackbuts. One is disappointed not to find any notice of the instrumental use in the accounts which, however, are but slender, of the Annual Festival of Minstrels instituted in the reign of Richard the Second at Tutbury, and continued for several centuries. Divine service in the parish church was a leading feature of these meetings, and I think we may assume that the instrumentalists were not silent at such special Services. A ray of light comes from Canterbury Cathedral, in the statutes of which provision was made for players on cornets and sackbuts. Records of high and solemn Services held in this Cathedral shortly after the Reformation specially dwell upon the impressive music of the "voices, organs, cornets, and sackbuts." History has recently been repeated at Canterbury; for the present esteemed organist, Dr. Longhurst, introduced brass instruments to strengthen the vocal parts at a Choral Festival.

The services in the Pope's chapel were in the sixteenth century, as they have been ever since, almost entirely vocal, though it appears that great ceremonials in St. Peter's were characterized by the employment of wind instruments, as is still the practice on Easter day, and upon other Festivals. The mighty genius of Palestrina, in raising counterpoint to be one of the most exalted of musical expressions, did not seem to contemplate the want of an accompaniment; and the Roman ecclesiastics, like the authorities of the Greek church, probably considered that the most devotional musical utterances must be breathed forth by highly trained and unaccompanied voices. This opinion has since been entertained by many thoughtful musicians; and at present there is a movement in Germany which has gained the expressed approval of that great master of orchestral resources, Wagner, for the banishment of instrumental music from the church, and the restoration of the pure vocal counterpoint of the early Italian school. We can hardly conceive the spiritual, delicate texture of Palestrina's Masses being decently expressed by the coarse, blaring tones of the cornets and sackbuts of his time. However, about this period, orchestral effects were beginning to command attention. The violin had attained its perfect form; the group of viols were getting massed together; from the ancient typical instrument, the chalemean, had sprung the double reeds, the oboe, bassoon, and several intermediate members of the family, and the different flutes were already much used. According to an Italian writer who described the Low Countries in a work printed at Antwerp in 1556 and in 1581, not only was vocal music then greatly advanced in Flanders, but instruments were handled with great skill and played in harmony. The services in Antwerp cathedral, and other great churches of the rich and highly cultivated Low Countries, were orchestral from an early period. In 1570 a Spanish Dominican, Thomas á Sancta Maria, wrote probably the oldest treatise on orchestration which we know of. He, at some length, refers to the existence of harmonized instrumental music.

Still the old instruments held their places for a time. Upon a state occasion in the reign of James the First, of England, anthems were sung in the Chapel Royal, to the accompaniment of organs, cornets, sackbuts, and other excellent instruments of music; these last being very likely string bow instruments, just then finding their way into the church orchestra. Again, we note that Charles the First heard service in Oxford cathedral, accompanied by a combination of instruments like the one just referred to. Further, we learn that in the dearth of trained boys' voices, immediately after the Restoration, cornets were used to specially sustain the upper part. Before I dismiss this ancient and useful instrument I should add that its tones bore no resemblance to the shrill mutation stop found in old organs under that name. The old cornets produced a body of firm, hard tone of medium pitch for the most part; the highest member, the zincke, not being much employed. Upon the establishment of orchestral harmony, we have to contemplate a remarkable feature in the treatment of the various wind families. Each representative instrument was one of a group of different sizes, and consequently of various compasses; thus there was the oboe, the tenor oboe, now called the cor-anglaise, the tenoroon, or baritone member of the set of double reeds, the bassoon, and later on, the contra fagotto. Similarly with the flutes. Certain members of each family, being found ineffective and difficult of performance, were in time rejected; thus the modern orchestra has only one complete group, that of the strings. Of the trumpet family, we have, with the trumpets and three of the trombones, also a fairly represented interest. Now the old plan of employing whole families of instruments suggests considerations of importance in connection with our subject. A sedate, serious breadth of tone could thus be produced; an assimilation to the calm even registers of the organ, a special adaptability for contrapuntal writing, and a comparative absence of that restless change so incessant in modern orchestration, were among its advantages. True to his contrapuntal, and I should add, organ instincts, John Sebastian Bach employed family groups in his church oratorios and cantatas, and he was the last composer of distinction writing in this manner. The wealthy ecclesiastical establishments largely encouraged the employment of instruments, both in and out of church. We can, to some extent, realize what could be done at a festival, in the account of the reception at a convent in Ferrara, of Margaret of Austria, and Philip the Third of Spain in 1598. The voices of the nuns were accompanied, at a sort of concert, by violins, viols, double harps, harpsichords, lutes, flutes, cornets, and trumpets. Not a bad array to place in the hands of a master of orchestration! I may observe that the double harps mentioned were instruments of limited capacity, and as a matter of curiosity that the lute, the original of the guitar, appears for, I believe, the last time in the score of one of Handel's earlier oratorios. The use of instruments in harmony progressed rapidly in the latter half of the sixteenth century, as we might expect in a period of such splendid contrapuntal activity. At the Reformation the ritual of the Roman church was in the zenith of its ceremonial splendor, yet the orchestral use was still confined to the primitive wind instruments. It is further remarkable that the religious struggles of the time did not check the growth of church music, though the spirit of the movement did in the end place music somewhat in the background. No greater proof of the earnest love of the English people for the art can be shown than the speedy employment of choral worship in the reformed church, and the resumption of choral service at the restoration, with, in high places, the frequent addition of orchestral accompaniments. It was not until long after the Reformation that the growing spirit of Puritanism was able to stifle choral worship with its attendant instrumental adornings. In fact the nation, convulsed with religious agitation, found it easier to modify doctrines and to change practices than to give up choral worship.

[To be Continued.]

The Late Henry Phillips.

(From "The Athenæum."

The death, at Dalston, on the 8th inst., of the once famous British baritone-bass, Henry Phillips, who for more than forty years occupied such a prominent position in the world of English opera, oratorio, and concert, requires more than a mere passing notice. He was a Jew by birth, if not by persuasion; his mother, once a singer at Vauxhall Gardens, was of German extraction; his father left him destitute at an early age. Henry Phillips was born in Bristol on the 13th of August, 1801; his parents at that period were acting in that town and in Bath. The son was scantily educated, but at nine years of age it was discovered he had a voice. He was called the "singing Roscius," and his first appearance on any stage was at Harrogate, when he sang the "Bay of Biscay" in character, with the set scene of a storm. His success decided his future career. He accompanied his father and mother during their theatrical tours in the North, singing at concerts. Taken to London, the youthful singer found a friend and teacher in the late Sir George Smart. His *début* in London was at the Haymarket Theatre, as the Robber's boy in *The Iron Chest*, the Sir Edward Mortimer being Charles Young. The next season he was with his father at Drury Lane, and sang in the music of *Macbeth*, receiving lessons from Mr. Leoni Lee, and Mr. Price, chorus-master of the theatre. He then made the acquaintance of Mr. John Barnett, the still living composer of the *Mountain Sylph*. With Edmund Kean, in Maturin's tragedy of *Bertram*, Henry Phillips played as a page in the tragedy. When his voice broke, at sixteen, he essayed the career of an artist, being fond of sketching, and Ackerman employed him to color engravings; but he contrived to practise on a pianoforte, and wishing to imitate three bass singers of that time, George Smith, Higman, and Tinney, whose voices went down to D and double C, he tried to force his organ to the low notes of Handel's songs, but Nature would not have it, and made him a pure baritone. Lord Byron noticed his talent in the green room of Drury Lane, as also did Dr. Kitchener; and the late Dr. Arnold, of the Lyceum, engaged him as a chorus-singer. At that theatre he was articled for two years to Broadhurst, the tenor, who introduced his pupil to the dinners of the city companies. His voice, from being a light baritone, got gradually down, and he acquired the compass of a baritone-bass. From the Lyceum he went to Covent Garden, appearing as a Dutchman in Bishop's opera, *The Land of Java*, and singing in the still popular glee, "Mynheer Van Dunck." Fortunately he fell into the hands of Sir George Smart, who, surprised that Phillips could sing the tenor, soprano, and contralto songs as well as the bass

ones in the *Messiah*, became his firm supporter. His *début* in oratorio was eminently successful, and he sang at the Lenten sacred concerts at Drury Lane and Covent Garden. He appeared as Artabanes in Dr. Arne's *Artaxerxes*, with Miss Paton (Lady W. Lennox, and Mrs. Wood afterwards), Mdme. Vestris and Braham. This led to his re-engagement at the Lyceum as principal bass when Hawes was the musical director, who, with Arnold, the proprietor, had the courage to produce Weber's *Der Freischütz* for the first time in this country. The *rôle* of Caspar, being regarded as an acting part, was given to a tragedian; but Phillips, who was Rollo, also sang the music of Caspar. On the first night of the opera (July 20th, 1824), *Der Freischütz* was a failure, but eventually a dance which Phillips introduced at the end of each verse in Caspar's drinking song saved the work, and this dance was imitated from a war-dance of American Indians. From that time the name of Henry Phillips was associated with opera and oratorio. He for years had the first place at the Lyceum, Covent Garden, and Drury Lane; he was engaged for every provincial festival; he was the leading bass at the Ancient and Philharmonic concerts; in short, no programme of any musical entertainment, private or public, was considered complete without his being engaged. He created the chief characters in his line in all the operas, native or foreign, for many years, and he distinguished himself in music of every school, Italian, German, French, and English. His reputation spread in every direction; no *Messiah*, no *Israel in Egypt*, no *Creation* without Phillips. He revived the songs of Purcell, composers of note, such as Spohr, Mendelssohn, and Neukomm, wrote specially for him; he also composed for himself, and gave lectures on Hebrew melodies. His farewell concert was given in St. James's Hall, on the 25th of February, 1863, at which he had the aid of every artist and composer of note then in the metropolis. In 1864, he published his *Musical and Personal Recollections during Half a Century*, in two volumes. He sang afterwards in the provinces occasionally, and resided for some years at Edgbaston, near Birmingham, but latterly he lived at Dalston. He was present at the inauguration of Balfe's statue in Drury Lane Theatre, September 25th, 1871, for he had sustained the bass parts in all the operas produced by that composer, as well as in those of the late Edward Loder, Mr. John Barnett, Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. Hatton, the late Wallace, Mr. G. Macfarren, etc.; but he was not fortunate in his own opera, *The Harvest Queen*, brought out on April 22nd, 1838, at Drury Lane. He was a very remarkable artist, the legitimate successor of Bartleman. His voice was of the richest and most sympathetic quality, and in the ballad style, accompanying himself on the pianoforte, he was unrivalled; he was truly great in his own walk, and, if his class as a singer in the lyric drama and in oratorio was not the first, he was, at all events, the first of his class. He was the connecting link between the singers of his generation and those of the past; and, if his tendency towards the music of his period was too pronounced, no artist has ever done more to popularize Handel, Haydn, and other ancient masters.

Tschaikowsky's Romeo and Juliet.

In speaking of the Crystal Palace Concert of Nov. 4, the *Athenæum* thus refers to the Russian composer's programme-overture on our Shakspeare's exquisite love-drama:—

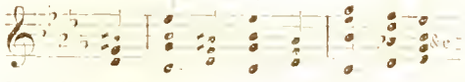
"In the *Athenæum* of the 18th of last March, No. 2,525, a brief reference was made to the music of Russian composers, in the notice of the first performance in this country of a pianoforte concerto by Peter Von Tschaikowsky, for the introduction of which remarkable work London musical circles are indebted to Mr. Dannreuther, who played the pianoforte part. When expressing the opinion that the concerto ought to be repeated, we added that other compositions by the same hand might well be imported. Such was the case on the 4th inst., when the Saturday afternoon programme included the Overture to *Romeo and Juliet*, which is not the only Shakspearean subject set by Von Tschaikowsky, as he has also chosen the *Tempest* for a fantasia.

"As no key has been supplied by the composer to his selection of scenes from the tragedy, the Sydenham audience had to trust so their imagination to realize the musician's intentions. Naturally enough amateurs acquainted with the poetic and dramatic symphony, with solos and chorus, by Hector Berlioz, instituted a comparison between his treatment of the story and that adopted by the Russian professor. And this comparison was the more suggestive, inasmuch as the production of Tschaikowsky neither in form nor development can rightly be called an overture. It is more of a free fantasia than a prelude to a drama, and the most correct title, to give a right idea of the orchestral piece, would be the designation, "symphonic poem," employed by Dr. Franz Liszt. The general tone of the overture is so stormy that the tale of the *Tempest* seems to be illustrated, rather than the love-strains of *Romeo and Juliet*. It may be assumed that the street combat of the Montagues and Capulets, the *fête* at the mansion of Juliet's father, and a dirge at the ending of the tragedy, were predominant in the fancy of the Russian composer. There is, in fact, more power than pathos in the overture. Programme music it is, of course. If the technical treatment be examined, the evident resolution to be original—the determination to assert individuality—cannot be mistaken; and this ambitious tendency alone will suffice to create interest in this aspiring composer. Are we to look to the Neva for the coming composer? It is not impossible; for both the concerto and the overture are evidence of the existence of an original thinker, who defies rule and note when he has effects to achieve. His overture does not terminate in the starting key of F sharp minor, but it ends in B major; this is not without good precedent, but still it is not orthodox. His blending of instruments has some novel points, and he turns the stringed, the wind, the percussion, indeed, all the resources of modern orchestration, to full account; he employs the harp, not in isolated passages, but as if it constituted a portion of the regular band; cymbals are also put in requisition. The overture is unusually long, and there is this peculiarity, that often when a close is expected, fresh imagery is heard, as if the composer had some additional incident of the tragedy to treat, so that the overture comes to a sudden termination, after more than one seeming coda."

Mr. Ebenezer Prout, in the *Academy*, speaks as follows:—

"The second novelty was Tschaikowsky's overture to *Romeo and Juliet*, which had not been previously heard in England. The Russian musician is undoubtedly one of the most original living composers. His overture, which is of symphonic proportions, taking nearly twenty minutes in performance, is avowedly an illustration of Shakspeare's tragedy. It is full of most charming and poetical ideas; but it is so absolutely novel both in thought and treatment that, except by a small minority of the audience, it altogether failed to be appreciated, and was received coldly, and even with signs of disapproval. Special praise ought to be given to Mr. Manns, for securing a really magnificent rendering of a most difficult work. No such performance could have been heard elsewhere than at the Crystal Palace."

The fact is that (rightly or wrongly, we have no pretension to decide) the overture was very ill received. That it came at the end of the concert is true; but the same place, with very different results, has often been given to masterpieces by Beethoven, Mendelssohn and others. For ourselves we were not among "the small minority of the audience," and failed to appreciate Tschaikowsky's work. The Russian composer may be possibly the coming Beethoven; but, as Liszt makes coming Beethovens by the dozen, we prefer to know something more of Tschaikowsky before venturing upon a decided opinion. What, by the way, is the opinion of "G," on this same overture? We should like to know, because everything *he* does not himself choose to write about, in the admirable analytical programmes of the Crystal Palace, we are greatly inclined to suspect. We doubt, indeed, if "G." would feel moved to dignify the subjoined galimatias with the title of theme:—



Yet "E. P." (Ernst Pauer?) so styles it in *his* analysis. To our ear it sounds hideous. Perhaps it is intended for a "Leitmotif." Oh, Wagner! Wagner! Thy most devoted apostles must admit that thou hast led astray divers aspiring gentlemen who possess not a tithe of thy farsightedness, and yet think they can do as thou dost, and as effly—unhappy gentlemen! And thou, Wagner, art unhappy; for thou art besieged of parasites, who fatten on thee, to thine own detriment and ours.—"Oh, man of genius!"—why didst thou encourage them to begin in F sharp minor and end in B major, and permit their historiographers to cite thy much beloved Mendelssohn, whose *Athalie*, it is true, begins with one of thine adored Hebrew synagogue tunes, in F, but is bodily in D minor, and therefore has every right to end in the major of that same key? And why—exterminator of the "tone families!"—dost thou allow thy disciple (who has read Hueffer) to compare Tschaikowsky with Beethoven, because his overture is long and so is Beethoven's? True, as "E. P." (Ernst Pauer?) says, "he suddenly flattens his A;" but any tyro can flatten his A; and true, as the more straightforward *Athenæum* asserts, "he defies rule and rote, when he has effects to achieve" (what "effects" may signify in this particular instance is left to the imagination)—as if to "defy rule and rote," and "the determination to assert individuality," were evidences of "an original thinker." At that rate, any one who disregards, or is ignorant of, the grammar of his art becomes "an original thinker." Save us from such original thinkers! The late Dr. Gauntlett was wrath about the indiscriminate employment of the term "enharmonic." What would he have said to the phrase "enharmonic *modulation*," made use of by "E. P." in his Tschaikowskian elucidation? "*I hate the wise man to himself unwise*," says Euripides; and so might have said Dr. Gauntlett (alluding to quite a different matter); for when, erewhile, he smote "our analysts" under the fifth rib, he did it with a stern sense of duty. But what, again, would the iconoclastic doctor have said to one who, acquainted with all the devices of art, from counterpoint downwards, as is "E. P.," yet takes up cudgels for men that set every one of them at defiance. When Dr. Gauntlett said, "the illustrious Verdi," he meant it; just as he meant it when he smote "our analysts" under the fifth rib. Peace to his manes; for he could not "*Think one thing, and another tell*."

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anemone to rose, ape to man. Let Beethoven alone, and discuss the claims of our adventuresome new heroes on their own merits. The indiscriminate use of Beethoven's name in our actual criticism should be checked. It has occasioned, is occasioning, and must occasion, infinite mischief. That mighty spirit should be left to its repose, while dwarfs may wrangle o'er his grave. Tschaikowsky and Beethoven! Liszt and Beethoven! even Wagner and Beethoven! O Nimini Pinini!

"Tam vacui capitis populum Phæca putavit."

The Phæacians, by which we may understand the world at large, are after all not quite such credulous noodles. Mr. Ebenezer Prout forgets the ancient feud between Ombi and Tentyra. The Ombites worshipped the crocodile, the Tentyrites worshipped the ibis. Sane musicians worship neither; they worship Beethoven, their Jupit
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—*Lond. Mus. World.*

Tamburini.

(From an original source.)

The above artist, formerly one of the leading celebrities of the Italian lyric stage, died at Nice on the 8th inst. He was born at Faenza, on the 28th March, 1800. He first studied the horn, under his father, a military bandmaster. But he soon abandoned that instrument to follow the career of a singer. When he was eighteen, he made his first appearance in Generali's opera, *La contessa di Colle Erboso*, in the little theatre of Cento, whence he went successively to Mirandola, Correggio, Piacenza, and Naples. From Naples he proceeded to Florence, Leghorn, Turin, Milan, Trieste, Rome, Venice, and Palermo. On the 7th October, 1832, he made his *début* at the Théâtre Italien, Paris, as Dandini in *La Cenerentola*. The beauty of his voice and his manner of using it at once rendered him a prodigious favorite with the Parisians, and for many years he sang regularly every season in the French capital. Among his fellow artists there may be mentioned Persiani, Grisi, Malibran, Rubini, Lablache, and Ronconi. In 1841 Tamburini returned to Italy. After visiting Russia and Holland, he again sang in Paris, where he appeared for the last time in 1855. In the following year he concluded his artistic career in London. For a considerable period before his death he lived at Sèvres, where he had purchased an estate. It was by the order of his physicians that he recently went to Nice.

Galignani announces the death at Nice, on Thursday last, of Antonio Tamburini, the celebrated baritone, in his 77th year. "He was the son of a bandmaster at Faenza, and at the age of nine years was engaged in an orchestra as a bugle player; but, a serious illness having obliged him to discontinue playing, he turned his attention to singing. He made rapid progress, and at eighteen made a

successful *début* at Bologna. He appeared in succession at all the principal theatres at Turin, Rome, Naples, Milan, and, in 1832, after having visited England, where he was warmly received, he appeared in Paris at the Italiens, in *Cenerentola*. For more than twenty years he continued a favorite with the French public, and as late as 1854 he sang in *Don Giovanni*. He had acquired a comfortable independence, and retired many years ago to Sèvres, where he usually resided."

How Tamburini was esteemed in England, no frequenter of the Italian Opera can have forgotten. He began his career among us at Her Majesty's Theatre and ended it at the Royal Italian Opera. He was one of the long time "magic four"—Grisi, Rubini (afterwards Mario), Tamburini, and Lablache, besides being the father-in-law of that excellent operatic singer, Italo Gardoni.—*Mus. World.*

"The Messiah."

FRANZ'S ADDITIONS TO ITS ORCHESTRAL ACCOMPANIMENTS.

(From Sunday's Courier.)

The orchestral accompaniments of *The Messiah*, as they have come to us from the hands of the composer, sound poor and thin to ears accustomed to the wealth and richness of modern orchestras. Handel's score reveals no parts other than those written for the strings, oboes, trumpets and drums, the wind and percussion instruments being very sparingly used. It should be noted, however, that this light instrumentation is no proof of the poverty of orchestral resources at the command of the master in 1741. There are scores by Handel which include parts for flutes, bassoons, harps, harpsichords and horns, besides those which lay within the accollade of *The Messiah*. Furthermore, Handel employed a number of instruments, both stringed and wind, now unknown or unused. He was ready to use any utensil of a musical sort which would produce an effect—the brazen throats of cannon even being drawn into his service. This willingness, sometimes eagerness, on Handel's part is worth remembering when the purist rises to object to any emendations of, or additions to any of his scores. Schoelcher, Handel's biographer, maintains that "if the instrumental portions of Handel's oratorios, as they were executed under his direction, had not been burned at the destruction of Covent Garden Theatre, in 1808, we should doubtless have been astonished at their amplitude," adding that "a few scattered fragments serve to show that he sometimes added extra accompaniments." Be this as it may, Mozart thought it necessary to amplify the orchestration when, in 1789, the work was brought out at Vienna. The parts were then in existence and could, without doubt, have been easily procured. Mozart's additional instrumentation was, however, partly made necessary by the want of an organ in the Great Hall of the Imperial Court Library, where the oratorio was performed.

The mention of an organ carries us back to Handel, who, at all public performances of his oratorios, given under his direction, was accustomed to sit at the organ, by the aid of which he could, and presumedly did, add the coloring not found in his score. His manuscripts are copiously noted with indications for the use of instruments for which no parts can be found. Schoelcher says that in the Buckingham Palace collection there is a score of the chorus *Lift up your Heads* with parts for horns, oboes and bassoons—written antiphonally, to agree with the choral responses—in addition to the string quartet. The enthusiastic biographer declares that the master's orchestration was in some instances very full—too full, if one may believe the gibes of the satirists. *En passant*, the unprejudiced reader would be amused to note the wonderful resemblance between these *pasquinades* and those which Wagner has called forth a century and a half later. He cautions students against placing too great trust in the Walsh scores, the publisher being "used to economize the expenses of engraving by suppressing the accompaniments," while Handel, "to save time, only wrote the leading parts when he composed, leaving it to the copyists to multiply them according to his instructions." Whatever Handel might have done for the enrichment of his most famous work, the fruits of Mozart's labors have been of real value to the musical world. His score includes parts for flutes, clarinets, oboes and bassoons, for trumpets, horns and trombones, and for drums, all being additions to the original score. Besides these, he added in several instances parts for second violins and violas, altered here a violin to a flute part, there an oboe to a clarinet, and re-wrote entirely in some cases parts for first violins, for trumpets and for drums. It was rarely that Handel's forms or harmonies were disturbed, the additions in many cases following the figured bass as written by the composer. Sometimes there were gaps which had to be filled out.

Still, with all the pains, the work remains incomplete so far as the accompaniments are concerned. Or so, at least, it remained until about a year ago, when Robert Franz, at the express request of the Handel and Haydn Society, tendered to him through Mr. Otto Dresel, who was then in Europe, undertook the task of supplying the deficiencies of Mozart's score. The new score was received from Dr. Franz last spring. On examination and comparison with the Handel and Mozart scores it is evident that the Mozart method has been followed—that is, the figured bass has been worked out in parts for clarinets or bassoons, or both, in phrases where no wind instruments have been employed by either predecessor. In some instances, gaps, which Mozart had left unfilled, are closed up. In others, the entire coloring of the score has been freshened and brightened. The following list gives some idea of the extent of the additions and alterations. The numbers are from the Novello edition:—

Two clarinets and two bassoons:

Part I.	Numbers	2, 3 4 6, 7 12 and 18.
" II.	"	23, 26, 32 and 43.
" III.	"	45 and 54.

Two clarinets and one bassoon:

Part II. Number 38.

Two horns:

Part I. Numbers 9 and 18.

The organ accompaniment has been written out for the string quartet in the following recitatives;—

Part I.	Numbers	8, 14 and 15.
" II.	"	34 and 42.
" III.	"	52.

A better man than Dr. Franz could not have been found. His studies of, and researches in, the works of Handel and of his great contemporary and fellow-country man, Bach, pre-eminently fitted him for the work. The accompaniments for several of Bach's oratorios and cantatas, and for many of Handel's operatic arias, have been made available for modern use by his new scoring. Three of Bach's works, sung in Music Hall last season, were so reconstructed by him.

There remain other improvements to be noted. These have been made by Mr. Zerrahn, and consist mainly of changes—in some cases quite radical—in the phrasing of the orchestral parts. It can not well be believed by any intelligent musician that so great a master as Handel should have permitted his string players to perform *staccato* against the *legato* movement in the vocal score. The unmusical effect of this mixed method—sanctioned though it may be by long usage—induced Mr. Zerrahn to newly phrase not only the string parts, but also those for the wood and wind instruments throughout nearly the entire work,—a long and tedious task, but we believe the result will amply repay the labor spent. A prominent feature of this improving—perhaps it would be more nearly correct to say this restoring—process is the reduction of orchestral and vocal parts to something like a uniform consonance in phrasing. The attentive listener will discover the use of the new method in the following numbers: Part I. Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 9, 11, 12, 17, 18, 20 and 21. Part II. Numbers 23, 24, 25, 26, 28, 32, 33 and 41. Mr. Zerrahn's work will make itself plainly felt especially in the choruses numbered 4, 7, 12, 21, 26 and 41, and in the soprano solo numbered 18. In adapting the organ accompaniment of the recitatives for string quartet, Dr. Franz unaccountably overlooked Number 19, Part I. Mr. Zerrahn has, therefore, arranged it for the strings. He has also transposed it to a lower key in order that it may be sung by an alto voice, the change being completely justified, if not demanded, by the fact that the first half of the succeeding aria, Number 20, to which it serves as introduction, is, in accordance with long-established custom, assigned to the alto soloist.

The additions to, and emendations of, the score of Handel's best known work, of whose extent and importance we have endeavored to give some idea, will be heard for the first time in public on Christmas eve, when the Handel and Haydn Society will give, under Mr. Zerrahn's direction, its sixty-sixth performance of *The Messiah*. F. H. J.

Music Abroad.

PARIS. "Great music all along the line," says *Le Ménestrel*, for Sunday, Nov. 26. The Société des Concerts of the Conservatoire that day celebrated its fiftieth anniversary by the Heroic Symphony of Beethoven, which formed a part of the Society's first programme half a century ago. The other selections (this time) were: *Adoramus te*, Motet without accompaniment, by Palestrina; Overture, *Melusine*, Mendelssohn; Chorus of elves in Weber's *Oberon*; Symphony in D, Mozart. The concert was conducted by M. E. Deldevez.

At 2 o'clock on the same day, at the Winter Circus, was the sixth Popular Concert of M. Pasdeloup. Programme: Symphony in G minor, Mozart; Rec. and Aria from *Fidelio*, Beethoven, sung by Mlle. Krauss; *Dans la Foret*, Symphony, by Raff; Serenade, by all the strings, Haydn; Finale of 2nd act of the opera, *Sigurd*, by E. Reyer (symphonic prelude, recit., air, recit.,) sung by Mlle. Krauss and M. Vergnet; Overture to *Oberon*, Weber.

Same day and same hour, fifth Concert at the Chatelet. Programme: "Surprise" Symphony, Haydn; Overture to *Mazeppa* (redemanded), Georges Mathias; Offertoire from the Mass *du Sacre Cœur* (1st time), by Gounod, under his own direction; Air du Ballet from *Iphigenia in Aulis*, Gluck; "Danse Macabre," Saint-Saëns; Andante and Variations, Scherzo and Finale, from Beethoven's Septet. Conductor, M Ed. Colonne.

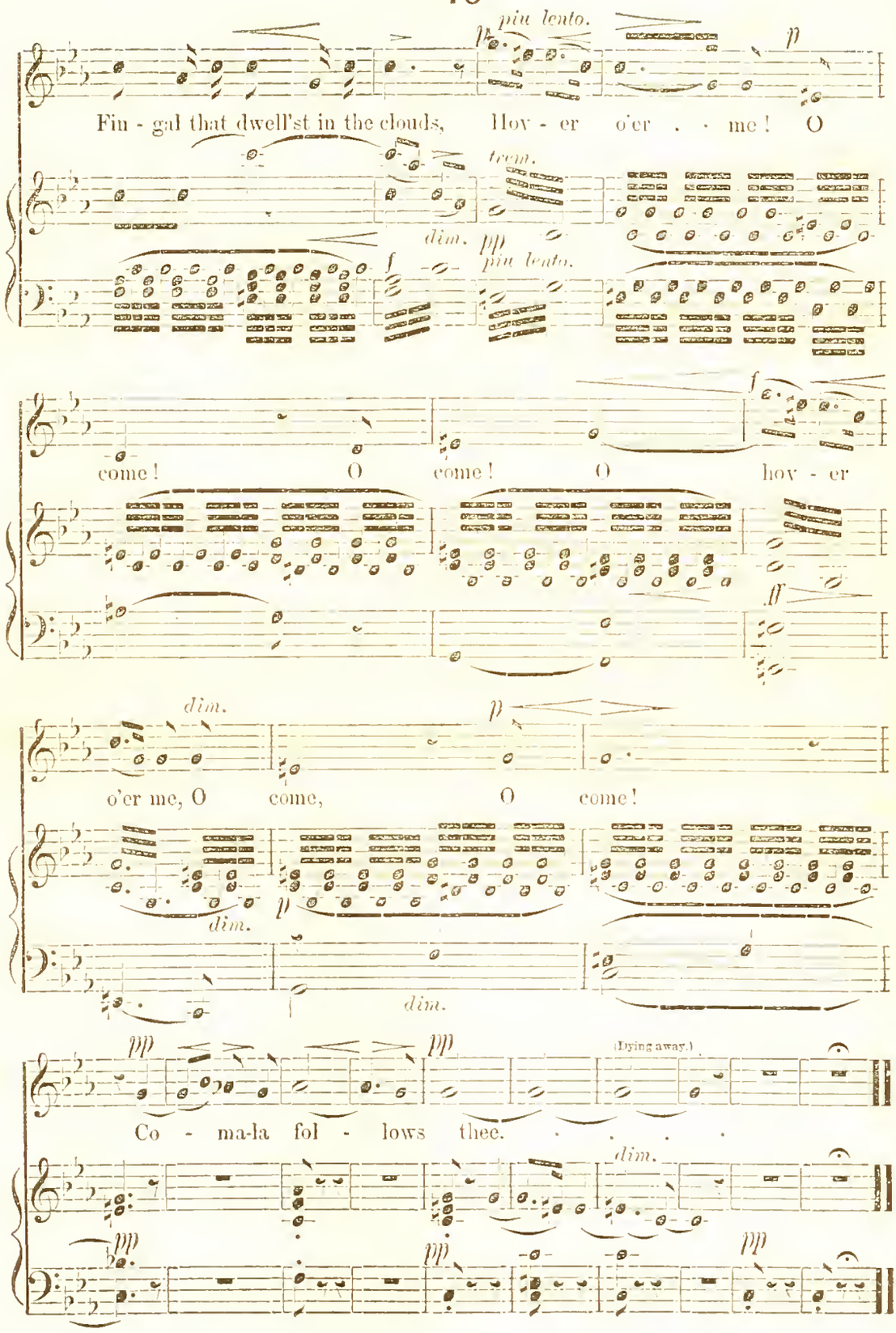
—The fifth Popular Concert was made notable by a remarkably fine performance of Schumann's *Manfred* Overture; by the first Orchestral Suite of J. Massenet; and by the successful début of a young violinist, M. Paul Viardot, son of the great cantatrice, and pupil of Léonard, who played the Mendelssohn Concerto "with much taste and charm."

M. Edouard Batiste, one of the oldest Professors at the Paris Conservatory, died suddenly on the 9th inst. He was born in 1820, and for a time was a Page of the Chapel under Charles X. After 1830, he was sent to the Conservatory, where he studied solfeggio, harmony, the organ, counterpoint, and fugue. He was a pupil of Halevy's. In 1836 he was nominated a professor, so that he held that position for forty years. For more than half the time he was organist at the church of Saint-Eustache. He belonged to an artistic family. His father was a favorite member of the Théâtre-Français, and his nephew is M. Léo Delibes.

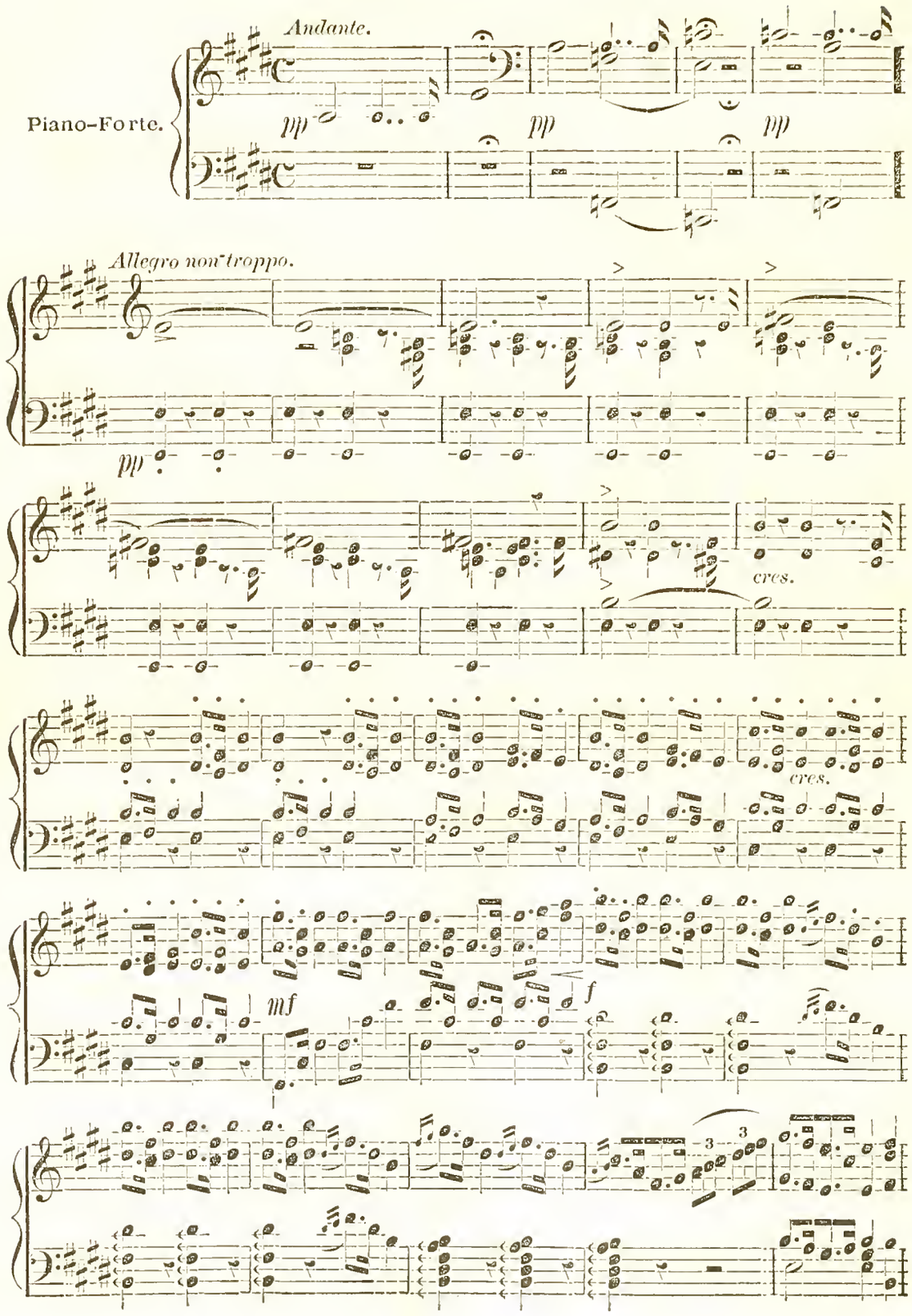
The Paris Association of Artistes-Musiciens was, according to custom, celebrated the 22nd Nov., St. Cecilia's Day, in the church of Saint-Eustache. M Gounod's new mass, the *Messe du Sacré Cœur de Jésus* conducted by the composer himself, was performed on this occasion for the first time. The proceeds of the collection will be handed to the relief fund of the Association.

WIESBADEN. The winter season has made a good beginning, and great activity is manifested in musical circles. Besides the two concerts a day of the "Kurorchester" (one of the two being, every Friday, a Symphony Concert), there are most interesting performances at the Theatre, where, among other works, Schumann's *Genoveva* and Grammann's *Melusine* have recently been revived, and where Kretschmer's *Volkunger* is promised. The programme of the first Symphony Concert, under the direction of Herr Jahn, included Schumann's "Cäsar-Ouverture;" Pianoforte Concerto, Julius Buhts; Air from *Iphigenia*, Gluck; Funeral March from the *Götterdämmerung*; and Beethoven's A major Symphony. With one of the two novelties, namely; the Funeral March, the audience appeared more puzzled than pleased. The other novelty, namely; the Pianoforte Concerto, played by Herr Buhts himself, was loudly applauded, and the composer called on.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE. The programme of the second Museums-Concert included Serenade, D minor, Volkmann; "Nachtlied," for chorus and orchestra, Schumann; Scenes from Marschner's *Hans Heiling*; D major Symphony, Beethoven; and a new work, "Meerfahrt," for barytone solo, chorus, and orchestra, by a hitherto unknown composer, named J. Heuchemeer. The vocalists were Mdlle. Gungl, from the Stadttheater here, and Herr Hrommada, from Stuttgart.—On the 31st October, the members of Bühl's Gesangverein gave a performance of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*. Among the singers were Mad. Hanfstangl-Schröder, Mdlle. Grund, and Dr. Gunz.


piu lento.
p
Fin - gal that dwell'st in the clouds, Hov - er o'er . . me! O
trem.
dim.
pp
f
piu lento.
come! O come! O hov - er
ff
dim.
p
o'er me, O come, O come!
dim.
dim.
pp
pp
(Dying away.)
Co - ma-la fol - lows thee.
dim.
pp
pp
pp

No. 9. CHORUS OF WARRIORS.



TENOR. *f*

CHORUS.

Escap'd is the foe's wild tumult, Es - cap'd is the foe's wild

BASS. *f*

tu - mult, His steed treads no more on the mountain. His

Be - fore Fingal's

steed treads no more on the mountain ; Be - fore Fingal's arm they have

Be-fore Fingal's arm they have

arm they have fled, be-fore him have fled,

fled, be - fore him have fled, es - cap'd is the

es - cap'd is the foe,

fled, be - fore, him, have fled, es - cap'd is the

foe's wild tu - mult, es - cap'd, es - cap'd,

es-cap'd, es-cap'd,

As thun - der doth roll in the hea - vens, doth

VIENNA. The following is Hellmesberger's Quartette evening programme for the season of 1876-77. I. Soirée, 16th November, 1876: Quartette by Mozart (G major), and Beethoven (E flat, Op. 74). Volkmann: piano trio, B minor; solo, Herr Door. II. 30th November, 1876: Brahm's Quartette, new, Bach, concert für 2 Claviere (C major). Soli: Herr and Frau Jaell. Obligat, double bass: Herr Simandl; Schubert: Octett, clarinets: Herr Otter, bassoon: Herr Krankenhagen, horn; Herr Schantl, double bass; Herr Simandl. III. 14th December, 1876: Quartette by Schumann (A major), and Beethoven (F minor). Brahms: Clavier trio B major, solo: the composer. IV. 22d February 1877: Quartetts by Haydn (G minor), and Beethoven (B flat, Op. 130); Grädener, piano quintette, new solo: Herr Epstein. V. 8th March, 1877; Quartette by Herbeck (D minor), and Beethoven (B flat, Op. 18); Brahms, Clavier Quartette (G minor), solo: Herr Schenner. VI. Goldmark, Quartette, (B flat), Beethoven, Quintette, (C major).

The Philharmonic Society, under their famous leader, Hans Richter, publish their programme for the coming eight concerts: Bach, chaconne in D minor, orchestrated by J. Raff; Bargiel, three German dances; Beethoven, symphonies in D B flat and F; Berlioz, *Symphonie Fantastique*, overture to King Lear and to the *Carnaval Romain;* Brahm's variations for orchestra on a *motif* of Haydn; Fuchs, serenade No. 2, for stringed instruments; Gade overture to Ossian; Haydn, two symphonies; Herbeck, *Künstlerfahrt*, in five parts for orchestra; Liszt, *Festklänge* symphony poem; Mehul, overture to *Adrien;* Mendelssohn, symphony in A flat, and fragments from the "Midsummer Night's Dream;" Mozart, variations for quartette and wind instruments; Schubert, symphony in C, and *divertissement Hongrois*, orchestrated by F. Liszt; Schumann, fourth symphony (D minor); Tschaïkowski overture to "Romeo and Juliet;" Volkmann serenade No. 1 in C; Weber, overture to *Euryanthe*.

London.

CARL ROSA'S OPERA COMPANY. The production of the late Mr. Thomas Oliphant's English adaptation of *Fidelio* adds another to the fairly-earned successes of Mr. Carl Rosa at the Lyceum Theatre. We do not say that this adaptation is the best that could be wished; but it is by no means a bad one, and may stand favorable comparison with many other things of the kind that could be named. To hear *Fidelio*, moreover, as originally designed, with spoken dialogue, in place of accompanied recitatives, for which Beethoven was not answerable, is always agreeable. Beethoven, in short, is most welcome when left to himself. Had he intended the more familiar passages in his work to be set to recitative, he would in all likelihood have adopted the *recitativo parlante* of the Italians. At all events, any plan that hit his fancy would have been carried out more conformably by him than by any one else. *Fidelio*, it should be remembered, does not belong to the category of "grand opera," so denominated. It is a pure story of human devotion, made up of a few incidents, and the music simply gives intensity of expression to the situations leading step by step to the *dénouement*.

The performances of the *Marriage of Figaro* and the *Water Carrier* sufficed to show that all the means indispensable to adequate representations of high-class opera were at Mr. Rosa's command; and what he achieved for Mozart and Cherubini he has now achieved for Beethoven. About the power of his orchestra to deal with such work there could be little question, while the thorough efficiency of his chorus under similar circumstances was early proved in the *Water Carrier*, and, quite recently, in Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*, a still more exacting test. In so far as these important accessories are concerned, the realization of Beethoven's intentions is for the most part beyond reproach.

The distribution of the chief characters in *Fidelio* is, all circumstances regarded, singularly good. In Mdlle. Ostava Torriani we do not look for a Schroeder-Devrient, a Malibran, a Sophie Cruvelli, or a Tietjens; we find, nevertheless, an artist intelligent, earnest, and painstaking, with much dramatic sensibility united to comprehension and thorough mastery of the vocal text. This is no slight praise, but is amply merited, and we award it without hesitation. Mdlle. Torriani had already, by her impersonation of Senta, in the *Flying Dutchman*, given a tolerably good idea of what she could do in serious parts; but the impassioned devotion of Leonora soars far above the mystic sentiment of Wagner's heroine; and her success in the two is a strong proof of the versatility of her powers. She has yet to throw more of what the French expressively term "*abandon*" into her acting—as, for example, in the great scene where Leonora reveals herself as the wife of Pizzaro's intended victim. Here, after the discovery, turning her back to Pizzaro, she pays so much attention to her husband, that, in spite of the threatening pistol, his designing enemy might get rid of both of them without difficulty. Even while caressing Florestan, Leonora should never take her eyes off Pizarro. But such minor deficiencies are easily rectified by experience, and we hope to welcome in Mdlle. Torriani one who has done something towards permanently establishing the greatest opera of its kind upon the English boards. In Leonora's superb soliloquy, the young Austrian imparts as much expression to the slow movement (the "Invocation to Hope") as animation to its vigorous sequel. In declamatory recitative she has still something to acquire. This, too, however, will come with time. Miss Julia Gaylord is an attractive Marcellina, acting the character naturally, and giving point to the air in which the gaoler's daughter expresses her love for the supposed Fidelio. She does equal justice to her share of the concerted music, and in the opening duet is fortunate to be associated with so excellent a representative of Jacqu no (Marcellina's, for a time, disconsolate lover), as Mr. Charles Lyall, who in this, as in other characters, proves himself one of the best lyric comedians on our stage. Mr. Lyall's long Italian training has been of infinite use, and serves him to good purpose in whatever he essays. Always attentive to the business of the scene, with a quaint individuality of his own, Mr. Lyall boas's, moreover, the qualities of a trained vocalist, and no music comes amiss to him. Mr. Ludwig has to contend with uphill work in the character of Pizarro; but he accomplishes his task with genuine earnestness, and does not quail even before the air in which the despotic Governor exults in the coming sacrifice of Florestan. In his duet with Pizarro, he has an able coadjutor in Mr. Aynsley Cook, whose Rocco, like that of Herr Formes, the best of our time, underneath a rough exterior reveals a tender-heartedness which gives a certain poetic interest in the character. We have on more than one occasion had to praise the efforts of this gentleman, who, a humorist in his way, knows how in such a part as that of Rocco, to tone down his exuberance in order to suit the exigencies of a drama which Beethoven thought good enough to set to music. The fine voice of Mr A. Stevens is of essential service in the grand *finale* which brings the opera to a conclusion. But he should assume more dignity in a situation where the Minister is supposed to act as presiding judge. Mr. Packard, too, possesses a voice fitted to impart due effect to the music of Florestan, but he might throw more passion into the duet with Leonora. He sings the recitative and air in the dungeon scene extremely well, the last part (with the oboe *obbligato* accompaniment) especially so. In conclusion we may say that no performance as a whole, has conferred more honor upon Mr Rosa and his company than that of Beethoven's *Fidelio*.

The *Flying Dutchman* maintains its vogue, and drew a crowded audience on Saturday afternoon. In the evening the opera was Auber's *Fra Diavolo* with Miss Gaylord as Zerlina. A fortnight hence the Lyceum will have closed its doors upon drama with music, to re-open them once more for drama without music.

On Wednesday night, *Pauline*, the new opera by Mr. Frederic H. Cowen, libretto by Mr. Henry Hersee, was produced before a crowded audience with complete success. *Times*, Nov. 20

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS. The first appearance of Mdme. Norman-Néruda and Mr. Charles Hallé conferred an interest apart upon Monday's Popular Concert. Both artists received a hearty greeting. The accomplished lady violinist, in her most finished and graceful style, led Schumann's first quartet (A minor) and one of the freshest and liveliest of the many works of the same kind bequeathed to us by Haydn, father, alike, of the quartet and of the symphony. Mr. Hallé played a pianoforte sonata by Beethoven (also in F), second of the series of three, Op. 10; and, with Mdme Néruda and Signor Piatti, the E flat trio of Schubert, which, though numbered "Op. 100" in the published catalogue of his works, was composed a year in advance of the trio in B flat, marked "Op. 99," of which Schumann speaks in such rapturous terms, as not only "Schubert's last" (written in 1828, the year of his death) "but most individual work." The fact is, that a preference for one of these trios over the other can only be a matter of feeling, so closely allied are they in idea and treatment. Neither Mdme Néruda nor Mr. Hallé has ever played more entirely up to the standard of excellence for which they are distinguished; nor could their efforts have been more thoroughly appreciated. The vocalist at this concert was Mdlle Sophie Löwe, who gave songs by Beethoven and Rubinstein with her accustomed taste, accompanied to perfection, on the pianoforte, by Sir Julius Benedict. —*Graphic*.

Cherubino, the well-known distinguished critic of the London *Figaro*, stating the decreasing success of the Monday Popular Concerts, says that he, as well as other papers has warned Mr. Arthur Chappell against the obnoxious custom of introducing stars into the pops. The consequence of this mistake is, that, instead of coming to hear the works, the public came to see this or that artist, and on the evening without star, the audience got thin. We deplore the decline of the audiences to that admirable institution, the Monday Popular Concert, but the star system, against which we have written so energetically, is proving a failure everywhere in the end, and particularly undesirable in a solid, quiet, solely musical enterprise like these concerts.

Mr. Arthur Chappell has issued a catalogue of the works performed at the Monday Popular Concerts during the 18 seasons which have passed between Feb. 14th, 1856, when the concerts were first established, and April 18th, when last winter season was concluded. This list includes 1 work by Asioli, 49 by J. S. Bach, 2 by W. F. Bach, 1 by Bargiel, 96 by Beethoven, 1 by Benedict and Piatti, 6 by Sterndale Bennett, 8 by Boccherini, 8 by Brahms, 1 by Brahms and Joachim, 4 by Cherubini, 14 by Chopin, 6 by Clementi, 2 by Corelli, 1 by Donizetti, 10 by Dussek, 6 by Ernst, 2 by Geminiani, 2 by Gernsheim, 1 by Grieg, 15 by Handel, 46 by Haydn, 3 by Stephen Heller, 1 by Hiller, 10 by Hummel, 1 each by Kiel, Krommer, Lejeune, Locatelli, E. J. Loder, Lotto, and Alfred Mellon, 2 by Leclair, 3 by Macfarren, 2 by Marcello, 51 by Mendelssohn, 4 by Molique, 51 by Mozart, 1 by Nardini, 2 by Onslow, 1 each by Paganini, Pinto, Porpora Rheinberger, Romberg, Rust, and Saint-Saëns, 6 by Raff, 3 by Rossini, 3 by Rubinstein, 6 by Scarlatti, 29 by Schubert, 42 by Schumann, 2 by Smart, 25 by Spohr, 1 by Steibelt, 3 by Tartini, 4 by Veracini, 7 by Vieuxtemps, 1 each by Viotti and Vitali, 10 by Weber, and 2 by Woelfl; that is to say, in all about 570 works, of which 58 have been added to the repertory during the last two years. The catalogue also contains the dates of the various performances of each particular work, thus forming a valuable index to the collected volumes of the Monday Popular Concerts' analytical programmes.—*Figaro*.

MISS ANNA MEHLIG has been winning fresh laurels in London lately. She gave a pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall on Friday afternoon, Nov. 24th, when the programme included a Prelude and Fugue in C minor, Bach; fifteen variations and Fugue in E flat, Beethoven; Fantaisie, Haydn; Gavotte, Roeder; Impromptu in E flat, Schubert; Toccata in E Major, Schumann; Trois Etudes, Chopin; Nocturne in E flat, Field; Gnomentanz in E flat, Seeling; Don Juan Fantasie, Liszt.

The *Figaro* has reason to believe that there will be great doings at Cambridge when Herr Brahms and Herr Joachim will attend, in the course of the spring, to be invested with their degrees of Doctor of Music. As is well known, it is usual for those admitted to the degree to contribute an "exercise," or musical work, to prove their fitness for the honor. Herr Brahms has expressly written for the occasion a new symphony (which was, by the way, recently produced at Mannheim), and Herr Joachim will contribute a new work of important dimensions for violin and orchestra. There will, of course, be a full orchestra, and Herr Joachim will play, and Herr Brahms conduct. The seven," which we shall of course all look forward to, bids fair to be by far the most important of the present winter season."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 23, 1876.

Harvard Musical Association.

The third Symphony Concert (Thursday afternoon, Dec. 7) was as follows:

Overture to "Alfonso and Estrella"..... Schubert
Piano-forte Concerto, No. 3, in C minor ..Beethoven
Allegro con Brio—Largo—Rondo.
Miss Julia Rive.

Allegretto, from Symphony No. 3 ..... Gade
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No 2 .....Liszt
Miss Julia Rivé.
First Symphony, in B flat, Op 38 .....Schumann
Andante; Allegro vivace—Larghetto—Scherzo—Allegro animato.

The appreciative audience, the largest of the season so far, was uncommonly responsive to the earnest and successful efforts of the orchestra, and seemed to feel the spirit and intention of the music, and enjoy it heartily. Certainly there is no mistaking the improved tone and temper of the orchestra. The Schumann Symphony in B flat,—the freshest and most unflagging in its inspiration of all the four (and they are all great) received a very spirited and brilliant, as well as discriminating, delicate and just interpretation,—the fruit quite as much of careful practise in past years, as of the special rehearsals for this concert. It was exciting and absorbing, through every one of its elaborate movements, and gave no one a chance to think it was too long. Possibly some one came prepared to think of it as "old:"— did he feel older while he listened?

Schubert's strong, grandiose, and very animated Overture, for the most part heroic, but relieved in the middle part by a bright and charming melodic subject, thoroughly original, and which does not recur too often, was well played and put the audience in good mood to welcome what might follow. It has not Schubert's common weakness of prolixity, but is remarkably concise, well rounded and ef-

fective. This Overture was first heard here in the seventh season of these concerts, and has been repeated in several seasons since; but it is one of those things not likely soon to lose its freshness.—In that same seventh season was given, for the first and only time in Boston, Gade's third Symphony, in A minor, Op. 15. It has a delicate, poetic beauty throughout, though as a whole it was not felt to have the stamp of decided power, and so has never been repeated; we seldom or never meet it in the European programmes. The best part of it, a fine little gem in its way, is this delicate and fairy-like *Allegretto*, all in a subdued tone, with muted strings, and yet swelling now and then to such full, rich sonority, simply by the intrinsic resources of harmonic structure, as may convince any one that the blaze and ponderosity of modern instrumentation are not essential to true power in music. It was a dainty morsel in the middle of the feast, and delicately was it presented.

But the point of freshest interest in the Concert was the first appearance in this city of a young pianist, who during the last three years has won almost unstinted praise throughout the cities of her native West, as well as by two performances before the New York Philharmonic Society, and during the past summer at the Centennial in Philadelphia. Miss Julia Rive, born in Cincinnati, is a young lady of twenty-one, of an artless, unsophisticated character and manner, full of musical enthusiasm, devoted to her instrument from early childhood, and possessing a remarkably quick, sure and retentive memory of most of the important pianoforte works now current among concert players, which reminds us of Rubinstein and Bülow. Her father, whose sudden death a few years ago cut short her studies and her opening career in Germany, was French; her mother is an Alsacienne, at one time a distinguished concert singer and teacher in the West; and to her the child owes the first musical impulse and training. She had instruction from S. B. Mills and others in New York, and at the age of about sixteen she visited Europe, studying at Dresden under Blassmann, at Leipzig with Reinecke, and with Liszt at Weimar. At Leipzig and Dresden she appeared in concerts, and had numerous flattering offers for her services in Europe, when she was called home by her father's death.

By her quiet, unassuming air the young artist took with her audience at once. In the *Allegro* of the Beethoven Concerto her fine touch and remarkably clear, sure, finished execution, equalled the highest anticipations. Her scale passages, however rapid, and arpeggios were beautifully pure and even, the full chords firmly planted, and all the ornamental graces very delicately felt out. There was only wanting somewhat more of power, at least for such a hall. Her execution of the very elaborate and difficult cadenza by Reinecke was brilliant in the extreme, and we have hardly heard her rapid octave passages surpassed. Yet as an interpretation the performance was not faultless; there were liberties with tempo, especially too much *ritardando* in the more singing passages, which must have been embarrassing to any orchestra. It would seem that, with all her rare accomplishment, she is yet in some important respects a child in art, and has something yet to learn in the way of musical conception in dealing with such master works. With more experience she will play more steadily. Perhaps it is that her life so far has been preoccupied in the acquisition of all this remarkable technique and in an immense amount of memorizing (for we are assured she could have played any other Beethoven Concerto, or any other Rhapsodie of Liszt at almost a moment's warning,) so that the real intellectual life in music has but begun for her. But there is no denying that she plays *con amore* and with fervor, and shows a nature truly musical. This was more evident in her beautiful rendering of the deeply poetic *Largo*, and in the point and finesse which she revealed in the *Rondo*, so often treated as a simple commonplace affair. She is much at home in Liszt, and played the Hungarian Rhapsody with remarkable brilliancy and sustained power. Since the first appearance of Miss Mehlig, no pianist in these concerts has called forth such demonstrative applause; and her rendering of that strange and difficult first Allegro from the "Viennese Carnival Pranks" of Schumann, with which she answered the encore, seemed to us the best of all.—We shall all be glad to hear more of Miss Rivé.

The fourth Concert is postponed to *Tuesday* (the day after Christmas), and has the following programme:

Part I. Concert Overture, in A, *Rietz;* Piano Concerto, in A minor, *Schumann* (Wm. H. Sherwood).—Part II. Pastoral Symphony, *Beethoven;* Tenor Song: "Adelaide," *Beethoven* (W. J. Winch); Jubilee Overture, *Weber*.

Annette Essipoff.

The young Russian pianist (wife of her Russian teacher Leschetizki), who has risen to such Europe. an fame within the last two or three years, came to us last week, modestly heralded and advertised,—came, gave four concerts and, slowly, it must be confessed, but surely, conquered. And that, too, in spite of the extravagant laudations of the New York critics, who pronounced her equal and even superior to Rubinstein and Von Bülow. We think such comparisons are idle and even mischievous; they render a would be discriminating audience incredulous and slow to be convinced; besides, that is not the point of which one cares to be convinced, so much as of the positive artistic virtue of the artist in herself. We do her wrong to judge her looking at another. This incredulity may have been one cause of the comparatively small and coolly listening audience in the Music Hall, on the first night (Monday, Dec. 11),—a coolness, too, which seemed to be reflected in her own performance; for, wonderfully perfect as it was in many ways, the witchery of an inspired Art was scarcely felt that night. Not that she slighted anything, not that her mental concentration on each task seemed not as complete and real as her consummate technique and the quiet self-possession of her manner, which was altogether lady-like and charming; but, somehow, the magnetic current did not seem to flow. Yet even then there was enough to make it easy to accept her as *facile princeps* among female virtuosos. Then too there was a certain disappointment in the meagreness of this, and all the programmes, for a public spoiled by the lavish opulence of Rubinstein and Bülow. Here is the first one:

1. Overture—"Nozze di Figaro".....Mozart
   Orchestra (Mr. Ferdinand Dulcken), Conductor.
2. Grand Concerto E Major.....Chopin
   Madame Annette Essipoff.
3. Song..... ....——
   Miss Agnese Palma.
4. Concerto for the Violin.....Leonard
   Monsieur Alfred Vivien.
5. *a* Des Abends.....Schumann
   b Gavotte. .. ..Gluck-Brahms
   c Les Deux Alouettes..... .. ..Leschetizki
   d Intermezzo.....Hans von Buelow
   Madame Annette Essipoff.
6. Song..... ..... ——
7. Caprice Fantastique. (Violin).....Wieniawski
8. Fantaisie Hongroise, No. 14..... ....Liszt
   Dedicated to Hans von Buelow.

The orchestra was small, such only as can be picked up here on theatre nights, and, under indifferent conductorship, did not conspire very sympathetically toward a satisfactory performance. In the Chopin Concerto what we first felt in Madame Essipoff's playing was the wonderful elasticity, force, delicacy and certainty of her touch. She seems organized for the piano; the beautiful movement of her hand and wrist is worth watching for itself. The stroke, with a fine cat-like strength and subtlety and certainty, lights on the key infallibly with just the needed shade of power, whhether of utmost softness, or lightning-like incisive accent. And each note, even in the most rapid passages, is so beautifully rounded and so individual, the quality of tone so shaded and so colored, if we may say that of an instrument of fixed tones. Then we thought of the consummate technique, the perfect evenness and beauty of the running passages, the masculine firm grasp of chords, the finished execution every way, and the quiet ease, the even poise, with which everything is done as by one who had long since ceased to think of difficulties. Her phrasing is as faultless as her precision is infallible; every figure, every motive stands out for itself, while it is set loyally in right relations. We must remark here, however, what we perceived all through the week (perhaps she has cultivated the habit for concert effect) that she is apt to set the upper part, the melody, in almost undue prominence, shading the accompanying harmony so much that the left hand seems weak in comparison with the right. That she felt the Chopin music and conceived it in a true artistic sense, we saw no reason to doubt, although we cannot say it was the most inspiring interpretation we have ever heard of that Concerto.

Her rendering of Schumann's "Des Abends" (the first of the eight *Phantasie-Stücke*, op. 12) did not quite give us all that we are wont to expect from it; either she or we were not just in the mood of it. The other little pieces were as bright and winsome as could be desired, especially the two *Alouettes*. The 14th *Rhapsodie Hongroise* of Liszt, which was with orchestra (but half rehearsed) was a most brilliant piece of virtuosity. Mme. Essipoff was repeatedly recalled, but honored no encores; the example commands respect at least.

We pass to Wednesday evening's programme, when the orchestra wss dropped, leaving it a Chamber Concert in the spacious Music Hall The audience was even smaller than before, the weather being frosty and not kindly. But how can anyone expect a Chamber concert audience to crowd that Hall? Neither Rubinstein nor Bülow did it, and the smallest audience of either of the three would be counted a large one in any hall for music of that kind in Europe.

1. Grand Sonata C major, opus 53,.....Beethoven
   Madame Annette Essipoff.
2. Introduction—"Cadenza ed Adagio,"..Vieuxtemps
   Monsieur Alfred Vivien.
3. Misero, che faro,..... ... .Pacini
   Miss Agnese Palma.
4. *a*, Nocturne, Field, *b*, Traumeswirren..Schumann
   c, Etude, D♭.....Liszt
5. "Rest in the Lord.".....Mendelssohn
6. *a*, Berceuse, opus 59, *b*, Mazurka, *c*, Valse Chopin
7. Polonaise..... .....Wieniawski
   Monsieur Alfred Vivien.
8. Scherzo, C sharp minor..... .....Chopin

The op. 53 of Beethoven, one of the most original and imaginative of the Sonatas, we have more than once heard more satisfactorily interpreted. It was begun too loud, when it should steal upon us with a distant murmur, swiftly developing in force and purpose. The short *Adagio*, which is but the prelude to the fairy-like and fascinating Rondo, was rather stiffly phrased; but the Rondo itself was exquisitely rendered; it was like a play of Northern lights with stars gleaming through them. The Nocturne by Field, one of the simple originals of that form, required no great art; it was gracefully and simply played, the melody (as we have said before) being strongly marked and set forward in a strong light. The Schumann piece (another number of op. 12), expressing dream bewilderment, is a most Jack-o'-lantern little fancy, and was most deftly executed with a light and rapid fairy touch. The Liszt *Etude*, which we did not admire as a composition, displayed the fair artist's virtuosity in as astonishing a degree as anything. The *Berceuse* of Chopin was given with a lovely evenness and delicacy, though we never forget Rubinstein in that. The *Mazurka* (in B minor, op. 33) seemed to us attacked in rather too pert a style; but afterwards the leading theme recurred in a more subdued poetic shading, its brightness more suffused with sentiment. The Waltz (in A flat, op. 42) was exquisite play for her fleet, even fingers. But to our mind the great performance of that evening was the last, the vigorous, impassioned Scherzo by Chopin, which was brought out with the most impressive power and breadth.—Again the audience admired, but was not carried away; again plenty of recalls, but nothing added or repeated in response.

Third Concert, Friday evening. This time the fire did burn, the listeners (still fewer than before) were all aglow; and so too seemed Mme. Essipoff; they thought her "in the mood" for once; we like her all the better that she is not always so; it seems more real and more human; we cannot but suspect the inspiration that is always at its height. Programme:—

1. Toccata .....Bach-Tausig
   Madame Annette Essipoff.
2. Song.....
   Miss Agnese Palma.
3. Andante and Scherzo, E minor.... .Mendelssohn
   Impromptu.....Schubert
4. Grand Concerto, D major.....Paganini
   Mons. Alfred Vivien.

5. *a*, Variations.....Rameau
   b, Zur Guitarre..... .....Hiller
   c, Gavotte.....Silas
6. Song.....
   Miss Agnese Palma.
7. Legende, (arranged expressly for Monsieur Vivien), Dulcken
   Mons. Alfred Vivien and the Composer.
8. Valse, A flat.....Rubinstein

Tausig's remarkably effective transcription of Bach's great Organ Toccata in D minor was superb-

ly played, giving it an organ-like brilliancy and breadth. The Andante and Scherzo by Mendelssohn (the last two of the seven pieces in Op. 7), the former in E minor, the latter in E major, were finely rendered, especially the light staccato, almost the flutter of insect wings, of the exceedingly rapid Scherzo. Yet we dare not say it was quite up to Bülow's rendering on that stormy night which he devoted to Mendelssohn and Schumann! The Schumann *Impromptu* was given to perfection, with all its poetry and grace, each variation coming with a new, fresh charm. The other little pieces, all exquisite in the performance, demand little notice of themselves. So we pass on, rapidly, to Saturday's Matinée, when Mme. Essipoff began with a very fine, appreciative rendering of most of the little *Scènes Mignonnes* of Schumann's "Carnival," omitting a few which could be spared. Then a group from Chopin: a Nocturne, and Mazurka, both favorites, and the less familiar Etude in G flat major, that rapid flight of tripdets played here not long since by Mr. Sherwood, and here set down as a "Study on the black keys;" we can conceive of nothing finer than her rendering of all these. The "Moonlight Sonata" too was wonderfully well interpreted, with such wealth of tone, and such expressive accent in the first movement, that the great hall was instinct with its deep sentiment and poetry. She closed the concert with a Waltz after Strauss: "Wir leben nur einmal," by Tausig, immensely difficult and far from beautiful we thought. It seemed to us that virtuosity could go no further, but of such feats we cannot pretend to set the limits. We would have preferred a nobler work for the last impression of so rare and interesting an artist.

We have not mentioned her assistants. Of the singing the least said the better. Mons VIVIEN is a good, sound violinist of the Belgian school, who does all in a straightforward, honest and effective manner, with plenty of execution, tasteful and brilliant, without affectations, albeit rather cold.

—We feel that we have by no means heard the whole of Mme. Essipoff. She has left us with a strong desire to hear her more, and in better programmes, and to know her better. If Rubinstein and Bülow gave us rather a surfeit with their immense programmes, she has left us with an appetite. We fear it will be long before we hear any piano-playing to compare with it, unless she come again.

Chamber Concerts.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB gave two good Concerts in Bumstead Hall, on Saturday evenings, Nov. 25, and Dec. 2. Each began and ended with a concerted work for strings in classical form, two of which were new, the other two established favorites. Each offered a new singer, fresh and full of promise. A few instrumental solos filled out the remainder of the programmes. The Sextet (Op. 18, in F) by Brahms impressed us on this first hearing as one of the best of the new works we have heard for some time; strong, consistent, full of thoughts well developed,—on the whole, music one could readily enjoy and wish to hear again. We confess it opened not so promisingly; but, as it developed, it grew more and more interesting. The *Andante* has a noble series of variations. The strings sounded somewhat roughly in that hall, but on the whole the rendering was good. That Concert closed with the beautiful and genial eighth Quartet of Beethoven, the E minor of the Rasoumowsky set, remarkably well led by Mr. ALLEN, whose violin playing is better than ever. The singer, Miss ELLA C. LEWIS, of Portland, won immediate favor by the rich, sympathetic quality of her voice, not large in compass, and by the simple, warm expression with which she sang a *Sancta Maria* by Faure, a Serenade by Raff and a Song by Taubert. Mr. EDWARD HEINDL's flute playing (Fantaisie on a Slavonic Air) was of masterly perfection.

The second concert opened with a Quartet (G minor, Op. 90) by Rubinstein, of which we could make nothing. Short, spasmodic passages and phrases, like the chafing of a caged wild beast,—beginnings leading to nothing,—fruitless impulse and endeavor, sound and fury with but little music,—is all we can recall of the first movement. The rhythmical oddity of the second movement (Allegro) in *five-eight* time, was only a curiosity. It might have been suggested by some Russian dance; but really five-beat rhythm is *no* rhythm; it would puzzle any ear to tell where any measure began, or to mark any regularity of accent. The *Adagio* was more like music; the Finale full of the wild Cossack.—How refreshing, satisfying, after this, to hear the noble Schubert Quintet with two 'Cellos! This was finely played.

Miss E. A. HUMPHREY, still a pupil, though she has travelled with the Club, has a soprano voice of much power and sweetness and good compass, remarkably true and even throughout; and she sang the trying "Infelice" of Mendelssohn with good conception and a high degree of style and execution. She seems to be in the right way to make a singer. Her two songs by Franz: "On a Thorn bush" and "In May," were very nicely sung, the latter warmly encored.—Mr. HENNIG gave an admirable rendering of a Serenade for the Violoncello by Lindner; and Mr. ALLEN played "Le Tombeau," one of the many Sonatas by one of the best of the old violin composers, Leclair, who flourished under Louis Quinze, in a very finished and artistic manner.

—These were very enjoyable concerts, and more of the same sort would be welcome. But now this Pleiad group (the singer makes the seventh star) is travelling away westward to its remote aphelion.

MR. AND MRS. W. H. SHERWOOD'S PIANO RECITALS. We were compelled to lose the first, (Nov. 27), of which the report was flattering, the programme remarkable, but much too long. Mr Sherwood played a Prelude and Fugue of Bach; Sonata, Op. 31, No. 3, of Beethoven; a Prelude, Waltz and Song without Words of his own; Fugue by Rheinberger, Serenade by Rubinstein, and Liszt's arrangement of the *Tannhäuser* March. Mrs. Sherwood played: Thalberg's Etude in A minor; Barcarole, Op 93, Bk. 1 by Rubinstein; Etude, by Chopin, in F, Op 10, Bk. 2; Scherzo, Op. 1, by Moskowski; "Kyrie" (new) by Jensen; and Toccatina, G minor, by Rheinberger. The artist couple also played, on two pianos, the Andante and Variations, in B flat, by Schumann, and Henselt's Arrangement of the Grand Duo Concertante by Weber, Op. 48

The second Recital (Union Hall,) last Tuesday, had this programme:

Chromatic Fantaisie and Fugue .....Bach
Mr. Sherwood.
Sonata, Op. 101.....Beethoven
Mrs. Sherwood.
a, Vocal, "Der Nussbaum" (The Nut Tree).Schumann
b, "Marie" .....Franz
c, Old German Spring Song.....Mendelssohn
Mr Geo. L. Osgood
Rondo, Op. 73, C major for two pianos.....Chopin
Mrs and Mr Sherwood.
a, Vocal, "Asra" (Song of the Eastern Slave).
Rubinstein
b, "Thou art like unto a flower".....Rubinstein
Mr. Geo. L. Osgood
a, "Ende vom Lied," Op. 12, No 8 .....Schumann
b, "Song without Words," No 2 A min Mendelssohn
c, "Moments Musicaux," Op 94, No. 3 ....Schubert
d, "Isolden's Liebes-Tod," from "Tristan and Isolde".....Liszt-Wagner
Mr Sherwood.
"Tasso," Symphonic Poem arranged for two pianos.....Franz Liszt

—But we must take another opportunity to tell of the fine impression which the performances, almost without exception, made upon a cultivated audience.—"Special attractions" will be offered for the third Recital, yet to be announced. The Philharmonic Club will appear in the fourth, Feb. 2.

MALE PART-SONG. We can but allude to the very beautiful singing of the BOYLSTON CLUB at its first concert of the season in the Music Hall, Dec. 6. Never have the voices seemed so well balanced, the ensemble so finely blended, and the harmony so pure. The rendering of nearly every number in a programme simply of part songs, but choice, was such as to do the highest credit to the choir (now raised to very near 100 voices), and to its capable conductor, GEO. L. OSGOOD.—But there is a limit to the charm of mere men's voices, which the singers themselves, the best of them, are beginning more and more to feel; and we are glad to learn that the Boylston Club is taking the initiative in affiliating with itself a chorus of mixed voices, which will be both numerous and select, competent to perform Cantatas, etc., with orchestra.

CHRISTMAS ORATORIO. The performance of the "Messiah" tomorrow evening will probably be in many respects such as to give a fresh interest to the grand old work. It will be done with the added accompaniments by Robert Franz, and with a new and truer phrasing for the instruments carefully marked by Mr. Zerrahn, of which we copy an account on another page. The solo singers are named in all the newspapers.

The fourth HARVARD Concert is postponed to Tuesday, the 26th, (day after Christmas). The programme we have given.—In the fifth (Jan. 4), Madame CAPPIANI will sing "Non piu di fiori," from Mozart's *Tito*, besides songs. The Symphony will be Gade's No. 4, in B flat.—Miss NITA GAETANO will sing in the 6th concert, Feb. 1; and Mme. SCHILLER will play in one of the following concerts.

NEW BRIGHTON, STATEN ISLAND, N. Y. The Philharmonic Concerts of Staten Island were organized nearly a year ago by an enthusiastic member of the community, in order to meet the needs of music lovers resident on the Island. Indeed they were a godsend for the bad weather in winter and the floating ice in the bay, made the journey to New York not only tedious and disagreeable, but sometimes positively dangerous; so that lovers of true music were often debarred from enjoying their favorite entertainment. This was the origin of the Philharmonic Society, which has since been organized into a company, and five Concerts are to be given in the course of the winter. The first took place on the 1st of December, and of this we propose to send a short criticism.

The performers have had many difficulties to overcome, not the smallest being the very limited size of the hall. The acoustic arrangements are poor, and the platform, with a grand piano, is singularly cramped, allowing only seven performers to be upon the platform at any one time. This of course ties the hands of the musical manager. Mr. Werner very much in the choice of music, allowing only quartetts, trios, solos, or septettes to be played, and he deserves all praise for his able selection.

The programme for the first Concert was rather a mixed one, and evidently made to draw an audience, a device very uncourteous to the real lovers of good music, it seems to us. A short opening address was made by Mr. George William Curtis, and the concert began with the Septette of Hummel. Mr. Richard Hoffman was at the piano, accompanied by six of Thomas' orchestra; they all did their parts well, and Mr. Hoffman played with his usual precision and delicacy, although to our thinking too much prominence was given to the piano, at the expense of the Violoncello which should play such an important part in two of the movements.

The Septette was followed by Mr Carl Hamm's rendering of the Ballad and Polonaise of Vieuxtemps. There is no doubt of Mr. Hamm's rare manipulation of the Violin and the delicacy of his touch, but there was a little too much sentiment display shown in the Ballad movement. The Polonaise was admirably played, however, and made up for all former deficiencies; the tripping time of the Polonaise was excellently marked and Mr Hamm kept his orchestra well in hand, and prevented them from fall ing struggling. Miss Antonia Henne then sang the Aria from Romeo and Juliet of Berlioz. After the excellent music which had preceded it, the Berlioz music stood out in its true light of glaring tedness. It is the fashion to admire Berlioz and Offenbach, we know, but after all they are but clap-trap, and false to all true musical ideas. Miss Henne's voice is a beautiful Contralto, but spoiled by bad teaching. She has a wretched method and that odious trick of dragging one from one note to another, giving one the benefit of the entire gamut. Should the interval be from the tonic to the dominant, she makes you hear the third and sub-dominant as well, till you remain doubtful as to the note intended. The harp accompaniment with the harmonium was feeble to a degree, and we were rejoiced when this performance was over.

The second part began with the Beethoven Quartette in C minor, No 4. We looked forward to this as an oasis in the desert but alas! only to be dismally disappointed. The strings were tough, and the performers apparently spelled their music. They put no feeling, no expression into it, and yet the spirit of the great master breathed out in spite of such unmasterly rendering, and comforted many a weary soul with its beauty. Madame Marczek Bertucca then played "La danse des Sylphes" by Godefroid on the harp, but the harp alone does not amount to very much. Mr. Hoffman played two pieces of his own, a Barcarolle and Cascarella, light and fantastic. Miss Henne gave us one of Arthur Sullivan's songs, something about a dream. The gem of the evening was the "Träumerei" of Schumann as a quartette, and finished the concert. So beautifully was this rendered that the audience acknowledged its power by nodding their good nights to the music. S.

CHICAGO, DEC. 8.—Since my last letter we have had the Kellogg English Opera for two weeks. They played to overflowing houses in McVicker's theatre. All their representations were enjoyable. No repetitions were given. Their most serious efforts were devoted to Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" and Meyerbeer's "Star of the North." I find both these works stupid. Of course both of them are beyond the resources of this troupe, still the performances were enjoyable. The management is entitled to great credit for the liberality and courage displayed in these serious undertakings. The *Tribune* pronounces the *Lucia* representation the best they gave here. The Kellogg people were very fortunate in coming so soon after Strakosch's Italian troupe, for that was so totally and frightfully bad as to make the most ordinary singing sound well by contrast. But Miss Kellogg needs no such allowance, her personations evincing careful study and considerable intelligence; and her singing was, of course, very enjoyable.

Last Monday night Mr. Julius Fuchs gave a soirée of his pupils at Baur's music store, noticeable for its great length and the monotony of the programme. The playing was very good and spoke well for the teacher. Mr. Fuchs I had occasion to mention, I think, some years ago, since when I have lost sight of him. He came here in 1868 or '69, and has played in public several times since on the organ and piano. I believe he leads a German singing society, and at one time he organized an orchestra, *à la* Bilse, Strauss, Gilmore, Thomas, with beer *obligato*. But it did not succeed. Mr. Fuchs is a fine musical scholar and a good organist and pianist; and I cannot help thinking that under a different state of things (that is, with more encouragement to chamber music) his ability might be used more productively.

Mr. Florence Ziegfeld gave a soirée with some of the pupils of his so-called "Musical College," at the Methodist Church, about ten days ago. Two who there appeared play remarkably well: Miss Wichard (who has a fine touch), and Miss Clara Murdoch (who has more technique.) Both these are teachers in the "College."

I have taken the liberty of placing the name "college" between inverted commas, not because I wish to insinuate anything against the thoroughness or otherwise of the school, but simply to signify my disaffection toward all such high-sounding, inappropriate titles, to which we run entirely too much in America (though Mr. Ziegfeld and his teachers are Germans.) For, to apply the term "College" to a private academy, having neither stated courses of study, public examinations, nor any kind of college machinery except the name, seems to me entirely unwarranted and in bad taste, although unfortunately not illegal. I say all this, it will be observed, without the slightest intention of disparaging the teaching there, for I personally know some of the teachers and Mr. Ziegfeld himself to be well-educated musicians; but also equally without intention of praising, for it is impossible for an outsider to really learn anything definite about the quality of work done at such schools. Once in a while they produce a good player. This, however, does not signify; the question is: What is the *average* work done there? And to this question, for some reason, I have been unable to procure an answer. This is the great weakness of nearly all our music schools. Nobody is allowed to visit a class. There is no public examination. Courses of study are not published. I suppose the schools in Boston are better managed; and I have also found Oberlin less reticent. It must also be admitted that the public cares very little for thoroughness; or rather, perhaps, it is too good-natured, and, like charity, "thinketh no evil."

THE APOLLO CLUB.

The first concerts of the Apollo Club took place on Tuesday and Thursday of this week. Owing to the large number of associate members, the concert had to be duplicated, half the members coming one night, and half the other. I suppose the two audiences would amount to very nearly six thousand people. McCormick hall was crowded both nights. The programme was this:

1. *a.* Calm Sea.....Rubinstein
   b. The Beleaguered.....Sullivan
2. By Celia's Arbor.....Horsley
3. *a.* Greeting to Chicago (Marche).....Kunkel
   b. Variations on a Beethoven theme. Saint Saëns
   The Kunkel Brothers (Two pianos).
4. *a.* Night Song..... Abt
   b. Spring Song.....Franke
5. Le Pré aux Clercs.. .....Herold
   Miss Emma Thursby, (Violin obligato by Mr Wm. Lewis.)
   (Encore)—Ave Maria..... ....Bach-Gounod
   Miss Thursby, piano, violin, and chorus.
6. Mynheer van Dunck..... .....Bishop
7. Great is Jehovah (Die Allmacht).....Schubert
   Liszt's arrangement.
   (Accompaniment of piano and organ.)
8. Faust Grand Fantasie .....Kunkel
   Kunkel Brothers.
9. Serenade—'Sunlight hath begun".....Abt
10. *a.* Birdie's Good-bye..... .....Taubert
    b. Bird Song .....Taubert
    Miss Thursby,
    (Encore—Rubinstein's "Thour't like a lovely flower.")
11. Storm and Blessing.....Kalliwoda

The programme was too long, and too many *encores* were allowed. The club numbered seventy two under the direction of Mr. Wm. L. Tomlins and manifested throughout their very fine training. On the second night the first tenors went down a little from the pitch toward the close, but as a whole the intonation was unusually good. The attack was fine and the shading very delicate. The *pianissimo* was perhaps made something too much of. The volume of tone and the solidity of it in the *fortes* and "*eighties*" (as the girl said) were most admirable. Still something remains to do. When the Apollo Club becomes able to sing such a chorus as Schubert's "Die Allmacht" with the same solid intonation that they produce on simpler works, *then* I shall know that summer is night. If any leader can secure this, Mr. Tomlins will; and I wait to report his success. What seems to be lacking is a thorough appreciation of the modulatory structure of the music, and in this direction every concert shows some advance. I have not availed myself of an invitation to attend a rehearsal, but purpose doing so presently. It speaks well for the choir music of this city that every good leader is a member of this carefully trained club, and so is in a way of constant improvement.

The Club has lately occupied new rooms in the American Express Company's building, where they have a reading-room and a hall. Financially and socially, as well as musically, the Apollo Club is in a fine condition.

Miss Thursby made a splendid success (and even a furor on the second evening.) I find her singing very enjoyable indeed, although her voice is hardly large enough for such a hall. The only criticism I should wish to venture on at present is upon her use of the *tremolo*, which was incessant, and which will presently ruin her intonation if she doesn't reform.

The duet playing of the Kunkel brothers was very accurate and spirited. They have considerable technique, and in the Saint-Saëns variations on a Beethoven theme appeared to great advantage; for there they manifested no small refinement. The second evening they played a Polacca of Weber's arranged by Liszt, to whose arrangement, where it lacked in brilliancy (!), they had themselves added passages. The result was a very brilliant and dashing piece, though somewhat wanting in the reserve of true art. To put it mildly, these gentlemen are not noticeable for feeling and soul in playing; and in their own pieces, I must confess, I was reminded of some new and very superior kind of hand-organ,—such were the mechanical precision and automaton like qualities of the play. The press here with one accord gave them "particular fits," as the saying is.

And speaking of the press reminds me that the *Times* here spoke of the Bach-Gounod "Ave-Maria" as being from Gounod's "Faust."

Mr. Emil Liebling gave his first recital to-day. I will speak of his playing more fully next time.

DER FREYSCHUETZ.

GERMANSTOWN, PA. The Philadelphia *Inquirer*, of Dec. 15, has the following. The vocal soloist referred to is the daughter of the late president of our Boston Handel and Haydn Society, now a resident of Philadelphia.

THE ARION SOCIETY CONCERT.—The Arion Society, of Germantown, is one of the numerous male choruses which have sprung up in this city during the past decade. The Arion has been organized for three seasons, and gave last evening its opening entertainment of the present winter. Its new leader, Mr. Michael H. Cross, has no successful competitor in this branch of musical education.

The Arion Society appeared last night at Association Hall, a very convenient and roomy auditorium, which was well filled with a choice audience. The acoustical qualities of this hall are exceedingly good, and it has the advantage of a fine organ at the rear of the stage. The Arion Society sang with care, good taste and intelligence. The first and second bassos are superior to the tenors. The selections offered embraced a variety of subjects and the differences of expression were mostly well observed. The body of voices incorporates [?] remarkably well, and the varied subjects of the different selections were quite skilfully represented. The "Exile's Song" by Curschmann, with Mr. Peabody's baritone solo, and Macfarren's "Autumn," call for particular praise.

The vocal soloist of the evening was Miss Fannie L. Barnes. This young lady has an agreeable presence, a very good voice, and, evidently, a musical education. Being yet quite young, she possesses more possibilities than actualities; but her voice has a wealth of power and resonance, and the finer points of expressional development are pretty sure to follow. Miss Barnes sang Rossini's "Una voce," and a very good ballad by that skillful London musician, Randegger. Both of these selections were encored, and the lady was received with evident favor. Mr. L. Engelke, a well-known performer on the violoncello, who came to this country in the famous Julien band, gave two solos last evening, which were among the most genuine pleasures of the evening.

Special Notices.

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A grand, ground-swell swing to it. Carry it to sea with you, jolly yachtsmen!

Don't forget to Write me, Darling. Illustrated Title. G. 3. c to D. *Launder.* 40

"Write, if only but a line."

Pleasing ballad, in popular style,

A Song to lay at the Feet of my Love. F. 3. c to F. *Gabriel.* 40

"A heart to lay at the feet of my love,
To leave it there in its simple truth."

A melodious song, characterized with the taste of Aidé, who wrote the words, and of Virginia Gabriel.

Ocean Voices. D. 4. c to E. *Pinsuti.* 40

"And I seem to see the Sea-gods
Rocking on the spray."

A very good kind of song, uniting Italian elegance with a construction sufficiently easy for most singers.

The Path by the Brook-side. Song and Chorus. B♭. 3. f to F. *Pyke.* 30

"Our hearts were as light as the lilies,
That spring from the soft dewy sod."

Words by Geo. Cooper. Smooth and good music.

Far o'er the Western Hills. Even'g Hymn. Solos and Q't. D. 4. a to a. *Johnston.* 35

"Soon to my mental sight
Earth will be shaded."

A very beautiful hymn, and effective music, which includes a solo for Soprano, for Alto, for Tenor, and for Baritone or Bass.

Only a Glance. C. 3. c to F. *Woolf.* 35

"But I know that my heart, in the years to come,
Will beat true as it does today."

Should be a very effective song for a parlor or public performance.

Instrumental.

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He opened an elegant Music Store.

He began to put together an instruction book.

The instruction book was the "Modern School," which was constructed with the greatest care, brought out in elegant style, and fully advertised. It however, had but moderate success, and the author was soon satisfied that it was quite defective. Taking counsel, therefore, of musicians familiar with the needs of American teachers and scholars, he abandoned the "School," and compiled

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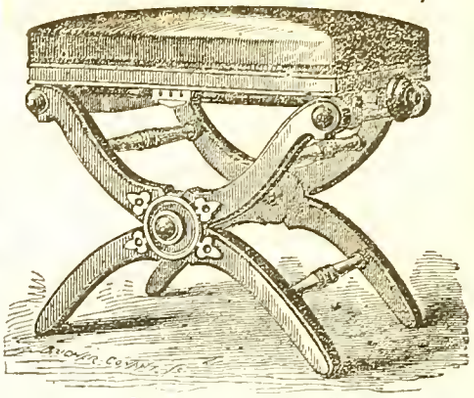

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WHOLE No. 932. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 6, 1877. VOL. XXXVI. No. 20.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

To the Tone-Art.

Translated from the German of CHRISTIAN FRIEDRICH DANIEL SCHUBART, Musician and Poet. 1739-1791.

BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

Goddess of Music, on pinions of azure,
Cam'st thou from Heaven, 'mong mortals to dwell,
Taughtest them piping and harping and measure,
Play'd'st on Jove's gift, the magical shell,
So that the beasts and trees
Danced to thy melodies,
Sorrow and Sadness, in cloudy array,
Fled from thee, powerful Goddess, away.

Then to the harp's exalted measures
The tender passion thou did'st sing,
Did'st sing of love's eternal pleasures,
And fire with feeling every string.
Goddess of Music, on pinions of azure,
Cam'st thou from Heaven 'mong mortals to dwell.

Then did'st thou touch the chords
Of grief too deep for words,
And sweet tears followed pain,
And hearts grew light again.
Goddess of Music, on pinions of azure,
Cam'st thou from Heaven, 'mong mortals to dwell.

The strings then uniting
To gleeful delighting,
There came in a blooming throng
The joys of German dance and song.
Goddess of Music, on pinions of azure,
Cam'st thou from Heaven, 'mong mortals to dwell.

Then up to Heaven the Goddess rose,
And joined the blissful choir of those
Who sing before the Eternal.
With mighty power she touched the Organ keys,
And glorious harmonies,
In majesty supernal,
Like Ocean's waves, with Hallelujahs rolled,
And fugue-like, struck Heaven's vaulted roof of gold!
Goddess of Music, on pinions of azure,
Cam'st thou from Heaven 'mong mortals to dwell!

On the Employment of the Orchestra in Church Music.

BY E. H. TURPIN.

(From the London Musical Standard.)

(Concluded from Page 354.)

It is interesting to note, that in the middle of the sixteenth century instrumental compositions were taking definite forms. Fantasias were first written when instrumental harmony came into use, sometimes for cornets, but generally for viols. From such brief and simple pieces were developed in Italy the "Sonata di Chiesa" and the "Sonata di camera." The sonata of the church was distinguished from its worldly neighbor by a graver style, and consisted of short slow movements intermingled with fugues. These compositions were at first written only for stringed instruments, and they date back to about 1630. It is a matter of surprise that the sacred or church symphony should have but one modern representative, the introduction to Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang." The general want of orchestral means in churches, and the proper distrust of too large a use of music, may account for such neglect. The "Sonata di Chiesa," evidently suggested to Bach the forms of his great organ pieces, and afterwards to Mendelssohn his organ sonatas. Bach, it is acknowledged, took many hints in the composition of instrumental music from the Italian composers still living in his earlier period, Corelli and Vivaldi, though their works were intended for the chamber and not the church. From the latter half of the sixteenth century we may trace the growth of the oratorio, a musical institution of a value and interest at least equal to that of instrumental form. In the seventeenth century composers of real power wrote oratorios, as Stradella, and that great inventor, Carissimi, to whom Handel is so much indebted.

The proper place for the oratorio is the church, though in England, its modern home, its character was somewhat changed by Handel, and it was, I think unfortunately, transferred to the concert room. Recent revivals in St. Paul's cathedral and elsewhere have shown us what a powerful means of creating religious impulse and thought the oratorio of the church is still. The festivals on St. Cecilia's day held during the latter part of the seventeenth and in the first half of the next century, in France and England, were to a great extent church festivals. The Te Deum and Jubilate by Henry Purcell, in D, used upon such occasions here, are interesting to us at this moment, as illustrating the kind of sacred orchestration then employed upon special days. The score was for 2 violins, viola, bassi, and 2 trumpets. To these, Dr. Boyce in 1755 added 2 oboes, 2 bassoons, and drums. Purcell's organ part was in accordance with a fashion which has prevailed far too long, a figured bass part.

By the end of the seventeenth century a great school of church orchestration had arisen in Italy, and one which, to my mind, offers excellent models to the church composer. This group of illustrious Italians included Carissimi, Durante, Clari, and Leo, and following these were Pergolesi, Martini, Jomelli, and others. These men were great contrapuntists, yet writing with elegance, pathos, and sentiment. Their instrumental parts display great invention, but are never overloaded. Relying chiefly on the strings, strengthened by the figured bass of the organ, their coloring was sedate, and not too frequently heightened by the use of 2 oboes, 2 trumpets, and sometimes 2 horns. One of the Psalms of Leo, a composer possessing large grasp and lofty thoughts, is set for two choirs and two orchestras. Each of the instrumental bodies has its complement of strings, the oboes playing in one mass, the organ and trumpets acting with the other. At this period the trumpets were always written for in D, but the horns were crooked in all the keys in frequent use. The music then written for the thin tubed trumpets played with shallow mouthpieces sorely tries the players on the modern instruments of that name.

To Bach, to whom it is now time to turn, we are indebted for several orchestral improvements. We find in his scores the ordinary flute, the flauto d'amore, or alto flute, playing a minor third lower than written for, clarinets, bassoons, besides the more commonly used oboes, trumpets and drums. He also employed trumpets crooked in other keys than D, sometimes, as in one of the church cantatas, introducing three of these instruments. He likewise used several kinds of alto and tenor oboes now obsolete, the parts for which have, in recent performances, been rendered by viols. Even Bach only assigned to the organ chords from a figured bass, and with the exception of one or two movements, as in Handel's "Ode to St. Cecilia," we meet with no fully written organ part, before the one in the score of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." As I before stated, Bach, to a certain extent, orchestrated, especially the accompaniments to solos, with groups of the same family. Thus we sometimes find the harmonies of a piece sustained by two or even three and four flutes of different kinds; sometimes he would employ the oboes in a similar manner, the bass, however, being always sustained by the strings. Such a method gives an organ-like quietness to the orchestration. When the Lutheran church was founded, little or no provision was made for musical worship, but very soon chorales and the Psalm chants were used. The organ quickly became the favored instrument of Protestantism; and by Bach's time the orchestra had no place in the usual services, being only specially employed, as in his great church works.

In England the orchestral anthem held its place at the Chapel Royal for a while. Handel, when chapel-master to the Duke of Chandos at Cannons, wrote a number of anthems and some services, scored as his oratorios were for strings, oboes, bassoons, trumpets, and drums; though in the concert room he sometimes used flutes, horns, and other less common instruments. Though invented in Germany about 1694, that
clarinet, (which
reed, neverthele
as the oboe fa
scores of some of Bach's church cantatas, and it found no place in the English orchestra before about 1780.

Orchestral use continued to flourish in the Roman Church, especially in Austria, some parts of Italy and Germany, and in Belgium; in fact hardly a single Mass was written without orchestral accompaniments. How different has been the musical treatment of the Communion Services of the English and German Lutheran churches! The scores of the Masses of the great German composers from Haydn's time were based upon those of the Italian school immediately preceding the labors of the father of the modern orchestra. The combinations and the peculiarities of Bach's scores were neither reproduced nor imitated, and the low pitched flutes and oboes were speedily disused and forgotten. Haydn generally employed the complete group of strings, two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, two horns, two trumpets, and drums. It is curious to observe the marked absence of the flutes from the church orchestra after Bach's time until quite recently, though the instrument was fairly cultivated elsewhere. In the interesting score of Haydn's Fourth Mass we find the organ specially employed in the not very dignified duty of imitating the absent flute, pretty groups of demisemiquavers being thus inserted in the "Et incarnatus est." This is almost the only special use Haydn made of the organ. Mozart usually had to write for churches with but limited means. His church scores include two violin parts, bassi, oboes, trumpets, and generally drums. The viola is often missing, and the clarinets are usually absent. Handel's skill in making the most of two violins has been commented upon, but for artistic work in this direction, he must give place, I think, to Mozart. His remarkable treatment of the two parts is specially seen in the complete harmony produced, the sonorous distribution of the chords, and great mastery over the technicali-

ties of the violin. Two of Mozart's church scores deserve special notice. That of the motet "Splendente Te Deus," which is written for full orchestra, including the flutes, clarinets, and probably for the first time in modern church music the long banished trombones. The noble Requiem Mass is scored for the full set of strings, two corni di bassetti, or tenor clarinets, two fagotti, two trombe, three tromboni, and tympani. I am not going to enter into the question of the authorship of certain parts of this sublime work, but my conviction is that only Mozart could have conceived the poetical effects of the score. Everyone remembers the remarkable trombone obbligato part in the "Tuba mirum," the first solo for the instrument ever placed on paper, I believe. This is only one feature of many. It is less satisfactory to note that Mozart lent his great powers to an abuse of the church orchestra. The employment of artists in the private chapels did lead naturally to special performers being specially written for. In Mozart's Twelfth Mass, the authorship of which, however, is disputed, we note his efforts to display not only the principal singers but the oboist, witness the Benedictus. I do not wish to say that individual excellencies are not to be utilized, but I protest against the obvious display of mere executive skill in a church score. The subdued and poetical violin obbligato to be found in one of Mozart's motets, it is only fair to point to, as showing how well he knew how to judiciously avail himself of real artistic worth.

Beethoven viewed the Mass from his own severely conscientious point of sight. The indecently noisy "Kyries" and other jubilantly set solemn passages of Haydn and Mozart find no places in his scores; though we may fairly protest that his setting of the "Dona nobis pacem" is in both his Masses over-strained and over-orchestrated. The score of the Mass in C is for full orchestra, without the trombones. It is a model score, fc. the colors are everywhere carefully subordinated; and though one or two brief solo passages are given to the clarinet and other instruments, there is nowhere a too marked display of individuality. The score of the Mass in D is a gigantic conception; full of breadth, tenderness, majesty, and pathos. The whole of the resources of the modern orchestra are here employed. An instance of the instrumental obbligato occurs in the Benedictus, the violin having the special part. In the "Sanctus" we find, after the manner of Mozart, the grand sacerdotal accent of the trombones. These instruments were but little used before this period; and though employed by Handel in his Funeral Marches, and mentioned by Haydn as being newly introduced into the orchestra, we owe to Mozart the sombre grand pronunciation of the heavier brass instruments. Gluck had previously used them, but with a fierce and savage expression. As a fine instance of the organ-like use of a mass of strings, I would notice the prelude to the Benedictus of Beethoven's greatest church work, from which Wagner probably took a hint in scoring an exquisite passage descriptive of a peaceful old world Sunday morning. Beethoven makes no provision for the use of the organ in either of his Services. Such neglect is not only to be regretted as an overlooking of the special faculties of the organ to which I have alluded, but because such a master would have given us thoughts worthy of the instrument.

Schubert wrote several fine masses. These were scored for bands of the calibre which Mozart had to write for. One indeed has, like Purcell's "Te Deum," only two trumpets to represent the wind department. It is curious to notice also, as in Mozart, the absence of the viola in several works, and the nearly equal skill with which Schubert makes two violins cover almost the ground usually taken up by three upper string parts. This composer's first church score is the Mass in E flat, written for full orchestra, including trombones, but curiously excluding the flutes. One movement contains a fine and early employment in church music of the upper register of the violoncelli. Weber's two Masses are crowded with well considered instrumental points; his pet instruments, the clarinet, bassoon, and horn, being specially cared for. The score of the well known Mass in G has two points of importance to the student, the religiously-toned chords for two bassoons and two horns accompanying the soprano solo "Et incarnatus est," and the lofty burst of harmony from four horns resting upon the low notes of the bassi in the Sanctus. The attempt to sustain the first chorus of the Credo with only two clarinets and two bassoons is a failure. Some of Hummel's church scores are of interest. The Mass in B flat employs strings, most of the wood wind, but only two brass instruments, with the drums, the two trumpets. Splendid service to the cause of church music was rendered by Mendelssohn in different ways; he, however, wrote little orchestrated service music, possibly through his Lutheran predilections. As a charming piece of scoring his "Da pacem Domine" should be mentioned. The wind used, clarinets, bassoons, and horns, are employed in a broad organ-like manner.

The orchestral use has been for ages only occasional in France. Grand Mass is still celebrated there with only the unison Plain Song, at times relieved by an indulgence in a little of the old feeble "faux bourdon;" accompanied, however, generally by bass brass instruments, and otherwise by a number of violoncelli and contrabassi for the most part used in the unison. Of course the chancel and nave organs are employed in these services. An orchestral mass is there a distinct musical service, and is regarded as a specially artistic display. The great church scores of Cherubini, written for his adopted country, are of interest. He employed the full orchestra, but was sparing in the use of brass. The March written for the Coronation of Charles the Tenth is a favorite instance of his broad, simple, earnest manner of orchestrating for the church. The only brass instruments here employed are two horns, and that instrument favored of France, the ophicleide. The scores of his Requiem Masses are extremely picturesque, not to say dramatic; yet throughout there is a subdued manner and an absence of restless love of tone change, only realized by the master who knows what to leave undone as well as what to do. Cherubini's string parts are splendid models to church composers of solid, elegant writing. I add with regret that Cherubini also neglected the organ.

There is in the library of the Roman church, as elsewhere, a strange want of appropriate instrumental movements corresponding with the organ voluntaries. There is in this direction great scope for composers. The custom abroad, as here at present, is the use of Symphony movements for such purposes, and I am sorry to add even marches and opera overtures. Haydn's pathetic movements originally written for strings only, and afterwards remodelled as the Oratorio "The Seven Last Words," must be mentioned as the almost solitary contribution to the stores of instrumental church music made in modern times. These touching adagios were written to be played during a Good Friday meditative service in Seville Cathedral. During Advent and Lent the Roman Church denies herself the use of instrumental music, at least during Mass. However, several settings of the grand old hymn "Stabat Mater Dolorosa" should be mentioned. That of Pergolesi, for two voices only, is scored for strings with an "ad libitum" figured bass. Haydn and others, setting this same hymn, employed larger orchestral means. I need not say that Rossini's popular but very theatrical setting was scored for an orchestra of the largest size, and was written for a wealthy Spanish Monastery. The oratorio of the church became the property of the Protestant branch, but was almost completely neglected from the time of Bach, until its revival in Mendelssohn's "St. Paul." It is unnecessary to say that its peculiar feature was the congregational chorale.

The real home of the oratorio is the church. Spohr was greatly struck with the effect of his own work "The Last Judgment" when heard thus. In England the Oratorio did not appear in church until late in the last century, when a number of festival meetings were instituted or held as separate events. But in these cases the Oratorio was too much regarded from the entertainment point of sight. We owe a large debt of gratitude to Mr. Barnby, Dr. Stainer, and others who have assisted in the late Bach revivals, in placing the Oratorio in its true position as a meditative and uplifting form of service music. I sympathize with those who deplore the extinction of our old village church orchestras: for notwithstanding their incompleteness and defective execution, they might, with care, have been of use in paving the way towards a better recognition of orchestral use. It is a matter of curiosity that the clarinet, so recently introduced into England, should so soon have found its way into the country church bands. The clarinet, however, is a pre-eminently useful instrument, and its tone being more subdued and less piquant than that of the oboe, it is a more satisfactory accompaniment to the voice.

Very little orchestral church music was produced in this country during the first half of the present century. Attwood wrote for the coronation of George the Fourth an effective anthem, admirably scored for the complete modern orchestra. Coronations and Royal Weddings seem always to have been celebrated with orchestral use. I must once more turn to France to notice the remarkable score of M. Gounod's fine Grand Mass written in 1853. Among much of interest must be noticed the poetical restoration of that ancient instrument, the harp. Its employment in the work I am speaking of to the words "Et vitam venturi sæculi," is a stroke of genius, even though one allows it is quite a French attempt to realize prevailing and orthodox notions of the celestial music. One of the many good things Dr. Stainer has done for the art was the re-introduction of the orchestra into St. Paul's Cathedral at the "Sons of Clergy" Festival of 1873. He then, too, attempted to solve the rather difficult question as to the use of the orchestra in chanting. The experiment was, I think, judiciously confined to the "Glorias" of the Psalms. It is not desirable that instruments should be used with the organ for chanting, the words being rendered more indistinct by instrumental additions, and the players' difficulties in following the recitations are not slight. But it is possible effectively to use the orchestra in the Psalm "Glorias." The band in many ways can be grandly employed in accompanying hymn tunes, and where processional and recessional hymns are used, certain of the wind instruments, as in olden times, can with advantage attend the choristers. Bach's oratorios are now rapidly taking their places in church. Haydn's "Seven Last Words" has been heard satisfactorily in Manchester Cathedral under Mr. Pyne, the organist, and at St. Peter's, Bayswater, under the direction of Mr. F. M. Lott.

Orchestral use has found utterance at St. Stephen's, Lewisham, St. James's, Hatcham, and many other churches. Some few years ago Dr. Sullivan experimented at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, with trumpets and trombones; the same instruments had, indeed, been previously used with the organ in one or two provincial towns. Among a now goodly number of orchestral services mention must be made of useful and highly effective settings of the evening canticles by Dr. Stainer, Mr. Gadsby, Mr. E. Prout (who has also contributed a fine organ concerto to the store of instrumental music available in church), and very recently by Mr. H. J. Stark. Mention must also be made of a communion service by Mr. W. S. Hoyte. Lately we have had in the way of accompanying Plain Song, bold attempts to in-

troduce masses of modern valve brass instruments. Such a return to the old cornet and sackbut practices may have some good results; but it is not the solution of the church orchestra question. Only a judicious use of the full orchestra, wisely tempered by the organ, can realize the artistic conception of a complete and perfect musical service. There are two difficulties not to be passed over: these are tuning of instruments, and their position in church. Strings bring the most serious tuning difficulties with them, and are played with what, in church, looks like an unseemly amount of action. With discreet artists the tuning difficulty may be greatly reduced; especially if such care is backed by a little firmness on the part of the director. If the music is really to be satisfactorily rendered, the instruments must be tuned first, before entering church; and then tried with, it should be, as little ostentation as possible after the players have taken their places. In ancient times both singers and players occupied in great churches, as in great halls, the minstrel gallery, which in church, however, was usually placed on one side of the chancel. There are three ways of facing the difficulty of position satisfactorily. One is to place the orchestra out of sight, another to boldly fix the orchestra with the choir; and, if surplices are the rule, to surplice the instrumentalists; and another, and common position abroad, is that of the western gallery with the organ, in which position the players are but little seen, having the congregation in front of them. For many reasons I prefer to see the orchestra placed with the choir in the chancel. One serious point must not be overlooked, if orchestral use is to be encouraged; that is, the importance of making the players actually take part in the service, and not, so to speak, play outside it.

Notwithstanding differences of church discipline, and types of religious feeling which have in one direction tended towards the orchestra, and in the other sanctioned the use of the organ alone, there has ever been a yearning for the use of all instruments in the grandest acts of public worship, and a strong belief that such worship must be the highest type we can offer of that complete and final worship which shall be heard in the song of the Redeemer. Orchestral use should be the rule, not only at festivals, but on every Sunday in the Cathedrals and principal churches. In no case should instruments be employed, however, otherwise than in a subordinate sense; thus it is first necessary to greatly strengthen our choirs. The custom of introducing into small churches complete orchestras without either sufficient voices or strings, is to be earnestly deprecated, as liable to turn a solemn act before God into an exciting revel of vulgar sounds. Now the religious world is awakening to a better estimate of the real value of worship music, let our composers bestir themselves, and with a deep sense of responsibility and a complete knowledge of the effects of orchestral coloring on the hearts and souls of men, raise up a noble school of orchestral church music. Such music should be unfettered in style, yet grandly contrapuntal in detail; vivid in expression, yet ever reserved in manner. To this end the strings should be chiefly relied upon, and the organ must be specially written for. It may be urged that a composer finds his hands full enough in handling only the orchestra; but the successful writer of church music must learn to place the king and emperor side by side, as the high conditions to be fulfilled in worship music are only to be realized by perfectly combining the emotional life and splendid colors of the orchestra with the calm majesty and abiding solemnity of the organ, and by subordinating both these vast powers to the fitting and reverent expression of the words of life, which expression must now, and for ever, spring from hearts and voices.

THE PURCELL CONCERT AT LIVERPOOL. The inaugural concert of the Liverpool Sacred Harmonic Society took place, last night, at the College Hall, in Shaw Street, and afforded great delight to a very large audience. With the exception of a few organ performances by the indefatigable Mr. Jude, the programme consisted entirely of Purcell's anthems, and these were rendered with great ability by the small but well drilled and vocally powerful chorus of the new society, assisted by several soloists in the verse parts, which give to many of Henry Purcell's anthems, in performance, all the interest and majesty of oratorio music of the highest class.

Before the concert commenced, Mr. W. L. Rushton introduced the enterprise in a brief speech, in which he bore testimony to the zeal of the learned and enthusiastic conductor, Mr. Jude, and to the earnest studies of the members of the society, thus creating anticipations which it is satisfactory to say were not disappointed. After Mr. Jude had performed Sir George Elvey's spirited Festal March, the first anthem, "Rejoice in the Lord Alway," was taken. It is for three voices and chorus, and was sung with good effect, the verses being sustained by Messrs. J. L. and T. J. Hughes and Mr. C. W. Robinson. Description must be very close to convey any idea of the magical and angelic beauty of Purcell's cathedral music, which, if one closes one's eyes, seems to rear above and around in a fairy fabric all the much-loved memories of those matchless scenes of architectural beauty with which such strains are associated. At most only a point here and there can be noted for instance, the delicious repetition in the "Rejoice" anthem of the words "Again I say rejoice," and the musical phrase to which they are set. Simple as is the resource, the effect is a thing to dream of. In the second anthem, "O God, Thou art my God," was afforded a fine specimen of Purcell's fuller style, and the same observation applies to the "Be merciful unto me, O God." But probably the work which told best in the first part was the anthem for two voices and chorus composed to celebrate the preservation of the Duke of York in a storm—"They that go down to the sea in ships." There is a bold rolling organ introduction. Then comes a descriptive solo by the bass voice and next a duet between alto and bass in three movements. Some portions of this duet are quaint, but as a whole it is delightfully melodious, and the parts are wonderfully, as it were, written for each other. One of Purcell's happiest thoughts is at the words, "So that the waves thereof are still," where one of the singers holds on a prolonged note while the others come in softly and distinctly with the word "still." The concluding chorus is exuberant in its realization of unclouded gratitude and joy. In the course of the first part of the programme, Mr. Jude rendered Sir Robert Stewart's concert fantasia in D minor with great facility and variety, and the choice of it did as much honor to him as the justice of his execution did to its sterling merits. We may at once sum up Mr. Jude's solo performances by recording his thorough rhythmical and singer-like success in Sterndale Bennett's Barcarole from the 4th Concerto, and an equally remarkable rendering of the extract, "Who-ever drinketh," from the same composer's "Woman of Samaria"—an episode which goes far to rank Sir Sterndale Bennett's music with the purest fountains of sacred melody.

The second part of the programme, however, was to witness the great achievement of the night. "O sing unto the Lord" had not only the advantage of being the finest, and at the same time the most popular anthem of the list, but that of being given in the solo verses with special sweetness and point, particularly by Mrs. Hobart, who has a very charming voice, and an artistic manner of using it. It was imperatively encored, and repeated throughout. This anthem is almost a sacred drama, or at least a very elaborate scene of musical triumph, on the most magnificent scale; and its variety is not less striking than its power. The passage for the four voices, in which the words "telling of his salvation from day to day" are so wonderfully treated, is a marvel of masterly simplicity, or of simple elements scientifically combined into a perfect expression of sentiment; but perhaps even this yields in beauty to the duet between the air and the alto, "The Lord is great," the piquant sweetness of which may be remembered and longed for, but cannot be described. It was in this that Mrs. Hobart particularly distinguished herself; and her partner, the alto, though nervous, sang in very excellent spirit, and made many points very suitably. The basso had a good voice, but his singing decidedly lacked finish. Indeed, if the concert of last night left anything conspicuously to be desired, it was that one might hear the same music given with the splendid power with which Purcell in his conceptions evidently endowed the singers of his bass parts. The concert concluded with the exquisitely poetical "My beloved spake," embodying some of the most beautiful images drawn from nature in the Song of Solomon. What could be more thrilling than the half-mournful, "The rain is over and gone," followed by the buoyant, "The flowers appear?" The composer must have had a dramatic musical faculty such as few have rivalled him in, though he never strayed from the delicate suggestiveness of music proper into the antic mimicry of lesser sacred lyrists.—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

The Guerzenich Concerts at Cologne.

It is a great advantage for a concert when the very first number is so selected that, with constantly increasing strength, it drives before it the prose of everyday thoughts, and, at one stroke, throws the public into an exalted musical frame of mind. This consideration, probably, decided the selection of the *Euryanthe* Overture; for, if any overtures ever forced their way by their splendid and heroic nature into the musical heart, Weber's overtures do so, especially when performed in the fiery and spirited manner by which our orchestra, under Hiller's guidance, have rendered them their own. But the following number, "Palm-Sonntag-Morgen" ("Palm Sunday Morning,") by Ferdinand Hiller, for soprano, female chorus, and orchestra, scarcely required to have the way thus prepared for it. It conquers by itself, thanks to its unforced, flowing, natural melody. Hiller's peculiar talent for combining the various tone-colors, more especially of women's voices, requires no special acknowledgment here; numerous creations of his in this branch of the art are lovingly remembered by everyone fond of music. Whenever we hear one of them, our senses are captivated afresh.

To pass from the composer to the solo player. Hiller now seated himself at the piano, and played Mozart's Pianoforte Concerto in D minor (completed on the 10th February, 1785, and entered as Op. 54). Considered in reference to the pianoforte technics of the present day, Mozart's Concertos are, it is true, almost child's play, for Mozart did not strive after technical difficulties—they would have obscured in him beauty of form and clearness of thought; but it requires, nevertheless, a thorough master, a truly musical mind, capable of appreciating Mozart, to convey to us all the poetry of Mozart's language. Hiller possesses this qualification in the highest degree; he possesses, also, technically, the precise gift which Mozart needs in those who play his concertos; a quiet, steady hand, under which the quick passages "flow like oil." For these reasons we know no better interpreter of Mozart's Concertos than Ferdinand Hiller; with his soft touch the notes sing. The cadences in the first movement and the third were extemporized. We have often fought against the pedantry of cadences—but we like cadences of this description; they are tributes to the purport of the tone-language, and not to purportless virtuosity. That the liveliest gratitude rewarded the master for his performance is a fact we need not mention; the public here congratulate themselves beforehand whenever Hiller seats him

M
part
and
her efforts. It was [illegible]
solo vocal compositions, without any chorus to drown her notes, that her good qualities were fully apparent. She first gave an aria, "Zephyretten, leicht gekleidet," from Mozart's *Idomeneo*, then a Canzone of the last century, and, lastly, two songs, "Nachklingen" and "Vergiss mein nicht"—very pretty pictures of feeling—by Heinrich Hofmann. Any one of us in Cologne hearing the name of Anna Regan thinks at once of Schubert's "Haideroslein," with which the lady's voice transported us at the Ullmann Concerts, and immediately* we heard the first note of the present Mdme. Regan Schimon, we immediately recognized her who was once simply Anna Regan. Still the same voice, small, and, in its thinness, almost sylph-like, but clear, crystaline, and pure as a bell—only with a tendency, formerly not characteristic of it, towards a warmer vibrato, a fact which does not strike us as a step in the wrong direction. There is something especially naïve and almost childlike in the quality of Mdme. Schimon's organ, and when she sings German songs as she does sing them, with a slight tremor in her voice, we feel under the influence of a particular spell. Mdme. Regan Schimon knows nothing of over-powering pathos, or of demoniacal fervor; she merely looks at you with her mild, gazelle eyes. But her gentle glance discourses an eloquent language. Even the sunniest picture, however, is not free from shade. When vociferous applause detonated more, and the "Haideroslein" probably floated like a coveted prize before the eyes of all present, Mdme. Regan-Schimon sang—a Romance by Victor Massé, the new musical genius of the French, very pleasing, with a great deal about "*soupirer*" and "*aimer*," but not a German song, possessing "soul" which one could understand. Why this mixing up of the Cologne Gürzenich and a Parisian salon?

In the First Part of the Concert we must yet mention as a concerted piece a Chorus of Druids, from Sacchini's unfinished opera, *Arrviero ed Evelina*. Antonio Maria Gasparo Sacchini was born in 1734, at Puzzuoli, near Naples, and died in 1786, at Paris, where he was highly esteemed as the principal composer for the Italian Opera. He was a pupil of

* "Immediately we heard,"—a Cockneyism for "as soon as we heard."

Durante's, and subsequently, as long as he was attached to the Conservatory of St. Maria of Loretto, at Naples, Cimarosa's master. Though he belonged exclusively to the Neapolitan school founded by Scarlatti, which gave undue prominence to the cantilena in Italian opera, as known to us at the present day, we cannot fail to recognize in Sacchini's works the German influence of Gluck. The choral piece: "Milde, süsse Harmonie," does honor to its opening words, while it is marked by such nobility of treatment, and so free from Italian manner, that it might, without offence, be inserted at the present day in a high mass. Such music was formerly called operatic!

To conclude the concert there was a new Symphony, No. 2, in C minor, by Carl Reinecke the director of the Leipsic Gewandhaus Concerts, a musician who, as teacher in the Cologne Conservatory in the years 1852-1854, is well known to, and esteemed by all the older musical amateurs in this city. From Cologne, Reinecke went as Musical-Director to Barmen, thence to Breslau, and finally to Leipsic, to enter upon the duties he at present fulfils there. On hearing the Symphony, we were involuntarily struck by the thought that there must be some sort of a programme at the bottom of it. We afterwards learned that we were correct in our surmise. In the preface to his score, Reinecke says that the latter owes its existence to his having read a drama, *Hacon Jarl*, by Oehlenschläger. Though, as he informs us, he had no wish to write absolute programme-music, it would, he adds, perhaps facilitate our comprehension of the work if we inscribed the first movement: "The Hero: Hacon Jarl;" the second (Andante, B major): "Thora;" the third (Intermezzo): "In Odin's Grove;" and the fourth (Alla breve, C major); "Olaf's Victory." These titles sufficiently explain a great deal; but we would fain ask why was not the requisite information printed with the programme? It was certainly the interest of the composer to render the comprehension of his work as easy as possible for the public. The third movement and the fourth convey, it is true, their meaning pretty clearly, but that a hero stood sponsor for the first, and a woman for the second—a picture in Brahms's manner—is not so self-evident. The Symphony, however, is the clever production of a clever musician. It is masterly in form, nay, a perfect model, though, perhaps, not particularly original as regards the thoughts. The way in which the motives are carried out is in the highest degree captivating; we recognize a master exercising full sway over the language of music and never at a loss for the proper expression. In our public, the Symphony found appreciative hearts.—*London Musical World*, (*from the Kölnische Zeitung.*)

Woman as a Musician.*

* * * * Music, though in one sense a mathematical abstraction, and based on exact science, like other arts, is wholly original and self-existent. It is not reproductive and imitative, as are the plastic arts to a certain extent; its object is higher than that of mere reflection; it aims at expressing those emotions and aspirations, which are awakened in thinking and feeling humanity by the passions and events of life and time, or by the contemplation and comprehension of the order, proportion, unity, variety, power, terror, beauty, symmetry, profundity and immensity of the universe. It is the most transcendental of all arts, for it is a purely metaphysical outward manifestation of the inward soul; it is the most complex of all arts, for at once it is vague, definite, and infinitely precise; it is the most ideal of all arts, for it is the beautiful result of unshaken faith in progress towards perfection, and is itself almost a religion, in its purity and sublimity. In the evanescent, intangible form of music, from small materials yet vast possibilities, the human heart and mind have gradually evoked a language, a science, an art, compared with whose simple means and immense results, the miraculous creations of the fabulous magicians of antiquity would appear cold, pale, aimless and meaningless.

I shall now endeavor to sketch the share of woman—which art history has until now neglected to point out, fully and separately—in this gradual, historical development of music to the point of preeminence where we find it in our own day. Woman's voice certainly united in the chants and hymns that echoed through the caves and deserts to which the early Christians fled in order to celebrate their worship; though afterwards, in the 16th century, she was cast out as an official musician from the *prosperous* church, we know that in the early, *persecuted* church, she bore her part as singer as well as martyr; whether she had any share in the composition of those early chants in which she practically united, is doubtful, and will forever remain unknown. In the middle ages, woman was the universal martyr; forgot by others, she forgot herself. It was not until the end of the 14th century, that women began to be anything more than the toys of the higher, the beasts of burden among the lower classes. That mediæval epoch must have been an epoch of darkness, ignorance, oppression and despair for women of low station—the great majority of women, in short, who, finding themselves almost wholly unprotected by law or opinion, fled for safety to the pretended practice of magic. Discovering that the superstitious fears of men would invest them with a sort of protection, they affected to become witches, though they knew that torture and death awaited them if they were betrayed. The early church even condemned those women to the death of the sorceress, who dared "to *cure* other sick than those of their own families, unless they had previously studied medicine." And to what opprobrium would they not have been subjected then, had those anxious mothers, wives, sisters, then dared to enter a school of medicine for the purpose of studying the healing art! Yet, when the famous doctor Paracelsus burned the tomes of Arabic, Greek, and Jewish medicine, he declared that he had not learned anything of physic worth retaining, except from the sorceresses, whose medicines were principally vegetable. The few historical clues we possess, lead us most unwillingly to the conclusion that the first timid steps of woman within the portals of this new art were rather trammelled, than encouraged and assisted; and if any trace of woman as a musician remains from the era of mediæval sorcery, witch-burning, and the slow overcoming of popular superstition by means of philosophy and natural science, it is to be found in the folk-songs, those beautiful memorials of individual and national life, composed and written by anonymous singers and poets among the people. It is almost impossible to believe that women traversed that long period of persecution, struggle, despair, hope, and aspiration, without giving voice to their emotions; and as national and peasant folk-songs are traditionally said to have been nearly always composed by the persons who first sang them, and as women have always been their most zealous performers, it is only fair to suppose that they have also had something to do with their composition as well as with their poetry. It would be unnatural to think that the beautiful lullabies and cradle songs, of which hundreds exist, in different languages and nationalities, were composed by martial barons, rough serving-men, or rougher peasants, and not by their wives or daughters; we know that in Bèarn, in Ireland, in the Basque provinces, and elsewhere, women have always been preferred as the vocal eulogists of the departed, in funeral songs; nor could the sibyllic utterances of Druid priestesses, the terrible incantations and magic songs of the early sorceresses, have been invented by others than themselves. And the melancholy wife of the serf, watching her flocks on the green hills, or gathering wood for her hearth amid the implacable brambles,—and the lonely lady of the castle, spinning or embroidering her cunning tapestries while she waited, sometimes for years, the return of her father, husband, brother, lover,—and then the anxious women of the fisher people,—did they indeed endure their sorrows voicelessly?—I cannot believe it; I have no doubt but that many of those simple, touching, heart-breaking melodies and poems were of women's creation. This question is a novel one; but, since the comparatively recent study of philology has been the source of many unexpected revelations, further study of the musical branch of historical investigation will throw light on many points that have hitherto remained obscure.

But, though woman's share in the authorship of these folk-songs is uncertain, she has had considerable part in their compilation from the mouths of the people, who, unable to read or write, have handed them down, *viva voce*, through centuries. Fernan Caballero (recently deceased) has collected a number of Spanish popular songs; the Countess of Dufferin and Miss Brooke have translated many Irish folk-songs from the original Celtic into English; the Countess de la Villemarquè was of the greatest assistance to her son in making his famous collection of Breton songs; Coussemaker wrote down the larger part of his interesting Flemish songs from the lips of the poor lace makers of Holland; Madame George Sand says that she has seen Chopin and Madame Viardot Garcia spending hours in noting down the wild melodies sung by the peasant women of the French provinces; Rivarès, in his collection of Bèarnais folk-songs, gives a funeral song improvised by Marie, one of the most famous recent songstresses of the valley of Aspe in Bèarn. Marie's striking, healthy beauty, which, as well as her voice, she preserved to a great age, her lively imagination, her lofty character, and the high opinion she entertained of the nobility of her profession, rendered her a lovely modern embodiment of the antique Pythoness. When Goethe's fine translation of a Servian folk-song, "The complaint of the noble wife of Hassan Aga," drew the attention of poetical and musical Europe to the wonderful beauty of Servian folk-songs, a lady was among the first of those who attempted to preserve these monuments of national character, tradition and emotion, from the invading or effacing influences of change or oblivion, by means of the printing press. Fraülein von Jakob, afterwards the wife of an American professor, collected and published a large number of Servian folk-songs, which she translated into German from the original. In her compilation, as well as in those made by subsequent Slavonic, Italian and German littérateurs, it is impossible not to be struck by the indescribable poetic loveliness of the Servian "Women's Songs," bearing, as these do, the stamp of Hindoo and Greek antiquity, as well as after invasion, conquest, emigration, and national change. And in studying the folk-songs of the Arabians—which, being yet unversed in Arabic, I only know by means of Spanish, Italian, German or French translations, scattered, few and far between, through scarce and rare old collections of national music now in my possession,—I have been struck by the poetic delicacy of feeling in regard to women, which these fragments of the antique glory of a people who held poetic tournaments at Mecca and elsewhere, before the 5th century, display; but which, perhaps, need not so much surprise us when we remember that an Arabian queen, Balkis, of Saba, or Sheba, possessed knowledge enough to venture on visiting king Solomon, son of the musical king David, for the purpose of proving the genuineness of his learning "by hard questions," and that the reputation of that literary and artistic queen impelled the royal amateur to make splendid and tasteful demonstrations for her reception and in her honor. Was queen Balkis a feminine, unique phenomenon, or was she only one of a class of cultivated women among the Arabian aristocracy of that day?

It is well known that the subtle vein of feeling in regard to women, which permeates Celtic and Arabic folk song, was in part appropriated by the troubadours during the epoch of the crusades. Without pursuing this part of my subject further at present (which I have already treated in a series of essays "On the music and poetry of the troubadours," originally published in the New York Weekly Review, and shortly to appear in collected form), I must observe the remarkable fact that a number of ladies of rank, wives, sisters, or daughters of troubadours, generally, became trouveresses, as they were called. Marie de France, and Clara d'Anduse, were among the most famous of these. In spite of the narrow educational resources then open to ladies even of the highest rank, and the restricted circle of their lives, we find, in the poetry of the trouveresses, as much apparent truthfulness and impassioned depth of feeling as in that of the troubadours, though betraying more negligence of treatment; while their melodies evince a greater want of finish and clearness of form than do those of the troubadours. Among the minstrels, followers of the troubadours, a few songstresses, generally the wives or daughters of minstrels, were trained to sing their male companions' songs by rote. From some of the old minstrel ballads it is possible to form an idea of the characters of these women; in a song by Colin Muset, a minstrel who flourished in the 13th century, he mentions his settled home, cook, groom, valet, etc., and represents his wife and daughter as industriously engaged in spinning, on his return from one of his tours; but the language with which they greet him, and which he doubtless copied from life without reflection, betrays uneducated minds, and commonplace habits of thought and action.

By a singular contradiction, though the church forbade women, throughout mediæval times, and by

*From "Woman as a Musician: an Art-Historical Study," by FANNY RAYMOND RITTER. Read before the Centennial Congress, in Philadelphia, of the "Association for the Advancement of Woman." Published in pamphlet form by Edward Schuberth & Co., New York.

roll in the hea - vens, As o'er the

hea - - vens,

plain howls the tem - pest, So raged in his

fu - ry, Mor - ven, Es - cap'd is the

Es-

foe's wild tu - mult, His steed treads no more, no more on the

cap'd is the foe, His steed treads no more on the

mountain, His steed is no more on the mountain, Be - fore Fingal's

arm they have fled,..... be - fore him, be - fore him, be -

fore him have fled, be - fore him, be -

be - fore him, be - fore him have

fore..... him be -

fore him, be - fore him have

fled,.....

From the

fled, From the hills comes the

From the hills comes the

fled, From the hills comes the

dim. *mf*

hills comes the glad shout of vic - to - ry, comes the

glad shout, the glad shout of vic-to-ry, the hills comes the

glad shout of vic - - to - ry, from the hills comes the

fz

glad shout of vic - to - ry, And ar - mor 'gainst ar - mor is

'gainst

f

ar - mor is clashing,

clash - ing, is clashing, and ar - mor 'gainst ar - mor is

ff

actual prohibition in the 16th century, to take any active musical part in its services,—as I have already mentioned,—a feminine saint was adopted as patroness of music, and especially of church music. The life of Saint Cecilia, though narrated in the Golden Legend, is, however, partly mythical. We know that the lady so familiar to all lovers of art and poetry as Saint Cecilia, really existed and died a martyr; but it is uncertain whether Rome or Sicily was the scene of her death, and the date of that event varies in the narrations of various authorities. In regard to her musical attainments, we only know with any certainty, that she was in the habit of sweetly singing pious songs. If we search still further back in what I may term the primeval epoch of musical art, we find the Greek poetess Sappho to have been credited as the inventress of the so-called mixolydian mode in music, and also of a (then) new musical instrument, the pectis or magadis. And Miriam, the prophetess, who went out dancing and singing, the timbrel in her hand, who can say that her song of triumph was *not* her own composition?

But, to advance to the early days of modern music,—banished from active musical participation in the church service, woman's practical career as a public artiste only began with the invention of the opera, about A. D. 1600. It was not until her superiority as an actress and singer had been undeniably and triumphantly established on the stage, that she reconquered her musical share in the religious service. And what great distinction in such a position woman has won for herself during the past 200 years! Volumes have been written on those opera singers, many of whose very names, as they echo through the pages of history, are in themselves romance and poetry, recalling as they do, the gifts, charms, accomplishments, charities, virtues, errors, adventures, and caprices of their possessors.

I shall only allude to a very few of these ladies; and one of the first mentioned in history we find to have been Vittoria Archilei, a highly accomplished musician at the court of Florence in 1600, and who took part in the first Italian opera that was composed and represented in public. Faustina Bordoni, born in 1700, wife of the famous composer Hasse, was one of the greatest artists that ever lived; medals were struck in her name, and societies established in her honor. Her rival, Regina Mingotti, whose portrait now stands in the Dresden Gallery, delighted the historian, Dr. Burney, by her freshness of voice at a very advanced old age, as well as by her power of conversing with equal elegance in five languages. Madame Mara, the favorite singer of Frederick the Great and of Marie Antoinette, enchanted Europe for nearly fifty years; at the age of seventy she still sang in public, though the power of her voice had vastly declined; some years afterwards, the great poet Goethe wrote a poem in honor of her birthday. Caterina Gabrielli, the pupil of Metastasio, excited her audiences to alternate frenzies of admiration and anger, with her voice, beauty, caprices and adventures. When Catharine of Russia complained to the singer that her emoluments were far higher than those of the Field Marshals of the Empire, Madame Gabrielli replied, "Then your Majesty must try to make the Field Marshals sing!" Madame Catalani, born in 1779, possessed a trumpet-like power of voice; in London she received twelve hundred dollars for singing the solo in "God save the King," and twelve thousand dollars for assisting at one musical festival. Mrs. Billington, a blooming Englishwoman, far removed in physical and mental characteristics from the popularly received idea of a sorceress, was accused by the superstitious Neapolitans of causing the eruption of Mount Vesuvius in 1794, by her wonderful vocal powers, and the excitement they produced in Naples. M. Thiers has translated the autobiography of Mrs. Billington into the French language. Another gifted and beautiful singer, Agnes Schebest, published an interesting autobiography ("*Aus dem Leben einer Künstlerin,*") about twenty years ago. Mrs. Sheridan, too (the wife of the dramatist), whose personal beauty and thrilling voice have been celebrated by poets and painters, was also remarkable for her poetic talent. Of Miss Stephens, the ballad singer, it was said that her power over the hearts of others arose from the depth of her own feeling, and the warmth and sensitiveness with which this informed her charming voice. Miss Stephens afterwards married the Earl of Essex. If I am not mistaken, the countess is still living.

I might long continue to enumerate such instances of genius and success in public songstresses; but any musical student can search for them in the standard Italian, French, German, and English dictionaries and biographies of musical art.

And who cannot recall, from the descriptions of older persons, or from memory, the accomplishments of more recent artists? Who has not heard or heard of the rich voiced Mrs. Wood, the fascinating Malibran, the impassioned Madame Devrient—of whom it has been said that "she never sang an inferior song in public during her whole life,"—the charming Sontag and Patti, the intellectual Madame Lind, the exquisite Madame Nilsson?

Madame George Sand, in her art-novel "Consuelo," has drawn, with that poetic charm and persuasive force of style that belong to her supremely, the ideal character of a pure and noble artist woman, too deeply imbued by lofty enthusiasm for her fine vocation, to barter its true principles for transitory success, social flattery, or pecuniary advantage. This character has been in some measure realized in the persons of two ladies yet living, Madame Viardot-Garcia, the singer, sister of Malibran, and Madame Clara Schumann, the pianist, and widow of the composer Schumann.

That many of the famous songstresses of past days were capable of interpreting the works of composers in an almost independently creative manner, the scores of old operas prove. In many of these the melody is reduced to a mere thread, in order to give the songstress perfect liberty in varying the theme according to the passion and action of the poetry she was to interpret. But it is impossible for the most ardent disciple of woman's progress to point to such a galaxy of celebrities among female composers, as may be placed, without losing their brilliancy, beside the names that add lustre to womanhood in other branches of art, and in literature. In musical composition we cannot boast stars of such distinction as Mrs. Browning, Heloise, Mrs. Lewes, Mrs. Siddons, Mdme. Sand, Rosa Bonheur, Aspasia, Miss Cushman, Mdme. de Stael, Miss Brontè Dora d'Istria, Miss Thompson, the nun Roswitha, Fernan Caballero, and all the rest. The list of feminine composers is a brief one, and most of its members are now living. There was the princess Amalia, of Prussia, sister of Frederick the Great, who composed operas and cantatas; Leopoldine Blahetka (daughter of a professor of mathematics in Vienna), who published more than 70 pianoforte pieces and songs, some of which were greatly admired by Beethoven; Josephine Lang, the friend of Mendelssohn, who composed a number of charming songs; Madame Farrenc, whose inspiration and science attained masculine proportions; Mrs. Fanny Hensel, sister of Mendelssohn; Louise Puget, whose vocal romances lately enjoyed an enormous popularity in France, and won a large fortune for their composer; Mdme. Schumann and Mdme. Garcia, who have composed some fine works, though few; Madame Dolby in England; Virginia Gabriel, the balladist; Elise Polko, who, carefully educated as a singer, lost her voice prematurely, then wrote for many years a number of novelettes, and now appears before the world as a song composer; and a few other ladies.

But women have only lately realized the depth and strength of the science of music, and what long years of severe mental discipline and scientific training are necessary in order to master the art of composition. This is not much to the dishonor of their courage and patience, indeed, for a comparatively small number of musical students among the other sex in America are willing to devote themselves to such self-sacrificing study; too many who do commence it become discouraged when they begin to understand the amount of labor required, and the thorough training necessary to insure perfect development to their talent for composition, and lasting fame to its results. Mathematics, acoustics, psychology, languages, as well as general literary acquirements, the practice and technicalities of several instruments, and the science of music, must all be mastered by the aspirant in composition, and gradually, through the application and assimilation of long years of study, become the "second nature" of his mind. It may be some encouragement to the sincere student to know that the grandest original idea of a Handel or a Mozart demanded as perfect working out, as fine polishing, as the smallest fancy that ever issued from the brain of a ballad writer. And why should not women of sufficient intellectual and especial ability to warrant the possibility of their obtaining honorable distinction, make an effort, and, discarding the absurd idea that composition is an affair of instinct, study to compose for immortality also? There is surely a feminine side of composition, as of every other art. And I would suggest the adoption of the science of composition as an elective, if not obligatory, branch of the higher course of study in ladies' colleges. From actual personal experience, I do not hesitate to pronounce it equal—merely as a mental discipline—to mathematics, while it enriches the mind to a far higher degree, and is far more likely to prove of practical benefit to women in after life, than the study of the other science.

Musical Correspondence.

CHICAGO, DEC 23, 1876. Since my previous communication quite a number of musical events require attention. First of these is the concert of the Beethoven Society given in McCormick hall, Dec. 14. The programme was:

1. "Toggenburg," a cycle of ballads (for solo voices and chorus).....Rheinberger
2. Romanza for 'Cello..... Popper
   Mr. Eichheim.
3. "Landing of the Pilgrims" (Chorus)..F. W Root
4. "Ah! Rendimi quel Cor".....Rossi
   Miss Ella A White.
5. Concerto for Pianoforte (in G minor), (with Quintet accompaniment).....Mendelssohn
   Mrs L H Watson.
6. "Comala,"—(Dramatic Poem).....Gade
   Solo voices and Chorus.

This programme was noticeable for its novelties; for such were all the numbers except the fifth; and in this respect it does great credit to the director, Mr. Wolfsohn It was, however, too long, and especially placed Gade's beautiful cantata at a disadvantage by bringing it so late in the evening, it lacking but about ten minutes of ten o'clock when the *Comala* was begun.

Strictly speaking, the performances at such concerts as this, and those of the Apollo club, do not form a proper subject of criticism, since they are not public, but given before the associate members only; besides, in the present case they were the work of amateurs. Nevertheless they may be discussed from an educational stand-point, in which case some consideration of the quality of the performance comes in, because the quality of the interpretation has so much to do with rendering the works intelligible and thereby instructive. Hence, while I may not feel free to speak of the solo singing
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The chorus on this occasion numbered something less than two hundred, the parts being quite well balanced. The accompaniments were at first a pianoforte, and afterwards (in *Comala*) a quintet and piano In point of attack, intonation, shading, and contrast the chorus work was of a very indifferent quality. The voices were not well together, the tone was not elastic, and the general effect was monotonous. At the same time the voices were good, and there was no reason why efficient rehearsals would not have prepared an effective performance. On the whole, I confess that a feeling of sadness comes over me when I think of it. For the work done by this society has been of considerable value to the musical taste of the town, and it is melancholy that now, when they have rivals in the field, young, energetic, and capable, they should not rise to the new demands this competition lays upon them. I would be glad to prophecy smooth things, but really I cannot, and so I beg to say that unless the Beethoven Society of Chicago can attain to a higher standard of choral work they must content themselves with a second-class position.

The solo work was unequal. In the "Toggenburg" the bass and alto parts were taken by Mr. Carl Bergstein and Mrs. J. Balfour, both of whom sang admirably, although the voice of the former is not quite what it was twenty years ago. The soprano, however, Mrs. Bond, was inadequate to the part. Miss Ella White sang her arias from Rossi (one of the old Italian Rossi's, I understand) in a very beautiful manner. The air itself is musical and pleasing. The string accompaniment was arranged by Mr. H. Clarence Eddy. Of Mrs. Watson's piano playing I have formerly spoken. She lacks the repose indispensable to a public performer.

Considerable exception might be taken to the tempos in *Comala*, the chorus of spirits, for instance, being very much too slow. In consequence of the feeble contrasts and the heavy, inelastic, tone of the chorus, this performance loses much of its proper educational value.

On several occasions when I have expressed myself privately to the foregoing effect, I have been met with the suggestion that it is worth more to the musical taste of the town to have new and important works even indifferently rendered, than to have a few short choruses

sung even to perfection. The point of this lies in the application of it, which is to the short choruses "perfectly" performed by the Apollo Club. But in my opinion the alternative is not properly presented. There was no reason, for instance, why on this occasion the Beethoven Society should have attempted to do so much new work. They have in their repertory a number of very fine works, and if they had done "Comala" well, and filled out the programme with two or three numbers taken from the "Walpurgis Night," or Beethoven's Mass in C, or any of the other works they have given, the educational value of the programme would, in my opinion, have been increased. Suppose, for instance, the programme had been only this:

1. Spinning Chorus from "Flying Dutchman." Female Voices.
2. Concerto.
3. Comala.

Here would have been a performance quite long enough, lasting fully an hour and a half, yet (if the choruses had been well drilled) thoroughly enjoyable: and if the rendering of *Comala* had really risen to the dignity of an *interpretation* (through fine chorus shading, elasticity of tone, broad contrasts, proper tempos, and competent solos) the effect upon the taste of the audience would have been much greater.

I have pursued these remarks at some length because the same dilemma of good music and indifferent performance, or indifferent music and good performance, seems to present itself in every such case. Whereas, properly speaking, no conductor is reduced to so fatal an alternative. For whatever may be the limitation of his resources, there exists somewhere music adapted to his case; and a fine performance is merely a question of competent drill, provided, of course, the management has the nerve to weed out incompent or careless singers. In the present case there is no lack of resources. It is only a lack of nerve, or something, in the direction.

The Kellogg English Opera is now giving a two weeks season here. The list was: *Trovatore*, The "Marriage of Figaro," The "Flying Dutchman," The "Bohemian Girl," The "Star of the North," *Martha*, *Fra Diavolo*, and a matinée not announced. The papers speak of Miss Kellogg as poor in *Trovatore*. I attended the "Marriage of Figaro" and the "Flying Dutchman." The former went excellently, except a few slips on the part of one or two who were new in their parts, and the countess (Mme. Rosewald), who has a hard, unsympathetic voice, and is quite incapable of the part. The count was Mr. Carleton, who sang his part very well, but there is something too stiff in his manner. Mrs. Seguin was charming as usual in Cherubino and Miss Kellogg's Susanna is also a pleasing performance.

Of the "Dutchman" I cannot speak so favorably. The music itself impresses me as crude and tiresome. The story—well, it is *moral* at any rate, and that is something in a libretto. The orchestra contained no more than thirty pieces on the first performance, and on the repetition not so many. The first violins were but four. "Where, oh where, were the Hebrew children" who should have been paying for a larger orchestra for Wagner's sake? The singing was not badly done. Miss Kellogg is quite incapable of such a part as that of Senta. On the present occasion she used a tremolo continually, and, unless my ear deceived me, sang a shade below the pitch in many places. The part of Vanderdecken was taken by Mr. Carleton, and his part and Mr. Turner's Pilot were the best things of the whole.

And yet it ought to be set down to the credit of Miss Kellogg and her associates that they have added another opera to the hackneyed list; and while their orchestral and choral resources were not adequate to do it well, one could at least judge of the subject-matter of the music itself, and in spite of what I said above I found the chorus of mariners and pilot's song in the first act remarkably good, and there were bits of goodness all along. In short this music reminds me of what Carlyle says about the talk of Samuel Taylor Coleridge:

"It was not flowing any whither like a river, but spreading any whither in inextricable currents and regurgitations like a lake or sea; terribly deficient in definite goal or aim?"

The Hershey Music Hall is a small hall holding eight hundred, just about completed, in the very centre of the city (opposite McVicker's Theatre, near State and Madison Sts.) It will within a month contain a fine concert organ and altogether it affords an admirable place for small concerts, scientific lectures, etc. It is occupied by the "Hershey School of Musical Art," and the Beethoven Society. When not wanted for these it is for rent.

DER FREYSCHUETZ.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 6, 1877.

Christmas Oratorio.

The Handel and Haydn Society gave its sixty-sixth performance of *The Messiah* (its 594th Concert in 62 seasons) on Sunday evening, Christmas Eve. As usual at that joyful festival, the Music Hall was crowded. The performance on the whole was one of the best. Certainly the great chorus has seldom, if ever, done its work so well. The choruses, under Conductor ZERRAHN, aided by the organist of the Society, Mr. B. J. LANG, at the piano, had been rehearsed with zealous care and even with enthusiasm. Some of the most difficult and hitherto baffling choruses went with a certainty, a smoothness and distinctness which we have hardly known before. Such were: "His yoke is easy," "Their sound is gone out," and "Let us break their bonds asunder." Generally the attack was prompt and decided, the balance of parts good, the ensemble rich and musical, and the effect grand or beautiful as the composition required. There was moreover an important improvement in the treatment of the orchestral accompaniment. The phrasing and bowing of the violins, and all the strings, which hitherto has followed an absurd tradition,—in short a coarse and careless habit of playing nearly every figure with a hacking *staccato*, had been carefully conformed by the conductor to the evident intentions of Handel's score; so that we no longer heard the incongruous and stilted separate accent on each note accompanying the *legato* of the voices.

And here is the place to speak of the additional accompaniments which Robert Franz has furnished to several numbers of the work which Mozart had omitted to complete in the admirable manner in which he had fitted the rest of the oratorio for public performance. It can hardly be supposed that the mass of the audience, not technically musical, noticed particularly wherein the passages in question sounded better than before; and yet unconsciously they must have experienced a fresh pleasure in them. To musical students and observers the improvement must have been palpable. A much richer and warmer coloring was imparted to the Air: "He shall feed his flock," by the addition of two clarinets, two bassoons, and particularly two horns, though this had been suggested heretofore at least upon the Organ. In like manner the pair of clarinets and of bassoons filled out the middle harmony, so long left to the Organ, with excellent effect in a considerable number of the choruses, arias, and the more graphic recitatives, as "Thus saith the Lord, And I will shake," etc. And several times the fine contrapuntal art of Franz was beautifully manifested in the answering phrases, imitations, which he has given to those middle instruments, or instrumental voices, keeping up the polyphonic continuity. Who can doubt that Handel himself did that when he presided at his organ? A number of the shorter recitatives, heretofore left with only a figured bass, have been written out by Franz for the quartet of strings, and certainly they sounded better.

But one thing surprised and puzzled us, of which we have since learned the explanation. We listened with the Mozart score in hand; and in quite a number of passages of several measures, where Mozart's instrumentation is full, we heard no sound of it,—only the deep bass murmuring with the voice. These were mostly end passages, or cadences; and it would seem that English tradition has been followed in this modification of Mozart's score. Of course it sounded unusually meagre; but we understand that it has been customary until now to carry out the instrumental parts to their conclusion on the organ.

The solos averaged well, if there was no singer of superlative excellence, no famous prima donna. The Soprano pieces were divided between Mrs. J. W. WESTON, and a new aspirant, Miss LILIAN B. NORTON. The latter has a pure, large, powerful voice, which she has a tendency to use (probably in the over-anxiety of a debutante in that large hall) somewhat too powerfully. Her vocal culture, too, seemed hardly equal to her sympathetic musical feeling, her dramatic intensity and good conception. She gave "There were Shepherds" and "Rejoice greatly" with fine effect, and promises to take very high rank among our singers in these nobler tasks. Mrs. Weston sang "But thou did'st not leave" and "I know that my Redeemer" very sweetly, but with rather indistinct enunciation. Miss MATILDE PHILLIPPS, who made so good an impression in the opera of *Semiramide* a year ago, won great favor in the contralto solos. Her rich and sympathetic voice, and her large, evenly sustained, expressive delivery, appeared to excellent advantage in "O thou that tellest" and in "He was despised,"—the latter being given in a chaste and unaffected manner, without any of that sentimental overdoing of expression which has been too common in that song, and without that man-nish quality in the deep tones so offensive in many of the powerful contraltos. Mr. WM. J. WINCH sang the more pathetic tenor solos with great refinement and true feeling, and with a sweet quality of tone. And in the energetic and trying "Thou shalt dash them" he was remarkably successful; except that the high A on "dash," in his strenuous effort to give it all possible emphasis, was rather robbed of tone. Mr. M. W. WHITNEY was in grand voice, and rendered the bass solos very impressively. By the way, the quartets: "Since by man came death," etc., were sung *a capella*, quite without accompaniment, in spite of Mozart's score,—a questionable innovation, we incline to think.

And now the Handel and Haydn Society have begun rehearsal for their Triennial Festival, of four days, in May. There will be four evening Oratorio performances (Thursday to Sunday inclusive), and two afternoon Concerts. Among the works mentioned for performance are: "Israel in Egypt," Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," Mendelssohn's "95th Psalm," and a portion of Bach's Christmas Oratorio.

Concerts.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. The fourth Symphony Concert, (Tuesday, Dec. 26), postponed from its regular date, and coming the day after Christmas, showed but a slight falling off in attendance. The programme, composed entirely of good things which never grow hacknied, unless we except the concluding portion of the last Overture, was as follows:—

Concert Overture, in A, Op. 7 ..... Rietz
Piano-forte Concerto, in A minor, Op. 54 . Schumann
Allegro affettuoso—Intermezzo (Andantino grazioso)—Allegro vivace.
William H. Sherwood.

Pastoral Symphony (No. 6) ..... Beethoven
Song—"Adelaide" ..... Beethoven
William J. Winch.
Jubilee Overture ..... Weber

The orchestra labored under other disadvantages besides the general distraction and demoralization of the holidays. Misfortunes never come single. The rehearsals, too few at best, had to be held in a different hall from that of the final performance; and then the first oboist was taken sick, so that his part had to be played by the second (without rehearsal), with a mere flute to represent the second,—so poor are we here in this important little instrument! Verily the whole fate of the concerts has seemed more than once to hang upon an oboe.

Nevertheless there was a spirited and quite effective rendering of the two Overtures: that by Rietz, one of the very best of modern compositions of the class of which Mendelssohn furnished the models, one which always comes up fresh and interesting; and the "Jubilee" by Weber, brilliant and buoyant, which we have not heard too often of late, and which made a stately and exhilarating ending to the concert, although, composed as it was for an English patriotic occasion, its noisy serving up of "God save the King" for a finale partakes rather of the character of clap-trap. The *Pastoral Symphony* was at all events refreshing as a sweet summer dream in this bleak and icy season, as if the master tone-poet had stolen and preserved for us the very tune out of the heart of summer and the country. Some of the rendering was a little rougher than of late; but the beautiful *Andante* "by the brookside" and the clearing up after the thunderstorm, with the finale, made clear and charming pictures.

Mr. SHERWOOD gave a very sure, strong, decided rendering of the wonderful Schumann Concerto. There is great strength, and at the same time elasticity in his touch; on the whole we think we note a growing tendency to too much strength, to the degree that musical tone suffers; it is too common

with the most modern school of pianists; brilliancy, effectiveness, unflagging certainty in carrying through long feats of difficulty, seem purchased at almost too dear a cost. This artist, however, reads all intelligently, phrases clearly and misses no points. Nor is there any lack of musical feeling. The *Intermezzo* was interpreted with a poetic, delicate appreciation; and he struck into the rapid *Allegro vivace*, bristling with difficulties, and taxing the utmost flexibility and strength of most fingers, with a glorious ease and confidence that triumphed to the end. Mr. Sherwood plays entirely without notes, and to this habit we cannot help ascribing in part the too much humoring of tempo in the first movement. We intended to make the same suggestion with regard to Miss Rivé's performance of the C-minor Concerto of Beethoven. Is it not better, safer on the whole, in playing with an orchestra, or in any concerted music, to put one's self on an equality with the rest so far as possible, and play with the notes before one?—Mr. Wixen's singing of "Adelaide" was beautifully tender, sympathetic, chaste, refined. His voice is sweeter and more sensitive than ever; the accompaniment, too, by Mr. Daessel, was masterly; and there was nothing to disturb or clog a pure, warm reproduction of that perfect love song, except the English words, which refused free and easy passage to the last movement taken at a quick, enthusiastic tempo. If the singer be not sufficiently at home in the German language, the Italian version is a very fine one, close to the thought of the original, beautiful in sound, and easiest of all to sing.

Of this week's Concert (Thursday, Jan. 4) we can only give just now the programme:

Symphony No. 4, in B flat, *Gade*; Rec., and Aria, "Non più di fiori," from Mozart's "La Clemenza di Tito" (Madame Luisa Cappiani); Overture to "Athalia," *Mendelssohn*.—Andante and Finale from *Schubert's* Grand Duo, Op. 140, arranged for Orchestra by *Joachim*; Songs with Piano-Forte: *a.* "The Violet," *Mozart*, *b.* "Ungeduld," *Schubert*; Overture to "Egmont," *Beethoven*.

The Sixth Concert will come after a four weeks' interval, on Feb. 1, when Miss Nita Gaetano's lovely voice will be heard, and Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony.

Sanders Theatre, Cambridge. The second Concert was of Chamber Music (Thursday evening, Dec. 21). It was a very stormy night, but the theatre was all light and beauty,—sunshine of the soul; in that genial sphere of Art all outside was forgotten. A chapter of accidents kept the friendly audience waiting for some time. In the first place, Mme. Schiller's illness was announced, and the appearance of two excellent pianists, Messrs. Perabo and Sherwood in her place. Then it leaked out that the violoncellist, while entering the vestibule, had slipped upon the icy step and broken his instrument; another had to be procured from an amateur; finally the Listemann party, rather than wait longer, began their Mozart Quartet without music stands,—a want supplied before the second movement. The programme, as printed, was the following:

1. Quartet for Violins, etc., in C.....Mozart
   Adagio—Allegro—Andante cantabile—Minuetto—Allegro molto.
   Messrs. B. Listemann, F. Listemann, A. Belz, and A. Hartdegen.
2. Songs: *a.* "Evening;" *b.* "The Woods"...Franz
   Mr. George L. Osgood.
3. Quintet for Piano and Strings, in E flat major, Op. 44..... Schumann
   Allegro brillante—In Modo d'una Marcia—Scherzo—Allegro ma non troppo.
   Madame Madeline Schiller and Messrs. B Listemann, F. Listemann, A. Belz, and A. Hartdegen.

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1. Songs: *a.* "Silent Love".....Schumann
   b. "Hark! hark! the lark".....Schubert
2. Piano Solo, "Invitation to the Dance," arranged by Tausig.....Von Weber
   Madame Madeline Schiller.
3. Sextet for Two Horns and Strings, in E flat, Op. 81, *b*.....Beethoven
   (Two movements)
   Adagio—Rondo, Allegro.
   Messrs. A. Belz, C. Schumann B. Listemann, F. Listemann, E. Weiner, and A. Hartdegen.

If we had any doubts about the acoustic excellence of the room on listening to the orchestra before, they entirely vanished from our mind upon this last occasion. Never have we heard the violin or the pianoforte render a more pure and lovely quality of tone in any room than both did here. The tone of Mr. Listemann's leading violin in the Quartet by Mozart,—a dear old favorite—was well nigh perfect; and it would be too much to expect to hear the beauty of the whole work brought out more satisfactorily than it was that evening. There is a well established understanding and quick sympathy between the instruments. To our taste that Quartet was the best thing of the evening. Of course the songs do not come into the comparison. Mr. Osgood was remarkably happy in the two songs by Franz, particularly the joyous "*Im Wald! im Wald*," which gave full chance for his best tones; and he sang them with the most inspiring of accompaniments, that of Otto Dresel, who finds a music in the very tones of the piano found by very few. Warmly recalled, Mr. Osgood also sang the delicate *Schlummerlied* of Franz, to words by Tieck, with its wonderful low murmuring accompaniment.

In place of Mme. Schiller and the Schumann Quintet (which we shall have another time), Mr. Perabo played, with Messrs. Listemann and Hartdegen, the Trio in A minor, Op. 155, by Raff, which we like about as well as any of his compositions in this form; for, though we cannot quite acquit it of modern extravagances, it is a bold, fiery, original series of inventions and contrasts,—some of the movements beautiful; and it lacked nothing in the execution or the interpretation, both artists playing with fire and thoroughly absorbed and happy in it. —Mr. Osgood's voice did not serve him quite so well for the delivery of the exquisite "Stille Liebe" of Schumann; that is, it does not lie in his best tones; but he sang *con amore*, and the piano marvellously sang in the few notes of prelude to the verses. Schubert has caught all the ecstacy of Shakespeare's "Lark" song, and it was given to us. Mr. Sherwood gave a strong and earnest rendering of Chopin's noble Nocturne in C minor, Op. 48, besides a rather dry but brilliant Octave study by Kullak.—The Sextet by Beethoven although it is registered as Op. 81*b*, sounds like [illegible] early works, much in the vein of [illegible] and naive, yet very fresh and char[illegible] horns have a task w[illegible] mirably were they [illegible] Schumann; their [illegible] tone was of itself enough to c[illegible] throughout several movements, so [illegible] position as a whole was sound and [illegible]

The third Concert will take place on Wednesday evening, Jan. 17, with this programme:

Trio for Piano, Violin, and Violoncello, in B flat, Op. 97. *Beethoven*, Messrs Perabo, Listemann, and Hartdegen; Songs, "Withered Flowers," "Whither," *Schubert*, Miss Clara Doria; Romanza and Scherzo for Piano and Violoncello, *Paine*, Messrs. Perabo and Hartdegen; Violin Solo Mr. B. Listemann; Songs, "Matin Song," *Paine*, "Swiss Song," *Franz*, Miss Doria; Piano Solo, Nocturne, *Rubinstein*, Sketch, *Mendelssohn*, Mr. Ernst Perabo; Septet, Op. 20, *Beethoven*, Boston Philharmonic Club.

In the fourth Concert Mme. Schiller will play the great Schumann Quintet with the Philharmonic Club, and, for a solo, Tausig's arrangement of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance."

Mr. Peck's Two Concerts drew large audiences to the Music Hall, with Ole Bull for principal attraction, on Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon of last week. There were the Swedish Ladies also, and the Philharmonic Club, and Miss Fanny Kellogg, who sang finely in music of a highly florid and exacting character; and there was to have been Miss Julia Rivé, but that interesting young artist is seriously ill, they say, at home in Cincinnati; and her place was supplied by Mr. W. H. Sherwood, who seems ever prepared for all emergencies. Ole Bull still holds the crowd as ever; and the same things which many others do, the same arts and tricks of the violin, the same hackneied cadences, seem finer to the crowd when done by him. To us the remarkable thing is that as an artist, as a virtuoso, he is still precisely what and where he was when he first came to this country over thirty years ago, and does precisely the same things, plays precisely the same music, and with as intense an interest apparently as if it were the present moment's inspiration. There is a certain Norse romance about his life and whole appearance, which doubtless accounts for a great part of the charm.

His "Carnival" is indeed the funniest of all the funny versions of it; they all grew on one tree, of Paganini's planting.

Of him, and of the concerts generally, Mr. W. F. Apthorp writes as follows in the *Courier* of Sunday:

After listening attentively to this artist's playing, I must confess that it strikes me that he has often met with very uncalled for hard treatment at the hands of critics. I think that, upon the whole, we Americans are too prone to set down any personal peculiarity of manner, gesture, or dress to the score of affectation. Every artist must from the nature of his position strive to produce some effect; if the effect produced does not strike us as a high or artistic one, we cry out against clap-trap and charlatanry, catering to the depraved taste of the masses, and what not. We do not often think it worth our while to consider to what order of taste the artist is by his own nature sincerely impelled to appeal. Is it improbable that an artist should naturally appeal to the class of listeners whose ideal in art coincides with his own? It seems to me that Ole Bull has a rare talent, call it genius if you will, for giving the intensest expression to the most commonplace musical sentiment. He is *the Felicia Hemans of the violin*(!) The sentiment itself may be mawkish and shallow, its expression overstrained, but it may be very genuine for all that. No man can produce such powerful effects upon his hearers as Ole Bull often does without having some very genuine link of sympathy between himself and them. Mere clap-trap cannot do such things. As for criticising his playing, I do not think that any critic has a right to express an opinion on what he does not understand. If a man tells me that he likes and enjoys *Lilly Dale* and *The Last Rose of Summer*, I can understand him well enough; there is a tangible point on which our sympathies meet. But when I see a man pouring out his whole soul over *Lily Dale*; when I find that *Lily Dale* arouses feelings in him as intense as my own are in hearing the adagio in Beethoven's great B-flat sonata, and that he can work himself up to such a delirium of anguish that he is well nigh ready to "die of a rose in aromatic pain," then I feel that I do not understand him, I cannot conceive in what relation he stands to music [illegible] any point of æsthetic [illegible] in him above other excellent violinists; he plays with a loose bow and a flat bridge which gives him great facilities for double and treble-stopping, but the one thing that makes him a really phenomenal item in the list of violinists is his intensity—mark the word—his *intensity* of feeling in playing. Miss Fanny Kellogg was received with marked favor by the audience and sang an air from Adam's *Giraldo* extremely well. Her voice is a light soprano of pleasant quality and considerable flexibility, though of no great distinction of timbre. Her forte is evidently ballad singing and I know few singers who can surpass her in this branch. Mr. William H. Sherwood showed himself the true artist he is and was warmly applauded for his fine playing of Liszt's transcription of the *Tannhauser March*. His playing of the Rubinstein *Serenade* and the Chopin *Etude* struck me as even more effective, as the Music Hall is far too large for the Liszt piece to make much effect in, but the selections did not seem to be so much to the taste of the audience. Mr. Freygang played a very brilliant Harp-Fantasia of his own arrangement, on theme from Halevy's *Jewess*, most admirably. The Swedish Ladies Quartette were charming as ever, and showed in Schumann's *Wassermann* that they are fully up to higher musical tasks than Folk-song singing.

The Saturday afternoon concert was fully as largely attended as that on Thursday evening. Ole Bull again delighted his many admirers by his extraordinary playing, which was even more intense, extravagant and fantastic than before. I would gladly say something about his compositions (the concerto in E, the *Mountains of Norway*, which he played on Thursday evening, and *The Vision* and *Saeterbesoy* which he played on Saturday,) if I could only get some clue to what he means by them. I have heard them called melodious, and am willing to believe that some persons may be edified by them, but to me they are dreamily incomprehensible, perfect musical or unmusical) Saharas, wanting even in the piquancy of striking ugliness. Mr. Sherwood played the fascinating Flying-Dutchman Spinning Song very brilliantly, together with Schumann's *Bird as Prophet*, and a taking little caprice of his own. Mr. Freygang played Parish Alvars's *La Mandoline* with such a grace that he had to play something more to satisfy the audience. Miss Fannie Kellogg sang the Polonaise from *Mignon* with much brilliancy and appeared to even better advantage in Taubert's bewitching *Echo Song*. The Swedish ladies were again charming. Would that we heard more of such good part singing by female voices. In both concerts the Philharmonic Club played admirably, but the audience did not seem in the mood to listen to good chamber music amid so many bewildering "attractions," and we fear that unless the sympathy of all true music lovers and their own artistic self-respect rewards them sufficiently, the exertions of this excellent body of artists met with but little reward. But let us not be cynical because chamber music is out of place at such concerts. Let us rather congratulate Mr Peck upon the success of his concerts which have given great pleasure to a large number of persons.

London.

CRYSTAL PALACE. Last week Mr. Sullivan took the place of honor:—

1. Overture to the Tragedy of Struensee..Meyerbeer
2. Romanza, "Donna Gentil" ("Il Mercante di Venezia")....Mercadante
   Mr. Wadmore.
3. Violin Solo, "Chaconne and Variations"...Bach
   Herr Wilhelmj.
4. Cantata, "On Shore and Sea".....Sullivan
   Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Wadmore, and the Crystal Palace Choir.
5. Violin Solo, "Air Hongrois".....Ernst
   Herr Wilhelmj.
6. Cavatina, "Della Rosa il bel vermiglio" ("Bianca e Faliero").....Rossini
   Madame Lemmens-Sherrington.
7. Overture, "Leonora. No. 3".....Beethoven
   Conductor.....AUGUST MANNS.

Mr. Sullivan's cantata, composed, as will probably be remembered, for the opening of the International Exhibition of '71, took the place in the programme usually filled by a symphony. Pieces "written to order" rank seldom among a composer's best productions; we may, therefore, perhaps be pardoned for whatever lack of interest we may be guilty of feeling for this work. The opening and closing choruses are the best numbers; in the latter a very pleasing theme, which was the chief subject of the former, reappears in the orchestra with good effect. Most people will probably agree at the present moment with the sentiment of the final chorus, even if they do not always quite understand what the poet means, owing to the somewhat peculiar method he has of expressing himself; it is certain his meaning is pacific:—

> Sink and scatter, clouds of war,
> Sun of peace, shine full and far!
> * * * * *
> Blest the prince whose people's choice
> Bids the land in peace rejoice;
> Blest the land whose prince is wise,
> Peaceful progress to devise;
> Closed the brazen gates of Mars,
> Peace her golden gates unbars;
> Let the nations hear her call—
> "Enter, welcome, one and all!"

But to return to a few of the remarkable points of the music. The recitative sung by the lady soloist, announcing that—"From Spring time on to Summer draws the year, And still they come not; still we watch and weep," is prefaced by a very pretty and lively introduction: it then pictures the approach of the long-expected fleet of Genoese sailors, returning from warfare with the Moors; signals are fired, with becoming regularity, but alas! her lover's ship is missing, her love "is lost or slain!" Without, however, waiting longer than was necessary to take breath after coming to this painful conclusion, she enters upon a measured, symmetrical song, expressing, among other things, her conviction that "evermore" her voice will "be sad" "along the shore." One can but admire her sudden resolution and heroic self-command; unless, indeed, she had a presentiment all the while that it would somehow come right in the end. The instrumental "Moresque," and the chorus of Moors following, we are not in a position to discuss, having never studied Moorish music; but we should think it probable that Mr. Sullivan is right if he imagines that coarse, and apparently senseless ugliness are among its characteristics. Oddly enough, it would seem that their barbarous scale (if, as we supp . the composer has studied the question) bears a sti g resemblance to what, if we mistake not, Dr. Stainer calls the modern and most beautiful form of the minor scale. What was the matter with the love duet that precedes the final chorus? There did not appear to be any fault in the performance, but it certainly conveyed to us anything, or nothing, rather than the expression of the words "Here on the heart of my love let me lie, Here in my joy, let me live, let me die!" Or is it that, having become saturated with the earnest, passionate love of such men as Schumann, Wagner, Raff, we have no taste left for a calmer and more refined expression of the same feeling? It is difficult to come to just conclusions in such matters, and we must fain content ourselves with adding that the soloists, orchestra, and chorus, all acquitted themselves in a manner worthy of the work, or—if that is not praise enough—we may, perhaps, be allowed to add, if even a greater one.

Herr Wilhelmj's marvellous performance of Bach's Chaconne, in which the violin becomes a miniature orchestra, was thoroughly appreciated by the musical part of the audience; and his delightful manner of *singing* melodies on his instrument was especially conspicuous in his rendering of Ernst's Hungarian airs. He was twice recalled at its conclusion.

The programmes of the music performed during the rest of the week contain works of the highest importance; the Pastoral symphony was announced for Monday last: Schubert's unfinished symphony and Beethoven's fifth concerto for Wednesday, and Spohr's Power of Sound for Friday, each—to hear performed under Mr. Mann's lead—worthy of a longer pilgrimage than to Sydenham.

POPULAR CONCERTS. The *Graphic* of Dec. 9, says:

Mr. Arthur Chappell has been furnishing his patrons with more quartets by Haydn. The programme of Saturday afternoon included the quartet in F minor, beginning with the ingenious set of variations upon an original theme; that of Monday night comprised another in E flat major, of a very different character, but equally interesting. On both occasions Mad. Norman-Néruda played first violin, in the graceful, unaffected style which invests her readings of Haydn and Mozart with a charm so undefinable. That the Danish artist also excels in the music of other schools was sufficiently attested by the faultless execution of Corelli's *Suite* in D, on Monday, and her leading of Beethoven's (somewhat Mozart-like) Serenade for violin, viola, and violoncello, in the same key, with Mr. Zerbini and Signor Piatti ("the inimitable,") as associates, on Saturday. Never has this accomplished lady more emphatically asserted her claim to the title of "Queen-violinist" than during the series of performances just terminated. The pianists on the occasions referred to were Mr. Charles Hallé and Mdlle. Anna Mehlig, each selecting one of Beethoven's sonatas as solo—Mr. Hallé giving the rarely introduced F sharp major (Op. 78), Mdlle. Mehlig choosing the more familiar C sharp minor (Op. 27), which somebody, without the consent or knowledge of the great musician, did him the favor to christen "*Mondschein*" ("Moonlight.") Such fantastic designations were never to the taste of Beethoven. There was a novelty, by the way, on Saturday, in the shape of a Sonata in E flat, for pianoforte and violin, by Herr Rheinberger, played "for the first" (it is to be hoped the only) "time at the Popular concerts." The united talents of Mr. Hallé and Mad. Neruda could do little towards making so vapidly pretentious a composition interesting. What can 'Young Germany" be about? It will never make head against Franz Liszt & Co., with the aid of such long and dreary works as are now poured forth. How different the Sonata in B flat, for pianoforte and violoncello, of Mendelssohn, played at the afternoon concert by Mdlle. Mehlig and Signor Piatti! It must suffice to add that the vocalist on Monday was the clever Mrs. Osgood, the same position being occupied on Saturday by our promising young baritone, Mr. George Fox. Mr. Fox introduced a charming song, called "Farewell," the composition of Signor Piatti, with an *obbligato* part for the violoncello, played by the author, and a pianoforte accompaniment entrusted to Sir Julius Benedict. The concerts announced for to-day and Monday evening will bring the pre-Christmas series to an end. They could hardly have been better of their kind; and so long as Mr. Chappell persists in shaking dust off Haydn's quartets (more than forty of the eighty-three have already been produced at St. James's Hall), he may allow "Young Germany" to lift up its voice without peril, whenever he finds it advisable. "Papa Haydn" is "ein' feste Burg" upon which lovers of genuine, healthy music may always rely for safety. It has been justly said that when the name of Haydn comes to be withdrawn from the programmes of classical concerts, "the epitaph of music may be written."

STERNDALE BENNETT'S TOMB. "Cherubino" writes in *Figaro:*

By the way, the tiny inscription upon Purcell's grave in Westminster Abbey has been re-cut, but it is placed in the place of dishonor on the floor, and the authorities state that no room can possibly be found for the smallest tablet to mark the remains of Sterndale Bennett, which lie within a few feet of Purcell. Yet opposite the grave of the great English musician is an enormous and recently erected inscription—six feet square, at least—marking the grave of a noble lady of whom few have ever even heard, and which inscription is, it is boldly stated in its text, "erected by her descendant and *inheritor*," one of the canons of the Abbey. Sterndale Bennett needs no inscription; his works are his most fitting monument. But it seems almost a burlesque of propriety to refuse a few inches of room to Sterndale Bennett, and to give several feet to a lady who happens to have left a canon some money.

BACH IN ENGLAND. The ladies and gentlemen who sang in Bach's Mass in B minor in the spring have formed themselves into a society under the name of the "Bach Choir" (in commemoration of the introduction of that great work into England). The Bach Choir, increased in number from that of last year, has recently begun to practice; and the committee, consisting of the same noblemen and gentlemen who promoted the performance of the mass last year, have resolved to give two or three concerts during the early spring, which will be devoted to the performance of the mass and other selected choral works of importance little known in this country.

CHOPIN'S LETTERS. The *Augsburger Zeitung* publishes an interesting communication from Dresden. It appears that a mass of correspondence, consisting of some three hundred letters, and written by Chopin, or addressed to him by Liszt, Berlioz, Thalberg, and many other celebrities, have just been discovered. It had long been supposed they were lost or destroyed. It now appears they were preserved by the composer's sister, who came from Warsaw to Paris, for the purpose of tending him during his last illness. The collection has been purchased, we are informed, by a musical publisher in the Saxon capital, for the sum of 13,000 francs, and a German translation is to appear very shortly. Why not the letters in their original shape as well?

HANOVER. The great attraction at the third Subscription Concert was Herr Joachim. The Theatre was crammed. He played Beethoven's Violin Concerto (with orchestral accompaniment); a "Notturno," with orchestra (of his own composition); a "Sarabande und Tambourin," by Leclair; and various "Ungarische Tänze," adding, in compliance with the strongly-expressed desire of the public to hear something more from him, a "Gavotte," by J. S. Bach. The enthusiasm he excited rose to fever-heat.

SPEAKING of Liszt, Schumann once said of him, with a mixture of admiration and irony: "He is as brilliant as a flash of lighting; he bursts on you like the crash of thunder; and he leaves behind him a strong smell of sulphur."

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"Sweet was the singing of the bird,
O, full of love the tone."
One of the best of concert songs.

I'se Going Home. Song and Cho. F. 3. c to F. *Lee.* 30
"I'se a coming,—I'll be dar."
A pretty plantation song.

Corina. Song and Cho. D. 4. d to g. *Keene.* 35
"Adieu then, Corina! no more will I linger
For a smile that my fond heart claimed as its own."
Sung by a celebrated Baritone, and is of high character, poetry and music alike beautiful.

Sun of my Soul. Quartet. G*b*. 4. d to g. *Havens.* 35
"Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live."
One of Havens' "5 Sacred Quartets," and is an adaptation of a favorite hymn to new music.

The Warrior and the Maiden. C. 3. c to E. *Vincent.* 35
"The warrior crossed the ocean's foam
For the stormy scenes of war."
A beautiful "Troubadour Song," words by Mrs. Hemans.

In the Sweet Long Ago. Song and Chorus. B*b*. 3. d to E. *Pyke.* 30
"When the brighest of visions float by
In a magical dream, to and fro."
Golden words, and a sweet melody.

Instrumental.

Les Naiads, Valse Caprice. A. 4. *Harmston.* 50
An elegant waltz, which is also a fine instructive piece, with runs, arpeggios and trills.

School Life Waltzes. E*b*. 3. *Post.* 40
A good name for a pleasing waltz.

Dixie's Land March. C. 3. *Wiegand.* 30
A light march or quick step, introducing the well-known lively melody.

Gavotte. 4. C. *Seeligsohn.* 50
A sort of classic dance movement of considerable brightness and dignity. The left hand has its full share of the difficulty.

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Being a "Fanfare" of course it imitates the flourish of military music. Very bright and taking.

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Played by Madame Essipof, probably because it is so graceful, as it is not so difficult as most concert pieces.

Der Hidalgo. Op. 204. D. 3. *Lange.* 60
"Der Hidalgo" is a song by Schumann, here finely transcribed and varied. May be a little more difficult than (3) to some players, but fits easily to the fingers.

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Throughout, we hear the melody of a charming song, with various harmonic additions and ornaments.

Nosegay Polka. (Il ramillette.) E*b*. 3. *Barrejon.* 30
Very bright and piquant polka.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, B*b*, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. e to E," means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter e on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

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Raid (The)	*Bishop.*	6
Red Cross Knight	*Callcott.*	10
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Rest, Spirit, rest	*Rooke.*	6
See the Chariot at hand	*Horsley.*	6
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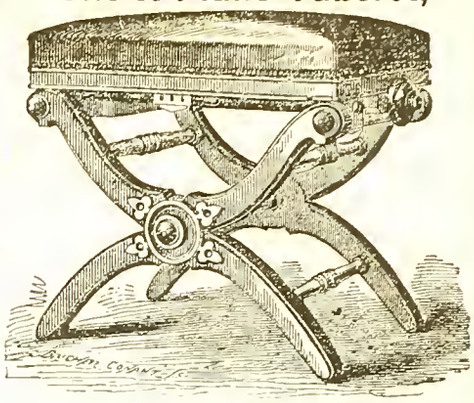

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 933. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 20, 1877. VOL. XXXVI. No. 21.

A Haydn Memorial.

(From the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik.*)

Among the impressions received in the days of our youth, who does not remember with pleasure—provided a sense of reverence for our great tone-poets have been early instilled into the mind—the keen enjoyment derived from the first acquaintance with the life of a Haydn, a Mozart, or a Beethoven? In this respect we were then much indebted to the Holle edition of these three classics, which included a biographical sketch of each of the three masters by way of appendix to their respective compositions. However much the outward appearance of these publications, both in style of print and quality of paper, might have left to be desired, the contents were eagerly devoured by us, and pleased us all the more if amply interspersed with little anecdotes, minor incidents, etc. Although far from being models of biography, according to our modern notions, these sketches were, nevertheless, valuable to us at that time, inasmuch as they undertook, with pleasing eloquence, to direct our attention to these three "stars of the first magnitude in the musical heaven"—a phrase which, much worn as it now appears, was wont to fill our youthful minds with awe.

Years of riper development brought with them the exercise, on our part, of a clearer and more critical judgment. If, in the light of this, those first biographies began to look somewhat primitive and out of date, still less could we be satisfied with the so-called Artist-Biographies of a Heribert Rau, which had been, injudiciously enough, recommended to us by a friend as likely to gratify our thirst for information on the subject. The literary fireworks with which this author delights to surround his heroes, Mozart and Beethoven, dazzled our eyes but for a short time, to be soon recognized as mere tricks of the romance writer. It was then, at last, we were reminded of better guides on our path—in search of Mozart we found Otto Jahn; in search of Beethoven, Marx. Under such direction, how soon was our enthusiasm kindled; how eager we grew to study their works; what new aspects opened up before our view! Then, for the first time, the truth became revealed to us, that by the side of universal and literary history there is also an art history, and that it requires at least as much to understand a Beethoven or a Mozart as it does to appreciate a Goethe or to fathom the character of a Wallenstein. Mozart and Beethoven having in these literary works found the only representations worthy of their genius, that of Haydn alone was still wanting in order to complete, in biographical literature also, the great trio which, in the enumeration of German Grand-masters of musical art, we instinctively name in one breath. It is therefore with particular gratification that we hail the appearance of a "Joseph Haydn," by C. F. Pohl, of Vienna (published by Sacco's Nachfolger, at Berlin), a work which, in reference to the two others mentioned above, would seem to be entitled to the claim, in Schiller's words—

"Ich sei, gewährt mir die Bitte,
In eurem Bunde der Dritte!"

In his new work C. F. Pohl has not only rendered a great service to the memory of Haydn; he has also commenced to fill up a gap so long keenly felt by all. And unless the succeeding volumes—whose appearance is promised at intervals not too far apart—should fall short of the certainly high-strained expectations which this first instalment has raised, he will have created a work which will do honor to the German name, and be one more lasting example of German thoroughness and patient yet enthusiastic research. To many an idle prattler in art matters, it is true, the name of Haydn may call to mind little more than the "good old Papa," with his bob-tail wig, whose music will at best provoke only a pitiful smile or doubtful shrug of the shoulders. To them, Pohl's task may appear a superfluous one, and it will possibly be a matter of surprise to them that anyone should have been found ready to bestow so much labor and zeal upon the representative of a period in art long since surmounted. Fortunately, however, there is another portion of the public who, if only out of mere gratitude, take the liveliest interest in anything connected with Haydn, and long for an exhaustive picture of his life. For was it not he who, as Herr Pohl aptly remarks, formed the connecting link between our great musical heroes of the last century; who took his first youthful steps into fame just at the time when the career of Sebastian Bach had come to a close; who experienced under his very eyes the first reforms of Gluck, his triumphs and decease after glorious achievements? Again, was not the entire life of Mozart—with whom he had formed the closest friendship—enacted before him, passing away like a wondrous dream; and was it not still reserved for him to witness the glowing sunrise of a new day in Beethoven, whose precursor in many respects he had himself been? But even supposing all these associations of Haydn's with the musical way-makers of the past century to have never existed—if, indeed, such a man as Haydn had never been, living merely in the imagination of his portrayer—the work now before us would still justly claim our admiration, inasmuch as it affords an example of how to proceed in order to make the personality of a man become a reality to the reader, and of the minute care required in studying countless minor circumstances which may, in some manner, have influenced the life in question. To write a genuine artist-biography is, in truth, a most difficult task, provided the author does not place himself on a level with the compilers of many-volumed "art-novels," wherein the writers' iamgination claims full elbow-room, and positive truth is pushed into a corner. Among such authors, however, who, possessing the necessary scientific knowledge of their subject, approach it with earnestness of purpose and in full consciousness of the responsibility of their undertaking, different ways have been adopted by which to reach the desired goal. Some aim chiefly at the realization of a complete picture of the artist's *outward* life and experience; and in this respect all our admiration is due to the glittering, fresh-colored picture of the life of C. M. von Weber, from the pen of his son. Others again lay more stress upon the *inner* life, following the artist into the mysterious working of his genius, while only the leading features of his outward career are touched upon; and in this form of biography Marx unquestionably manifests his mastery. There can be no doubt, however, that the best and most reliable method—because at the same time the most exhaustive and thoroughgoing—would be that which succeeded in combining the advantages of both modes of procedure; which united to the keen eye of the historian a true artistic feeling, not merely showing us the man in the vicissitudes of his life, nor explaining to us what he was only from his works, but doing the one without leaving the other undone; in short, giving a clear conception of the *whole* personality. This was the plan adopted by Otto Jahn in his masterly work on Mozart, and C. F. Pohl proves himself, in his "Haydn," to be his worthy pupil and follower. Jahn himself, at whose instance Herr Pohl had undertaken the task, knew, no doubt, well that the latter would be peculiarly fitted to carry it out. He had already given ample proof of this in his valuable monography, entitled "Mozart and Haydn in London," and, moreover, the writer's residence in Vienna, his official position there of archivist, seemed to point to him as the future biographer of the great master. The model after which Pohl appears to be constructing his work is one highly to be approved of. If his aim is to represent the life and doings of Haydn in such a manner as to enlist for it the sympathies and attention of even a non-musical public; if he is convinced that his place is to deal not with Haydn alone, but with the whole period in which he lived, so far as it affected his artistic development, as well as with the local and personal circumstances in which he moved; he will have all those on his side whose good opinion is worth having, and who will anticipate the best results from the practical execution of so excellent a plan.

In carrying on the "chronicle" of events, forming a continuous chain of all the more important moments in his hero's life, our author gains, at the proper time and place, a rallying point, from whence he may indulge a view upon much that is interesting in the general history, social and artistic, of Vienna, without straying too far from his primary object. For did not Haydn cling to Vienna like the child to the bosom of its mother? Was there not a constant freindly intercourse between the two, sufficient to justify the conclusion that anything which, in matters of art or public life, affected the ancient Kaiserstadt, would not be passed by unnoticed by the other? He who, in this part of the book, would be inclined to see a mere freak of the librarian, a passion for stirring up the dust of some questionable antiquities, would do wrong to the author, and at the same time overlook the gain thus accruing, not only to musical but to general culture, in the elucidation of facts concerning the social history of the time. It is scarcely necessary to remark, considering the well-known conscientiousness of Pohl and his habits of librarian, that he has made full use of the printed mateal relating to Haydn, omitting not a single literary source which might in any way further his object; a glance at the text and the numerous accompanying notes will at once dissipate any lingering doubts on this point. The collecting of an abundance of facts is, however, one thing, and the correct interpretation of their value and bearings is another. By the aid of a careful combination and blending of such facts, the biographer is enabled to set right wrongly formed conclusions, to admit a ray of light into much that hitherto had been doubtful or obscure. While admiring, therefore, the scrutiny exercised by Pohl in examining literary landmarks, and testing their validity as evidence, we must fairly be amazed at the zeal manifested by him in the discovery of fresh sources and in their due application. On pages 15 and 17 of the preface, all the ways and means are enumerated by which he has obtained this end, branching out into a general expression of the author's sense of obligation to all those persons, private and official, who had in one way or another rendered assistance to him. We venture to assert that, speaking *en gros*, no keeper of archives is to be found, in Austria or Germany, to whom minute ques-

tions concerning Haydn have not been addressed; no music-cultivating Austrian monastery can be named in whose libraries Pohl has not, directly or indirectly, instituted inquiries after original manuscripts of his hero, not unfrequently crowned by success; no collector of autographs, the fortunate possessor of Haydn treasures, has succeeded in hiding such relics, however jealously guarded, from the searching eye of the determined discoverer. In addition to this, the confidence with which Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, of Galantha, honored the biographer was, unquestionably, a matter of the greatest advantage to him in the furtherance of his undertaking. Considering the significance of this truly noble family for Haydn and for art in general, it was a matter of paramount necessity to look upon the archives of Eisenstadt as the primary source of many authentic documents. Although these family records had been hitherto closed against all inspection, the descendant of the great Mœcenas of artists has now thrown open the doors to the Haydn biographer, in every way facilitating his inquiry. Herr Pohl has been amply rewarded in his search there by many an agreeable surprise, and resting upon such reliable, precious material, he wrote the present first volume. Favoring the positive element throughout, he yet manages to steer clear of all pedantic dryness. The author's poetic and sympathetic nature reveals itself in more than one instance; and in those cases where, in spite of minute investigation, positive proof for certain phases in Haydn's life had not been forthcoming, he allows some scope to imagination, without, however, losing himself in the region of the impossible or the improbable. Herr Pohl does well to attach no mean importance to the influence exercised upon the development of Haydn's mental disposition by the scenes of nature surrounding him. Foolish though it would be to maintain, with certainty, the action, in an equally strong degree, of the beauties of nature upon all men, yet there can be no doubt that, given a susceptible, open-eyed mind like Haydn's, a counteraction upon the individual would be extremely probable, thus justifying the conclusion that, surrounded by wild rugged scenery, the composer of the "Creation" would not have become that which a mild, graceful, smiling country had designated him to be by anticipation.

The portion of the work which has so far been published represents Book I. of the first volume, and is divided into seven chapters. In the first of these Herr Pohl makes us acquainted with Haydn's ancestors, commencing with his great-grandfather; an introduction which, having a tragic historical event for its background, at once arrests our attention. In the second and third we have vivid pictures of Joseph's "childhood," spent under the parental roof at the little market-town of Rohrau, and of the "School at Hainburg." The fourth, headed "At the Chapel-house in Vienna," describes the organization of that institution, by which opportunity we also learn something of that, in many respects, remarkable man, the Dome-Capellmeister Reutter, while in a subdivision we are told all about Haydn as a "singing-boy." His industry, his teachers, several important court festivities, and, finally, the lad's expulsion from the Chapelhouse, are here dealt with. The fifth takes up the "Chronicle," the purport of which, its appropriateness in relation to the particular subject in view, we have already briefly pointed out. With the sixth chapter, entitled "Lehr und Wanderjahre," we enter upon the toilsome years of our hero's first experience in the school of life, that important period during which we find him laboring steadily for the development of his talents, and anon taking his first youthful flight into regions where he should, ere long, become a discoverer, viz., the stringed Quartet and the Symphony. In the seventh and last chapter, we see the young musician at Eisenstadt, duly installed in the orchestra of Prince Esterhazy in the capacity of second, and later on, after the death of the aged Werner, of sole Capellmeister.* This first book, therefore, if we commence our reckoning with the great-grandfather, embraces the period lying between the years 1683 and 1765. The supplements, seven in number, contain matter of varied interest. The most valuable appears to be the autobiographical sketch of Joseph Haydn, and next in interest, the enumeration of all the important events in matters artistic enacted in Vienna during the years 1740-1766. The list of theoretical works, etc., found among Haydn's books after his death, merits attention in so far as it tends to show that genius even like his never disdains to learn of others, in order to obtain a ready command over faculties which otherwise might remain slumbering within. Glancing over the "Decree of Appointment" as Capellmeister, we are startled by the multitude of offices which a hundred years ago the conductor of a princely orchestra was expected to perform, and our admiration for the man who held that post increases when we consider that, far from groaning under the load of so many official duties, he, on the contrary, manifested an almost incredible creative activity, maintaining throughout a delightful serenity of mind, which pervades his works in the most refreshing manner, and which—to such a degree—is to be met with in no other artist. For the musical *addenda* the biographer deserves our especial gratitude. The *recitativo* extracted from the Symphony composed in 1761 comes upon us as a surprise, seeing that in no other of his numerous symphonic compositions he has made use of the instrumental *recitativo*, and we had hitherto looked upon Beethoven, in his "Ninth," as the innovator in this direction. The *Adagio* in E flat, selected from a Symphony in E of 1763, shows that charming simplicity, which seems to remind us of a 6-8 *Adagio* in one of his minor Sonatas in F. In the *Andante* from the Symphony in B, the *adagio* of which is written for the stringed quartet only, the composer assigns to the violoncello the office of supporting the melody throughout in the lower octave, an effect, which was much admired at the time, of which, however (not to the detriment of his music), he has afterwards but rarely availed himself. In an appendix, the biographer gives us the genealogical tree of the Haydn family, the difficulties surmounted in the compilation of which were infinitely more real than apparent. According to an intimation emanating from the publishers, three more volumes will follow this first one at moderate intervals, and are to be adorned respectively with portraits of the composer and a *fac-simile* of his handwriting. The cost of the complete work is estimated at about M 30 (£1 10*s.*), and considering the variety of interesting matter it offers, as well as the liberal style in which it is being published, the price certainly appears a moderate one.

In the compilation of the numerous lists of themes of Haydn's compositions from his earlier period, Herr Pohl's scrupulous and untiring care becomes again apparent; and although some few mistakes in the examples quoted have crept in here and there, they are of no great importance, and may be easily rectified by any musician.

* A considerable portion of this chapter will be found translated in *Dwight's Journal of Music* [May and June, 1876.]

[To be Continued.]

Crystal Palace Concerts, London.

The twelfth and concluding performance of the pre-Christmas season was given on Saturday. It being the 16th of December, the day of Beethoven's birth (at Bonn, 1770), a programme devoted exclusively to compositions, vocal and instrumental, from his pen was but an appropriate homage to the illustrious musician, whose name has figured so conspicuously at the Crystal Palace concerts from their earliest institution, and whose symphonies, overtures, concertos, etc., have done so much towards helping them to the position they occupy, by unanimous consent, as the best entertainments of their kind. With the increasing taste of the general public for instrumental music of the highest order Beethoven has had more to do than any other composer. He has been, indeed, the most eloquent of teachers. The growing appreciation of his music has led to further inquiry, justifying the frequent introduction of works by other masters, his contemporaries and successors, before such large mixed audiences as are accustomed to assemble on Saturdays at the Crystal Palace, and, twice a week, at St. James's Hall, attracted by the quartets, sonatas, etc., prepared by Mr. Arthur Chappell, whose Popular Concerts, no longer exclusively "Monday Popular," but "Saturday Popular" as well, owe not less of their vogue to Beethoven. With Weber, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Sterndale Bennett, etc., the old Philharmonic Society, which did so much for Beethoven, and for which Beethoven did still more, had already made a select and privileged public at the now defunct Hanover Square Rooms—where Haydn, Mozart, and Cherubini had long reigned—sufficiently familiar. The New Philharmonic Society, when (in 1852) Hector Berlioz superintended a memorable performance of the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven, at Exeter Hall, first disturbed this monopoly, by appealing to a larger public; and, later on, the Musical Society of London, with Mr. Alfred Mellon as conductor, set up another formidable opposition on similar grounds. In speaking of the Crystal Palace, we refer especially to the symphonies and overtures of Schubert and Schumann, to the adequate appreciation of which a thorough comprehension of Beethoven, who greatly influenced them both, was essential. These have been played oftener under Mr. August Manns than under any other known conductor, at home or abroad, and the public are fast becoming as intimately acquainted with them as with those of their great prototype. With regard to Beethoven himself, it would be enough to say that on more than one occasion the nine orchestral symphonies have been included in a single series of Crystal Palace Concerts, but for the fact that, if we except the "chamber" pieces and other things not lying within their immediate sphere, few compositions by the great master could be named which have not, from time to time, been accorded a place in the programmes. The selection on Saturday, which, beginning with the overture to *Prometheus*, and ending with the "Choral Symphony," included the pianoforte concerto in E flat, the fifth, last, and grandest, besides some songs, was admirably suited for the intended purpose. The instrumental part afforded examples of Beethoven's "first, second, and third styles," as they have been termed—absurdly enough, seeing that, as the development of the master's creative power advanced, one grew naturally out of another, and that virtually the overture to Salvatore Vigano's allegorical ballet, *Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus*, has as good claim to be accepted for a representative work as the Ninth Symphony itself. However, apart from speculation, the overture was written in the 1st year of the present century, when Beethoven was just thirty, the pianoforte concerto in the 9th, and the symphony, which occupied him for a comparatively long time (no wonder!), in the 23rd. So that a tolerably good notion was offered of the composer's power throughout the most incessantly creative period of his artistic life, which ended, as every musician knows, or ought to know, in 1827, on the 26th of March, barely short of half a century ago. The *Prometheus* overture must always be interesting, as probably the first orchestral work by Beethoven that ever won something like wide popularity in England—especially, it should be observed, through the two-hand pianoforte arrangement so early made known to us. It exhibits in its construction all the symmetry of form by which the overtures of Mozart are distinguished, combined with a something more emphatically proclaiming it the work of Beethoven, and no other. The concerto has been the *cheval de bataille* of first-class pianists during the last half-century, and is likely to engross the attention for a long period hence of those who are to follow, nothing like it having been written before or since. For this reason it has been nicknamed "The Emperor," at which Beethoven, who held emperors in light esteem—witness his tearing off the superscription, "Napoleon," which, if we may believe the anecdote, till the news of the hero's assumption of the Imperial dignity, had been affixed to his third symphony, afterwards generally known as *Sinfonia Eroica*—would have stormed not a little. About the Choral Symphony we need say nothing. As it was Beethoven's last, so it is in every respect his greatest; and it is difficult to imagine that the projected "No. 10" could have sur-

passed it. It is but just to call attention to the note upon this symphony contained in Saturday's programme, and signed "G"—not only as a masterly analysis, but historically no less than analytically interesting. We can remember on no previous occasion a more evenly balanced and generally admirable performance of overture, concerto, and symphony. Mdme. Arabella Goddard, who, not for the first time by many, took the pianoforte part in the concerto, was "recalled," and applauded with genuine enthusiasm; and Mr. Manns was similarly complimented after the *scherzo* and *finale* of the symphony—which last, by the way, offered satisfactory proofs of the steady advance towards excellence recently observable in the performances of the Crystal Palace choir. It is also but just to add that the very difficult solo voice parts in the *finale* have not often been intrusted to artists more careful and intelligent than Mdmes. Blanche Cole and Antoinette Sterling, Messrs. Edward Lloyd and H. A. Pope. To give them all the effect contemplated is barely possible, for in his later works, especially in this symphony and the great *Missa Solemnis* in D (No. 2), Beethoven, in consequence, probably, of the infirmity which was the bane of nearly half his life, took little heed of the ordinary capabilities of the human organ for the emission of musical sounds. How in earlier days the great musician could write for the voice is well shown in "Adelaide," which immortalized the poet Matthison, who, but for the musician Beethoven, might long since have been forgotten. This queen of love songs was published at Vienna—four years before the *Prometheus* music, the first orchestral symphony (C major), and the oratorio, *Christus am Oelberge* (*The Mount of Olives*); so that it took us thus further back into the youth of a composer for whose maturity so much remained in store. Though there is something of the impassioned expression of Mozart in this cantata (for "cantata" it is originally styled), it is in other respects as unlike Mozart, and as purely Beethoven as conceivable. Mr. Edward Lloyd was the fortunate artist to whom "Adelaide" was entrusted on so important an occasion—the more fortunate in being able to sing it with such true expression, and to be appreciated as he was by his hearers. By the way, the pianoforte accompaniment was well played, the accompanist—in the case of "Adelaide," an agent entitled to some consideration—being Mr. R. Beringer, whose name should have been mentioned in the bills. The songs confided to Mad. Antoinette Sterling were "Wonne der Wehmuth," one of three *Lieder* to Goethe's text, composed in 1810, and "Neue Liebe, neues Leben" (also to Goethe's words, "Herz, mein Herz,") belonging to a set of six published in the same year. Mad. Blanche Cole also gave the solos in the *cavatina* (with chorus)—"Praise of Music." A better or a more comprehensive selection from Beethoven's works could not easily have been made, so as to fit in with the inevitably narrow compass of a single programme.

The Crystal Palace Concerts are to be resumed on the 3rd of February, when, in commemoration of Mendelssohn's birthday (1809), the programme is to be exclusively devoted to his compositions—among the rest being the violin concerto, to be played by Herr Joseph Joachim, and a slow movement from one of the unpublished symphonies. Why not the entire symphony, with the date of its production attached?—*Times.*

Berlin.—New Comic Opera—Miss Minnie Hauk.

Herr Götz's four-act comic opera, *Der Widerspenstigen Zahmung*, has at length been produced at the Royal Operahouse, and achieved what in the opinion of competent judges will prove a lasting success, a very large portion of which, by the way, it will owe to the admirable manner in which the part of the heroine was sustained by that great favorite, Miss Minnie Hauk.

The libretto is, as its author, Herr Joseph Victor Widmann, announces in the bills, a "free" version of Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*. Everyone knows that, as a rule, the original form of tragedies, dramas, and comedies, has to be greatly modified, before such productions are suitable for operatic purposes. Nobody, therefore, can blame Herr Widmann for omitting several of the original characters, much of the original play, or even for adding something of his own; but everyone must regret that he has not displayed more tact in carrying out the process. His aim was, of course, to produce a good and effective libretto. In this he has been only partially successful. The composer has done his best with the opportunities furnished him by his literary fellow-laborer, though he must, at times, have found his task very uphill work. He has, nevertheless, written a score which contains some excellent music, interesting, characteristic, and original. The greatest danger with which the opera had to contend was the first act, which is spun out by the librettist to a fearful length, and must have imposed a terrible strain upon the composer. It is monotonous and wearisome, despite two very good specimens of the composer's style, the chorus, "Nichts als Schelten alle Tage" ("Nothing ev'ry day but scolding,") and the concerted piece: "Bei Nacht die Ruhe so zu storen, Man kann sein eignes Wort nicht hören ("All night one's rest is rudely broken, One cannot hear a word that's spoken.") The pruning knife is here sadly needed, and should be liberally employed. Luckily, the overture had put the audience in a good humor. The second act cannot boast of such pieces as those just named in the first act, but then it is much shorter and, taken all in all, more pleasing. The third act is superior to both the preceding acts, and sparkles with musical beauties of no mean order. In the fourth act, a comic quartet between Katharina, Petruchio, Grumio, and the Tailor is specially worthy of notice, as is also Katharina's song, and the succeeding love-duet. The great fault of Herr Götz is that he has treated his subject too much in the style of grand opera. He wants lightness. He is too fond of employing all the resources of the orchestra, which frequently quite overpowers the voices of the singers. Then, too, he is, perhaps, a little too musicianly to please the great masses—though that, I may be told, is a fault in the right direction. With all its short comings, however, *Der Widerspenstigen Zahmung* is a welcome addition to the list of German comic operas.

No pains had been spared in placing the work upon the stage. Great credit is due to the conductor, Herr Radecke, for the way in which the orchestra fulfilled its duty. The chorus, also, had evidently been well trained, and did *con amore* what they had to do. Herr Beck was an excellent Petruchio, vocally and dramatically. Mdlle. Grossi, as Bianchi; Herr Ernst, as Lucentio; Herr Fricke, as Baptista; Herr Salomon, as Hortensio; Herr Oberhauser, as Grumio; and Herr Sachse, as the Tailor, were all frequently and deservedly applauded. But the largest share of praise is certainly due to Miss Minnie Hauk, who, as the wayward, self-willed, and subsequently obedient Katharina, presented a picture worthy to rank with the best comic Shakspearian creations on the stage. The audience were charmed, and justly so. Had the character, words and music, been expressly written for her, it could not have suited her better, and to her rendering of it is assuredly due a goodly portion of the exceptional triumph achieved by the opera. *Der Widerspenstigen Zahmung* has already been performed in Vienna, Leipsic, Mannheim and other towns, without anywhere making such a "tall" hit as here. But then Minnie Hauk was was not the Katharina.

The papers speak very highly of this young lady. I will give you a few specimens. Here is one from the *Kreuz-Zeitung*:—

"The new opera, as performed here, has, in the person of Miss Minnie Hauk, a Katharina who, both by the natural freshness and power of her grand voice, and by her unerring sway over all the requirements for fine singing, is equal to her high task. If the tone-form of the opera is to bear any resemblance to its original in Shakspeare's comedy, it can do so only by the help of a fair singer possessing such a thoroughly sound, strong, and, at the same time, flexible voice as that possessed by Miss Minnie Hauk. How would it be possible to ring out with the dull tones of a weakly organ the unsubdued and impetuous nature of the Shrew who is to be tamed? Miss Hauk's voice is of the metal in which we can cast Shakspeare's Katharina, whom Petruchio addresses as his 'golden Kate,' previously to freeing her by a terrible ordeal from the dross of her bad habits. It was not only as a refined vocal virtuosa, but also as a skilful actress, who points her delineation with intellectual acumen, that this talented lady satisfied the high expectations people had formed of her. The combat which Katharina had to fight for the deliverance of her better nature with herself and her humorous despot was fought by her with well-polished and artistic weapons. The inborn combativeness of the pretty virago, and then the way in which the feelings of her maiden heart rise lovingly towards the man who has succeeded in inspiring her with respect were two points brought out by the artist with especial force and dramatic effect in the nicely graduated coloring of her tone-picture. In the presence of such great excellence, a critic would become a petty carper were he again to censure certain isolated unpleasing tones. We must, we think, make as much allowance for those tones in the case of this great singer as we do, in the case of others, for the frequent instances of singing out of tune, of the tremolo, and of the hollow and withered sounds of fading voices, from all which, blemishes Miss Hauk is free. We flatter ourselves with possessing some acquaintance with Shakspeare's writings, and we must say that of all the performers Miss Hauk approached most nearly the poetic original."

The *Tagblatt* remarks, among other things:—

"The part of the heroine had fallen to the lot of Miss Minnie Hauk, who proved herself as eminent an actress as singer. The bold, self-assertive character of the termagant Kate appears created expressly for her; and, as regards the young lady more especially as a singer, we gladly overlooked on this occasion the little defects of her vocal method, as well as the laurel wreath, which was stupidly flung her at the very beginning of the performance. That, however, she should succeed in making so much out of a part musically so ungrateful stamps her, beyond a question, as a great artist. The part is musically ungrateful, because, speaking generally, sudden and violent anger cannot be expressed musically, and in my own personal opinion the composer committed a terrible error when he selected a vixen for the principal personage of an opera. The part, moreover, presents colossal difficulties; such ticklish airs as those of Katharina in the fourth act cannot probably be found a second time in the entire range of operatic literature, yet Miss Hauk overcame them most brilliantly. For this let me here give her an especial bravo: Honor where honor is due!"

Dr. Gumprecht informs the readers of the *National Zeitung* that:—

"The part of Katharina is a gem in the repertory of Miss Hauk, who brought out the quarrelsome defiance of the self-willed maiden with the same conviction-bearing skill she exhibited in the submission and fervent affection of the loving wife. With the most praiseworthy care she had thought the part out, even to its smallest characteristic details."

Der Widerspenstigen Zahmung is the first dramatic effort of its composer, and it will be his last, for he is no more. He died in Switzerland, a week before his work was produced at the Royal Operahouse. Hermann Götz was born at Königsberg. While still a youth, he came to Berlin for the purpose of pursuing his musical studies at Stern's Conservatory. He subsequently accepted the post of organist at Winterthur, in the Canton of Zurich. The disease to which he succumbed was consumption, but he worked on to "the bitter end," and, according to a notice inserted in the libretto, the last song for Katharina was composed for Minnie Hauk only a very short time before his death!—*Corr. Lond. Mus. World.*

"Le Charivari" on Liszt.

Tall as the poplar swayed by the breeze, long and diaphonous [?]; a broad and high forehead, eyes lustrous in their dusky sockets, a straight and strong nose, arched eye brows, almost always contracted, masculine features, a large and imperious mouth, a swarthy complexion, and those wrinkles that denote a powerful organization, in a word, an ascetic face, framed with long gray hair coming down to his collar. Thus appeared to us the humble and austere Abbé Liszt, ex-infant prodigy, ex-illustrious pianist, ex-Wagnerian expositor, now a religious composer, travelling to distribute indulgences and to perform his masses.

His secular costume does not detract from the fascination of his person. His profile one would judge to be that of a Mephistopheles, who, touched by the death of Marguerite, was meditating a slow conversion. When you see his full face, his expression changes and becomes energetic and manly. His gesticulation is ample and commanding, and his smile is sympathetic and beguiling. While treating grand personages with all his moral and physical *hauteur*, Liszt's conversation is at first a little embarrassed, but it is soon succeeded by flashes of wit and charming phrases, although he preserves his dry and cold tones. One might compare his conversation to champagne *frappé*.

Although rich and generous, he lives frugally and feigns an aged and impoverished air. Do not believe in it; it is merely the affectation of humility, and his cassock can scarcely contain the bounding of his still youthful soul. His nature is essentially grave, but at present he coquets with honors, and feigns to be a *missionaire incognito*. You should see him issue from the Pasdeloup concerts with lowered eyes and modestly enter a princely equipage that a great name has placed at his disposal. I do not doubt the conviction of the Abbé Liszt, for in his youth he gave many proofs of mystical aspiration; but this *diable d'homme* will never abdicate the virtuoso, and his conviction and gentleness becoming new titles to the public curiosity, he replaces his

sword of honor by a rosary, and beats a drum before his *bénitier*.

At each step the man of the world reappears and struggles with the priest; in vain he wishes to fly from the crowd; it attracts and intoxicates him. Benevolent and amiable, liking every sort of music, Liszt can be persuaded to play *en petit comité*—that is, if among the auditors there are no heretics. Formerly he entered a *salon* with a rush, threw down his hat anywhere, removed the candles from the piano, and before commencing to play broke a dozen strings in a fantastic prelude. Now he recollects himself, draws off his black gloves, and after a mental *benedicite* begins the explanatory text, for, perhaps, you do not know that Liszt writes romances that are spoken and played at the same time.

He is a very early riser, and has at his house only a bad square piano that he never touches. After having read his breviary, he breakfasts frugally upon half a dozen oysters, or, if it is a *jour gras*, upon a small piece of ham, and then pays visits during the remainder of the day. His two worldly predilections are for *café noir* and for small and very bad Roman cigars, but cheap if not gratuitous. He is assailed by mammas who wish him to give piano lessons to their interesting progeny. They have gone so far as to offer him a whole dollar a lesson. Upon days when he has no engagements, Liszt dines *tete-a-tete* with his son-in-law, M. Ollivier, and at dessert they converse of temporal affairs. As he intends to remain some time in Paris, Liszt is rehearsing *Mazeppa*, *Jeanne d'Arc*, the Danté Symphony, and eleven oratorios, the shortest of which is much longer than the opera of the *Huguenots*. He has sent for his ex-Barnum, who had a limb frozen in their Russian campaign, Signor Belloni, the famous Antonelli of this papal pianist.

Liszt speaks all languages and copies his works himself. His manuscripts are without erasure or corrections, and his writing is at once fine, free, running and fantastic. Seeking the most unforeseen orchestral combinations, his scores are prodigious, and it requires a step-ladder to go from the *contra basso* to the *piccolo*. His system is the negation of true melody; he piles chords upon chords, pretending thus to establish the direct *rapport* of the music with the philosophic thought. In short, his thundering execution and his principles of exaggerated grandeur inspire such dramatic accents that, hearing his Mass, one would imagine that they were going to conquer Cochin China, rather than to recite litanies.

One last word: Liszt's face is adorned with some moles, politely called grains of genius. Formerly he had four, now their number is more than doubled; it is said that it is his faith coming out.—*Mus. Trade Review.*

The Fifth Harvard Concert.

(From the Courier.)

The Fifth Symphony Concert of the Harvard Musical Association was given at the Music Hall on Thursday afternoon. The first number on the programme was Gade's B-flat Symphony No. 4. It is some years since this delightful work has been heard in Boston. It has been crowded out of our concert programmes, unjustly, as I think, by its more brilliant companions in C-minor and E. To be sure the great C-minor, with its grand alternations of tenderness and brilliancy in the first movement, its lovely, dreamy *Andante*, its glorious scherzo with the bewitching, fairy-like *Trio*, and the grand marial theme, sung by the wind instruments in its *Finale*, while the accompanying strings seem to have been suddenly changed to one great harp whose swept chords add their strong accent to the heroic melody—the great C-minor, coming to us with all the prestige of Mendelssohn's admiring letter to the composer, in which he thanks him in the name of Germany for so admirable a composition, has perhaps greater claims upon the sympathies of an appreciative audience than the more modest work we have just heard. But we must not forget that the B-flat Symphony, although of smaller dimensions, and not aiming at such grand, heroic efforts as its great predecessor, is yet the more perfect work of the two. I know of no work of Gade's that is so perfect in form and style as this Symphony. The exacting Gewandhaus audience in Leipzig have become accustomed to look upon an encore of its fascinating *Scherzo* as almost as much a matter of course as an encore of the *Allegretto Scherzando* in Beethoven's eighth symphony. Throughout the work Gade shows his inimitable mastery over the orchestra. I think it was Moscheles who once said that he believed that, if Gade were to write only a single A for a clarinet, it would somehow sound differently from anybody else's A. The charm of Gade's orchestral coloring is indeed great; we find little of that Eastern gorgeousness in it that the scores of Wagner, Raff, Berlioz and some other great masters of the orchestra are full of; Gade's instrumentation is more classic in spirit; but how gracefully each instrument in his orchestra lends itself to the figure it has to play! how admirably each delicious orchestral effect is blended in the great harmonious whole, finding itself easily and naturally there, claiming no special attention to itself, but modestly adding its own charm to that of the entire work. I think we shall all be glad to hear this little gem of a symphony again. Mendelssohn's stately Overture to Racine's *Athalie* made a striking contrast to the symphony. I think Mendelssohn has never made the Hebrew spirit, that many of his works are full of, more superbly prominent than in this overture. In some of his other works it is, to me at least, disagreeable, showing some of the less attractive sides of the Jewish character, but here it is grand and imposing sombre, tragic, fierce if you will, but not absolutely blood-thirsty. Some one has said that he could never listen to some passages in Mendelssohn's music without thinking of heaps of slaughtered Ammorites and Hittites. But in listening to the overture to *Athalie* it is the triumphant Jews we think of. The two movements (*Andante* and *Finale*), from Joachim's score of Schubert's piano-forte duet, opus 140, that were played reminded me of a saying of Von Bülow's. Somebody was saying to the great pianist that he thought a man must be extremely German to enjoy all of Schubert's music. "Hm!" answered Von Bülow, "if by extremely German you mean imperviens to ennui, you are not far wrong." Schubert, with all his splendid genius, had undeniably a tendency to prose, a certain garrulousness in writing that often led him to prolong his composition beyond all warrantable bounds. He had a fatal facility, and did not always know where to stop; perhaps no composer of his time was so diffuse as he. In the two movements in question great beauties strike the ear at every turn. I can imagine nothing more witchingly graceful than the theme of the *Finale*. But, ye Gods! what a length! Why must a fine theme be worked, and worked until it is positively threadbare? I think Joachim would have succeeded in making a finer score of the work, if he had not forced himself to cling so closely to Schubert's habitual manner of instrumentation. His work is indeed a clever imitation of Schubert's style in treating the orchestra, but when judged on its own merits can in no wise be called a remarkable score. It is very difficult, and many of the instruments often have to cope with ungrateful phrases. Of variety of orchestral coloring (which it seems to me was most needed in so prolix a work) there is very little. The score is eminently respectable, but nothing more. Beethoven's *Egmont* overture coming at the end of even so fine a programme as it did, had the effect, not unusual in Beethoven's works, of being able to put all the rest in its pocket and walk off with it. The very first grand chords in F-minor seemed to blow all that we had just been hearing out of time. Madame Luisa Cappiani was the singer of the afternoon, and made a marked impression. Her voice is powerful, of an agreeable quality and great compass. She sings with *maëstria*, with mastery both over her voice and over the music she is singing that gives her listeners a comfortable sense of security. We feel that we are listening to an artist in whom we can trust. Her strong and authoritative style gives us that sense of repose that a baby has when dandled in the strong arms of its father. I may not approve a certain tendency to exaggeration in her singing, but she sang so much like an artist to the manner born, so sure of attaining the effects she aimed at that my enjoyment of the music was but little impaired by it. There are few artists in the world who can sing so that we can imagine nothing more; it is a great thing if they do not make us feel the want of something more for the moment. Yet, finely as it was sung, I think that none of us would be sorry to see Mozart's *Non più di fiori* laid on the shelf indefinitely. Mozart was great, and there is much of greatness in this song of his but why need it take the place of better and fresher things. There are things of Mozart's that are as blooming now as ever, but this one begins at last to show its wrinkles.

WILLIAM F. APTHORP.

(From the Evening Gazette.)

The fifth concert of the Harvard Musical Association took place at Music Hall on Thursday afternoon. The programme included Gade's charming and graceful Symphony No. 4, in B-flat, Mendelssohn's "Athalie" overture, the Andante and Finale from Schubert's Grand Duo, op. 140, arranged for orchestra by Joachim, and Beethoven's overture to "Egmont." The orchestra has not been heard to so good advantage this season as in this concert. The symphony was almost faultlessly given in point of style and expression, the strings acquitting themselves to special acceptability. The Schubert music, though generally pleasing, is spun out to such a length that the delight it would otherwise afford is neutralized by the weariness it excites in the listener. It was performed with excellent clearness and precision. The two overtures were also given with admirable effect. We think the concert as a whole may be pronounced the most satisfactory and most encouraging the society has given in some time. The soloist on the occasion was Signora Luisa Cappiani, an artist of unusual ability, with a rich, full voice, somewhat worn, but still sweet, full, and deeply expressive. Her style is large and musicianly, and her method evinces high cultivation in the best school of her art. Her singing of the beautiful recitative, "Ecco il punto," and the succeeding aria, "Non più di fiori" from Mozart's "Titus," was masterly. Her declamation in the recitative was broad and grand, and she was no less happy in her interpretation of the changing moods of the exquisitely eloquent aria. Her intonation is almost faultless. The aria abounds in trying leaps of the voice from the lower to the upper register, and Signora Cappiani showed the perfect command she has over the difficulties of her art by the truth with which she struck these intervals without the use of portamento. She also sang Mozart's "Violet" with rare delicacy of feeling and purity of sentiment, and Schubert's "Ungeduld" with a dramatic effect that was somewhat startling after the quietly sentimental manner that has hitherto been its conventional rendering here. As an encore to this last, Signora Cappiani gave an expressive little ballad by Tosti. This, however, was not so pleasing in its rendering, owing to the exaggerated sentiment with which it was delivered. This artist is really an acquisition to our list of concert-singers the major part of whom may learn a needed lesson from her in all that relates to breadth of style, appropriate dramatic expression, clearness and strength. We should like to hear her in oratorio, to which her method seems especially adapted. Her success was pronounced.

The Opera National Lyrique.

It is not often that a composer who has passed his fiftieth year can achieve a great success in grand opera in Paris, especially if his career has been confined to the "Opéra Comique *genre*," which is the specialty of the French musicians who write for the lyric drama; but M. Victor Massé has certainly been fortunate enough to have satisfied the audience of celebrities collected at the Opéra National Lyrique, on the night of Wednesday, November the 15th, that if his 'Paul et Virginie' had been produced by M. Halanzier at the Grand Opera-house, or by M. Escudier at the Théâtre Italien (Salle Vent d'our), the work would have met with a triumph as pronounced as that which has attended the venture of M. Vizentini, who, like M. Carl Rosa, at the Lyceum, combines the post of Conductor with that of Impresario. A word or two about the antecedents of M. Massé, who was a pupil of the Conservatoire, and who won the first grand prize for composition at the Institute. He passed his two years of free study in Rome, and then made a tour in Italy and Germany. He set some poems by M. Victor Hugo; but his first success was in 1852, at the Opéra Comique, in 'La Chanteuse Voilée,' and this was followed by his 'Noce de Jeannette,' which has travelled far. He had the advantage of Madame Miolan Carvalho to sing the now popular airs of that operetta. His next essay was the two-act opera, 'Galathée.' His 'Fiancée du Diable,' in three acts, 'La Favorita e la Schiava,' 'Miss Fauvette,' 'Quatre Saisons,' made no special mark; but at the Lyrique, in 1856, his 'Reine Topaze' came out, in which he again had the aid of Madame Carvalho, which had a long run. The 'Chaise a Porteurs,' 'La Fèe Carabosse' followed, but with no great success. At the Rue Lepelletier Grand Opera-house his two-act 'Mule de Pedro' was produced; but it was remarked that it ought to have been heard at the Salle Favart. In 1860, he succeeded M. Dietsch (the unfortunate composer of the 'Flying Dutchman,' based on Herr Wagner's libretto, which was accepted, but not his music) at the Grand Opera-house as accompanist and *chef de chant*. M. Massé was for years living in hopes that his score of 'Paul et Virginie' would be accepted either at the Italian Opera-house or at some French theatre. He at one time, interested Madame Adelina Patti so much in the music that she was strongly disposed to be the Virginie; but he could not get a director bold enough to bring out the opera. He thought of the Opera Comique; but he could find no adequate Virginie, and the Paul he contemplated, M. Capoul, had gone on the Italian opera stage. After no end of difficulties and disappointments, M. Vizentini came to the rescue, and resolved to stake the success of his undertaking on the opera of M. Massé. M. Capoul, having been persuaded to return to the French operatic stage, was, of course, proposed for Paul. He has the advantage of looking the character, besides being an admirable actor, with a sympathetic voice, and with a style improved by singing in Italian opera. After a long search, a Virginie of seventeen summers was found, a girl who had never sung on the stage, but who was of a musical family, and had been carefully trained by her brother, M. Theodore Ritter, the pianist. It was a daring attempt for the young *débutante*, but she has been successful; and it must be gratifying to the composer who in turn, had tried for Madame Patti, Madame Nilsson, Mdlle. Albani, and Mdlle. Chapuy, to find at last Mdlle. Cecile Ritter. Her very timidity, her *gaucherie*, indeed, added apparently to the sympathy she at once excited, when *Virginie* first enters with *Paul*, arm-in-arm, under the cover

clash - ing, All stain - ed in Ca - - ra - cul's blood, All

stain - ed in Ca - ra - cul's blood, And ar - mor 'gainst

ar - mor is clash - ing, 'gainst ar - mor is clashing, From the

hills comes the glad shout of vic - to- ry! the glad shout, the

glad shout of vic - to-ry, glad shout of vic - to-ry, the

glad shout of vic - to-ry, the glad shout of vic - to -

ry, the glad shout of vic - - to - ry, Es -

cap'd is the foe's wild tumult, Escap'd is the foe's wild tu - mult, His

steed treads no more on the mountain, His steed treads no more on the mountain, Be -

Be-

fore Fingal's arm they have fled, Be - fore Fingal's

fore Fingal's arm they have fled,

arm, Fingal's arm they have fled, Es-

arm, Fingal's arm they have fled, Es - cap'd, Es-

cap'd, Be - fore Fingal's arm, Be - fore Fingal's

of an umbrella formed of palm-leaves. Her voice, naturally, is not yet matured; but her method is good, and the quality of the organ is most sympathetic. Mdlle. Engally, *Méala the Negress*; Mesdames Sallard and Leoni as the two mothers (*Madame de la Tour and Marguerite*); M. Bouhy, *Dominique*; and M. Melchissedec, *Sainte Croix* (the persecuting and malignant planter), were adequate representatives of their respective parts. On the plot it is needless to dwell. The two practised librettists, MM. Carre and Barbier, have adhered closely to the idyll of Benardin de Saint-Pierre, the champion of universal peace; the poets have not altered the story as did Favières for the opera of Rodolphe Kreutzer, produced in 1791, and as did Dubreuil for Lesueur's setting in 1794. The tears which have been shed by the readers of Saint-Pierre's touching tale were not less apparent at the first representation—the shipwreck profoundly affected the auditory. The score of M. Victor Masse is finely conceived throughout, melodious themes abound, and the orchestration is masterly. If at times the treatment of Meyerbeer and M. Gounod is recalled, M. Masse has established his own individuality in the majority of the numbers, which have the merit of increasing in interest up to the *finale*. To enter into details would require an analysis of each act; but as a gem of inspiration, the dream of Paul, where he sees Virginie in Paris in a rich saloon, playing the harp, surrounded by admirers, and she exclaims "Paul!" to which he responds "Virginie!" may be mentioned. He awakes, to hear that the ship is off the port, but that there is a dreadful storm. The melody which pervaded the opera is heard again,—the "Chant d'Amour,"—it is the song of the swan, and the curtain descends on the broken-hearted Paul leaning over the body of Virginie. There was a question at one time of changing the catastrophe, but the adapters have adhered rightly to the ending of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre.—*Athenæum.*

Gadsby's "Alcestis."

Following up their recent productions of "Antigone" and "Œdipus at Colonos," the directors of the Crystal Palace brought forward on the 12th ult. Euripides' "Alcestis," with music specially composed for the occasion by Mr. Henry Gadsby. Mr. Gadsby is no stranger at the Crystal Palace, several of his compositions having been given with success on various occasions at the Saturday concerts. The present is, however, so far as we know, the most important work that he has at present written, comprising in all ten numbers, several of them of considerable extent. In the general outline, he has almost of necessity followed the path laid down by Mendelssohn, who was, we believe, the first to set to music any of the old Greek tragedies. It must be said, in Mr. Gadsby's praise, that he is no mere slavish imitator. Indeed, throughout the whole of his music we find nothing which can be called a reminiscence of either "Antigone," or "Œdipus." In some respects his treatment differs from that of his great predecessor; he has entirely discarded the effect of solo voices, and though he has thereby sacrificed sore opportunities for musical contrast, it is probable that he has on the other hand conformed more nearly to the plan of the ancients. There is no reason to suppose that any part of the Greek choruses was sung either by a solo voice or by a quartet.

"Alcestis" commences with a regularly-developed Overture, instead of the short instrumental prelude which Mendelssohn adopted in a similar situation. The introduction consists of the chief theme of one of the most important choruses (the "Fate" chorus), which occurs later in the work; this is followed by a *più moto* in A minor and major, well written, but less striking than some of the succeeding numbers. The first chorus, "Before this royal mansion all is still," is chiefly a dialogue between the first and second choir, in which the recitative style predominates. It leads immediately into No. 3, "In vain, our pious vows are vain," a fine and very effective chorus in C major, equally praiseworthy from a musical and dramatic point of view. No. 4, one of the longest pieces in the work, is partly chorus and partly melodrama. A point that strikes us, with regard to Mr. Gadsby's setting of the choral portions of the music, is the large predominance of unison passages. We think the composer is right in his treatment, because with a small choir the melody certainly comes out much more clearly against the orchestra than it the music were written in full harmony; and as the work was designed to be sung by a chorus of only forty, against at least an equal number of instrumentalists, unless great judgment were shown in the distribution of the parts, the voices would certainly be overpowered. The melodramatic music, both in this and in subsequent numbers, is excellent. Here, perhaps, even more than in the choruses, it was difficult for Mr Gadsby to avoid the Mendelssohn influence. We think, nevertheless, that he has completely succeeded in doing so. His accompaniments to the spoken dialogue are always appropriate and tasteful, and yet quite different in style from those in "Antigone." No. 5, the chorus in F major, "Immortal bliss be thine," is musically one of the most important numbers of the whole work, and is throughout full of interest. Here we find another innovation of Mr. Gadsby's—this time, we think, not an improvement. Instead of setting, as Mendelssohn mostly does, the first and second strophe and antistrophe to the same (or very nearly the same) music, Mr. Gadsby gives them entirely different subjects. This is, we cannot but think, a mistake, because the two portions of the text so exactly correspond to one another that there is at least a strong probability that they were intended to be sung to the same music. By adopting a different course, Mr. Gadsby obtains greater variety, but the unity of the piece suffers. The following chorus, "Yes, liberal house" (in A major), is one of the best specimens of its composer's style—thoroughly tuneful, and excellently written. Here Mr. Gadsby has for the second strophe repeated the theme of the first, greatly, in our opinion, to the advantage of the music. No. 8 is a movement consisting chiefly of melodrama, interspersed with short choral passages, mostly in unison. The following chorus (in D major), "My venturous foot delights," which sings of Fate, is another very good number, though, like No. 5, it suffers from the want of correspondence in the music of the strophes and antistrophes. The closing portion, in which the praises of the departed wife are sung, is of special merit. A short and effective finale concludes the work.

We have dwelt in such detail upon the music of "Alcestis" that a few words must suffice concerning the performance. This was on the whole excellent, especially as regards the music. The choruses were capitally rendered by the same choir (under the direction of the composer's father, Mr. W. Gadsby) which did such good service at the revivals of "Antigone" and "Œdipus;" while the orchestra, under Mr. Manns, was simply perfect. The cast of the play, which was satisfactory throughout, was as follows: *Alcestis*, Miss Emily Cross; *Iolx*, Miss Emily Vining; *Admetus*, Mr. Arthur Matthison; *Hercules*, Mr. W. Rignold; *Pheres*, Mr. Edmund Leathes; *Apollo*, Mr. J. H. Barnes; *Thanatos*, Mr. Henry Moxon; *Medon*, Mr. Bruton Robins; and Chorus Speaker, Mr. W. Holman. Mr. Rignold's *Hercules* must be particularly mentioned as an admirable and effective piece of acting.—*London Musical Times.*

Foreign Notes.

It is intended, on the part of enthusiastic admirers of Herr Wagner, to make the Bayreuth Theatre the property of the nation. Herr Hahn, the energetic advocate of the "party of progress" in musical matters, and editor of the journal *Tonkunst*, has just opened a subscription for the purpose of raising the necessary funds, and with a view also of defraying the expense of annual standard performances of musical stage works at that building. It is now positively settled that a repetition of the performances of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" will take place during the present year.

Herr Wagner has been much fêted at Rome, whither he had gone in search of rest after his late fatigue. Among other honors of which he was the recipient, the Royal Academia di Sa. Cecilia has nominated him *Socio Illustre*, being the highest dignity conferred by that institution.

While the principles which at present predominate in the management of our own operatic establishments would seem to exclude altogether that educational element which the performance of the masterpieces of a bygone period cannot fail to supply, our German neighbors, whose art institutions are for the greater part subsidized by the Government, are certainly more fortunate in this respect. Thus, at the Royal Opera at Berlin two works of Gluck, "Armida" and "Iphigenia in Tauris," have recently been performed within a week, and, according to the *Allgemeine Deutsche Musik-Zeitung*, in a manner worthy of the father of the modern music-drama. There can be no question that such revivals of standard works by older masters are of the highest importance at the present day, when the fundamental principles upon which Opera should be constructed are being discussed on all sides. At the same establishment Schumann's opera "Genoveva" is in course of preparation.

Rubinstein's "Die Maccabäer," which opera has been repeatedly performed at Berlin and Munich, was to have been given for the first time on the 13th ult. at the Russian capital.

Madame Schumann has lately made her appearance at a concert at Barmen, before an enthusiastic audience. Special homage was rendered to the great artist on the occasion, the pianoforte on which she played being adorned with flowers and evergreens.

At Leipsic the Subscription Concerts of the *Gewandhaus* continue their standard performances of classical music, while at the same time duly regarding the claims to obtain a hearing on the part of the works of contemporary composers. Among the novelties lately introduced may be mentioned a Symphony (No. 3) by Jadassohn, and a vocal and instrumental work by H. Hofman, entitled "Das Marchen von der schönen Melusine." Madame Schumann, M. L. Brassin, Herr Wieniawsky, and Herr Joachim have successively made their appearance; the latter was to have performed a MS. Concerto by Herr Reinecke at the eleventh concert on the 21st ult.

Opera, in one form or another, has been in decided demand at Paris during the past month, and the various institutions dedicated to that species of dramatic performance have been nightly filled to overflowing. "Robert le Diable," "Aida," "Fille du Regiment," "Oberon," have all proved alike attractive to the music-loving public. At the same time the new opera by Victor Masse, "Paul et Virginie," is maintaining the popularity it so quickly attained since its first performance at the *Théâtre Lyrique* in November last. There has been a revival, too, at the *Théâtre Lyrique* of a very interesting little work by Herold, an early production of his genius: the operetta is entitled "Les Troqueurs," and its performance was evidently much appreciated by the audience.

The doors of the *Conservatoire* having reopened at the beginning of last month, to admit the public to its annual performances of high-class music, the concert season of 1876-77 may be said to have definitely commenced at Paris. The President of the Republic was present at the first concert, which was inaugurated with the "Eroica" of Beethoven. At the same time, the performances, chiefly of classical music, at the *Concerts Populaires* are continuing to do excellent work in the interests of true art. It is a curious fact, however, that whereas the works of Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, and even Weber, invariably meet with the fullest appreciation of the audience at these concerts, the modern German school seems, at present, to have but a poor chance of success. We have lately heard of the noisy demonstrations of dissent which the performance of Wagnerian music produced at the same institution. The works of Joachim Raff, too, seem to be equally powerless in attracting the attention of French amateurs, in spite of the determined perseverance of the conductor, M. Pasdeloup, whose very name—the French equivalent of the German "Wolfgang"—is, in consequence, being suspected of German origin! Thus, according to *Le Ménéstrel*, Raff's charming Symphony "In the Forest," which has been repeatedly performed at the *Populaires*, has made little or no progress in the favor of the public. On the other hand, a pamphlet entitled "Richard Wagner et les Parisiens," recently published at the French capital, is just now being eagerly read. It need hardly be added that its tendency is not favorable to the German operatic reformer; nor does M. Pasdeloup escape some smart attacks directed against his unpatriotic impartiality in having produced works of that representative of modern Germany at his concerts. Setting aside the artistic merits or demerits of the question, it certainly seems somewhat paradoxical that, under the device of "Popular Concerts," music should be forced upon the Parisian people which happens to be just now peculiarly unpopular with them.

A manuscript Mass by M. Gounod was performed at the Church of St. Eustache on St. Cecilia's day, under the direction of the composer. According to the *Revue de la Musique*, this new work of the composer of "Faust" will sustain, though not increase,

his reputation. It is said that M. Gounod has agreed to write an Opera for the forthcoming International Exhibition at Paris, the libretto of which will be from the pen of M. Sardou.—*London Musical Times, Jan.* 1.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 20, 1877.

Fifth Harvard Concert.

The Symphony Concert (Jan. 4), though the inclement weather kept some people away, was received with more than usual favor. We have copied elsewhere from two weekly papers to show how critics are coming to appreciate the efforts of our local orchestra, and with how much interest they can write of the works selected for performance, notwithstanding that these are not new; for example:—

Symphony, No. 4, in B flat.....Gade
Allegro vivace—Andante con moto—Scherzo—Finale.
Recit. "Ecco il punto!" } From "La Clemenza di
Aria: "Non più di fiori." } Tito,".....Mozart
Signora Luisa Cappiani.
Overture to "Athalia".....Mendelssohn

Andante and Finale from the Grand Duo, Op. 140, arranged for Orchestra by Joachim.....Schubert
Songs, with Pianoforte:—
a. "The Violet," (Goethe).....Mozart
b. "Ungeduld" ("Impatience,").....Schubert
Signora Luisa Cappiani.
Overture to "Egmont".....Beethoven

We quite agree with what is said in praise of the little gem of a Symphony by Gade, if it be not by any means so great a work, or so decidedly original as the favorite No. 1, in C minor. All the four movements of this one in B flat are short; the first movement particularly being cast in a small form. It opens, for a few bars, with what might lead to anything or nothing, but soon unfolds a clear and fascinating purpose; the second subject has a fresh romantic charm; and the instrumentation, which is always Gade's strong point, is most masterly; finer and richer tone coloring, happier blending and contrast of instruments, more pervading vitality of tone, whether of thrilling, penetrating power or softest delicacy, one hears from few composers. The *Andante* is altogether lovely; the *Scherzo* full of grace and subtlety, of life and sparkle; and the *Finale* has plenty of energy and "go" to it, although the subject matter (*Inhalt*) does not seem to be of any marked importance; yet there is in the middle of the movement a syncopated melody for the violins most dainty and alluring. It will hardly be denied, we think, that the whole Symphony sounded well, at least in spite of the often abused orchestra, if not (as we believe) through its sympathetic seconding of careful leadership.

Mendelssohn's strong and stately Overture to *Athalia* formed a good contrast, and was effective in the rendering. Tastes will always differ, we suppose, about the enjoyableness of even these two most individual and striking, and least lengthy and monotonous of the four movements of Schubert's op. 140, as arranged into a Symphony by Joachim. Yet all agree that both are full of most original and beautiful ideas, each coming up again and again in new and charming lights. Prolixity is the one fault of Schubert; but had he not a right to fall in love with his own rare imaginations, and be reluctant to dismiss them? If such as he could love them, why not we? Yet this *Andante* and this *Finale* are neither of them *long* pieces; each lasts ten minutes, the length of an ordinary Overture; and surely there is enough in the various themes and their most curious development in the *Andante*, especially that figure so analogous to one in the Larghetto of Beethoven's second Symphony,—enough in the exquisitely dainty, subtle chief theme of the Finale, and in the startling fortissimos which interrupt it ever and anon, especially those Titanic chromatic syncopations near the end,—to reward the best attention. The *Egmont* Overture, of course, is in its way, for conciseness, for concentrated fire and energy, for much told in little, incomparable, unless perhaps we couple with it that to *Coriolan*. It is scored for a comparatively small orchestra; yet no combination we have ever heard of all the Berlioz and Wagner instruments has yet reached the brilliancy of its concluding passage.

Madame Cappiani is a singer somewhat past her prime; but her large voice, at once sweet and powerful, and of great compass, still retains its freshness to a remarkable degree, at least is never harsh. She is an artist, trained in the best school, in short a true Italian prima donna, and of much experience, though her repertoire (outside of Italian opera) may be rather limited compared with Rudersdorff and others. Yet she is evidently at home in Mozart. A few phrases of "Ecco il punto," proved her mistress of noble recitative; and the Aria was sung in a large, well sustained and even style, with intonation almost faultless, admirable phrasing, and a freedom from all false ornament or claptrap. The frequent leaps from the lowest to the highest voice, which that Aria demands, were made with perfect certainty and without portamento, and all the florid passages beautifully finished. The dramatic declamation is impressive; yet she is not a particularly sympathetic or imaginative singer. Her style is that of Parepa-Rosa, of whom she reminds us in many ways. If a trifle cold and matter-of-fact, it was good, artistic, honest singing. Mr. Weber played the florid clarinet *obbligato* beautifully, as he always does what falls to his part in the orchestra. Mme. Cappiani gave fitting individuality to "The Violet," and to the more impassioned little "Ungeduld" by Schubert, the piano accompaniment being carefully and nicely played by Mr. G. W. Sumner. All her efforts were received with great applause; and we only regret that the good impression was injured at the last by the over-strained expression of the indifferent song she sang in English for an encore.

The second half (or afternoon) of the Symphony series begins on Thursday, Feb. 1, when the programme offers: Part I. Overture to "Medea," *Burgiel;* Scena from "Fidelio," sung by Miss Nita Gaetano; "Italian" Symphony, *Mendelssohn.*—Part II. Aria and Gigue from the orchestral Suite in D, by *Bach;* Songs with Piano; "Leonore" Overture, No. 3, *Beethoven.*

Mme. Madeline Schiller is to be the pianist of the eighth Concert (March 1.) Other Symphonies selected are the "Surprise" by Haydn; the second, in C, by *Raff*, never but once before given in Boston; and the "Cologne" Symphony, in E flat, by *Schumann.*

Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood's Piano Recitals. The "special attractions" of the third Recital, Monday, Jan. 8, appear in the following programme:—

Sonata for two pianos, Op. 53, D major.....Mozart
Allegro con spirito, Andante, Allegro molto.
Mrs. and Mr. Sherwood.
"Mignon".....Liszt
Miss Fanny Kellogg.
Sonata for piano and violin, Op. 8, F major, Edv. Grieg
Allegro con brio, Allegretto quasi Andantino, Allegro molto vivace.
Mrs. Sherwood and Ole Bull.
a Gigue, B-flat major.....Bach
b. "Song without Words," No. 27, E minor, Mendelssohn
c. Warum? (Why?) from "Phantasie Stücke," Op. 12, No. 3.....Schumann
d. Etude, Op. 10, No 4, C-sharp minor.....Chopin
Mr. Sherwood.
"Echo".....Taubert
Miss Fanny Kellogg.
a. "In der Nacht," from "Phantasie Stücke," Op. 12, No. 5.....Schumann
b. "Humoresken," Op. 6, Nos. 2, 3 and 4..Edv. Grieg
Mrs. Sherwood.
"L'heureux Retour," piano duet.Edgar H. Sherwood
Mrs and Mrs. Sherwood.
a. "Spinnerlied" from the "Flying Dutchman," Liszt-Wagner
b. "Isolden's Liebes-Tod," from "Tristan and Isolde." (By request).....Liszt-Wagner
Mr. Sherwood.

The special attraction, we suppose, was Ole Bull, who seemed strangely not at home in a concerted piece of classical form, although at home of course in its Norse spirit. In his reading he seemed ill at ease, in intonation often faulty, and in accent wilful and extravagant; so that we would not undertake to say whether we liked the work itself. There were admirers who recalled him eagerly, and would recall him anywhere at any time; who never seem to have enough of him, as if his music were a new and special dispensation, a revelation to *them* where all the other oracles are sealed. He responded with a rambling improvisation—so it seemed, although it may have been prepared,—beginning with one of those short passages of part-playing, in the rich low tones, and the parts moving somewhat contrapuntally, which we always thought one of his happiest arts; then came fantastic figures, contrasts, cadences, etc., in his usual way, until you seemed to recognize familiar features, vaguely, developing into the melody: *La ci darem*, which he proceeded to travesty in most preposterous fashion; this may be "genius," it is not Art, not beauty.

The opening number was to us the most edifying thing in the concert. That genial, real music of Mozart, which seems so simple and is so inimitable, was delightfully rendered, though the touch and feeling of Mrs. Sherwood seemed to us more Mozartish than her husband's, who is more of the new school. Of Liszt's "Mignon" we must say that it is almost the worst song of any pretention that we ever heard;—overstrained, unnatural, ugly, and in its sentiment too sick to justify expression. Can this be Goethe's Mignon? A creature so unchildlike, so sophisticated, so devoid of any native, true heart melody? Miss Fanny Kellogg has a fine voice, and seems to have great promise as a singer, which was better shown in Taubert's "Echo" song, of which she executes the birdlike passages with fluency and brightness; and she can render serious *Cantabile* with not a little beauty and true feeling; although there is a certain inequality and crudeness in her efforts, with certain mannerisms, which seem to be the result of frequent singing before not very cultivated audiences; how much the publics educate the singer, or performer in whatever art, and commonly how falsely! But we may hope good things of Miss Kellogg.

Mr. Sherwood played with his usual discrimination, certainty and vigor in the Bach Gigue; in the solemn march-like *Lied* of Mendelssohn; in Schumann's deep felt, earnest questioning of fate, "Warum?" which we think, however, should be played in connection with what goes before to make its meaning clearer; and especially effective was his rendering of the brilliant Chopin *Etude*. The virtuosity displayed in his performance of the two Liszt-Wagner transcriptions, especially that from "Tristan and Isolde," was prodigious; a remarkable feat that on the part of the arranger also, though we cannot learn to love such music. Mrs. Sherwood played very beautifully the No. 5 of the Schumann *Phantasie Stücke*, and the graceful *Humoresques* of Grieg. The piano duet: "L'heureux Retour" is a florid concert show-piece, clever in its way, such as might have been written for the Centennial piano competition at Philadelphia.

We must turn back to the second Recital only to record the good impression left on us by Mrs. Sherwood's really artistic rendering of that poetic and difficult Beethoven Sonata, Op. 101, of which she only lacked the man's force and fire for the quick march in the second movement; the fugued finale came out very clearly. Also to say how delightfully the Chopin Rondo for two pianos sounded; what fervor Mr. Osgood threw into the songs by Rubinstein: "Asra" and "Du bist wie eine Blume." That Liszt's arrangements, of his own "Tasso" for two pianos, and of "Isolden's Liebes-Tod" for two hands, (repeated in the last concert) were imposing, goes without saying,—as all the rest must go even without mention.

Vocal Clubs.

The first concert (sixth season) given by the Apollo to its friends, Tuesday evening, Jan. 2, placed this well selected and well trained body of now nearly one hundred singers in a brighter light than ever as an instance of what perfection may be reached, alike of technique and expression, in the execution of part-songs and choruses for mere male voices. For the most part, this time, it was the manner of presentation, more than the matter, that claimed attention. With the exception of the first and last piece (the noble double chorus from *Œdipus* by Mendelssohn, and Schumann's "Luck of Edenhall," founded on Uhland's ballad) part-songs made up the programme, which had the merit, too, of not exceeding reasonable length. These were: "The Tears," by Witt; Hatton's humorous conceit, "The Letter," very finely sung by a quartet of voices; "The love-struck Herring," by Schäffer, in which we found neither wit nor beauty; "On the Rhine," by Kücken (chorus with duet, tastefully and delicately sung by Dr. Bullard and Dr. Langmaid; "Evening," by Lachner,—a rich, subdued and lovely piece of harmony with fitting prelude

fitly played by Mr LANG, with a solo artistically sung by Mr. H M AIKEN, and with sweetest, finest blending of the chorus voices; a "Serenade," by Storch, in the tenor solo of which that steadily ripening artist, Mr. WM. J. WINCH, surpassed himself; a ringing "Rhine Wine Song," by Liszt, given with great spirit and effect; and "The Woodland Rose," by Fischer. In all these the choral execution was refined to well nigh almost nicety. If anything could make whole programmes of mere male part-songs ever fresh, such execution, or interpretation would But there are signs enough that one may weary even of perfection, and that a reaction has begun. The fresh laurels of "The Cecilia," the "mixed chorus" in which the Boylston Club is about to find its complement, etc., etc., promises sweets more inexhaustible.

"The Luck of Edenhall" interested us greatly, but we need to hear it more than once, and we lost the repetition of the Concert. It is a Cantata ballad of considerable length, with tenor and baritone solos choruses, and highly poetic and suggestive accompaniment and little snatches of symphony which the accomplished Director of the Club supplied on the pianoforte.

We must take another time to speak, in admiration and congratulation, of the very decided success of the re-organized CECILIA in its first concert,—the unexpected length of our New York letters leaving us no further space. But this will enable us to speak after a second hearing.

In and About New York.

NEW YORK, JAN. 15.—At the second Concert of the Philharmonic Society, Dec. 9, the programme was: Part 1. Symphony, No. 2, in C, Op. 61, *Schumann;* Concerto, No 2, in G minor, piano and orchestra, *Saint-Saëns*, (Mr. B. J. Lang). Part 2. Grand Scena, from the "Götter-dämmerung;" the fourth part of the "Ring des Nibelungen," by R. Wagner. *a.* Siegfried's Narrative. *b.* Siegfried's Death and Death Song. *c.* Marcia Funebre. Overture, "Leonora," No. 3, *Beethoven.*

Although the performance of the Philharmonic orchestra under the direction of Dr. Damrosch has been praised, by some of our critics, rather more than the merits of the performance seem to warrant, it cannot be denied that there has been much improvement under the new conductor. There is more clearness and precision of attack in the violins, and less of eccentricity on the part of the wind instruments than last season; and the performance of Schumann's great work, if not specially inspired, was not marred by any glaring inaccuracy.

Mr. Lang's performance of the Saint-Saëns Concerto was not even moderately successful.* He has not the mechanical force necessary to the rendering of this showy "piece de resistance," and beside this he had the disadvantage of playing *after* Mme Essipoff, whose performance of the same concerto at Steinway Hall, on the evening previous was a marvel of perfection.

The programme of Theo. Thomas's second Symphony Concert, Dec. 2, was as follows:

Overture, Scherzo and Finale, Op. 52.....Schumann
Vorspiel: "Götterdämmerung".....Wagner
Symphony, No. 4, in B flat.....Beethoven

Mme. Essipoff, after returning from Boston, gave one evening concert and one matinée. At the concert, Dec. 22, she played:

Kreisleriana.....Schumann
Nocturne, G major.....Rubinstein
Etude de Concert.....Liszt
Andante et Scherzo.....Mendelssohn
"Si oiseau j'etais,".....Henselt
Grande Valse Chromatique.....Leschetitzky

And at the matinée, Dec 23:—

Sonata, Op. 2, C major.....Beethoven
Sarabande and Passepied.....Bach
"Harmonious Blacksmith,".....Haendel
Le Rossignol,
"Au bord d'une source,"
Chant polonaise. } .....Liszt
Impromptu, Valse, and Etude.....Chopin

During the series of concerts which Mme Essipoff has given in this city, she has played from memory no fewer than ninety compositions, many of which are intricate and difficult works for piano and orchestra; and of these she seems to know the score as well as her own part. Her memory is not the least of her remarkable gifts; and it is said that her only preparation for a concert is in playing once through the pieces on the bill.

On Christmas evening the oratorio of the *Messiah* was performed at Steinway Hall by the Oratorio Society of New York under the direction of Dr. Damrosch.

At the first concert of the Brooklyn Philharmonic, Dec. 16, the following programme was presented:

Symphony, No. 7.....Beethoven
Dirge from "Götterdämmerung".....Wagner
"Invitation a la Valse".....Weber-Berlioz
Fantasia in C, (adaptation by Liszt).....Schubert
Polonaise in E.....Liszt

Mme. Madeline Schiller was the pianist. The programme also included songs of Schumann and some part-songs by the Swedish Quartet.

The third Symphony concert, by Theo. Thomas, Jan. 6, opened with the charming G minor Symphony of Mozart; which was followed by Gade's *Novellettes* for string orchestra, Op. 53, (new). This is divided as follows: 1. Andantino, Allegro vivace, Grazioso; 2. Scherzo, (Moderato); 3. Andantino con moto; 4. Allegro vivace. The impression produced by this work is favorable, and the effect of the masterly instrumentation of Gade was increased by the brilliant playing of the orchestra. Bargiel's overture to "Medea," Op. 22, ended the first part of the programme. Part second was entirely taken up by Schumann's Symphony in E flat, Op. 97, which took the hearers into quite another world of music. For those whose ears are opened what a lifting up of the spirit was there! How easily were they borne upon that swelling tide of harmony, far from the stormy night to summer and the seven mountains of the Rhine.

A. A. C.

* It certainly was much more than moderately successful here in Boston a year ago; can no good come out of Nazareth?—ED.

W. NEW BRIGHTON, STATEN ISLAND, N. Y., JAN. 13.—The second concert of the Philharmonic Society of Staten Island came off on Friday, the 5th inst, and was, in some respects, better, and in others less truly artistic than the last.

The soloists were Miss Emma Thursby, Madame Teresa Carreno-Sauret, and Monsieur Emile Sauret. Mr. Carl Hamm had the first violin in the quartet of stringed instruments, Mr. Gautzberg, the 2nd, while Mr. Risch played the viola, and Mr. Werner, the violoncello. The performance opened with the Schumann Quintet, op. 44, in E flat, and we have never heard it better played.

The first movement, "Allegro brillante," was fresh and sparkling; the melody always falling newly upon the ear, as each instrument took its share. Mme. Sauret appreciated the value of saving her powers, and gave her fellow workers a share of the triumph by accompanying them instead of being entirely the soloist of the piece. The stately chords of the "Marcia" in the second movement gave one a rest after the excitement of the Allegro; the "Scherzo" and "Molto Vivace" were as daintily and clearly cut, as though they had been chiselled. But the real artistic power of the musicians was shown in the last movement; those long reaches of scales, with octave chords in unexpected places, were no easy matter to accomplish well, and the instruments joined in with a precision and smoothness, delightful to listen to.

After the Quintet, Miss Thursby sang the "Batti, Batti" from *Don Giovanni.* We were informed by the programme that it was for the Soprano with violoncello obligato, and we looked forward with a thrill of real pleasure, knowing full well what a master of the instrument Mr Werner is, and with what taste and quick response he would perform his part. Instead of the violoncello alone, there was also a four-handed accompaniment on the piano, and these two gentlemen did their best to drown Miss Thursby's voice throughout. Had she been less of an artist than she is, she would have succumbed to that ponderous rendering, and the whole thing would have been ruined. She, however, rose to the occasion, and managed her delicious though not powerful voice, in such a way as to be heard in spite of every drawback. She has a beautiful method, has been well taught, and is exquisitely finished in style and roundness of tone.

The Nardini Sonata for violin, which followed, was played by Mr. Sauret. He is a young violinist of great promise and executed well, but there was a want of that tone and feeling, in his rendering, which only comes with experience. We have since heard that he played this piece against his wishes, which might perhaps account for its coldness. He was enthusiastically applauded, however, and as an encore, played a solo on the "Chi mi frena" of *Lucia.* There was a great deal of variation, the execution of which was even and clear, while the air was sustained in a really masterly way. This ended the first part of the concert.

After an intermission of eight or ten minutes Mozart's Quartet for stringed instruments in C, No. 18, was performed. The "Allegro moderato" went off capitally; it was delicate and fresh, the phrasing was good and the instruments kept well together. In the "Allegretto" movement, however, the 2nd violin turned a shade rough, uneven, and just a trifle false; they retarded the tempo and instead of following up the fresh, breezy daintiness of the first movement, the piece dragged a little from this point, through the Menuetto and Allegro movement.

Madame Sauret then played the Fantaisie on *Faust* by Liszt. Her style is generally clear, though florid, and sharply cut, and she has a marvellous amount of strength. In their performance, although she brought out the air grandly in the left hand, there were very evident signs of fatigue towards the end; she scrambled, and moved about a great deal, and there was neither the distinctness nor the artistic taste shown in the Schumann Quintet. The audience applauded immensely and brought her out again, when she played the *Berceuse* of Chopin. The technical difficulties were as nothing to her; the runs were beautifully finished; but it was hard. The cradle movement of five notes in the left hand was jerky and there was no "heart" or "singing" throughout that delicious cadence towards the end.

Miss Thursby sang an Air and Variations by Proch, which showed off her voice to great advantage. As a rule, variations are apt to be uneven and tedious; but Miss Thursby sustained the air perfectly and executed the variations in the most artistic manner. Her voice is not naturally very powerful, but it is so sweet and sympathetic as to leave nothing to be desired. For encores, she sang a Scotch ballad, which brought the tears into our eyes and showed great pathos and tenderness; and a Bird song (Taubert's, we believe). She sang this very carefully, and executed it well as far as technical difficulties went; but it was hard, and a trifle labored. The almost ventriloquistic effect of the Lind rendering of the famous Bird song was wanting, in the bird's trilling and distance.

Mr. Sauret played a *Caprice de Concert*, composed by himself, to his wife's accompaniment, on "American Airs," which proved to be "Old folks at home;" and which did not amount to very much, except as "padding" And the concert ended with a *Sicilienne* of Boccherini, which left a bad taste in our mouths, and which we could have wished unheard. Altogether, however, the concert was a success, and we have no doubt that each of the three yet to come will be more and more successful, as they are thoroughly enjoyable and instructive.

The last rehearsal for the third concert of the New York Philharmonic Society, which will take place to-morrow evening January 13, was given this afternoon at the Academy. The programme is an attractive one: Haydn's "Tempest," orchestra with chorus of the Oratorio Society of New York, given for the first time in America. The "Ruins of Athens" of Beethoven with the five movements: "Overture," "Duet for Soprano and Baritone," performed by Mrs. Emily Butman and Mr. Stoddard, "Chorus of Dervishes," which had so marvellous a swing to the rhythm that everybody kept time to it unconsciously; "Marcia alla Turca" and "Marcia Solenne."

Mrs Butman then sang a Romance by Berlioz, with the orchestra, (called Absence). Then followed the "Quintuor, Septuor and Chorus" from Berlioz's opera of the "Trojans.' Miss Emma Cranch, who sang the contralto parts, has a beautiful voice, flexible, strong and well trained; her method is good and her style severely classical; we were much delighted with it, and trust that she will be successful, and that we shall hear her often.

Mr. Bernard Bockelman performed the Beethoven fantaisie, op. 80, for pianoforte, soli, chorus and orchestra. But the event of the concert was the "Ländliche Hochzeit" (Country Wedding) of Goldmark, which was intended to be given at the first concert but which did not arrive in time. It is a Symphony in five movements, light and delicious, sparkling and bright, and very Schumannesque in style. The first movement is the "Wedding March," which for the first two bars reminds one of the March in *Zampa*, and then changes. The air is begun by the violoncellos, then taken up consecutively by the bass viols, trumpets, flutes and oboes, piccolo flutes, and first and second violins. The *Intermezzo* is a most delicious Bridal song. The third movement, a *Scherzo*, is the Serenade; then follows an *Andante* called, "In the Garden," which *in time* has the effect of Schumann's "Warum," and there is a flavor of the Garden scene in *Faust.* In the last movement "The Dance," there is in the middle a most artistic introduction for a few bars of the delicious Garden melody and again you hear the peasants dancing and the church bells ringing.

The orchestra of the Philharmonic has improved greatly under the new leader, Dr. Damrosch, who is a very particular director, but who inspires his orchestra with something of his own musical fire and taste. During the latter part of poor Bergmann's life, the tone of the Philharmonic ran down, and it was the fashion to condemn the society and to praise the Thomas orchestra. The latter is undoubtedly in excellent training and plays admira-

bly; all music lovers must be grateful to Mr. Thomas for all he has done for Music in New York, and should encourage him as he nobly deserves. But let us not forget the man, who, when Thomas was not, raised up this Philharmonic society in New York, when music was at a very low ebb in that city, and kept it for twenty years in a successful condition. He had his faults, certainly, and they were grave ones, but let us give him that "Charity, which suffereth long and is kind," and long may the Philharmonic continue to cover his memory with glory!

BUILDING BETTER THAN THEY KNEW. Mr. Eugene Thayer, the organist, makes the following suggestion:

To the Editor of the Transcript: Allow me to make a suggestion for the benefit of Boston humanity. The new temple for the use of Moody and Sankey will soon be completed, used and then, following the fate of the Jubilee buildings, be demolished. Now, after the evangelists have done their work, why cannot some of our choral societies—the Handel and Haydn and some others—do a work which has never been done in our famous musical city? Why can they not give a series of oratorio performances, say ten or more, for the benefit of the great mass of people who have never yet been able to listen to the inspired creations of the glorious old masters? Let the admission not exceed fifty cents (twenty-five would be better) so that any and all may go. I believe that not only a good and great work would be done, but that it would bring a handsome pecuniary return to those who should undertake it. The Handel and Haydn could easily give, a half dozen times each, "The Messiah," "Elijah" and "Judas Maccabeus" at short notice and with little or no expense of time or money. Do speak a word, Mr. Editor, that this opportunity for educating, comforting and uplifting of our common people be not lost. If any service of mine can be of value it shall be given gladly to the extent of my strength and ability. I offer the suggestion most respectfully for the earnest consideration of the choral societies of Boston.

Music for the People.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOSTON COURIER:—

In your extract from the *Herald* of my letter which first appeared in the *Transcript*, regarding the after-use of the Moody Temple, you unintentionally misinterpret my suggestion. Permit me a further word in behalf of the masses of Boston. You say that my plan "is all very well on paper, but, practical though it may be, it is not practicable," and ask the question: "When are these dozen oratorios to be rehearsed?" Now I said let there be given at least a dozen oratorio *performances*, not a dozen different oratorios. In fact, I would not have so many if I could. I would like, for instance, to see *The Messiah* alone given one, two or five dozen times until everybody (that's the word) in Boston who had the slightest wish to hear great choral music could hear this masterwork at least once. After that might come *Elijah*, *St. Paul*, *Hymn of Praise* or even *Israel in Egypt* and the *Passion Music*. Now, nearly or quite all of these the Handel and Haydn Society have ready at a moment's notice. If not all of the above mentioned, they could at least give the people the great works they will produce at their Triennial Festival in May without an hour's extra rehearsal. So, thus understood, pardon me if I say that it *is* practicable in the highest degree. No one society of course could sing every evening without overworking the singers. On alternate evenings let some other vocal societies give this or any other good and great music. Or, why not have the Harvard Musical Association give the people—the common people—some Beethoven symphonies and other great orchestral music? A quarter of a million of them are here who never heard these great reverberations of the human heart—its joys and sorrows—its trials and victories. This association, incorporated professedly for the upbuilding and upholding of all that is best and greatest in musical art, would not only do a noble work but make some money; two things in which they have not made any colossal progress in so far. I hope to be forgiven if my suggestions are impertinent, or if they are too plebeian for these high-toned and aristocratic musical corporations. If they shall be so considered, they have only to remember that no good deeds can live in the minds or memories of men unless they are done for Mankind—for our common humanity. As my humble offering on the altar, and as an earnest of my words (if there be an organ of sufficient size in the place, or if any organ-builder in America will put one there for two months), I will give my services for at least twenty-five organ recitals of all the good and great music I can lay hands to,—and this with tickets at just one hundred cents less than a dollar. That is, FREE TO ALL PEOPLE, rich and poor, black and white, high and low, who will come and listen to the King of Instruments, the one chosen of the Lord and his people. Again I say, it *is* practicable to give the hard-toiling masses these heaven-inspired creations of music. And they shall be lifted up and strengthened, be cheered and comforted, be made wiser and better, and go forth with songs of goodness and mercy in their hearts, thanking the King of Kings for the blessing and ever blessed gift of music. Pardon me for so many words: I have only the people's welfare at heart.

EUGENE THAYER.

January 8, 1877.

PHILADELPHIA. On Saturday evening Mr. Charles H. Jarvis gave his second classical soirée at Natatorium Hall, and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather it was well attended. The concert opened with a Mozart Trio, the one in E flat, for piano, viola and clarinet, and was effectively rendered. Mr. H. Schneider, the performer on the clarinet, did not appear to the same advantage as in the Weber Duo, where his execution was very spirited and showed a thorough acquaintance with his instrument. Mr. Jarvis gave the fantastic Schumann Toccata, op. 8, with vigor, and six of Mendelssohn's songs without words, performing them exquisitely. He also played the "Sonata Appassionata," of Beethoven, and in this work Mr. Jarvis's conception was very fine, his technical mastery seemed complete—just that expressive phrasing, light, shade, fire, force and delicacy were present when required; while the nerve and brilliancy of his playing were remarkable. Philadelphia is hardly aware that she possesses so finished an artist as Mr. Jarvis.—*Evening Bulletin.*

A Dictionary of Musical Terms. Edited by J. Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc., and W. A. Barrett, Mus. Bac. (Novello, Ewer & Co., London; O. Ditson & Co., Boston.)

Although small works explanatory of the various technical terms in music, of the qualities of voice and of instruments, exist, a comprehensive dictionary of theoretical and scientific phraseology, which should combine with that, as many collections by foreign authors do, bibliographical and biographical information, was wanting in this country. To a great extent, the authors of the volume of 'Musical Terms' have supplied the deficiency. Their work, if it does not extend to the proportions of those of the German, Italian, and French compilers, especially of the 'Conversations-Lexikon,' left unfinished by the late Hermann Mendel, is a most valuable contribution to our musical literature. Dr. Stainer, who is the organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, and Mr. W. A. Barrett, who is a member of the St. Paul's Choir, and author of 'The Chorister's Guide,' have been too modest in the title they have given to their book, which extends far beyond a simple vocabulary of "Musical Terms." The writers have treated almost every subject connected with music practically as well as theoretically; and in order to render their dictionary not only a book of ready reference, but also a key for the student who wishes to use the vast resources of the Musical Library in our British Museum, they have enlisted the co-operation of mathematicians as well as musicians, of historical writers as well as of instrument-makers. Thus the articles on Duodene, or the Relations of Harmony, Modulation, and Pitch, by Mr. A. J. Ellis, F.R.S.; on Temperament, by Mr. Bosanquet, M.A.; on Acoustics, by Mr. Donkin; on Church Music, by the Rev. T. Elmore and Mr. W. H. Monk; on Nomenclature, by Prof. Hullah; on Licensing and Copyright, by Mr. J. Bulley, M.A.; on Tuning-Forks and Pitch, by Mr. A. J. Hipkins; besides able contributions from other sources, show the care and conscientiousness of the compilers. It will be naturally supposed that, owing to the belligerent tendencies of musicians, the most morbidly sensitive and quarrelsome of all professional races, the definitions of the essential elements of music, melody, harmony, and form, will not find universal acceptance; but that the dissenting section of composers will approve of all the explanations offered it is hopeless to expect. When, for instance, a reader is told that "Melody is an agreeable succession of simple sounds, produced by a single voice or instrument, and so regulated as to give a pleasing effect or to be expressed by some kind of sentiment," it may be said that this is a mere platitude. The masterminds of music, including, of course, Herr Wagner, despite the 'Nibelungen,' have pronounced Melody to be the poetry of tones; it is certainly not easy to make a poet, and it is still more difficult to make an original melodist. It is very natural that the two editors should state their own theories in definitions, and it is not here that a controversy should be provoked by disputing the accuracy of their opinions. If teachers or students find any cause to dispute the interpretations, they can easily refer to the elaborate treatises which exist. It is the general character and tone of the volume that concerns general amateurs, who, at a little cost of time, can obtain from this volume information on theoretical and scientific subjects without having to wade through complex works. The Dictionary displays careful research generally, and it is also imbued with an impartial spirit, which goes far to beget confidence in the writers. The book is illustrated with diagrams of instrumental workmanship, and is printed in very large and clear type.—*Athenæum.*

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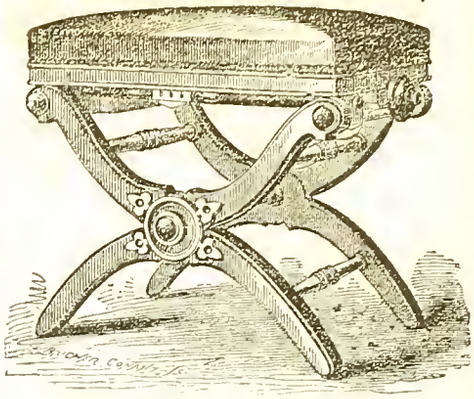

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WHOLE No. 934. BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 3, 1877. VOL. XXXVI. No. 22.

An Incantation.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

Written for the Annual Dinner of the Harvard Musical Association, Jan. 22, 1877.

Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnin.—Virg. Ecl. VIII.

At midnight, near the Music Hall, I walked—
Or slid—beneath a wintry moon that shone
On white deserted streets, and heard, methought,
Strange voices gathering in the freezing air—
So stopped and listened; when a noise confused
Fell on my ear, as of orchestral din
Before a concert, when each player sports
His little private scale of melody
All by himself. But soon rose clearer notes
From out the uncertain discord; and I saw
A group of witches round a cauldron huge—
Not wild and withered like Macbeth's—but fair,
As though they might be Muses. Round about
The cauldron hand in hand they paced—then sang:

Fill the cauldron—light the fire,
Pour the ingredients higher, higher,
Though it cost us toil and trouble,
Stir them till they foam and bubble!

Throw in themes of solemn measure,
Moving us to tender pleasure;
Grave Adagios, scherzo-fancies,
Marches, minuets and dances,
Fugues and tripping Allegrettos,
Groaning basses, shrill falsettos,
Chords and rests and modulations,
Soothing airs and intonations.
Stir them well, and add the savor
Of an inspiration's flavor.

Come, ye generous rich subscribers,
Musical in all your fibres—
Pay your money, take your stations;
Players, singers of all nations,
Come, and join our incantations!

From all monster-concert blunders—
Guns and gongs and Gilmore thunders—
From all Lydian strains of Verdi's
Operatic hurdy-gurdies—
From the popular Rossini
And the sorrowing sweet Bellini,
And the rest who end in "mi,"
(Not however Cherubini)
May the Muses, who attend us
In our concerts, here defend us!

May no Wagner e'er torment us
With his Nibelung portentous;
May no Liszt enlist your leaders
Listless lost 'mid young seceders;
May no Raff or riff-raff bore us
With their weird demonic chorus.
Though some bold *un*-doubting Thomas
Lure our ticket-buyers from us,
Keep the programmes pure and sunny,
Classic as Hyblæan honey,
Though it cost you time and money.
Clear the mixture from sensation
Of new fangled orchestration,
True to that authentic standard
Whence some heretics have wandered.
Stir it—skimming froth and bubble,
'Twill repay us for the trouble.

From old Europe's homes ancestral
Bring the best of skill orchestral;
From the New World singers, players—
Bring them on in squads and layers.
Viols, violins and 'cellos—
Horns, and all you brassy fellows—
Come from out your coffin-cases!
Trumpets, flutes and double-basses.
Haut-boys, clarinets, fagottos,
Come from closet-shelves and grottoes!
Kettle-drums with thunder toiling
Add, to keep our kettle boiling;
Let there be no crude distortion;
Mix them well in due proportion,
Fill the Hall with Boston nobbies;
Light the gas, and clear the lobbies;
Let there be no empty spaces;
Band, and leader—take your places!
Grave bassoons preluding stutter—
Reedy pipes cadenzas utter—
Warble flutes, and sax-horns mutter;
Double-basses growl and mumble;
Fiddles squeak, and 'Cellos grumble!
Stir the broth, and pour it steady;
Take your seats; —the concert's ready.

We weird sisters at our station
Still intone our incantation:
Double, double, toil and trouble!
Make the Music boil and bubble!
Though the score be hard and harder,
Music is its own rewarder;
Art alone be your endeavor,
Art is Labor's joy forever!

Come then, elves and fairies tripping,
Slowly gliding, swiftly skipping;
Sprites of grottoes, woods and mountains,
Sunlit streams and moonlit fountains!
Come, ye thunder storm-Bestriders!
Come, ye wild Walpurgis-Riders!
Powers of earth and air and ocean,
Set the according strains in motion.
As ye may, come mingle, mingle,
Till our souls and senses tingle.

Come ye Masters and Enchanters!
Ye are wine, and we decanters;
Of our best ye are the mixers,
Fill us up with life's elixirs!
Come old Bach with fugues ascending,
Still beginning, never ending;
Come thou soul of great Beethoven
With thy harmonies inwoven;*
Handel with thy sacred chorus,
Cheerful Haydn, hover o'er us;
Come, Mozart melodious, tender;
Mendelssohn, of joy the sender;
Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, Weber—
And all ye whose joyous labor
Has with Music's blessings crowned us,
Scattering rich delights around us—
Come, and tune our festive pleasure
To a consecrated measure.

Ye who, led by Music, gather
Here in spite of wintry weather,
May Apollo grant, propitious,
All success our friends may wish us.

May this good Association
Keep an elevated station,
Friendly stand in each relation,
'Scape the censures of the 'Nation'—
Or whatever other paper
Holds aloft its critic-taper.

Now by all good sprites attended,
By harmonious powers befriended,
Go ye hence—in friendship blended.
Sisters—cease—the charm is ended!

* I may state that this rhyme was written long before I had seen Dr. Holmes's poem in the *Atlantic*.

The Rise of Opera.

I.

It is noteworthy that it was only after the decay of painting and sculpture that the art of music rose into full importance. But music had in some form or other existed from the earliest ages. Without doubt the Greeks and Romans had their musical era. That of Rome ended with Nero, himself a would-be-musician and performer. The Greeks cultivated music thoroughly, and considered it an art of great dignity: but it was among the higher classes alone that the taste prevailed, and they seem to have recognized in some degree its importance as a moral agent—an importance too little maintained and less understood. Of ancient Greek music a few fragments alone have come down to us, and we are not sure that we have properly interpreted these even—nevertheless they form the basis of the church music of the middle ages.

Some writers think that the opera has been derived from the tragedies of classic times. We see, in the recitative, a copy of the musical declamations of these plays, and they consider a chorus of the modern opera exactly similar in function to the chorus of the ancient Greeks. But ages before the rise of the opera, the full understanding of the ancient tragedy as a theatre-piece had been lost, the mode of putting it on the stage, the importance of the actor, and the amount of musical aid given,—all these were unknown. Far more likely is it that the opera was a gradual development of those strange mystery and morality-plays, which existed among all nations in the dark ages, the precise origin of which cannot be traced, as they were probably the expression of the natural love of man for spectacle, for show, for mimicry and impersonation.

The opera began in Florence towards the end of the 16th century, some say with "Il Satiro" of CAVALIERE (about 1590), others with the "Dafne," of J. PERI (1597). "Orfeo" was the first opera published. This was by MONTEVERDE (1617, at the court of Mantua), a bold adventure in the hitherto untrodden domain of harmony. Peri and Cavaliere had their operas accompanied by orchestra, and both the orchestral and vocal parts were by them increased by the introduction of preludes, interludes, and ensemble pieces for the singers. Monteverde did more. He much improved the orchestra, introduced new instruments, and anticipated in some degree the principles of instrumentation now adopted, that all the instruments in the orchestra should not play at one time, but should be brought in, in different combinations; their united force being reserved for some particular occasion.

The first public performance, in a regular manner, of a musical piece was in 1637, when "Andromeda," written by F. MARCELLO, was put on the stage. Next year appeared "La Maga fulminata" and between 1641 and 1649 thirty different operas, by different composers, saw the light. The last of this series was the "Orontea" of M. CESTI, which was played at Venice, and which lived forty years. This city took the lead in musical performances, and from 1637 on for three-quarters of a century, three hundred and fifty operas were given there. The "Berenice" of D. FUSCHI, given at Padua in 1680, may be be taken among these as a specimen of the wonderful spectacular effects which then were produced on the stage. In this piece there were choruses of 100 virgins, of 100 soldiers, of 100 horsemen; 40 cornet players, 6 trumpeters, 6 drummers, 6 players on great flutes, 6 on octave flutes helped to make what must have been but a din; 6 pages, 3 serjeants, 6 cymbalists, 12 huntsmen, 12 grooms, 16 coachmen, were among the actors; there was a triumphal car, drawn by four horses, 6 other cars, 6 coaches, 2 elephants, 2 lions; the scenery was splendid; at one time the stage was transformed into a stable, containing 100 live horses, then again into a forest, with every beast of chase, then into a grand allegorical representation, in which an enormous globe descended from the sky.

A. STRADELLA, a Neapolitan, wrote oratori-

os and an opera, called "La forza dell'amor paterno," which was to be performed at Genoa, but the composer met with an untimely death there in 1670. CAVALLI may also be styled one of the fathers of the Italian opera. In his first work of this kind, "Giasmo," he introduced arias, and modulation, or change of key to represent change of feeling. SCARLATTI (1650—1761) wrote about 112 operas. The libretto was then formed to suit the music, and consequently it was very dull and absurd. Poetry and music must be allied; if not, they both forget their high artistic aims. Scarlatti's son and grandson were also musicians and composers. A. CALDERA passed his life in the imperial service, and died at the seat of the empire in 1763, where also his last opera, "Achille in Seno" was performed. These were the principal composers of that day. It no longer became imperative that subjects should be chosen from mythology; men and women came on the stage, and spoke as men and women: the whole thing gradually became more rational and more artistic, and those who helped more than others were Scarlatti and Caldera by abolishing fugues, canons, and contrapuntal contrivances, and Zeno and Metastasio by linking with dramatic music true poetry.

The Italian opera then was, according to common ideas, a story told by numerous songs, set to beautiful airs and intended to vindicate the emotional against the merely scientific side of music. It was divided into opera seria, sacra, and buffa. Of the sacra or the oratorio, we have nothing to do here.

Now to turn to Germany. Operas, it is said, were performed in this country early in the seventeenth century, but all traces of these have been lost. About 1630, Martin OPITZ translated the "Dafne" of RINUCCI, and it was performed at Dresden. He was called the Father of German drama. About twenty years afterwards, the time of the Emperor Leopold, music and foreign artists were patronized at Court, and it was in 1678 that the first opera was publicly represented. This was THIELE's "Adam and Eve," at Hamburg. About twenty-eight years afterwards, KEISER composed for the same theatre. His day was splendid, but short-lived; he wrote 118 operas, and kept an undisputed popularity for forty years. His originality was great, but the state of the German stage was not high and required the total reformation which Metastasio brought with him when he came to pass all his life at Vienna.

In France, the opera was also derived from Italy, through the works of Rinucci (1577). About half a century afterwards Cardinal Mazarin brought over an Italian company, who played "La finta pazza," of STROZZI, and a musical theatre was established in Paris (1655). But French ballets were the fashion, and by these LULLI first made his name: and then, assisted by QUINAULT, he ventured on the opera, which made his fame. "Proserpine," "Phaëton," "Amadis," "Roland," are some of the works for which Lulli got all the renown, and poor Quinault but little credit. Finally the friends quarrelled, and Quinault retired to atone by a devout life for his past sins. Lulli's best opera is "Armide" (1686). It did not at first meet with success, but later on, by one of those capricious turns of popular favor, it rapidly became the "rage." The libretto of it was afterwards reset by Rameau, and again, more recently still, Marthe le Rochois, one of these singular instances of success not being intoxicating, was Lulli's principal singer. La Maupin also came out in Lulli's pieces. "Psyche," and "Acis and Galatea," were others of his works. "Achille and Polyeuxes" were at his death finished by another. Though Lulli was an Italian, he formed a style entirely for himself. His airs were easy and natural, but his recitatives pleased his adopted countrymen more. Voltaire considered them inimitable. His music is very rare. Purcell did "not disdain to imitate the compositions of the favorite of Louis le Grand," and Handel is said to have copied Lulli's style in his overtures. Certain it is that Lulli made great improvements in the form and style of this part of the opera performance.

At his death, the operatic company was carried on by COLASSE, DESTOUCHES, and CAMPEA, assisted in the libretti by Fontenelle, Danchet, La Fontaine. Of all this music little now remains, though it held its sway till the middle of the last century, when it was displaced by RAMEAU. This great theorist and composer was born in 1683. He reached the age of fifty before he composed his first opera, "Hippolite et Aricie," and gained possession of the French stage. Nevertheless, when in 1752 an Italian company came to Paris, it met with some success, and made some sensation, playing "La serva padrona," of Pergolesi. This rival company caused a great paper war; Rousseau took up the cudgels for the Italian school, saying the French language was so unmusical, that it was incapable of being used on the operatic stage—(he himself composed an opera, "Le Devin du Village," a little, simple, melodious piece, which is still performed in France!). The Chevalier de Murky's pamphlet was the principal one on the other side. The King and Queen took sides, and openly espoused the different schools. The partisans of the Italians sat on one side of the theatre, and were called "Coin de la Reine;" the French party sat on the opposite side, and styled themselves "Coin du Roi." The departure of this foreign company was celebrated by the performance of Rameau's *chef d'œuvre*, "Castor et Pollux." Rameau was considered to have begun a new era in music, but his system is now thought false, and his works are forgotten, even in France. Though the foreigners themselves had gone, they left many supporters in Paris, and for years sent over composers to settle them, so that the rivalry became as it were a national one, and continued fiercely. A native contemporary composer of Rameau's, MENDENVILLE, when he was going to bring out his "Titan et Aurore," had to call in the support and protection of the powerful Pompadour. His chief work was "Daphnis et Alcimadure;" it was written in the patois of Languedoc, a dialect much fitted to music. DUNI (a successful rival to Pergolesi at Rome) now arrived to support the Italian Theatre. His first work was "Le peintre amoureux:" then, after some years, he wrote "L'ecole de la jeunesse," one of the first specimens of the "Opera à ariettes," such as our own ballad-opera. The best writer of this style was FAVART (1710—1792), who wrote many comic operas. It will be sufficient to mention the names merely of Ledaine, Monsigny, and Philidor, as writers of these pretty light operas, but GRETRY (1741—1792) deserves a larger notice. Leader of the Italian school in France, he became, after an early and well-nigh quenching struggle, very popular. Marmontel, Ledaine, D'Hele, an Englishman, wrote for him. "Lucile Le Huron," "Le tableau parlant," "Zémire et Azore," were his successful comic pieces; his tragedies of "Andomaque," and "Céphale et Procris," did not take. "Zemire et Azore," and "Richard Cœur de Lion," were afterwards successfully adapted to the English stage. His works were produced in regular succession down to the year 1797. His last was "Anacreon." We shall now see that the French are indebted for their present excellent school to the compositions of Italians and Germans. J. S.

—*Lond. Mus. Standard.*

Three Opinions.

(From Brainard's Musical World, Cleveland, Ohio.)

Our musical progress is a subject of interest to all lovers of art and country. Much has been said about it, and men, naturally enough, do differ in their opinions. Much might be said in regard to our future progress; comparisons might be made between us and other nationalities; but this is not the object of this article. Mr. Ritter will give this topic his attention in the third volume of his history.

Our object, now, is simply to give the opinions of different individuals concerning our present musical status. Let us first learn what men abroad say of us, and then let us also hear the words of one, who has, as it were, seen our musical structure grow, who has helped to build it, and who has, since 1845, been identified with musical journalism.

The New York *Tribune* staff correspondent who attended Wagner's festival, at Bayreuth, had the pleasure of meeting Liszt. Of course, the conversation soon turned upon America and the progress of musical art in our country. The reporter informed Liszt of the fact, that the new "German School" was making rapid progress in these United States, and that special attention was being paid to Liszt's and Wagner's works. When mention was made of Thomas and his orchestra, it was found that Liszt was well acquainted with Thomas's doings. (We suspected so!) Dudley Buck's programme to Liszt's Dante Symphony was also mentioned, and after learning as to how the Symphony was performed, Liszt expressed himself gratified, saying, "*but we are not so far advanced yet in Germany; you do more than we dare attempt. The explanatory programme too!*" The writer reports that Liszt showed his gratification with the frankness of a child.

The same reporter also met a number of musical conductors, and found that they too had heard of Thomas, (and why should they not?) He showed them five or six programmes of Thomas's concerts in Central Park Garden, and, says the reporter, "*You* would have been surprised at the astonishment with which they were read." "And pray," said the leader of an orchestra in an important city, "how often did Thomas give these concerts? As often as once a week?" When he was informed that these concerts were given every night, they all agreed that in some respects America was far in advance of Germany.

But then, just about the time when the *Tribune* report reached us, we also received a copy of the *Vienna Theatre Journal*, in which we found a report written by Mr. Bonawitz, formerly of Philadelphia, but now residing at the Austrian capital. In this report, our musical status is also the subject under consideration, and from the differences of opinions, we may learn, at least, how men may differ and for all mean it well with their country and the truth. No matter what conclusions we may arrive at, after comparing these reports from abroad, it is to be hoped, that these very different views of two intelligent men will cause us to study ourselves more thoroughly.

We can only give Bonawitz's ideas, the republication of the entire article would make ours too lengthy. He starts out by saying, that Boston is the principal musical city of these United States, and that in a measure she deserves this honor. He further says, that men have lived there for years, who meant it honestly with classic music, who spared no pains, nor considered any labor too great, to make it known among the people. Bonawitz relates an instance which is worth repeating. Some thirty years ago, he says, a German, by the name of Schmitt, made the first attempt at playing in a concert a Beethoven Symphony with an orchestra. But the day following, he (Schmitt), was dismissed from his position as conductor. The cause was this: In the rehearsal he took the tempi as slow as his musicians then could stand them, and thus it came, that the first part of the 5th Symphony was performed in Andantino time. In the concert, however, he, the rash leader, dared to start in Allegretto time, and, to his surprise, neither the musicians nor the audience liked the Symphony in that hurried time, in consequence of which he was unceremoniously dismissed. Bonawitz considers the fact, that Bostonians worked themselves up to the Allegro con brio, a sure indication of an earnest striving. The writer also mentions the fact, that Boston is the city in which Puritanism flourishes most, and that the musical performances, therefore, are mainly of a religious character. (!) But, nevertheless, he continues, there it was where Strauss and his waltzes met with most remarkable results. Bonawitz now applies the knife, and says, that all American music life ends in Boston. Nowhere else is a trace to be found of that love for music, which Bostonians cherish for the art. Experiments with, and attempts at the performance of classic music have been made here and there, but they do not survive. The concertist who provides a Symphonic part, or an overture in the first part of his programme, must

offer potpourries and waltzes in the second as an apology for such rash attempts. The writer also praises Thomas, and says, it is fortunate for America that this conductor, in order to sustain his orchestra, is obliged to travel, else the little love for good music which does exist, would have died out. It is to be deplored, he continues, that Americans lack that solid basis for a musical education, which is necessary, in order to understand those compositions, which Thomas's orchestra performs, as well as to comprehend their object.

Among a thousand music teachers, nine hundred and ninety-nine, he asserts, use nothing but dance music with their pupils, or at farthest they use Goria, Ascher, etc. Clementi or Mozart is seldom heard, and, says the writer, with such culture there is talk of interest in, and comprehension of music!

Bonawitz, however, makes a few *noble* exceptions. He mentions names of teachers in larger cities, who mean it well with art. These few, however, he claims, cannot stem the tide. Many years will yet have to pass, says B., until every large city will have its permanent orchestra.

So much of Bonawitz! In an article, entitled "*Musical Materialism*," written by Mr. John S. Dwight, and published in his *Journal* of June 26, 1875, he, also, touches upon the subject of our musical status. It will, no doubt, be of interest to our readers to hear what a writer like Mr. Dwight has to say. Once, he remarks, we loved fine music, now we seem to care more about the way in which it is presented. Once we were thankful to get at the soul and meaning of a noble composition, through whatever means of most inadequate performance, by slow degrees, striving to meet the intention half way, thus exercising our own brain, and spelling out as it were, the divine word from an obscure and faded copy with a perseverance pretty sure to be rewarded with an undying love of the ideal treasure, when we had once reached it. We of the past generation owe all our love of Beethoven to the repetition year after year of—not indifferent, for they were hearty—but of quite imperfect performances. Nor could the most technically perfect rendering of a Symphony by an ideal orchestra, say that of Thomas, add one iota to the love and feeling for it in which these persons had grown up before. Nay, many of them loved those Symphonies too well,—not to be able to convict Thomas's renderings, in spite of all their wonderful precision, their searching accent, their euphonious blending of pure tone qualities, their light and shade, their exquisite elegance of finish,—of frequent perversions of the spirit, tempo and intention of their movements. A photograph, says Mr. Dwight, may be wonderfully fine as such, and yet produce the dear face as we never wish to see it. The writer evidently puts the whole in a nutshell when he says that in Music, as in all arts, the moment *the manner*, the execution, comes to be thought of more account than the *matter*, than the composition, the ideal contents of the work—the rendering than the programme—(and that we are guilty of this fault, Mr. D. plainly intimates.) *that moment*, he says, *we are making progress in the decadence of art.*

Here we have three opinions, each differing from the other. The first is, that we are pronounced to be in advance of Germany; the second that we are yet like babes, and lack that basis of education, which makes us a musical people; and the third, that we are degenerating. The first writer, of course, had the advantage of showing programmes, and the advantage of speaking to people who could judge only by these. Concert programmes are, however, only an evidence of what has been performed, and not of what has been comprehended or appreciated by the masses. Thomas's programmes are as near faultless as programmes can probably be made; and that New Yorkers, as well as the thousands who visited his concerts in other cities, went to hear his music, does not prove that they comprehend it. Yet it shows an unmistakable desire on the part of our people to be instructed, a determination to hear *the best*, so as to form correct and pure taste. To be anxious to learn, is the first step towards learning, though we do not wish to say, that where there is a desire to learn, there must necessarily be also success in learning. Of course, no one would doubt Bonawitz's sincerity, nor would we question the truthfulness and sincerity of the *Tribune* reporter, when we say that the virtue of patriotism, which we very much admire, often leads men to see their country as they wish it to be, just as he, whose heart lacks those noble impulses, fails to see the good of his fellow-citizens. We are glad to see the reporter of the able New York journal erring, if he does err, on the side of patriotism, and if we differ with him as to what our status now is, we will not be found to differ when it comes to expression of hopes for our future progress, and well wishes to our growth in all that will make a people good and noble. And here we leave our Reporter.

Mr. Bonawitz says much that is true, and much in which we cannot agree with him. He is right, when he says, that Boston is our musical capital, and that for many years men have lived there who meant it honestly with art. He is also correct in saying that men, teachers with correct taste and earnest zeal, live in other cities. But when he asserts, that musical life ends with Boston, when he charges that out of a thousand teachers, nine hundred and ninety-nine use but dance music, that those who aspire higher, will only rise to the use of Goria's and Asher's music, that Mozart and Clementi are not used, etc.,—then he is too severe on his country. We do not attribute this to a lack of patriotism, but rather to those high art views which our friend Henry entertains, and with which he measures everything, together with the fact, that while he lived in this country he had but limited means of gathering information, although we know that he will deny this. We receive, year in year out, programmes of concerts and recitals given in conservatories, in seminaries, even in smaller towns, which prove that Mr. Bonawitz underrates our progress. Doubtless there is a terrible amount of ignorance prevailing among teachers of music, but we know, also, that there are teachers in smaller towns, and we could name some of them, who have for years made honest efforts to raise their pupils to a higher grade of music. As editor, we have ample opportunity of judging of the doings of teachers, and while by far the majority use poor music, the proportions are not as alarming as Mr. Bonawitz gives them.

If Mr. Dwight is correct, then we are, in a sense, upon the downward course. In this we do not agree with him; we go further, and say, that as a people, we have not yet reached the zenith of our musical growth. We do not know the editor of the *Journal*, but we regard highly what he has done for the cause of music, and would not dare to differ with him, except with the assurance of respect, which is due to one, who has done as much for the refinement and culture of his country as he has.

If we do read right, between the lines of his article, we believe much of that feeling displays itself, which pioneers cherish against modern improvements; or in another comparison, we think we can read those objections, which old christians often make against the modern temple, with its fine pews and windows rich carpeting and pulpit, organ and chandelier, simply because they themselves became converted, and worshipped God honestly and sincerely in the old log church, and because they fear that the love for truth, for God and religion, will be no longer as pure, as unselfish, and as humble as it once was.

Such feelings and suspicions are not always unjust. Modern civilization, is not always calculated to strengthen men's characters, nor to refine their heart's emotions. *Modern civilization is not favorable to art progress*, says Wagner. Of course no one would suspect that Mr. Dwight would return to the time, when Schmitt made his rash attempt at taking the first part of the fifth Symphony in Allegretto time, but we can understand how, some thirty or more years ago, the noble few, (and the enthusiastic lovers of music—Dwight among them,) diligently searched for the truth in music, how they found it and cherished it, and how, for many years they were the prime movers in all that was good in the direction of musical advancement. *They* were the priests, who had entered the inner temple, and, no doubt, they were sincere when they regarded themselves as *the* servants elect of Apollo, and as the keepers of the truth. [?] We can also imagine the feelings of those priests, when they see in these latter days, how the masses rush into the Sanctuary, many of them acting and speaking, as if they had no regard for it, while still others fail to recognize the fact, that these men have for years guarded and garnished the temple, offering up incense silently and sacredly, while yet the masses without, worshipped the golden calf. It cannot be denied, that there are *many* among the masses, that have of late pressed their way into the temple, who have neither love for, nor conception of the truth itself—who are yet in darkness. It is, therefore, but natural, that these aged priests should tremble for the future. But then there are, no doubt, also those who are drinking in the word, and there is hope, that the good work will continue, until the masses, as far as their education will allow them, shall have learned the truth. Music is designed for the masses, it belongs to the masses, it is one of the principal means outside of Christianity, to refine the masses, and we are glad that the gospel of music is preached by Thomas, in a manner that leaves nothing to wish for. Surely, it is better that the Gospel should be offered to the people in its most attractive and effective form, rather than in a defective manner, forcing the people to spell it out for themselves. We fear that not many would take that trouble.

We well remember what music and musical art was in this country, only 22 years ago, and rejoice to say, that the art has made gigantic steps in the advance, without wishing thereby to imply, that we are the most musical people in the *world*.

Purcell.

(From the London Musical Times, Jan. 1.)

The following is the substance of a paper read before the Musical Association (London) on Monday the 4th ult. The musical illustrations performed were—Airs, "Sweet tyranness;" "When I am laid in earth;" Fugue, G minor; Motett, "Jehovah quam multi;" Song, "Nymphs and Shepherds;" Scene from "The Libertine:"—

A most pleasant and picturesque introduction to the Purcell family is to be found in Pepys' Diary, under date Feb. 21, 1659, where we find this entry: "After dinner I back to Westminster Hall with him (Mr. Crewe) in his coach. Here I met with Mr. Lock and Purcell, Masters of Musique, and with them to the Coffee House, into a room next the water by ourselves, where we spent an hour or two. . . . Here we had variety of brave Italian and Spanish songs, and a canon for eight voices, which Mr. Lock had lately made on these words, *Domine Salvum fac Regem*, an admirable thing. . . . Here out of the window it was a most pleasant sight to see the City from one end to the other with a glory about it, so high was the light of the bonfires, and so thick round the City, and the bells rang everywhere."

Lord Braybrooke's edition of Pepys has a note which is reprinted in the new one now in course of publication, to the effect that the two gentlemen named in the text were "Matthew Lock and Henry Purcell, both celebrated composers;" but this is an undoubted error, to which I have called the attention of the learned Editor, the Rev. Mynors Bright. It certainly could *not* have been Henry Purcell the composer, for although we know that he commenced his musical career at a very early age, he was only one year old at the date Pepys made the entry in his diary; and admitting he might have had a very lovely voice even at that period, I cannot believe he would have been considered a desirable addition to Mr. Pepys's musical party. As no mention is made of the Christian name of Purcell, we must conclude that Pepys met either the uncle, Thomas Purcell, or the father, Henry Purcell.

The uncle was undoubtedly a musician of reputation and ability. Various entries in official and Court records testify to the numerous appointments he held, such as Gentleman in Ordinary of the Voice and Lute to His Majesty, Composer to the Violins to His Majesty, and Lay Vicar of Westminster Abbey. His compositions are now lost, with the exception of two chants in frequent use in our Cathedrals. A year before his death, probably feeling age or infirmities creeping on, he seems to have retired from active service, for he then executed a power of attorney authorizing his son *Matthew* to receive all payments due from His Majesty's Treasury, Exchequer Coffery Office, "or any other place or office whatsomever." On his death in 1682 he was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. The power of attorney I have brought for inspection; it is interesting, on account of the autograph signatures of Thomas Purcell and of his niece Frances, the wife of the celebrated Purcell, and I am inclined to think that Pepys met *Thomas* Purcell, from the little circumstance that the son of the latter was named Matthew, possibly out of compliment to Locke; but it may after all have been his brother, Henry Purcell, the father of the great Henry, for he also was a musician of reputation, a member of the Royal Band, a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, master of the chorister boys of Westminster Abbey, and music copyist of the last-named church, an appointment of considerable importance at that time. He is generally accredited with the composition of one chant still in use bearing the name of Purcell. He died in 1681, and was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. His wife survived him five

years, and although we have no record of their respective ages, it is probable they were both young at the time of their deaths.

We now come to the son, Henry Purcell, "the boast and pride of English musicians," who was born in St. Anne's Lane, Old Pye Street, Westminster, in 1658.

Purcell was only six years old when deprived by death of his father's care; but his uncle Thomas, of whom I have been speaking, bestowed on him all the loving devotion of a parent, and immediately placed him where his precocious genius would receive nurture and cultivation. It was an early age to commence life as a chorister-boy in the Chapel Royal, but at that time and for long after children generally entered choirs at the age of six or seven. When young Purcell joined the Chapel Royal establishment he had the advantage of instruction from a most able master, Captain Cooke, a man who had won laurels in the battle-field fighting for his king, and also in the more peaceful arena of music. He was composer, actor, and singer, and is frequently mentioned by Pepys. On the death of Cooke, his pupil Pelham Humphrey—or Humphries—became master of the boys; and he, a man of considerable genius, must have done much to develope the powers of the young prodigy under his charge. He lived two years to carry on the work, and was succeeded by Blow, also a pupil of Cooke, who doubtless did something toward educating Purcell. At the age of eighteen Purcell, probably through Blow's interest, was appointed music-copyist to Westminster Abbey, and four years later Blow resigned the post of organist in his favor, from which fact we can imagine how highly he must have estimated the genius and ability of Purcell. Blow was himself a remarkable musician and composer, and fifteen years afterwards, when Purcell died, he was re-appointed organist of the Abbey. Blow must have possessed a most amiable and generous disposition, devoid of jealousy or mean envy, for, in addition to this instance of self-sacrifice on behalf of Purcell, he similarly resigned his post as master of the boys of St. Paul's Cathedral in favor of another remarkable pupil, Jeremiah Clark. Purcell's triumphs rapidly increased, and we soon find him occupying the distinguished post of Organist of the Chapel Royal and Composer in Ordinary to his Majesty. He wrote music for the Church, the Court, and the theatre, producing works for each in great number. But, alas! his sunshine was all too short, for at the early age of thirty-seven (a period which has proved fatal to more than one great musical genius) he ceased from his labors, and was borne to an honored grave in Westminster Abbey, beneath the organ which had so often resounded to his divine harmony. This was in the year 1695. I must now retrace my steps to speak of Purcell's married life. He took to himself a wife when twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, about the time he succeeded to the organistship of Westminster, and had six children, four of whom died young. I have already referred to the probability that Purcell's parents were short-lived. Coupling these significant facts together—the brief lives of father, mother, son, and grandchildren—we have presumptive evidence of hereditary delicacy of constitution. Purcell's wife Frances survived him eleven years, and, dying in 1706, she found a quiet resting-place by his side in the old Abbey.

I suppose most of you are familiar with the aspersions which have been cast on the memory of Purcell's wife—the idle tale which attributes, with such particularity of detail, harsh and unfeeling conduct, resulting at last in the premature and untimely death of Purcell.

It is always easy to promulgate a scandal, but very difficult to trace its origin, and oftimes still more difficult to refute it. In this case, I have little doubt, the whole story is a base and wicked invention; but, reflecting as it does on the memory of both Purcell and his wife, I propose briefly to state my reasons for the opinion I have formed. Sir John Hawkins, the musical historian, printed the narrative, and although he doubted its authenticity, and suggested that Purcell might have died of decline, yet he added some grave reflections on Purcell's presumed habits of dissipation, and of the bad company he associated with, particularly the notorious Tom Brown. On Hawkins, therefore, rests a large share of responsibility for perpetuating the slander. Miss Hawkins, his daughter, indignant at some idle stories in circulation respecting her mother's treatment of Sir John, wrote thus: "Mrs. Purcell, I should conjecture, had other modes of attracting Mr. Purcell, yet *perhaps the whole story may have been as gross falsification as that by which Lady Hawkins is vilified.*"

The late Richard Clarke cannot be considered blameless in this Purcell matter. He was an enthusiastic and kind-hearted man, but wanting in discrimination, and too ready to draw conclusions from unproved and insufficient evidence. His volume of Glee Poetry contains the words of Purcell's catch, "Jack, thou'rt a toper." I will read the lines and Clarke's comments thereon:—

"Jack, thou'rt a toper, let's have t'other quart;
Ring, we're so sober, 'twere a shame to part;
None but a coward, bully'd by his wife
For coming late, fears a domestic strife;
I'm free, and so are you, to call and knock.
Boldly the watchman cries, past two o'clock."

Clarke informs us that the "Jack" apostrophized as a "toper" was Dr. John Blow, and goes on to say: "There is a tradition that Purcell's death was occasioned by a severe cold, which he caught waiting for admittance into his own house. It is said he used to keep late hours. He appears to have spent much time with Tom Brown, who wrote the words of most of his catches. The wits of that day used to meet at Owen Swan's in Bartholomew Lane, and at Purcell's Head in Wych Street. His wife had given orders to the servants not to let him in if he came home after midnight. Unfortunately his companions had got hold of this and kept him late, as usual, which was the cause of Tom Brown writing the words of the above catch, which Purcell set to music before he went home. Being refused admittance at home, he sat down on the step of his own door and fell asleep, and through the inclemency of the night contracted a disorder of which he died. This but ill agrees with the expressions of grief she makes use of in the Orpheus Brittanicus, for the loss of her dear lamented husband."

These interesting particulars are so precise that it would seem to be almost impossible to attempt to controvert them, but fortunately they can be shown to be untrue from beginning to end. The words of the catch were not written by Tom Brown, and are of course not to be found in his works; moreover, instead of Brown having written most of the words of Purcell's catches, it is tolerably certain that Purcell never set a line of Brown's poetry.

In the year 1768 Dr. Arne gave a concert at Drury Lane Theatre, the programme consisting of glees and catches; and for that concert he published a book of the words, which I have here. In it we find Purcell's "Jack, thou'rt a toper," with the following note: "The words of this last catch are said to be written by Purcell, wherein, it is obvious, that he meant no elegance with regard to the poetry, but made it intirely subservient to his extream pretty design in the music."

"Jack, thou'rt a toper" is to be found in Purcell's opera "Bonduca," composed by him the year before he died. The libretto was an adaptation from the play of the same name by Beaumont and Fletcher, but the alterations and additions were made anonymously; it is therefore, highly probable that Arne is correct in assigning the words and the music of that particular catch, "Jack, thou'rt a toper," to Purcell.

Now let us deal with Purcell's alleged intimacy with Tom Brown. In the year 1693, about seventeen or eighteen months before Purcell died, Brown wrote and printed some very complimentary verses addressed to the great musician, which he headed thus: "Lines addressed to his *unknown* friend, Mr. Henry Purcell." These were reprinted after Purcell's death without note or addition, and we may, therefore, reasonably conclude that Purcell and Brown never became acquainted. Brown's lines are too long to quote *in extenso*, and the following must suffice:—

"What praises, Purcell, to thy skill are due,
Who hast to *Judah's* monarch been so true!
By thee he moves our hearts, by thee he reigns,
By thee shakes off his old inglorious chains,
And sees new honors done to his immortal strains.
In thy performance we with wonder find
Corelli's genius to Bassani join'd.
Thus I, *unknown*, my gratitude express,
And conscious gratitude could do no less.
This tribute from each *British* muse is due;
The whole poetick tribe's oblig'd to you.
For where the author's scanty words have fail'd,
Thy happier graces, Purcell, have prevail'd.
And surely none but you, with equal ease,
Could add to David, and make D'Urfey please."

Purcell, in his last will and testament, signed on the day of his death, bequeathed to his loving wife Frances all his estate, real and personal, for her sole use, and also nominated her executrix. We cannot find evidence here of anything but mutual affection and confidence. Many of you can call to mind how differently Shakespeare treated his wife in his will.*

Purcell's widow made frequent public reference to the dear memory of her husband, and the following extract from her last will is specially interesting, as it shows how mindful she was of his wishes, and also that Purcell himself did not cultivate convivial society to the neglect of his family and their worldly interests. Mrs. Purcell says: "According to her husband's desire, she had given her dear son Edward good education, and she also did give him all the books of music in general, the organ, the double spinett, the single spinett, a silver tankard, a silver watch, 2 pairs of gold buttons, a hair ring, a mourning ring of Dr. Busby's, a larum clock, Mr. Edward Purcell's picture, handsome furniture for a room, and he was to be maintained until provided for."

I have now said sufficient respecting Purcell's domestic life, and will only add that his fellow-pupil, Dr. Tudway, has borne written testimony to the studious habits of Purcell, and of his constant endeavors to excel in every branch of his profession.

[To be Continued.]

Unemployed Managers, Actors and Singers in New York.

The haunts of actors and musicians in this city are now unusually full of unemployed artists. Since the "hard times" set in with the panic of 1873 there have not been so many professional people without engagements as at the present time, and many excellent performers on both the lyric and dramatic stage are verging on absolute want. At Moretti's, a cheap café in Fourteenth street, exhibiting the marks of maccaroni all over it, there gathers from day to day a host of singers bearing distinguished names, who can only unite in singing "Waiting" and "Sweet By and By." At the Belvedere House, in Irving place, there is a family of prime donne hoping that some manager will appear to demand their sweetest notes. At the Albion Club, in Fifteenth street, and at the Union Place Hotel, there is always a host of unemployed managers and actors. It is impossible to turn one of the angles in Union square without jostling an idle tenor, only to be tossed against an equally idle "leading man;" and in crossing Broadway there is more danger of being run down by an aimless "heavy" than a maddening stage. "Old men" and "juveniles," "old women," and "walking ladies," baritones and bassos, sopranos and contraltos, crowd the thoroughfares, meeting their old-time managers without hope that anything will turn up to relieve their distresses. The managers are as badly off as the artists, and one of these, just returned from "the road," declared the other day that it would be impossible to succeed with a travelling company, even if the actors were willing to work without pay. The theatrical and musical business has not been so bad in many years. Most of our theatres are empty. With the exception of Theodore Thomas's orchestra, the Philharmonic and oratorio societies, the Essipoff concerts and a week's musical festival given by Mr. James Morrissey at the Academy of Music, there has been no music in New York this season. The travelling opera companies, with the exception of the Kellogg troupe, have disbanded, and nearly all the dramatic companies on the road have fallen to pieces. The members of these unfortunate combinations have found their way to the metropolis to swell the army of the unemployed, and Chicago is as full of idle actors as New York. In every direction the outlook is a gloomy one, and the worst feature of the prospect is that nobody can tell when the clouds will break.

IDLE MANAGERS IN NEW YORK.

During the war it used to be said that it was impossible to shake a stick at a dog without striking a brigadier general. Now it is impossible to traverse half a block in Broadway without encountering half a dozen theatrical and operatic managers with

* Subsequent to the reading of this paper, a friend directed my attention to Knight's able remarks on Shakespeare's will, satisfactorily proving that Shakespeare's widow was well provided for, and that the special bequest to her, which has commonly been regarded as a slight, was, on the contrary, an additional indication of favor and regard. I am glad to have this opportunity of expressing my regret for the injustice done to the memory of Shakespeare.

arm, Es - cap'd is the foe, be - fore Fingal's arm,

Es-

Es - cap'd be - fore Fingal's arm, ...

- cap'd..... .... be - fore Fingal's arm,.....

.....

.....

dim.

p

Andante con moto.

Sop. I.

Sop. II.

Alto.

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Piano-forte.

O cease your song of triumph now, Ye

O cease your song of triumph now, Ye

knights of Fingal, still, O still! The foe hath fled before your arm, But

knights of Fingal, still, O still! The foe hath fled before your arm, But

mourn, O mourn, for us..... and you!.....

mourn, O mourn, for us..... and you!.....

FINGAL.

Why doth your song thus la -

piu vivace.

Ped.

ment? The foe hath fled be-fore mine arm, The foe hath fled be-

- fore mine arm, The bat - tle sing, by Carun's flood, Till e - cho reach yon

f *f*

dol.

mountain height, where Co - ma - la waits for me. . . .

p

Tempo 1mo. *p* *pp*

O cease thy song of triumph now, O cease thy song of

Chor. *p* *pp*

O cease thy song of triumph now, O cease thy song of

p *pp*

p *pp*

nothing to do but view the beauties of that splendid thoroughfare. Even our best known operatic managers are idle. Max Maretzek, to whom New York owes much for good opera, is compelled to teach to eke out a livelihood, but he is looking younger and fresher than in his halcyon days. Maurice Strakosch is busying himself with his colossal opera-house, but he has no immediate operatic projects. Max Strakosch has just returned from an unfortunate campaign in the West, and is waiting for better times to begin again. These brothers are excellent examples of men who made money by good management and lost it by bad. Among the idle are Mr. Carlberg, who lost his all with the *Flying Dutchman;* De Vivo, just back from the antipodes, with "nothing to do," and James Morrissey, who lost so largely and so patiently in his Academy of Music venture that he is likely to wait a long time before he again tempts fortune with a colossal concert. As a matter of course, none of these people are absolutely idle, but it is dull work trimming their sails to catch the first favorable breeze. Leonard Grover has been in the city for some time with a head full of projects, but none of them seem to be destined to a Minerva-like birth. George H. Tyler, whose Humpty Dumpty troupe collapsed the other day, is also here looking for orders, and has, it is said, designs upon an uptown theatre, where some of the daring people are smashed to "smithereens." When times are better all these people will be busy again, but for the present the idle managers present even a more doleful appearance than the idle artists.

SILENT SINGERS.

The number of silent singers in New York at this time is larger than ever was known before. Mme. Pappenheim and Mme. Palmieri made a little money early in the season, but, although both of them are good singers, there is no prospect that either of them will be hired this winter. Mme. Gulager and Mme. Brignoli are both anxious for an appearance, but there is no indication that either will find an opportunity to be heard. At the Belvedere House are any number of really endowed ladies, including such artists as Anna Drasdil, Antoinette Henne, Henrietta Beebe and Clara Perl, who are sufferers on account of the unusual stagnation. Miss Emma Thursby is fortunate in holding the leading position in the Tabernacle in Thirty-fourth street in these hard times. Miss Gertrude Corbett, who obtained an appearance as *Norma* last year, is still studying, but without present prospects of exhibiting the results of her studies. Then there is the latest American singer, with the stamp of European success, Miss Emma Abbott, to whom the times afford little real encouragement. In addition to the above array of prime donne, we have for tenors, baritones and bassos, Signor Brignoli, still the silver-voiced after so many campaigns; Mr. Charles Fritch, a fine German singer, who also does the Italian and English; Mr. William Castle, long a New York favorite in English opera; Signor Palmieri, Signor Tagliapietra, Mr. George Simpson, of Brooklyn; Mr. Tom Karl, Mr. Romaine, Jacob Muller, Mr. Sohst, Herr Blum, Signor Reyna and Alberto Lawrence. In this bundle of artists there are singers enough to form two or three opera companies, and yet, even with the best of them, no manager has the courage to risk one short season at the Academy of Music.

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT CONTRASTED.

In singular contrast with all this dullness is the activity of only three or four years ago. Up to the present year a season without opera would have been considered a calamity to be averted at every hazard. Not only was the Academy of Music brilliant with grand opera, but the minor theatres were all musical to the echo. Tostée came and went, and other stellar attractions in *opéra bouffe* followed until Aimée almost succeeded in establishing herself a permanent New York favorite. The question which had been agitating us—"Are we a musical people?"—seemed answered in the affirmative. Rubinstein came and gained a great triumph, and Von Bülow was tempted to come after him. Offenbach nearly believed that New York was almost like Paris, and came in during our Centennial for a season of mutual felicitations. The only wonder is that Verdi has not been here. Suddenly, however, all this brilliancy was extinguished, and musical art not only languished, but died. Eminent artists who had learned to regard New York as their home, and the scene of certain and long-to-be-continued triumphs, found themselves compelled to sing to empty benches, while managers like the Strakosch brothers were in despair over an empty treasury. Enforced idleness followed only too quickly, until now the prospects of an engagement, even for the best singers, are far in the dim and misty future. There is no sign of revival in the present, and the danger is that for some years at least music in this country will cease to be a profession.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The Organ at Trinity Church, Boston.

This organ is manufactured by Mr. Hilborne L. Roosevelt, of 40 West Eighteenth street, New York. It is of three manuals, compass C C to a, 58 notes; pedals compass, C C C to F, 30 notes, and the following is the scheme:

GREAT ORGAN.

	Feet.	Notes.		Feet.	Notes.
1—Open Diapason, metal	16	58	7—Wald Flute, wood and metal	4	58
2—Open Diapason, metal	8	58	8—Principal, metal	4	58
3—Open Diapason, English metal	8	58	9—Twelfth, metal	3	58
4—Violon Open, metal	8	58	10—Fifteenth, metal	2	58
5—Doppel Flute, wood	8	58	11—Mixture, 4 ranks, metal	2	32
6—Melodia, wood	8	58	12—Trumpet, metal	16	58
			13—Trumpet, metal	8	58
			14—Clarion, metal	4	58

SWELL ORGAN.

1—Bourdon, wood	16	58	7—Principal, metal	4	58
2—Open Diapason, metal	8	58	8—Cornet, metal	2	90
3—Salicional, metal	8	58	9—Contra Fagotto, metal	16	58
4—Dolce, metal	8	58	10—Cornopean, metal	8	58
5—Stop Diapason, wood and metal	8	58	11—Oboe, metal	8	58
6—Flute Harmonic, wood and metal	4	58	12—Vox Humana, metal	8	58

CHOIR ORGAN.

1—Open Diapason, metal	8	58	6—Violana, wood and metal	4	58
2—Concert Flute, wood	8	58	7—Rohr Flute, wood	4	58
3—Gamba, metal	8	58	8—Piccolo, metal	2	58
4—Dulciana, metal	8	58	9—Clarionette, metal	8	58
5—Stop Diapason, wood and metal	8	58			

PEDAL ORGAN.

1—Contra Bourdon, wood	32	30	4—Bourdon, wood	16	30
2—Open Diapason, wood	16	30	5—Violoncello, metal	8	30
3—Dulciana, metal	16	30	6—Flute, wood	8	30
			7—Principal, metal	4	30
			8—Trombone, wood	16	30

Couplers.

Swell to Great.	Great to Pedal.
" " Pedal.	Choir " "
" " Choir.	

Tremulant Swell.

Bellows Signal.

Combination Pedals.

Great Forte or Full Organ.	Swell Forte.
" Mezzo.	" Mezzo.
" Piano.	" Piano.

Reversible Pedal for Great to Pedal.

Balance Swell Pedal.

The Pneumatic Lever is applied to the Great Organ.
" " " " " Swell "
" " " " " Choir "
" " " " " Pedal "
" " " " " Draw Stop Action.

This instrument will stand in an organ chamber on one side of the chancel, one set of front pipes being in the chancel and another in the transept. The keys are in the transept on the level of the gallery. The organ may be said to be five stories high. The first in the basement being occupied by the bellows, levers and hydraulic engines (which supply the wind), the second floor is occupied by the two large bellows and a portion of the pedal organ; the third floor contains the great and swell organs and the remainder of the pedal organ; the fourth floor contains the choir organ; the fifth contains the echo organ, which is placed over the ceiling of the church, and connected to the main body of the organ by electricity. This device was first used in the celebrated Roosevelt organ in Chickering Hall, New York. The echo organ contains the Vox Humana stop, the measurements of which were taken by the builder from the famous one in Freiburg, Switzerland. Its imitation of a choir singing in the distance is quite remarkable. The construction of the wind chests is novel, compressed air being employed to a certain extent in the place of mechanical action. Each pipe has a separate valve, which materially assists in the voicing and tuning of the instrument, and owing to the peculiar construction of wind-chests they are not liable to stick or "cypher." The combinations on the combination pedals can be changed by the organist at any time. From one stop to the full organ can be set on any pedal. The reeds and mixtures of the great organ are placed in the swell-box, thereby greatly adding to the crescendo effects. The greatest care has been taken in the matter of the voicing, the aim being to combine in one instrument all the finest effects of the different European organs. For instance, the English diapasons, the French reeds, the German gambas and flutes, etc., in some cases slightly modified, in order that there shall be a perfect blending of the full organ, as well as distinct character of tone for each stop. The mixture stops have also been carefully studied, in order that they may add a certain brilliancy, without being too prominent (as is often the case). Ample passage ways traverse the instrument in different directions, rendering all parts easy of access for tuning and adjustment. The pedal wind-chests are the invention of Mr. Thomas Winans of Baltimore, and were first used in the organ built for him by Mr. Roosevelt, which is at his villa in Newport, R. I.—*Traveller.*

"The Flying Dutchman" in New York.

(From the Tribune, Jan. 27.)

Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," which Miss Kellogg presented in an English dress last night, is something very unlike the "music-drama" of the composer's later years. Its form does not differ materially from that of the conventional opera. It has its due succession of arias and concerted pieces. It is rich in separate numbers which even a public pampered exclusively with the tunes of "Martha" and "The Bohemian Girl" might recognize as melodious. It came into the world before Wagner had developed the peculiar theories which make his best title to fame, and it is keenly relished by the old school of musicians, to whom "Tristan" and "Tannhäuser" are a terror and an abomination. Nevertheless to the devoted followers of Wagner it is equally a work of deep interest. They trace in it the germ of nearly all his later ideas. They find here his first protest against the frivolities and absurdities of the stage, his first demand for freedom in poetic expression, his first demonstration of the peculiar adaptability of legendary subjects for lyric purposes, and the first manifestation of his extraordinary power of blending verse, action, and music in one harmonious and eloquent whole. In "The Flying Dutchman" he did not free himself entirely from the trammels of his predecessors; he did not discover the full capabilities of the reform he therein began; he did not rise to the grand elevation attained in such creations as "Lohengrin" and the Trilogy; but he gave us scenes of a romantic beauty which hardly anybody but he himself [?] has surpassed, and he suffused the whole work with the glow of genuine and healthy sentiment. The central point of the opera is the gloomy and pathetic figure of the Dutch captain, who sails for ages over tossing seas, driven onward by the curse until he shall find a faithful woman to share his fate and so to bring him rest. The melancholy character of the story tinges even the lightest portions of the music. The resounding curse is heard again and again from overture to finale. Above the whole hangs an atmosphere of storm. The work indeed came out of the midst of tempest, for Wagner tells us that he imagined it while he was dashed about in furious gales of the North Sea. But with the music of the angry ocean mingles a strain of the gentlest and sweetest fancy; beside the dark figure of *Vanderdecken* stands *Senta*, simple, trusting, innocent, the ideal of unselfish love. We have sometimes thought that of all the wonderful types of female character with which Wagner has enriched the stage—Elsa, Elizabeth, Isolde, Brunnhilde, and the rest—Senta, though neither the greatest nor the most carefully elaborated, is the most sympathetic and most charming. He has told us himself what he meant her to be,—a modest, unaffected village girl, who has mused over the story of the Phantom Ship until it has taken possession of all her heart—not turned her head with sentimental dreams, but filled her bosom with divine compassion. So her fate is the logical end of a process traceable in all her thoughts, and the slight thread of events woven into the clear and direct story of the libretto leads straight to the final catastrophe.

The three acts into which the drama is divided are beautiful and picturesque each in a different way. In the first we have the howling winds and dashing waves, and the dark form of the accursed sailor in his pitiful yearning for rest is thrown into bold relief. His monologue, "The Time has come," is in Wagner's noblest manner; his duel with *Daland* is a worthy sequel to it; the music of the sailors is all striking and original; and in the midst of these sterner measures comes the exquisite little dreamy love-song of the *Helmsman*, like the breath of Spring amid blasts of Winter. The second act, beginning with the familiar spinning chorus, has

for its subject the gentle and generous emotions of *Senta*, and her delicate presence pervades the whole with a delightful poetic fragrance. In the third the climax is rapidly reached by a magnificent double chorus of sailors and village maidens, a set cavatina for *Senta's* lover *Erik*, and a concerted finale in which occurs a superb declamatory passage for *Vanderdecken*. In the course of the work we find Wagner already making effective use of "leading motives," and venturing upon a freedom of style which must have seemed amazing thirty-six years ago; but he gives us also some passages which might almost have fallen from the pen of Donizetti, and numbers so strictly conventional that one has difficulty to believe that he could have written them.

The performance of this interesting work, if we judge of it by such standards as the Kellogg company has hitherto given us, was at least creditable, and may be we have no right to measure it by a musician's ideal. The best personation was naturally Miss Kellogg's *Senta*, which was pleasant to the eye and the ear, and in the main well conceived. Perhaps she allowed the simplicity of *Senta* to be exaggerated to the point of weakness; and in one scene, namely that where *Erik* tells her his vision, she departed widely from the composer's directions, and instead of falling into a dream sat listening with the eager face of a child; but Miss Kellogg always catches the strong points of a rôle, and her usual acuteness did not desert her in this latest addition to her repertory. It cannot be said however that the representation of the opera as a whole was anything like an adequate interpretation of Wagner's thoughts, nor will it be apt to add anything to Wagner's popularity. Mr. Carleton was but a faint shadow of *Vanderdecken*, and Mr. Conly an uninteresting *Daland*. The *Erik* of Mr. Maas and the *Helmsman* of Mr. Turner were better. The chorus was very rough and uncertain, and the orchestra, though good enough for an ordinary opera, fell short of the requirements of a work like this. A large part of the last act, including the weird chorus of the Dutch sailors, was cut out. The mechanical effects were ambitious and not altogether unsuccessful. The deficiencies of the performance are the more to be lamented because Mr. Carl Rosa in London has just shown that "The Flying Dutchman" can be admirably given in English by a company which is not extravagantly expensive, but thoroughly and intelligently drilled.

The Academy was crowded last night, and the pecuniary success of the company is so great that it purposes remaining here another week.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 3, 1877.

Concerts.

SANDERS THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE. Our venerable mother Harvard's concerts—one of the freshest signs of her rejuvenescence—continue to increase in interest, while her beautiful new hall, nestling so snugly and so happily against her grand Memorial Building (may its shadow never be less!) more and more commends itself as one of the sweetest, fittest homes of classic harmony.—There, Alma Mater, is a sentence after the lessons you have taught us!—And so, having done our prettiest in the way of compliment, we begin a new paragraph in coming to the point.

The third of the series (Wednesday evening, Jan. 17) was another Chamber concert, and, to our feeling, the most delightful one of all so far. The only fault was, that it lasted two hours and a half, and that is mainly to be charged to inconsiderate encores. The rich programme varied but slightly from the original announcement, which we have already given. First came a very admirable performance of the great B flat Trio of Beethoven, Op. 97,—the most inspired, the most significant and beautiful of all compositions of its class,—by Messrs. PERABO, LISTEMANN and HARTDEGEN. The pianist, in earnest yet subdued expression, as well as in technical mastery and refinement of style, was at his best. The *Andante* was particularly impressive, and we must note certain *cantabile* passages of the 'Cello as singularly rich and sympathetic; the ending violin left hardly aught to be desired.

A Romanza and Scherzo, in A, for Piano and 'Cello,—Prof. PAINE's Op. 27,—which had been played but once before, in one of Mr. Perabo's concerts, improved upon a second hearing, and gave decided pleasure; especially the Scherzo (*Allegro con fuoco*), full of genial life and fire. The Romanza, too, (*Adagio*) moves on in a broad, full stream of deep and tender melody, well harmonized, and, if less original, is far from wearisome.—For a violin solo Mr. Listemann played a transcription by Wilhelmi of Chopin's well known Nocturne in D flat, Op. 27. It cannot be denied that these things sound well on the violin, played with such exquisite grace and feeling as this was, and yet they belong to Chopin's instrument, for which he seems to have been born and consecrated by peculiar genius. Mr. Listemann seemed to surpass himself that evening. Being recalled, he played too long a thing by Ernst. Mr. Perabo, for solos, gave a fine interpretation of one of the most pleasing and not extravagant little pieces by Rubinstein (Nocturne, in G, from the "Soirees de Petersbourg,") and a most rapid, light and airy Sketch, in G minor, by Mendelssohn.

The rich feast closed with the entire Septet (Op. 20) of Beethoven,—all the eight contrasted movements. The time was, and has been more than once in an experience so long as ours, when, hearing this work commonly in fragments, and in arrangements for other instruments, we have found its beauties cloying. It is long since we have had an opportunity of hearing it presented by the instruments for which it was composed; and never, we may say, with seven such competent musicians to give all the individuality, the tone-color of the several parts. Besides the members of the Philharmonic Club, the brothers LISTEMANN, for violin and viola, Mr. HARTDEGEN for 'Cello, and Mr. BELZ, most masterly of horn players, there was an excellent contrabassist, Mr. H. A. GREENE, while the two reed parts (clarinet and bassoon) were represented by Messrs. WEBER and ELTZ, of our Boston orchestra, each unsurpassed, so far as we know, in the country. It was last heard here in several performances of several portions of it, as expanded for the full Thomas orchestra. But never before have we enjoyed the whole work with so fresh an appetite as this time; never before have we so fully appreciated all its wonderful variety of beauty; never has the work seemed so fresh, so genial, so instinct with imaginative life and charm. Years ago we had fluted it and tooted it, and hammered out its movements on the pianoforte, until we knew the most of it by heart, and came to have a sense of weariness whenever we saw it, or any of it, on a programme. But this time it was all new again and vivid; this time, and at the end of a long concert, the long work for once seemed short to us. It naturally suggested comparison with the "new" music, with which we have been so much "bull-dozed" of late; and it is seldom that we find our own feeling so completely expressed as in the following passage from the *Evening Gazette:*

"Then came the Septette, with its abounding wealth of melody, its exquisite harmonies, its lovely combinations of instrumental effects, and its almost wasteful expenditure of ideas. The composition stands unequalled among works of its class, and it is not from musicians of the new school that we can hope to look for its rival. The writhing discordant harmonies, the barren invention, the lack of continuity in idea, the ostentatious pedantry, and the struggling after bizarre effects that characterize the music of to-day, are not to be found here. On the contrary, everything is flowing, natural, gracefully artistic, symmetrical and satisfying. One is never embarrassed regarding the master's meaning. Unlike the composers of our time, Beethoven never runs away from a bit of melody after the first few bars, as though he were afraid of it; never seems to have feared that his indulging his hearers by an ear-pleasing theme would detract from his dignity as an artist. It is true that in consequence we listen to him without having our attention continually drawn to the manner in which he labors, instead of to the result as a whole; that we do not see the wires by which he produces his effects, as our modern writers take such care we shall; but our pleasure is all the greater, for our minds are not distracted between the worker and his work. All rank heresy, no doubt, on our part; and, since we are in for it, we will add, that we would not exchange this composition for all that has been written by the new school from its first rebellion against the old canons of art to the present moment."

Now for the songs, by Miss CLARA DORIA, with the exquisite accompaniment of OTTO DRESEL. In the first part she sang (in German) Schubert's familiar "Trockne Blumen," and that charmingly simple, limpid melody: "Wohin?" (Whither?) from his *Schöne Müllerin*, using Longfellow's version: "I heard a Brooklet gushing." Both were given with the finest taste and feeling, every phrase and accent showing a musical nature thoroughly informed and trained in true Art. Her voice, too seemed unusually tractable and gave out its sweetest quality, with scarcely any of the tartness sometimes felt in its higher notes. It was altogether a beautiful performance and gave rare delight, so that a recall was inevitable, and (to our mind, in spite of our objection to the "encore" as a general rule) in such a case quite seasonable. The two or three minutes of another little song, provided that the charm continue fresh, make no appreciable addition to the programme's length,—particularly if, as in this case, the added element be pure and sparkling sunshine—Schumann's "O Sonnenschein," of which the singer gave us all the glory and the rapture, making (so far as *that* went) the concert, morally, seem shorter, if it were really longer.—In the second part Miss Doria sang Mr. Paine's tender and melodious "Matin Song," published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and a very quaint and pretty little *Ständchen* by Ferdinand Hiller, "Hüttelein, still und klein, Blinke sanft im Sternenschein." Here too the irrepressible encore brought a somewhat lengthier addition,- the wonderful *Barcarolle* of Schubert, which it is a rare privilege to hear so sung and so accompanied.

The fourth concert will be on next Thursday evening, Feb. 8, when Mme. SCHILLER will play the great Schumann Quintet, in E flat, with the Philharmonic Club, besides a piano solo. The Club will play Schubert's D-minor Quartet (posthumous); and the new mixed chorus of the Boylston Club (150 voices, under Mr. G. L. OSGOOD) will sing choruses and part-songs.

THE CECILIA, that fine chorus of mixed voices, which lent so much charm to the last two seasons of the Symphony Concerts, but which is now reorganized upon an independent footing,—many of its members feeling not quite at home in singing with an orchestra—gave its first concert to its associate members, in Horticultural Hall, on Thursday evening, Jan. 11, and repeated the same programme one week later. The choir has been considerably strengthened, till it numbers about 120 sweet and effective voices, finely balanced, and very carefully trained under their old director, Mr. B. J. LANG. A more perfect body of sopranos we have not yet heard; they sing with one voice. The Contraltos, too, sound very rich and musical; and it is a rare thing indeed to hear so many pure, sweet tenors, singing so smoothly, with no harsh disturbing element. The Bass part only, needs more strength and substance, though the voices seem to be all good.

The programme was in two parts, the *pièce de resistance*, Gade's Cantata: "The Crusaders," filling out the second: the first consisted of Part-Songs and Songs, as follows:

1. Part Song—"Welcome,".....Ferdinand Hiller
2. Song—"Hymn to Bacchus," ....Handel
   Dr. E. C. Bullard.
3. Part Song—"The Water Lily,".....Gade
4. Songs:
   a. Widmung (Dedication).....Schumann
   b. Stille Sicherheit..... .....Franz
   c. Barcarolle.....Schubert
   Miss Clara Doria.
5. Part Song—"May Song,"... .....Franz
6. Canzonetta—"Vado ben spesso,"..Salvator Rosa
   Dr. S. W. Langmaid.
7. Part Song—"May Song,".....Hauptmann

Hiller's bright and cheery "Welcome" made itself instantly felt in the prompt, crisp, clear and cordial way in which the voices, with fine unity and precision, yet without stiffness, took up and carried through the strain. The tone was musical, the phrasing excellent, and so was the enunciation,

though there must always remain something yet to learn in this respect. Gade's "Water Lily" was given with great delicacy. But the two specimens of part-song which carried the audience away and had to be repeated, were the "May Songs" by Franz and Hauptmann. The former is about as perfect a part-song as we know, in its spontaneous spring-like melody, in the fine contrapuntal art with which the melodic subject reappears in all the voices, all of their own free will, not forced, and in the resulting unity and charm. And it was given to a charm. Hauptmann's May Song is a setting of Goethe's "Zwischen Weizen und Korn," etc., not so exquisite a reproduction of its spirit as the song for a single voice by Franz, but yet a very beautiful and animating part-song, in which tenors and basses answer sopranos and altos in a very pleasing manner.—The Songs were all finely sung, with Mr. Lang's accompaniment. The Aria by Handel, from "Alexander's Feast," was given by Dr. BULLARD in his usual refined and tasteful manner, although he was not in his best voice. Miss DORIA, of course, entered fully into the spirit of her three admirably contrasted pieces, giving each its true expression; and Dr. LANGMAID, by that quaint and hearty old Italian melody, created quite a fresh sensation, and was compelled to repeat it.

Gade's "Crusaders" is probably his best choral work; certainly it has far more variety, more fresh imaginative beauty than the "Comala;" but so has Tasso more than Ossian. It had been given once or twice before here, many years ago, with fewer voices, by the Parker Club, when Mrs. Harwood sang the part of Armida in a manner not to be forgotten. This time it was given with greater means, and after Mr. Lang had heard it performed under the composer's baton, at the last Birmingham Festival. But there of course it was given with an orchestra, and the instrumentation is always Gade's strong point. Here we had only the piano, with the aid of a cabinet organ, played by Mr. Foote, to strengthen the bass part and hold out the notes in the religious choruses and in the recitatives and airs of Peter the Hermit. The effect on the whole was quite impressive.

The work is in three divisions. The first is entitled, "In the Desert." It opens with a chorus of Crusaders, faint and weary, traversing the burning sand; the music paints the scene most truly. The Hermit (Dr. Bullard) in a grand strain of exhortation rouses their flagging courage; and Rinaldo, the young hero (Dr. Langmaid), fills them with his own unconquered ardor, by raising the Crusader's Song: "Shine, holy sun, shine on my trusty sword," which, if a little commonplace, is full of spirit. The first part ends impressively with the Hermit's fervent exhortation to prayer, in which all the voices join with beautiful effect.

In complete contrast to this religious and heroic part is the music of part second, "Armida," which is by far the most original, imaginative and fascinating portion of the work. The instrumental introduction, played with delicate *finesse* by Mr. Lang, makes you feel a strange and magic element about you. The soft, fluttering, murky dance and chorus of the Spirits of Darkness is strikingly original. Armida (Miss Doria) summons them to do her will and build a palace and surround the young Christian hero with enchantment, hoping thus to defeat the army of the Cross. The imperious declamation was given with great power. Then comes the seductive chorus of the Sirens, a most exquisite piece of melody and harmony for female voices; what Rinaldo could resist it? It was exquisitely sung too, and had to be repeated. The duet of Armida and Rinaldo, all but completely won over by the temptress, with the siren strain returning, keeps up the fascination of the scene; until the distant song of the Crusaders wakes Rinaldo from his dream and scatters the phantoms. The whole part of Armida, both the imperious and the tender and seductive passages, were given with fine expression by Miss Doria; and Dr. Langmaid was no less successful.

Part third: "Towards Jerusalem" resumes the march, and is heroic and religious, like the first, but with a more intense enthusiasm and the ring of victory. Musically, however, it is by no means equal to the second part, although the closing solo and chorus: "Ye knights, upraise the banner," stirred the blood, so grandly was it sung, and so well did Dr. Bullard maintain the part of Peter.—On the whole it was a great triumph for the Cecilia, and warrants hope of fine things hereafter.

In the second concert, the part-songs did not go quite so perfectly as in the first; but "The Crusaders" was sung even better. The only change of programme was in Dr. Bullard's song, who substituted an Aria from Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine," for the one by Handel, and sang it in his best voice and style.

Concerts to Come.

The seventh HARVARD SYMPHONY CONCERT, for Feb. 15, has for programme:

PART I. Overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis," *Gluck;* Recit. and Aria, with chorus of Priestesses, from *Gluck's* "Iphigenia in Tauris" (Miss FANNY KELLOGG); Piano Concerto in D minor, *Rubinstein*, (CARLYLE PETERSILEA). PART II. Female Chorus, in three parts, with Orchestra, from *Cherubini's* "Blanche de Provence" (pupils of Mme. RUDERSDORFF); Songs, Miss KELLOGG; *Schumann's* "Cologne" Symphony (E flat).

In the eighth Concert (March 1) Mr. B. J. LANG will play the Concerto in E flat by Saint-Saëns.

Ninth Concert, piano concerto and solos by Mme. MADELINE SCHILLER; Symphony in C, No. 2, by Raff, etc., etc.

Tenth and last Concert: Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony; Beethoven's Violin Concerto (all three movements) to be played by Dr. LEOPOLD DAMROSCH, the distinguished violinist and composer, and conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society; an Overture by JOHN K. PAINE, probably a new one on which he is now engaged, to Shakespeare's "Tempest;" and other works not yet decided on.

Mr. ERNST PERABO will give an extra chamber concert at Wesleyan Hall on Friday afternoon, Feb. 9th, the Philharmonic Club assisting. The novelties announced are Raff's 4th Trio for piano, violin and 'cello, a Mozart concerto for horn and piano (for many years out of print,) the orchestral parts transferred by C. Reinecke, and two trio movements by J. K. Paine, written for this matinee. Rubinstein's Berceuse, arranged for strings, and Schubert's posthumous quartet movement will also be given.

A complimentary concert to Madame MADELINE SCHILLER will be given at Horticultural Hall, on Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 28th, 1877, at 3 P.M., with the assistance of amateurs.

COMMITTEE:

Mrs. Louis Agassiz,	His Excellency the Governor of Massachusetts,
Mrs. Rob't C. Winthrop,	His Honor, the Mayor of Boston,
Mrs. W. W. Tucker,	Mr. Josiah Bradlee,
	Mr. H. L. Higginson,
Mrs. J. M. Bell,	Mr. John C. Phillips,
	Mr. Sebastian B. Schlesinger,
Mrs. James Lodge,	Mr. Geo. P. King,
Mrs. E. W. Codman,	Mr. Theo. Chase,
	Mr. J. S. Dwight,
Mrs. James T. Fields,	Mr. C. C. Perkins,
	Mr. C. F. Shimmin,
Mrs. Geo. D. Howe,	Mr. B. Schlesinger,
	Mr. James Sturgis,
Mrs. S. B. Schlesinger,	Mr. Charles P. Horton,
	Mr. E. Rollins Morse,
Mrs. J. L. Gardner, Jr.,	Mr. F. H. Peabody,
	Mr. O. W. Peabody,
Mrs. F. W. Palfrey,	Mr. H. P. Kidder,
	Mr. C. L. Pierson,
Miss E. Mason,	Mr. R. M. Cushing,
	Mr. Edward Bowditch,
Miss M. C. Jackson,	Mr. Otto Dresel,
	Mr. F. R. Sears, Jr.,
Miss A. A. Bigelow,	Mr. F. Shaw,
	Mr. C. A. Prince,
	Mr. C. J. Whittemore,
	Mr. Jere. Abbott,
	Mr. W. B. Bacon,
	Mr. Francis Bartlett.

Tickets at two dollars each, may be obtained from the undersigned, or will be sent by addressing either of them:

Mr. F. R. Sears, Jr., 51 Beacon street.
Mr. F. Shaw, 1 Joy street.
Mr. C. A. Prince, 311 Beacon street.
Mrs. S. B. Schlesinger, 6 Oliver street.

Seats will not be reserved.

"Ringing" in the Ears.

MR. EDITOR:—*Do the minute tones heard in "ringing" or "singing in the ears" have any musical relation to each other?* "Singing in the ears" is a mingling of minute tones, somewhat like the singing of a tea kettle, caused by pressure of the blood from over-exertion, etc.

In my own case the minute tones seem to be *octaves*, and *thirds* and *fifths* apart, forming chords and progressive intervals.

In investigating the relation of music to the physiology of hearing, I find this a very important question, demanding a multiplicity of evidence. Will *all* of your readers who have information on this matter (positive or negative, but *exact*) write to me? I shall make acknowledgement upon publication.

X. Y. CLARK,
Box 2260. San Francisco, Cal.

MR. LANG AT THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC. We trust the brief note we appended to that portion of our New York Correspondent's letter which related to Mr. B. J. Lang's performance of the Saint Saëns Concerto in that city, made it plain enough that we mistrusted both the justice and the candor of so disparaging a criticism,—or rather of so sweeping and incredible a statement. Omission of the passage, utter silence, would have seemed equally significant of failure; and, as we hold ourselves in no way responsible for the opinions of our correspondents, our true course seemed to be to print the letter as it was, but with a note of protest. We know how admirably Mr. Lang can play, has played, that difficult Concerto (in one of our own Harvard Concerts); and we were surprised to hear of a strong prejudice in New York against any Boston artist who should venture to use a Boston piano in the Academy of Music. Systematic disparagement in several musical journals was too evident; particularly in their rebuke of "rashness" for appearing with the same piece which Mme. Essipoff had just played in a Thomas Concert, the fact being that the Essipoff performance was an afterthought, long after the announcement of Mr. Lang, and cutting in before him.—But that, in spite of prejudice, he did meet with a marked success, and won the hearty appreciation of the Philharmonic *audience*, if not of every party, let the following extracts from New York papers of the morning after the concert testify.

(From the Tribune, Dec. 12.)

The Saint-Saëns Concerto which was given first in New York on Friday afternoon is not constructed in the usual form. There are three movements, but the slow one is at the beginning instead of in the middle, as is generally the case, and the whole three are arranged in the form of a steady accelerando (andante, allegro scherzando, presto), forming a continuous progression in interest till the climax at the end, while a marked contrast between the movements is still preserved. The work is very charming, full of grace and brightness, not deep, but with plenty of spirit and fire and overwhelmingly difficult. The orchestral part is very good, supporting the piano throughout most admirably, yet never overwhelming it. Mr. Lang acquitted himself excellently. His execution is neat, clean, and finished, and his reading very correct. The first two movements were capitally done, but the third dragged a little. The orchestra was better in this than in anything else during the evening. Mr. Lang secured a well-deserved recall, and in response played a piece of Tschaikowski's.

(From the Evening Mail.)

Mr B. J Lang, of Boston, proved himself to be a pianist of the highest order. His rendering of the Saint-Saëns *concerto* was superb. He has great breadth of conception, genuine artistic feeling, and excessive manual dexterity. The clearness, precision, and accuracy with which he gave the many runs of the piece were astonishing; specially was this noticeable in a difficult double run of thirds which occurs in the *presto*. He received a hearty recall, and played in response a charming little minuet by Mozart.

(From the Daily Times, Dec. 10.)

Mr. B. J. Lang, of Boston, played the new concerto by Saint-Saëns, to which sufficiently extended allusion was made in yesterday's notice of Mme. Essipoff's concert. Without establishing comparisons between the two artists—and, indeed, it is questionable if comparisons could fairly be made when the difference between Steinway Hall and the Academy of Music, and sundry other points, are taken into consideration—it can with justice be said that Mr. Lang acquitted himself handsomely of his very difficult task. His performance of the exacting third movement impressed us as particularly clear and powerful, and if the allegro scherzando was rather wanting in variety, and, so to speak, transparency of tone, we are not inclined to lay the whole blame upon the pianist. Mr. Lang, who strikes us as an earnest and accomplished performer, was recalled at the close of the concert, and, we believe, will be heard again in New York with pleasure.

(From the Sun, Dec. 10.)

Madame Essipoff played it on Friday evening with the Thomas orchestra at Steinway Hall in a way that excited her audience to a greater enthusiasm and admiration than she had at any previous time commanded. Last evening the piano part was played by Mr. B. J. Lang, one of the most talented and reliable of Boston resident artists, and the organist of the Handel and Haydn Society. While he did not, perhaps, arouse the same enthusiasm that Madame Essipoff did, he certainly played the concerto in a manner to win the highest esteem for his intelligence and technical excellence, giving to it all a charming rendering, and being fully equal to its many and great difficulties.

London. The thirteenth Monday Popular concert of the season, and the first after the Christmas recess, took place on the 1st instant, when a very attractive selection of music was presented. The artists were Messrs. Strauss, Ries, Zerbini, Wendtland, Standen, Reynolds, and Signor Piatti; the pianist was Marie Krebs, and the vocalist, Mlle. Thekla Friedländer. Mr Zerbini conducted. The programme began with one of the most charming of Mozart's chamber compositions, his "Divertimento," in B flat major, No. 3, for two violins, viola, violoncello, contrabass, and two French horns, written when he was just twenty-one years of age. The work is somewhat long,—consisting of six movements—and with its two allegros, two minuetts, and trios, and andantes, seems almost like two works wedded together. It abounds in beauty throughout. How graceful is the theme of the first andante in F! With what excellent effect are horns treated in the six variations! And who but a great *maestro* would have written two such distinctive minuetts in the same key, and in the same work! The adagio in E flat, in which the horns are unemployed, was exquisitely played: indeed of each movement we can only record a faultless performance. The executants were recalled with enthusiasm. Beethoven's sonata, "Appassionata," was finely interpreted by that clever, refined, conscientious pianist, Mlle. Krebs.

Mlle. Krebs re-appeared in a very early work of Beethoven, the sonata in F major, Op. 5, No. 1, for piano and violoncello, in which she was joined by Signor Piatti. It is interesting to have at the same hearing Beethoven in his youth and in his maturity: it would however have seemed more fitting perhaps had Op. 5 preceded Op. 57 in order of performance. The duet sonata is now well known to Mr Chappell's audiences, it being played on Monday for the ninth time. The first movement, allegro—for the adagio is merely introductory—is rather long, and the rondo forms a pleasant contrast with its very bright and rhythmic themes, and spirited climax. Mlle Friedlander, who has a very sweet and clear voice, gave a refined rendering of Bach's quaint and pretty song, "Willst du dem Herz mir schenken," and receiving an encore repeated the last verse. She sang also one of Schubert's little gems, "Der Jüngling an der Quelle," and Schumann's "Marienwürmchen," a kind of idealized nursery rhyme. The concert concluded with a "first performance;" Haydn's quartet in C major, Op. 50, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and 'cello one of the most characteristic works of this inexhaustible composer, not the least among whose many merits is that while seeking "fresh fields and pastures new," he never has recourse to eccentricity for the sake of variety.—*Musical Standard, Jan.* 13.

M. Kuhe's Brighton Festival will commence on the 13th of next month, with "Acis and Galatea," and "Lalla Rookh," for the first performance. Verdi's "Requiem" will be given on the 15th. A miscellaneous programme, including Schubert's "B Minor Symphony," and some other interesting works, will be given on the 16th. On the 19th, there will be a morning performance of "The Creation," and another miscellaneous concert. A Wagner programme will be given on the 20th; and a classical one on the 21st. Mdme. Sainton Dolby's cantata, "The Legend of St. Dorothea," and Mr. Barnett's "Ancient Mariner," will have a place on the 22nd; and "The Messiah" will conclude the festival, on the 24th.

L'Independence Belge states that King Leopold has given to the Brussels Conservatoire an admirable collection of the musical instruments, in use in India, which had been sent him by the Rajah Sourindro of Fagore. This collection, of inestimable value, and unparalleled by any other collection in Europe, is divided into the following eight series:—1st, Instruments played with a bow; 2nd, Instruments played with a plectrum; 3rd, wind instruments (horn family); 4th, wood instruments of reeds, rush, or straw; 5th, Instruments employed in religious ceremonies (among which are to be found the great serpent-formed trumpets, whose sonorous tones serve well to hide the heartrending cries of women burnt upon the funeral-pyre of their husbands, according to the barbarous custom which prevails in India); 6th, Pastoral Instruments (double pipes, etc.); 7th, Bells, tam-tams, drums, kettle drums, (including some very curious kettle drums of extraordinary sonority); 8th, A set of shells of extreme beauty. In all 98 instruments. The Rajah, who is a distinguished musicologist, has added to this collection three parcels of his own writings, in twenty volumes; the first as a gift to the king, the second for the Academy, and the third for M. Gevaert. A detailed list of these interesting works, quite unknown in Europe, will be published in the next report of the Academy of Belgium.

Opera in Italy. Miss Anne Brewster writes to the Philadelphia *Bulletin*:

I was looking over the journals this morning from Milan, Turin, Florence, Venice, etc., to see the notices of the opening nights of the Opera in the various cities, as all opened on the 26th of December. I was anxious to know what the result was of the *Africaine*, at the Pergola (Florence), which was the opera selected for the 26th. The Durand was the prima donna. She is Mrs. Hitchcock, you probably know, and it is said she is going to have a brilliant career as a singer. A friend of mine heard her in Bologna, when she had her great triumph there. The stage was literally a bed of flowers, and atop the flowers were placed elegant and valuable gifts. She sang *L'Africaine* there also. Although the *Africaine* was received rather coldly on the 26th at the Pergola, all the journals say that La Durand was rapturously applauded; so she is "all right." The same friend, who is very musical, writes me from Florence, in a letter I received a day or so ago, that a Boston singer, Anna Renzi, has been singing lately in Florence, at the little Goldoni theatre, to most respectable audiences with great success. It is not her first appearance; for my friend heard her in Florence last year, I remember, in *Lucia*. This season she has been singing *Linda* and *Puritani*. She was very brilliant in *Puritani*, and drew crowded houses. "Her school is good," writes my friend, "her voice most agreeable, and her execution very satisfactory. She is extremely conscientious and painstaking, but her acting is too mechanical. She was called out the other night three times in the middle of the third act."

The carnival season at Turin was inaugurated by Boito's *Mefistofele*, at the Teatro Regio, and the opera was a great success. Boito was called out fifteen times. The prima donna, Pantaleoni, had great applause, and the audience also was pleased with the tenor, Rossetti, and the basso, Castelmary. Pedrotte directed the orchestra splendidly. The *Ugonotti* had a rough time of it on the night of the 26th, at the "Scala," Milan. The orchestra and choruses were fine, of course, with the famous director Faccio. The prima donna, Fossa (Valentina), and the tenor, Gayarre, were applauded, but the other singers were not successful. At Venice the clever, careful singer De Giuli, also sang in the *Ugonotti*, on the 26th, and owing to her abilities the opera was saved from a complete *fiasco*, as the other singers were so poor. The *Ugonotti* also opened the Carnival season at Genoa (Carlo Felice), with much success. Prima donna Berini, the *Conte Verde* of Maestro Libani, had a great triumph at Vicenza on the 26th.

The funeral service for Tamburini was celebrated with great pomp at the Madeleine, Paris. The entire church was hung with black cloth, ornamented with silver palms, and shields with the initials of the deceased. In the middle of the nave towered an immense catafalque, surrounded by wax-tapers and lampadaries. The musical part of the ceremony was unusually fine. After the organ had played the funeral march from *La Gazza Ladra*, and the bass air from the *Stabat*, in which Tamburini used to be especially good, it gave a "Kyrie" by Handel; a "Pie Jesu," by Alary; another, by Niedermeyer; a "Sanctus," by Th. Dubois; and a "Libera," by the same composer. The solos were sung by MM. Miguel and Lauwers; the choir and orchestra were under the direction of M. Th. Dubois, chapelmaster of the Madeleine. At the conclusion of the service M. C. Saint-Saëns performed Chopin's "Funeral March" upon the organ. Among the persons present were General Cialdini, Italian ambassador; all the Lablache family; Strauss, and a fine looking man with a full patriarchal white beard. The last-named person was no other than the Duke of Candia, more famous as Sig. Mario, the former colleague of Tamburini. A funeral car drawn by four horses afterwards conveyed the body to Montretout, where it was finally deposited in a family vault.

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Ballad in popular style. Words by Geo. Cooper, and sweet melody.

Shall I wear a White Rose? G. 3. d to g. *Farmer.* 40

"I shall need no roses,
If his heart be true."

A song quite as sweet as the rose, white or red.

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A charming musical interpretation of an old legend, which legend (in verse) accompanies the piece.

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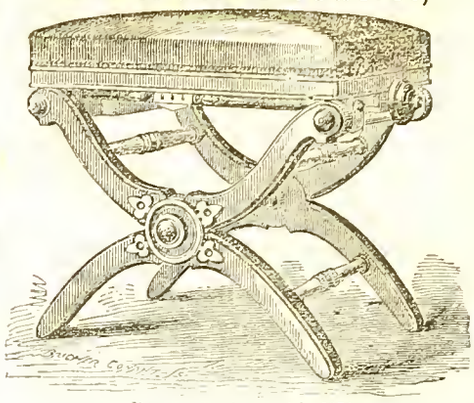

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

Whole No. 935. BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 17, 1877. Vol. XXXVI. No. 23.

Translated for this Journal.

Gluck's Overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis."

(Letter from Richard Wagner to the Editor of the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik," Leipzig, June, 1854.)

* * * * A worthy friend, who neither makes a pursuit of music nor reads the musical journals, expressed the wish to me one day, that he might hear for once something of Gluck, so as to gain some impression of his music, which he had nowhere had a chance to hear. I found myself in despair, because at first I could think of nothing else but the performance of an act out of one of Gluck's operas, and that only in a concert. Between ourselves, I cannot imagine a worse travesty of a dramatic, especially a tragic, musical piece, than to have the death agonies of Orestes and Iphigenia, for example, sung down to us from a concert orchestra by people in dress coat and ball toilette, with the huge bouquet and the part held between their shiny gloves. Now such is the "one-sidedness" of my nature, that, where the artistic illusion is not complete, I cannot feel even half satisfied,—a thing so easy to every professional musician. Forced to abandon the representation of an opera scene of Gluck for my friend, I found nothing left to choose, but the most perfect instrumental composition by Gluck, the Overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis."

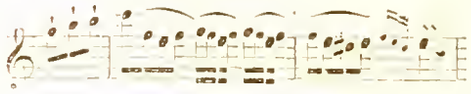
But here again I met a difficulty: This Overture, it is well known, passes with its last measures into the first scene of the opera, and has no conclusion for itself. But I remembered to have heard in concerts in my youth, as well as later, before the performance of *Iphigenia in Tauris* in the Court theatre of Dresden, under the direction of my former colleague Reissiger, this overture with a conclusion made by Mozart. It remained in my memory, too, that at that time it always produced on me a cold, indifferent impression: but I believed this wholly owing to a complete mistake, afterwards made clear to me, of the true *tempo* (which I held now in my hand), and not to the Mozart ending itself. Accordingly I took up the Overture, in the Mozart arrangement, in a rehearsal with the orchestra. But when I came to the appendage, after the first eight bars it became impossible for me to let it go on any further. I felt at once, that, if this Mozart ending harmonized very unsatisfactorily with the peculiar thoughts of the Gluck overture, it would be utterly intolerable performed in the right *tempo* of the preceding piece.—Now with this *tempo*, according to my experience, the case stands as follows:—

In the last century, the standing cut of all overtures, especially to serious operas, consisted of a short introduction in a slow *tempo*, followed by a quicker movement of greater length. They were so accustomed to this, that in Germany, where Gluck's *Iphigenia* itself for a long while was not performed, this Overture, which was given by itself in concerts, was involuntary regarded as a thing composed according to the usual cut. Indeed it does contain two distinct pieces of originally different tempo, namely a slower one as far as to the 19th measure, and from that point on another, which is just twice as fast. But Gluck had in mind, with this Overture, to introduce at once the first scene, which begins with the very same theme with the Overture; accordingly, in order to avoid all outward interruption of the tempo, he wrote the Allegro movement in notes twice as short as he would have done if he had indicated the change of tempo by the term "Allegro." This is very obvious to any one who keeps on in the score, and there in the first act considers the scene of the tumultuous Greeks with Calchas; here we find precisely the same figure, which in the Overture is executed in sixteenths, written in eighths, and precisely because the tempo is here marked "Allegro." To each of these eighth-notes the chorus has several times to utter a syllable, which is quite in character with the uproarious army. Now, with a slight modification, determined by the character of the rest of the themes, Gluck took this tempo for the Allegro of his Overture—only, as we have just said, changing the mode of writing, so as outwardly to retain the opening "Andante" tempo, which returns after the Overture. And so in the old printed Paris edition of the score there is no trace of any change of tempo indicated; but the original "Andante" goes on through the overture and over into the beginning of the first scene unchanged.

Now the German concert directors overlooked this peculiarity of writing, and at the point where the shorter notes begin, with the up-beat to the twentieth bar, they let the old traditional quicker tempo enter; so that finally the audacious sign "Allegro" passed into German editions of the Overture (perhaps after them also into the French).—How incredibly Gluck's overture has become disfigured by this twice too quick style of performance, any person, who has taste and understanding, can judge if he listens to a rendering of the piece conducted in the correct time, as Gluck intended it, and then compares this with the trivial noise commonly presented to him as Gluck's masterwork. That he did not always feel this, that it never before occurred to him how different the case ought to be with this much praised Overture, which one could stupidly and indifferently play as an introduction before a wholly different opera (a thing impossible had it been rightly understood), is only to be explained from our general experience, from youth up, of dragging about with us such a load of inculcated, passively accepted respect for authority, that, when at last a definite impression scares away the phantom, we can scarcely comprehend how we were ever able to regard this as anything essential, genuine and real.—But there are many very happy persons, to whom this impression and this recognition never comes; who keep so tight a rein upon their feeling, and can hold every involuntary determination of it through any new phenomena so far aloof from them, that in spite of every experience they cherish a pride in remaining what they were, or what they have been made to be in some earlier single period of development. Of this I will relate to you an example in connection with Gluck's Overture.

When I was preparing for the Dresden theatre the *Iphigenia in Aulis*, then so very seldom put upon the stage, I sent for the old Paris edition of the score, so that I might not be misled by certain single arrangements by Spontini in the Berlin score that had been placed at my command. From that I learned the original intention of Gluck for the Overture; and through this only correct conception of the tempo I came at once to feel the grand, the powerful, inimitable beauty of this composition; whereas formerly—as I have already remarked—it always left me cold, although I naturally had never ventured to express it. So I saw the necessity of an altogether different rendering; I recognized the massive breadth of the brazen *unisono*, the splendor and the energy of the succeeding violin figures over the powerful movement of the basses up and down the scale in quarter notes; but especially I now first comprehended the significance of the tender passage:

with the touchingly graceful second half:



which, as it used to be played, without expression (how else could it be?) in doubly rapid time, had always made on me the ludicrous impression of a mere scroll or flourish.—The excellent orchestra, which had already gained full confidence in me, entered—although at first with wonder and possessed by habit—into my conception, and by its fine performance of the Overture worthily introduced the warm and vividly colored representation of the whole work, which gained the most popular, that is to say the least affected success of all the operas of Gluck in Dresden.—But now I fared strangely with the critics, above all with the then principal reviewer of Dresden, Herr C. Banck. What he had never heard before, to-wit, the whole opera, found in my arrangement, and in spite of his antipathy to all my past leading, his pretty unqualified applause; but the changed rendering of the Overture, which he had often heard, was an abomination to him. Here the force of habit operated; so

that I had the singular experience of appearing the most confused just where I meant to work the most conscientiously and with the most complete conviction; of passing for entirely spoilt, just where I believed I was giving the most distinct satisfaction to sound feeling. Besides that, I put another weapon into the hand of my adversary; in certain passages, where the opposition of the principal motive rises to a passionate, violent pitch, especially toward the end, in the eight bars before the last return of the great unisono, it seemed to me indispensable to quicken the movement, so that with the last entrance of the chief theme I might rein up the tempo, equally necessary again for the character of this theme, and hold it to its former breadth. But unfortunately the critic, listening only superficially, and siezing not the purpose, but only the material of the purpose, found in this a proof of my erroneous idea of the principal tempo, since at the close I well nigh abandoned it myself. From this I perceived that the critic must always be right, because he is a stickler for words and syllables, but is never struck by the spirit itself. * * * *

We come back now to Mozart, whose conclusion to the Iphigenia Overture made me almost despair of giving my Zurich friend any idea of Gluck's music through a performance of this work. I, uninitiated into the mysteries of the regular musical art guild, perceived, as I have said, that even Mozart only knew the overture according to the mutilated manner of delivery which I have censured; and the clearest proof that a distorted rendering must lead even the most genial musician to an entirely false conception of an unfamiliar musical work, imposing as its excellencies may be otherwise, was furnished me by Mozart, who certainly would not have written his brilliant, but wholly unfit ending, had he rightly understood the overture.—What was I to do? Make a conclusion myself! That were child's play for every musician by profession, but not for me, poor dilettante, who could prudently trust myself in music only so far as I might hope to realize poetic purposes in it.—Now was there a poetic purpose lying at the foundation of Gluck's overture? Of course there was; and just such a purpose as rejected every arbitrary musical conclusion.

To me, one-sided layman, the subject matter (*Inhalt*) of this overture, extremely characteristic and determining its whole artistic plan, so dawned upon me, that in it the chief motives of the expected drama were brought together with the happiest distinctness in their effect upon the feeling. I say: brought together, placed *beside* each other; for *out* of one another they could be developed only in so far as each one singly makes its distinctest impression by having its opposite placed close beside it, so that, through this sharp and immediate contrast, the impression just received from the preceding motive is of great importance, nay of decisive influence, for the peculiar effect of the motive which follows it. Accordingly the entire contents of Gluck's overture appeared to me the following:—1) a motive of appeal out of deep sorrows gnawing at the heart; 2) a motive of authority, of an imperious, all-powerful command; 3) a motive of grace, of virgin tenderness; 4) a motive of sad and painful sympathy. Now the whole extent of the Overture is filled out by nothing else but the continued alternation of these last three main motives, bound together by little secondary motives derived from them; in themselves there is nothing changed except the key. Only in their significance and in their mutual relation, they are made more and more impressive through this varied, characteristic alternation, so that, when finally the curtain rises, and Agamemnon invokes the ruthless goddess with the first motive, who will only be propitiated and grant favor to the Grecian host at the price of the sacrifice of his tender daughter, we are transported into a state of sympathy with a sublime tragic conflict, which we expect to see unfolded out of these distinct dramatic motives.

[Conclusion next time.]

The Rise of Opera.

II.

Sir W. Davenant introduced a kind of opera into England in 1656; this was twenty-two years before the first public production of opera in Germany. In these plays, female performers first appeared on the stage. "The Tempest," made into an opera by Shadwell, and set to music by Matthew Lock, was first given in 1673. Lock also wrote the "Macbeth" music, and "Circe." Lulli being then in fashion, Lock imitated him largely. Grabut came to England and composed the allegorical opera of "Albin and Albanius," to Dryden's verses. The Duchess of Mazarin introduced a strong taste for foreign music, which prevailed till H. Purcell came before the world (1658-1695.) This celebrated man needs some special notice. At the age of 18 he became organist of Westminster Abbey and wrote the music of a play, called "Dido and Eneas," at about the same age. This is most excellent music. He wrote and composed other musical plays. "Indian Queen" and "Boadicea" are two of the best remembered; for in them occur the well-known airs, "To arms," "Britons, strike home" and "Come unto these yellow sands." Purcell also composed the music to Beaumont and Fletcher's "Dioclesian." According to Mr. Haweis, Purcell's music "stands between the past and future: he felt his relation to the one by sympathy, to the other by a kind of almost prophetic intuition." His music is full of rhythm and melody, and is of great beauty. His songs are particularly admired. "Fairest isle," and "Let the dreadful engines of eternal will," are typical songs, as specimens of his great expressive power. His was, indeed, a genius; for he had no predecessor in England, and little acquaintance with Italian works, except by bare perusal. His orchestral resources were also very poor. The first opera performed on the Italian model was "Arsinoe" (1705). About this time, Nicolini appeared in England and made his *debut* in "Pyrrhus and Demetrius," originally composed by A. Scarlatti, and noticeable as being the last opera in which the singers all spoke in their own language, so that an Italian song was answered by an English recitation, etc. This absurd fashion must have made a grotesque effect. Nicolini was both actor and singer, and made a name for several other operas. It was at this time that Handel appeared. Of him we must treat separately, and now follow out the course of English opera, properly speaking.

The establishment of Italian opera caused the neglect of English drama for the time. In 1712 Hughes and Galliard produced "Calypso," but were unsuccessful, and until the year 1728 nothing worth noticing appeared. Then came out the famous "Beggar's Opera," Gay writing the words, Dr. Pepusch binding together the airs. It was offered at first to the house at Covent Garden (originally built by Sir C. Wren); refused here, it was accepted by Rich, lessee of Drury Lane, and was a complete success, notwithstanding the dictum of both Pope and Swift, before it appeared, that "it would be a failure." It was said to have made Gay rich and Rich gay, for it brought the authors £2,000 profit. Lavinia Fenton, first mistress, then wife, of the Duke of Bolton, won her laurels by acting Polly Peachum. It was full of hits against those in power, and retained its popularity for a hundred years; but now it is rarely performed, owing to its great licentiousness, and to a difficulty in getting a fitting hero and heroine. Every sort of vice is depicted in the most tempting colors. Macheath, the principal character, is a highwayman of the worst type; Polly alone remains pure, and is thence an impossibility with such surroundings. Dr. Johnson says of it, "There is in it such a labefactation of all principles, as to be injurious to morality;" and we must rest satisfied with this judgment, though Swift and others have tried to make it out a piece harmless in its effects. The success it met with caused C. Johnson to bring out "The Village Opera." The music consisted of old tunes set to new words. "Teremintа," written by Cary, and composed by one Smith, was a failure. "Amelia" succeeded better. Miss Arne came out in this. Her brother, the great Dr. Arne (1710-1778) composed music to Addison's "Rosamund," and to Fielding's "Tom Thumb;" but it was "Comus" which fixed his fame. This did not see the light till 1731, a year after the "Dragon of Wantley," a burlesque on the Italian opera, written by Carey, composed by Lampe. The music of this piece is excellent, and it is a matter of great regret that it should have been suffered to decay.

To return to Arne, "Artaxerxes" was the greatest of his works, and by far the most celebrated of English operas. The words were a bad translation from Metastasio. The dialogue is entirely in recitation; the airs are what have fixed its long renown, for almost down to the present day there have been performances of it. It was written to emulate the Italian school, to bring English music forward again. Mrs. Cibber, Miss Brent, worthily carried out Arne's ideas, and sang passages full of what now would be considered great difficulty. The lovely airs, "In infancy our hopes and fears," "If e'er the cruel tyrant," and "Water parted from the sea" will long be prized. In 1736, appeared "Love in a village," written by Bickerstaff. The airs were partly by Arne, partly selected from those popular at the time. He tried, and failed, in an Italian opera, the "Olympiade" of Metastasio. After this Arne contented himself with making additions to Purcell's works. To the "Tempest," he added "Where the bee sucks." He also wrote music to some of Shakespeare's songs, and two oratorios. These last were unsuccessful. His was not such an original genius as Purcell's; he copied more from the Italian, and by this, though he gained in sweetness, he lost in grandeur and true feeling. He had very few rivals, but at his death many pasticcio operas arose in the style of "Love in a village," "The maid of the mill," "Lionel and Clarisse," and others.

T. Linley, lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, about this time, with the help of Sheridan, his son-in-law, wrote "The Duenna." W. Jackson, of Exeter, wrote very little dramatic music, except "The lord of the manor," in which Mrs. Crouch attained celebrity. In it occur the beautiful airs, "When first this humble roof I knew," and "Encompass'd in an angel's frame." Dr. Arnold wrote for Covent Garden and the Haymarket. C. Dibdin (1768), and W. Shield also. The works of all these are light, sometimes comic; the musical portion consisting of songs and duets, with occasionally a very slight connecting piece or chorus.

The first step towards the modern opera was made by Dr. Storace (1788). His first work was "The Haunted Tower," then "The Pirates," "Lodoiska," "The Iron Chest." He was the first to put connected pieces and finales on the English stage. His music is in the Italian style of that day. He left "Mahmoud" unfinished, a piece which he was writing for the public appearance of the afterwards celebrated Braham, who himself wrote ephemeral pieces. Incledon, Mme. Mara, Mrs. Billington, were also on the boards at this time. Bishop wrote "The Circassian Bride," which gained him his name, and immediately after it appeared he was made Director of Music at Covent Garden, and brought out "The Maniac."

With the advance of taste, consequent on the appearance of the music of Mozart, Weber, and Rossini, English composers soon withdrew. About 1834 a revival was attempted at the English Opera House. Barnett's "Mountain Sylph" was the longest in favor of the pieces performed; but eventually this house left off representing operas and turned into the Lyceum. Since then Covent Garden and Drury Lane have reigned supreme rivals; Miss A. Kemble, Macready, Bunn, have been their best known directors. In 1842 Mr. Maddox opened an English opera-house, where chiefly versions of Italian operas were performed; but this house lasted only eight years, and with it ended all attempts at English opera for very many years. Michael

BALFE (1808–1870), born in Dublin, studied in Italy, and wrote at Milan the music of the ballet of "Perouse." His first complete opera was "I Rivali" for Palermo. On his return to London he composed "The Siege of Rochelle" for the Lyceum; but that theatre having been closed just before its performance by the bankruptcy of the manager, the opera was taken by the manager of Drury Lane Theatre. Here it proved a great success, and held the stage for three months. His "Maid of Artois" was supported by the singing of Malibran. One of the songs, "The light of other days," was universally sung in England. "Catherine Gray," "Joan of Arc," "Falstaff" (the first opera, English, brought out at Her Majesty's Opera since the days of Arne) "Diadeste," and "Kedenthe." These were all of secondary merit. His best was "The Bohemian Girl," which spread his fame to foreign countries. The "Castle of Aymon," "Daughter of St. Mark," "Enchantress" were written for Drury Lane. In 1846, he wrote "L'Etoile de Seville" for L'Academie Royale, Paris. During his six years of tenure of the conductorship of Her Majesty's Theatre, he brought out his "Bondman" and "Maid of Honor." After this came "The Sicilian Bride" and "The devil's in it." The "Rose of Castile" and "Satanella" were written in 1857 and 1858. His last opera, "Il Talismano," was given in 1875. J. BARNETT is best known by his "Mountain Sylph," J. F. BARNETT by the "Ancient Mariner." MACFARREN'S "Robin Hood" and "Helvellyn" are his principal dramatic works. A. HOLMES in his opera of "Inez and Castro" has established a strong claim to "dramatic power and fine orchestration." "Fair Rosamond" by BARNETT, and "The Outpost' by HULLAH, have met with well-merited success.

But we must now go back to HANDEL. Born in 1685, in an unmusical family, his natural musical genius was well-nigh quenched by a father who destined him for the law. But his great talents early revealed themselves, and he received the patronage of the great Elector of Brandenburg. He left his native place of Halle, and settled in Hamburg, where he became violinist in the Opera house. In his twentieth year, he wrote "Almira," which proved so successful that it was repeated thirty nights following. This opera was quickly succeeded by "Dafne," and "Florinda." Turning his thoughts to perfecting his art by travelling in Italy, Handel went to Florence, where he was patronized by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and wrote "Roderigo." Thence he went to Venice, where he wrote "Agrippina," which made a perfect furore, and gained for him the title of "Il caro Sassone." At Rome he gained the friendship of Cardinal Ottoboni, and composed "The Triumph of Time." After dawdling about Italy, he took up his quarters for some time at Hanover, where he received £300 from the Elector; and, at the same time, permission to visit England. Finding the Haymarket under the management of Aaron Hill, and London gone mad for music of the Italian school, he had to follow the fashion, and A. Hill writing the libretto, he composed "Rinaldo." The air "Lascia ch'io pianga" still lives. The romantic interest of the subject, the charms of the music, and the splendor of the spectacle, made the opera an object of general attraction; and its success was sufficient to counteract the strictures and sarcasms of Addison, smarting under the failure of his "Rosamund." Handel returned to Hanover; then revisited London, where, on the accession of the Elector of Hanover (whom he had by his neglect so highly offended,) as George I., Handel ran the risk of losing favor; but his hold on the people was too strong, and a reconciliation between the King and the musician had to be effected. While a guest of the Earl of Burlington, he wrote "Amadigi," which marks a great decline in dramatic art—great attention being given to stage fixings, and other subordinate matters. While with the Duke of Chandos at Cannons, he composed his fine anthems, the serenata of "Acis and Galatea," and the oratorio of "Esther." For three years now followed a total suspension of operatic performances. In 1720 the Royal Academy, of Music was established. A sum of £50,000 was subscribed for the carrying on of the Italian opera. Handel from Cannons, Ariosti from Berlin, Bononcini from Rome, were summoned to attend, and give their services.

In 1721 the opera of "Mucio Scævola," the joint work of the three, appeared, and in 1723 "Otho," by Handel alone, the most popular of his works. In it sang the celebrated Cuzzoni, with whose voice the composer was so charmed that for her he wrote his most beautiful airs. "Affani del Pensier" was the best of these. Cuzzoni's praises drew large crowds, and the tickets rose to four guineas a-night, but she soon wore out Handel's patience with her airs and self-will, and he turned to Bordoni and Faustina. "Radamistus" was given in 1720. Handel thought "Ombra Cara" in this opera one of the finest he ever wrote; it is still heard. In this piece acted Donastanti and Senesino. In "Flavio" there is "Dona pace," the first scenic quintet ever composed. In "Giulio Cesare" "Alma del gran Pompio" is still admired. In the few years succeeding 1725 "Scipio," "Siroe," and "Ptolemy" appeared. With these came the decline again of the Italian opera, and in 1732 Handel began his immortal oratorios, though a year afterwards he made another short and ill fated attempt to succeed in opera. "Orlando" belongs to this period. From thirty-two to forty he had twelve years of incessant struggling with the fashion of his age. In this time he composed sixteen operas and five oratorios. Some of these operas, known hardly except by name, are "Ariadne," "Arisdante," "Alcina," "Atalanta," "Arminius," "Justin," "Berenice," "Faramonda." With "Imenico" and "Deidamio" he finally quitted the dramatic stage.

Handel's is a strange career. Three times, despite of opposition, he gained his way, forced his works on the public, and made a fortune; three times he failed and retired. His last years were spent in honorable independence, saddened, indeed, by his infirmity, but full of satisfaction that at last his great works had prevailed over sickly Italian and homely English music. His manuscripts, which were left to his friend Smith, were by his son handed over to his admirer, George III. He died in 1759, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

III.

The beginning of the 18th century was the Augustine Age of Italian music, when no less a poet than METASTATIO (1698–1782) delighted to write for the stage. PORPORA (1689–1767), a pupil of Scarlatti, and a man of high reputation, composed for Metastasio; "Ezio" and "Semiramide" were their joint productions. Porpora composed "Ariana e Teseo," and half a hundred other operas. But it is by his cantatas that he is best known. They are esteemed for the goodness of their recitatives, and the melody of their airs. He came to England, and attempted in vain to rival Handel. Of PEREZ, and HASSE, who at this time wrote many operas, only the sacred music is now remembered. SARRO composed "La Didone Abbandonata" to Metastasio's poetry. Nicolini, and Balgarini, sang in it. LEONARDO VINCI, for his "Catone in Uttica." VINCI and L. LEO belong to the Neapolitan school, and were musicians of no mean talent. N. LOGROSCINO, of the same school, gave additional variety and effect to music, by the invention of finales; but his works have all been lost. Of PERGOLESI (1704–1737) more can be said. His first operas were comic; one of them, "La Serva padrona," was in great favor in Italy for many years. He composed the music to Metastasio's "Olympiade," but it met with complete neglect, and he nearly broke his heart. He died at the early age of 33. His sacred works are still more beautiful; his "Stabat Mater" most of all so. "Orfeo and Eurdyce," "Salve Regina," were others of his compositions. His sacred music is natural, and most expressive, though perhaps a little monotonous; but it is a faithful accompaniment to the words. With Pergolesi passed away from Italy to Germany the high culture of music. But very many composers followed him, in Italy, and deserve some mention. But, perhaps, it may be as well to add here some notes as to the structure of the opera at this time. The number of characters was generally limited to six, three of each sex—who were made always to be in love with one another. Each singer must have a principal air; the piece must be divided into three acts. There was a scena in the second and third acts, consisting of an accompanied recitative. There might be a duet; but there never was a trio, or other concerted piece. The air was divided into several kinds; the "aria Cantabile" was the pre-eminent one; its object is to express tenderness, and pleasing sadness. The "aria di portamento" was to display the singer's voice; and was to illustrate the opinion of the Italians that sound by itself, and *itself*, was the most beautiful of all sounds. The "aria di mezzo carattere" takes in all the medium feelings, and is in "andante" time. The "aria parlante" expresses passion and agitation. The "aria di bravura," or "aria d'agilità," merely afford the singer an opportunity of displaying great powers of voice. The effect of such airs is more often wonderful than beautiful. This classification of melody is, according to Hogarth, complete—and not capable of any improvement. Among those composers who tried to introduce German style in respect to vocal harmony and instrumental accompaniment, JOMELLI may be taken first in order (1714–1774). He wrote "L'errore amoroso," and "Odoardo," also "Achille in Seno," for Metastasio, whose favorite composer he became. This last, and "Armida," were successful; but "Demifoonte," and "Ifigenia," in which he tried to introduce German peculiarities, failed entirely; and the music was termed "scelerata." His "Merope" is a good piece. All his works are full of elaborate counterpoint. GALUPPI composed for the church, the chamber, and the theatre. His influence was felt on English music. The air "How blest the maid," in "Love in a Village," is his. In his "Sofonisba" appeared, for the first time, the celebrated Gabrielli, who afterwards gained her laurels in the air "Son regina e sono amante," from Jomelli's "Didone." She came to London, and sang in Sacchini's "Didone," Piccini's "Cajo Mario," and Vento's "La Vestale." PICCINI wrote mostly comic operas. His "La Cecchina" is one of the most successful pieces ever published. He also composed "La buona figliuola" to Goldoni's words—who took the story from Richardson's "Pamela" The "Olympiade," of Metastasio was also set by him, as well as by Galuppi and Jomelli; but Piccini's version of the air "Se cerca, se dice," is considered the most beautiful, and the most expressive. SACCHINI a genius equal to Piccini, came to England in 1772 By his great tact in discerning the peculiar qualities and power of each singer, he made every piece a work of merit. The air "Henry cull'd the flowret's bloom," in Rosina, is a good specimen of his style. But in our country, and in France—for which he composed several of his best works—he is now quite forgotten. In Germany, his "Œ lipus zu Colonos" is still performed. PAESIELLO (1741–1816) was, like many other great musicians, educated at Naples. During an engagement in Russia, he composed "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," and the comic intermezzo, "Il mondo nella Luna." In the service of Ferdinand IV., he composed "Il Pirro," remarkable as being the first serious opera, in which there were concerted finales. In "La Molinara," and "La Frascatana," Madame Catalani enchanted the English public; and in "La Pazza per Amore," Madame Pasta He spent some years in Paris, under the first Napoleon; and at Naples, under Joseph Bonaparte. But, at the fall of this family, he fell into neglect and poverty. He wrote about seventy eight operas, eight intermezzi, and an immense number of oratorios and masses. His style is eminently simple; but yet to no composer more fully than to him may be applied the words of Carissimi—"Ah, questo facile quanto e difficile." His "Pazza per Amore" will always gain a hearing as long as there is a singer worthy to take the part of Nina. Paesiello introduced many improvements in orchestral composition; he introduced the viola, clarinet, and bassoon. CIMAROSA (1754–1801), after a visit to Russia, settled at Venice, under the Emperor Leopold, as director of the Italian opera. Here he composed his "Il Matrimonio Segreto." The reception of this piece was so unparalleled, that it had to be repeated the same night. His "Matrimoni per Sassuro," "La Penelope," "L'Olimpiade," and "Gli Orazi," are also thought very fine. The last is taken from Corneille's "Les Horaces," and is full of noble simplicity. The piece is so free from antiquated forms, that it wants nothing but an orchestral score of greater fulness and variety to satisfy the most modern ears. It is the finest tragic opera of the Italian school; just as "Il Matrimonio Segreto" is the finest comic. It is founded on our comedy of "The Clandestine Marriage," and has been performed lately by Grisi, Lablache, and Tamburini.

ZINGARELLI composed "Montezuma," and many other operas; but, after he succeeded Guglielmi in the chapel of the Vatican, he wrote only church music. His "Romeo e Giuletta" has been kept alive to the present time by the powers of Mdme. Pasta. Merendante, Donizetti, Bellini, were his pupils. His oratorio, "La Distrusione di Gerusalemme," is his finest ecclesiastic work. The interval from Zingarelli to Rossini was filled up by the career of S. MAYER, who composed "Medea," the scene of Mdme. Pasta's greatest triumph; F. PAER, who composed "La Griselda," "Camillo," and "Agnese;" and others. P. WINTER composed principally for the London stage. At the age of twenty, ROSSINI produced his "Tancredi," and established his fame. Before that, of the operas he had com-

posed, only "L'inganno felice" is known. He travelled about Italy, composing operas for the different theatres, and receiving £40 for each. He visited London and Paris. He is now thought to belong to the past, but still holds a high rank; and "La donna del Lago," "Guillaume Tell," "Otello," "La Gazza Ladra," "Mosé in Egitto," will long remain favorites on the stage. V. BELLINI's (1806–1835) music made its way all over Europe. "Il Pirata" was his first successful opera. The libretto was written by the poet Romani, and Rubini first appeared in it. A number of similar works followed; of these, the best known are—"La Sonnambula," "Norma," and "I Puritani," with their soul-melting melodies. DONIZETTI was a most prolific writer. He produced in all sixty-four operas; the best of which are "Anna Bolena," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "La Favorite," "Linda da Chamouni," "La fille du Regiment," "Don Pasquale," "Betly," and "Maria di Rohan." Of these, the six latter far excel the others in solidity and strength; and as they were written near his end, it is to be regretted that Donizetti did not live longer, to develop his artistic powers. He was beginning to be influenced by the German school, and to improve much in his instrumentation and counterpoint. VERDI is most popular in Italy; though "I due Foscari," "Nabuco," and "I Lombardi," have been heard in other countries. Though the Italian opera still receives a great amount of support, and, with regard to this, is still in a most flourishing state, with reference to the *quality* of the productions it brings before its audience, it is in a stage of decay. Rossini's imitators have degraded the art, by copying from him what was most inartistic. They will all—Bellini, Ricci, Mercadante, Donizetti—sink into oblivion. The poetry, too, is at a low ebb; and, where this is the case, the dramatic excellence of the opera must be on the decline; and so it will continue, until some musician will arise who possesses sound views on art, together with a poet not afraid to commit himself by association with a genius equal to his own in a different walk. J. S.

—*Lond. Musical Standard.*

What Hanslick says about Christine Nilsson.

The above eminent critic thus expresses himself, in the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* of Jan. 7:—

"Christine Nilsson commenced her starring engagement at the Imperial Operahouse as Ophelia, in A. Thomas's *Hamlet*. A densely crowded house awaited her appearance with evident eagerness. The first view of her prepossessed them in her favor, and augured most auspiciously for the result. Mad. Nilsson has a tall, well-proportioned figure, a noble and finely chiselled countenance, in which two large light-blue eyes now touchingly glance, and now flash with passionate expression; her bearing is upright and calm, and every movement harmonious. She opens her lips, displaying her pearl-like teeth, and murmurs the first notes of the duet with Hamlet. In scarcely any other opera does the *prima donna* enter so unpretendingly as Ophelia enters in *Hamlet;* nay, strictly speaking, the entire first three acts constitute simply an humble and ungrateful introduction to the fourth act, which first permits the full development of the fair artist's musical and dramatic art. But even the little preliminary duet revealed Mad. Nilsson's marked and genuinely artistic individuality. No one can give the duet more unassumingly and simply, but no one can give it more effectively or with greater feeling. Her voice, a high soprano, bright, frank, and marvellously equal, does not possess imposing power, or even the first full freshness of youth, but, with its soft, pure, flute-like tones, it insinuates itself irresistibly into one's ear and heart. A slight veil rests upon the middle notes, as was the case with Jenny Lind, to whom Mad Nilsson is linked not only by the same native land, but by the fundamental features of her musical nature. We like the soft, dull haze which is generally spread over voices destined to pour forth a rich store of deep feeling in song. In the second act, Ophelia has only one piece; Mdme. Nilsson, with delicate tact, kept the two strophes of it, the first before, and the second after, Hamlet's entrance, distinct from each other, and then found the most simple and most touching expression for her grief at his disappearance. The most simple and most touching expression—that is the talisman by means of which Mdme. Nilsson everywhere and always captivates us, even when the composer does not come to her aid with any effect. Her action is limited to what is absolutely necessary, but it is conceived with the instinct of genius and perfectly realized. Surprisingly beautiful, true, and, at the same time, all her own, is her conception of the trio in the third act. It is by Hamlet's crushing adjuration: 'Get thee to a nunnery!' that Ophelia is first driven to the brink of insanity, and it is here that Mme. Nilsson suggests the first approach of the mental night which encompasses Ophelia in the fourth act. In the great scene of the fourth act, Christine Nilsson displayed the highest virtuosity which we can conceive in so tragic a situation; virtuosity which we do not notice, bravura which we forget, on account of the profound feeling in which every note is steeped. All those who, from numerous accounts, had expected merely a great virtuosa, now beheld—a great artist. Thanks to the most expressive mimetic talent, action, and tone-coloring. Mdme Nilsson succeeded in supplying a dramatic motive for isolated florid passages, of greater or less length apparently dedicated to *bravura* alone—they gushed forth from Ophelia's soul, and not simply from her throat. Ophelia thoroughly corresponds to Mdme. Nilsson's whole appearance and style of singing, and, therefore, it would be dangerous to hazard a conclusive judgment on the lady from this one part. How far her power of dramatic metamorphosis extends, and whether she will be equally successful in infusing her tender and dreamily gentle individuality into other characters, is something which time alone can show. One thing meanwhile is certain: We never met a more perfectly poetic incarnation of Ophelia, and probably never shall. We look forward to Mdme. Nilsson's next performances with joyous expectation such as we have not experienced in operatic matters for a long time."

Joachim at Stuttgart.

Which of us would ever have thought that any one could fill up a programme with nothing but violin pieces and that we should sit and listen, as we were accustomed to sit and listen for whole evenings to pianoforte music? Certainly it was possible only for such an artist as Joachim to play every piece without resting. And what playing! During a period of fifteen years we have heard all the violinists of importance who have appeared at concerts here, and there are not a few. How often, too, have we not been carried away and had our enthusiasm excited by the magnificent performance of our great artist, Singer! But who will, who can, contradict us when we boldly assert that Joachim, the "King of Violinists," surpasses them all—all! Of the brilliant qualities which adorn this unique artist—powerful tone, grandiose execution, blameless correctness, grand repose and deep feeling—of these qualities this or that violinist may possess one or the other: but never, never before have we heard them all so closely connected and so thoroughly blended in the same person. Joachim is, our ideal picture of a great violinist. If we think of the different pieces he played, what shall we say and where shall we begin? With the exception of his own Romance, we were familiar with all the pieces, down to the smallest details, and we know the passages which Joachim played differently—differently, indeed, from the way in which he had heard them played. How marvellously lovely was the second movement of Beethoven's C minor Sonata, and how charming the scherzo of the same piece! If in the Barcarolle by Spohr, the Sarabande by Leclair, the Romance by Beethoven, the first movement of the "Devil's Sonata," by Tartini, and, also, in his own Romance, the artist displayed his greatness in the sustained style, he shone in Spohr's Scherzo, Leclair's "Tambourin," the "Devil's Sonata," and the piquant Hungarian Dances (arranged likewise by Brahms for four hands), by his wondrous execution, by a staccato which cannot be surpassed, and at the same time by his astounding composure. Through all he does there runs something which we shall never hear in so great a degree again, a charm which seizes powerfully on every heart: this is the wonderful singing of the violin, or, in a word, what we call soul. To play with soul is not a thing which can be learned; it is a gift from heaven. Lucky is he who possesses it, and lucky is he, too, who can listen to it. If a never-ending, constantly-recommencing storm of applause was ever justifiable, it was so on this occasion. Of this let Joachim rest assured. Professor Pruckner played the pianoforte part of the C minor Sonata in a finished manner. The accompaniment to the other pieces was confided to Herr Hirschberger, of Berlin, who knows what accompanying really means. Such self-effacement to the advantage of the soloist is rare.—*Stuttgart Augenblick.*

The Opera-House Bubble.

MAURICE STRAKOSCH'S DREAMS OF A GREAT TEMPLE OF MUSIC—WHY HIS VISIONS CAME TO NAUGHT.

For a considerable time journals of this and other cities have been publishing accounts of a wonderful opera-house, of enormous dimensions, and appointed in the most complete and costly manner, to be built by Maurice Strakosch, on land owned by the Harlem Railroad Company, at Forty-third street and Madison ave., from funds placed at his disposal by prominent capitalists. After his unprofitable venture last fall with Mlle. Belocca, in this city, Mr. Strakosch took her West on a starring trip. A gentleman familiar with musical enterprises in this country said yesterday: "Mr. Strakosch seemed to have opera houses on the brain." He proposed to build one for the music-lovers of Chicago, and another for those of San Francisco. The local papers described his projects, and in some instances strongly supported them. Upon his return to New York he revived a plan which he is said to have had in mind for a considerable time, and announced the erection of the structure above referred to. His proposals were on so magnificent a scale that most persons suspected the airy nature of the foundations, and expected to see the "insubstantial pageant" fade away. It was, however, asserted that the ground had been purchased, and the amount paid for it was named. There is probably no doubt that negotiations were entered into with William H. Vanderbilt, through George C. Sherwood of the Fifth Avenue Bank. It is now claimed that the chance was lost through the indiscreet announcement that the purchase of the land was secured.

Persons, however, well acquainted with Mr. Strakosch, say that his disposition is so sanguine as to be essentially visionary, and that there was never the slightest real prospect that the money for the erection of the opera-house would be secured. They add that his tendency to business mistakes is so well known that the enterprise conducted by him could not have gained credit and support. There seem to be two views regarding the matter. Many persons, while doubting the feasibility of the plan, do not question Mr. Strakosch's sincerity, and believe that he really expected to be able to provide the city with an opera-house corresponding in size and elegant completeness to his ambition. They say that the actual beginning of negotiations for the land would surely indicate so much. On the other hand, persons perhaps as well acquainted with the manager, some of whom have had various business transactions with him, state that he merely blew a bubble which burst sooner than he expected. They assign several reasons why he should desire to create the impression that he was about to build a large opera-house in this city. Mr. Mapleson, of London, will probably bring his opera company to New York next fall, after the close of the London season. It is said that Mr. Strakosch is jealous of all operatic enterprises with which he is not connected, and that he has frequently given foreign managers to understand that they could do nothing in this country without his co-operation, stating that the American public would support no company without his name as a guarantee. Those who take this view of the matter believe that Mr. Strakosch desired either to frighten Mapleson from the field or into combining forces with him. Moreover, it is asserted that he owes large sums of money in London and Paris, and that his debts in those cities, besides rendering his presence there personally unpleasant, render it impossible for him to make further contracts with leading foreign singers.

Mr. Kingsland, of the Academy of Music, says: "Although Mr. Strakosch has been very liberally treated by us, he claims to believe that we have in some respects used him hardly. He has always complained that it was unfair that his receipts should be so largely reduced by the free admittance of those owning boxes. I think this has had influence with him in the announcement of a project for a new opera-house. Perhaps he expected us to make him still further concessions. The singular part of it is that one feature of his plan was a large number of boxes to be subscribed for in advance by wealthy gentlemen, and owned by them, with the same privileges of admittance which those owning boxes at the Academy of Music enjoy."

Those who laugh at the whole enterprise claim that it was ridiculous on the face of it. It had been demonstrated that opera-houses were not a profitable investment in this city. The Academy always wavered between slight gains and heavy losses, sometimes losing $10,000 in one year. What ground then was there for believing that a building costing, according to the announcement, about $2,000,000, could ever be made to pay?

There were many, a gentleman remarked, who would regret to learn that Mr. Strakosch's project had fallen through—persons who had not realized the obstacles in the way of erecting so costly a place of amusement, and merely thought of it as an elegant addition to the city and a pleasant place to spend an evening. Those, however, possessing some experience in opera management, and many more who foresaw no possible return for money thus invested, had never expected to see the walls rise, and would therefore not be disappointed at never sitting within them.—*New York Tribune.*

FINGAL

O Co-ma-la!

triumph now, For ne'er shalt, O ne'er shalt thou see Co - - ma - la! O

triumph now, For ne'er shalt, O ne'er shalt thou see Co - - ma - la! O

f *p* *pp*

f *p* *dim.* *p*

FINGAL

O Co - ma-la!

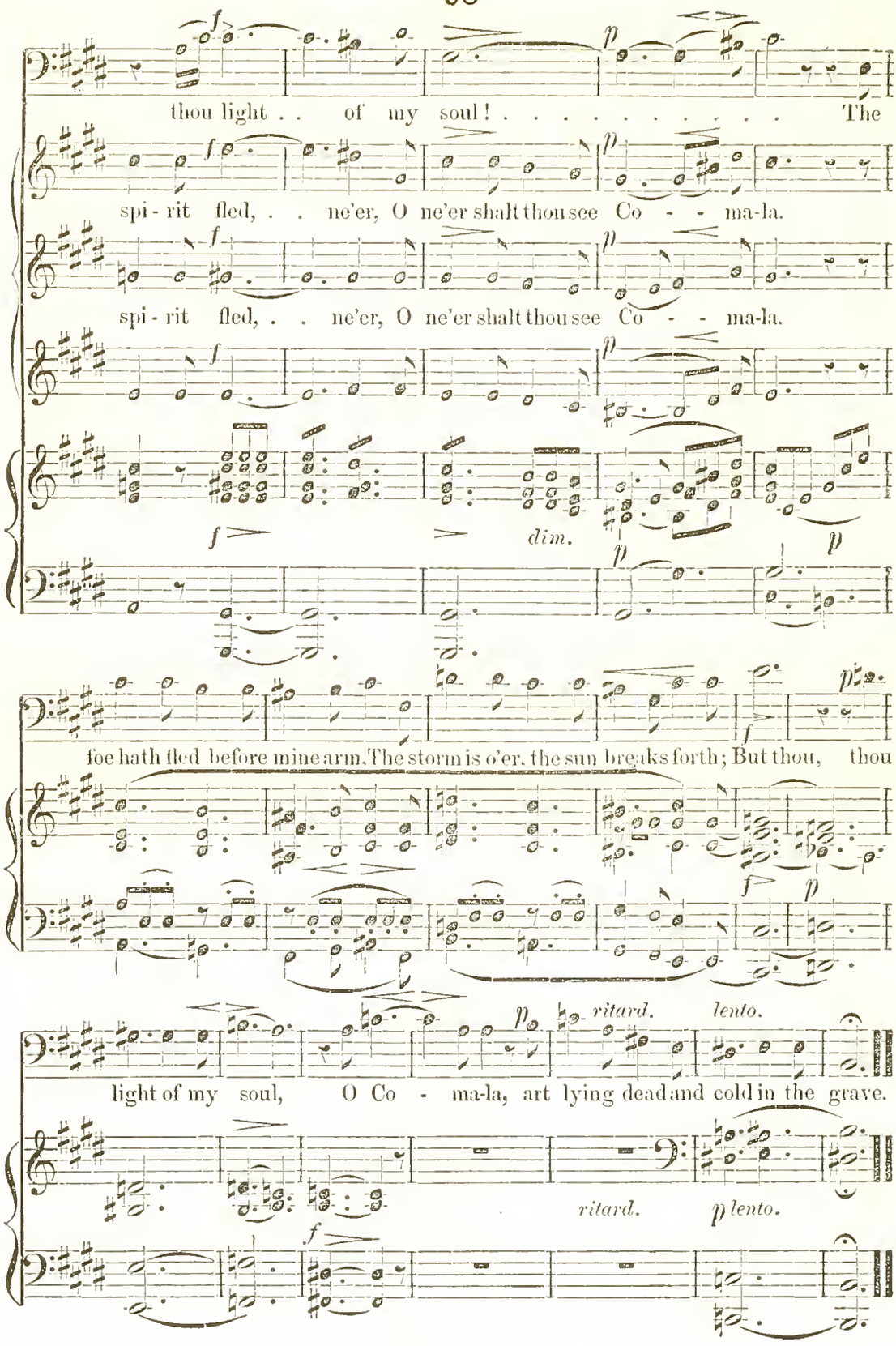
mourn, mourn, mourn . . . . for us! O mourn for us and you! In grief for thee her

mourn, mourn, mourn for us! O mourn for us and you! In grief for thee her

mourn, O mourn, O mourn for us! O mourn for us and you! In grief for thee her

pp

pp


f
p
thou light . . of my soul! . . . . . The
spi - rit fled, . . ne'er, O ne'er shalt thou see Co - - ma-la.
spi - rit fled, . . ne'er, O ne'er shalt thou see Co - - ma-la.
f
dim.
p
foe hath fled before mine arm. The storm is o'er, the sun breaks forth; But thou, thou
ritard.
lento.
light of my soul, O Co - ma-la, art lying dead and cold in the grave.
ritard.
p lento.

No. 11.

Andantino.
dolce.

Fingal.

1. Let me see now my be - lov - - ed. Show me where the fair one
2. Mountain must I wan - der, Lone - ly by day and

Piano-Forte.

sleeps; Woe! on the rocks she li - eth pale and dead. Whom I so dear - ly
night! No more thro' the for - est shalt thou walk. By the mountain stream no

cres.

CHOR. SOPR. & ALTO. *p* FINGAL. *mf*

TEN.

loved. O mourn, O mourn! O would thou might live as once thou didst live!
more.

BASS *p*

O mourn, O mourn!

p *mf*

dolce.

p CHOR.

Would I might hear the gen - tle tones Of thy voice, O my Co - ma-la! O

p

pp

p

dim.

1 2

FINGAL. Solo.

mourn, O mourn, mourn, O mourn, Co - ma-la! 2. O'er the

dim.

1 2

dim.

p

Allegro maestoso.

f

Pianists as Advertising Agents.

"The Contributors' Club" in the last number of the *Atlantic Monthly* contains, among other things, the following:

An Arcadian thinker might imagine that the piano-forte was an instrument invented and made solely to further the ends of the art of music. I have no doubt that some such idea existed in the brains of the first inventors and makers of the instrument. Piano-forte makers, indeed, still vie with one another in making more or less successful attempts at improving the instrument, and pianists are certainly not behindhand in pushing the art of playing upon it to its uttermost limits. But Music, after innocently dreaming for years that all these commendable endeavors were made in her service, has awakened to the fact that she and her servants have in some unaccountable way exchanged places; that the pianoforte has been the while cunningly binding her, hand and foot, and now asserts its own mastership in a very loud, jingling manner. Pianists who have done their utmost to fit themselves for the service of Art, perhaps even to be the high priests in her temple, and who naturally look upon the piano-forte as *their* servant, now find themselves in the incongruous position of mere advertising agents for the manufacturers. Before going into details, I will give two anecdotes, which I know to be true.

Some years ago a gentleman of my acquaintance was walking in the streets of Bonn on the Rhine with one of the leading London pianists. They were met at a street corner by a man who had a few minutes' conversation with the pianist; after he had gone away, the pianist said to our friend, "That was a member of the firm of ——, in ——, in the United States. He has just renewed an offer he made me yesterday of —— dollars per month, with all my expenses paid, to give a series of concerts in America *with his firm's piano fortes*." The second story is this. Not many years ago a well-known impresario brought a concert troupe to America, one of the members of which was a pianist of some note in England. After a month the pianist severed his connection with the troupe and returned to England. To fill his place the impresario engaged a distinguished American pianist for a certain number of concerts. The pianist expressing a decided preference for the A piano-fortes, the manager said that it was perfectly immaterial to him what instruments were used at his concerts. The next day, thinking over his engagements, the pianist remembered that, somehow or other, nothing had been said about how much he was to be paid; so he called upon the manager.

"You must be the most confiding of men! Here you have engaged me for so many concerts, and have not even asked what my terms are!"

"Well! I am sure I don't see what I have to do with that."

"I should imagine that, as you are to pay me, it might be of some importance to you to know how much I ask."

"I pay you? Nothing of the sort! Mr. A pays you, as you use his piano-fortes."

"You had better see Mr. A before we go any further; for I am sure he will not agree to that arrangement."

"You are joking! I have given concerts in this country for the last ever-so many years, and have never paid pianists a single cent in my life. The piano-forte makers *always* pay them."

It was found, however, that Mr. A, although perfectly willing to furnish instruments, charge and carriage free, would not agree to pay anything. He knew that it was the custom of many makers to do so, but he had never done it, and never would. The manager was in a huge rage, cut down his engagement with the pianist to five nights, and on paying him, vowed that he had never been so swindled in his life.

The custom of piano-forte makers' paying pianists to play exclusively upon their instruments has, it must be admitted, one good side. Very probably many of the great pianists who have visited this country would never have come here at all, except for the enterprise of piano-forte makers in bringing them for their own ends. In the beginning, when the public did not know, or care to inquire, about the practice, the "preference" of a great pianist for one piano-forte over all others was a most capital advertisement for the maker. But now that every one knows perfectly well that it is a mere matter of business contract, and that pianists play upon a certain firm's piano-fortes simply because they are hired to do so, and not because they prefer to do so, the excellence of the arrangement as an advertisement consists solely in the A, B, or C piano-forte's standing on the platform at concerts with the maker's name, in large gilt letters, staring the audience out of countenance, and doing its best to put all thoughts of music to flight and impress the public with the all-important fact of its existence. The evils of the system are great. I saw the other day a letter from a noted pianist to the president of one of our musical societies, somewhat to this effect (I quote from memory): "I find myself in a very strange position. I am under contract to Mr. A to play only upon his piano-fortes. I cannot play at the X concerts in Baltimore, because they use only the B piano-fortes; I cannot play at the Y concerts in Cincinnati, because they use only the C piano-fortes; it is the same thing with the Z or W concerts in New York and Philadelphia, where the D and E piano-fortes are used. Unless your society and Mr. F are willing to let me play on the A instrument, I do not see how I can play at your concerts either." Here you see how a pianist can be debarred from a most important musical field all over the country, and the public deprived of the pleasure of hearing him except under very narrow conditions. The fault, no doubt, lies with the pianists themselves who enter upon such engagements. And yet the yearly income of only too many American pianists would be seriously affected for the worse if they did not make these very pernicious contracts with manufacturers.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, FEB. 12. In reviewing that portion of my last letter which relates to the performance of Mr. B. J. Lang, at one of our Philharmonic concerts, the *Journal* disputes not only the justice of my opinion, but also the candor of my statement, assuming it to be colored by local prejudice. In the brief paragraph which is called in question I did not attempt to discuss the general merits or demerits of Mr. Lang's playing, had I done so I should have found much to commend. His high reputation as a musician and a pianist is known to all the readers of the *Journal*; therefore when he played the Concerto of Saint Saëns, as I think badly, I felt no hesitation in saying so. In forming this opinion I had the advantage of a comparison, which, although it may be odious, is inevitable. In my letter I said that Mr. Lang had the *disadvantage* of appearing *after* Mme. Essipoff, who played the same concerto at Steinway Hall on the evening previous. Under other circumstances my opinion of Mr. Lang's performance might have been modified. As it was, I found his conception of the work entirely different from hers, and very weak compared with the magnetic and brilliant interpretation which I had in mind. In point of execution too he seemed unable fairly to meet and master the mechanical difficulties of the composition. Having these impressions it became my duty to state them and I did so, I am confident, in exactly the same spirit in which I should have written of one of our resident artists, not forgetting that in Art there is neither time nor place.

I resume my concert record with the fourth Symphony concert by Theo. Thomas, on Feb. 3d. The bill was as follows:

Suite. No 3, in D.....Bach
Overture—Air—Gavotte—Bourree—Gigue.
Symphony, No. 6, in F. Op. 68.....Beethoven
Siegfried's' Death, and Finale, from the Götter-dammerung.....Wagner

The Suite in D is one of those charming diversions of a great genius which serve to delight both the cultivated and the popular ear. The musician finds in it a noble symmetry of form, harmonious and consistent development of ideas, fertility of melodic invention, matchless skill in counterpoint, everything at the best; while the average hearer is captivated by its very simplicity and listens with respect and pleasure if not with understanding. Good seed must be sown when such music is played, and Mr. Thomas has frequently performed portions of this suite in his lighter and miscellaneous programmes. Of the performance of this music I cannot speak too highly. During the earlier part of the season the playing of the orchestra, although fine, fell somewhat short of the high standard which had been maintained for several years previous. Good reasons for this were not lacking. A few of the best players were missing from the ranks; and the concerts, which had before taken place in regular and constant succession both in summer and winter, were sadly broken up last season. It would have been ungraceful to criticize such shortcomings as were plainly due to a lack of the usual constant practice, particularly as Mr. Thomas was in no wise to be blamed for this, the fault being in the people of New York who have failed to provide for him a suitable concert room. The performance of the Bach suite however was faultless, and the same may be said of the Beethoven Symphony. I have never heard the orchestra play better. The Pastoral Symphony, though not written in Beethoven's greatest style, will always be a particular favorite in the concert room and it is one of those works which we would not willingly miss hearing at least once every season. Its interest, too, is quite independent of its descriptive character in the ordinary sense of the term, although the scene by the brook, the country merry-making and thunder storm are very ingeniously suggested, without any theatrical or common-place effects, unless the imitation of the cuckoo-song is open to that objection. The merit of the work lies in the treatment of the varied and graceful themes by which one is led from the very beginning by a succession of delightful changes to the perfect climax in the Allegretto of the last movement. One feels that all the foregoing portion of the work, beautiful as it is, is only preparatory to this Allegretto, which is in itself one of the finest and most effective pieces of composition on record.

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary to write something about the *Gotterdammerung* of Richard Wagner, the critic has no easy task. There are two kinds of critics now, those who have been to Bayreuth, and those who have not been there. Those who have made the pilgrimage are easily recognized; when Wagner's music is performed they look very wise, nod approvingly, and talk of dramatic unity and the like; while the unfortunate beings who have remained at home can only listen and bite their thumbs, regarding the music in somewhat the same light in which the heathen is said to view his idol; "he knows that it is ugly, but he feels that it is great."

The selections which formed the second part of the programme opened with the Funeral music which occurs in the opera when the body of Siegfried is borne by his companions back to the Hall of the Gibichungs. This music is very impressive and, with its proper dramatic accessories, must produce a great effect. The orchestral part which followed is the accompaniment of the intermediate action of the drama leading to Brünnhilde's song of lamentation over the body of her husband. This song and the remainder of Brünnhilde's music was rendered by Mme. Eugenie Pappenheim, who acquitted herself remarkably well notwithstanding the difficulty of the music, which is written with an utter disregard for the capability of the human voice. The orchestral performance was magnificent and this fact was felt and appreciated by the audidience, as was shown by the hearty applause given at the close, very little of which, I fear, was due to the music alone. A. A. C.

CHICAGO, FEB. 6.—During the long interim in this correspondence, the Liebling recitals came and went, the Essipoff season, and the opening of the Hershey Music Hall.

Mr. Liebling's recitals (three in number) brought an interesting and very trying selection of pieces, including the Liszt transcriptions of the great Bach Fugues in G minor, and A minor; the Reinecke Concerto in F-sharp; the Chopin Concerto in F minor; a part of the Schumann "Kreisleriana;" the Liszt "Hexameron," etc. In all these, as well as in the smaller things intervening, he showed himself the possessor of a splendid *technique* and of considerable musical feeling. He plays Bach extremely well, making it *interesting* (where Essipoff made it *charming*). I do not find Mr. Liebling distinctively a poetic player—though this may be my own fault.

We also have had the pleasure of hearing the fair Russian *pianiste*. She has played here seven times, with I suppose her usual programmes. Her first season here was Jan. 8, 10, 12, and 13. Her last, Jan. 29, 31, and Feb. 2. As her first programme brought the Beethoven Sonata, Op. 53, and the Schubert Air and Variations (*Impromptu*), we had at the very beginning the faults which you had pointed out in Boston, brought prominently before us. On the other hand the Tausig arrangement of the Bach Toccata brought her in her better light. Why she should bring out the melody so over-much is certainly a mystery. But that she does so was uniformly noticed by good judges. Certainly she is a beautiful player. In point of elegance and refinement and finish of playing I doubt whether we have had her superior. During her last season here she played the Saint-Saëns Concerto, and Chopin's in E minor, with second piano. In both these, I need not say, she was all that could have been desired. On the other hand she gave a very shabby performance of the Liszt-Wagner *Tannhäuser* March, and a rendering of the Liszt second Rhapsody that was little better.

In summing all up the *Tribune* critic (who is not only the leading authority here, but one of the very best critics on the daily press in America) gave Essipoff the credit of having sounded "the whole gamut of piano music." She gave of Beethoven only two pieces: the C-sharp minor Sonata, Op. 27, and that in C, Op. 53; and of Chopin only three important pieces: the Polonaise in A flat, the Barcarolle, and Concerto in E minor; and of Schumann nothing great (the *Carnaval* being chief); while her selections of virtuoso tasks were not at all copious. Considering this, I find it difficult to agree with the *Tribune*. To my mind the gamut here sounded seems strangely lacking in the more weighty and profound notes.

As I mentioned before, the Hershey Music Hall was opened Jan. 23 and 25, with local assistance, and Miss Drasdil of New York and Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood of Boston. Mr. Sherwood made a fine impression on the public and critics, except on one of the morning papers, whose critic accorded him a fine technique but denied everything else—especially any musical quality in his playing! This entire criticism was one of the most sagaciously wrong-headed pieces of writing I ever saw, and I regret that I haven't it by me for the sake of some extracts.

My own opinion is that in Mr. Sherwood you have a treasure. For although it is plain enough that he is not yet mature, there are such decidedly good qualities in him that I cannot but hope his name is to be added to the small but creditable list of American pianists who play good music well—at the head of which stands the name of Julia Rivé. If we had ten such players, or rather ten unlike players of equal excellence, music would become better known and loved here. What I liked about Sherwood was his *clean* playing and his original and interesting readings, together with his fine touch. As a composer, his notions of form seem rather misty, but the ideas are many of them fresh and freshly treated. In the way of virtuoso playing I have seldom heard better work than his performances of the Liszt-Wagner "*Tannhäuser* march," and the "Isolden's Liebes-Tod," the latter in particular being extremely impressive.

The older I get the more artistic it seems to me to open a piano-concert with something from Bach. Not entirely for the reason I once heard assigned, that "anything sounds well after Bach"—though this also is not without weight. But because, owing to the intellectual interest of the Bach pieces (especially the great Liszt transcriptions), a pianist can fully absorb himself in them and produce a certain effect upon the audience, without depending on a fortunate emotional state which may or may not come. After the ice is once broken in this way, everything warms up. I noticed this again in Essipoff's concert, opening with the Bach-Taussig "Toccata," and in Sherwood's Bach-Liszt G-minor Fugue, as well as in Mr. Liebling's example with the two Bach pieces. Nevertheless it is indispensable to the success of such an experiment that the Bach selection be of a decided and pronounced flavor. To open with such a piece as the long and rather monotonous prelude to the third English *Suite* (as Mr. Liebling did once) is to miss it in a concert.

The Hershey Music Hall is 70x80 ft., and seats eight hundred. It is an elegant and every way attractive place, and located in the very heart of the city. The organ is now going in, and when done I will speak of it.

Next week we have the concert of the Apollo Club, this time with a mixed chorus. They give Bach's "Let us wrestle and Pray," Schubert's 23rd Psalm, and so on, with Miss Rivé for solo pianist. For their third concert they give "St. Paul" with orchestra.

I came near forgetting the first concert of the Chicago Philharmonic Society, which came about two weeks ago. The principal numbers were the Weber "Jubilee" Overture, the Chopin F minor Concerto (by Miss Bertha Burg), Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, and a Meyerbeer *Fackeltanz*. The orchestra numbered about forty, under the direction of Mr. A. Liesegang, who seems to have something in him; the playing was good for the first concert. The Concerto was rather thin, the young lady being not yet a virtuoso. The audience was small, but I hope they'll try it again. Meanwhile I remain

DER FREYSCHUETZ.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 17, 1877.

Concerts.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. It is safe to say, that not half a dozen finer concerts of orchestral music have been heard at any time in Boston, than the sixth Symphony Concert, which occurred on Thursday afternoon, Feb. 1. The audience was larger than usual, and the satisfaction universal. This was owing partly to the happy construction of the programme; partly to the excellent manner in which nearly every number of it was performed; and partly to the fresh attraction of a peculiarly interesting singer. So far, then, as it concerns the instrumental pieces, it is enough simply to record the programme with little or no special comment.

Overture to "Medea".....Bargiel
Recit.: "Abscheulicher! wo eilst du hin?" Aria: (Adagio) "Komm Hoffnung," (Allegro) "Ich folg' dem innern Triebe," from "Fidelio," Beethoven
Miss Nita Gaëtano.
Symphony, in A major ("Italian,") No. 4, Mendelssohn
Allegro vivace—Andante—Menuetto—Saltarello.

Aria and Gigue, from the Orchestral Suite in D. J. S. Bach
Songs, with Pianoforte:—
a. "Ogni Pena".....Pergolese
b. "Barcarolle".....Gordigiani
c. "Au Printemps".....Gounod
Miss Nita Gaëtano.
Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, in C.....Beethoven

Bargiel's *Medea* Overture is one of the best products of the modern school, and it improves on repetition. The theme is tragical and sombre, to be sure; but the work is not monotonous, and in the development has not a few strong points of interest, as well as complete artistic unity. The genial grace and sunshine of the "Italian" Symphony was in welcome contrast, and we know not when we have heard it more delicately or appreciatively reproduced. The exquisite beauty and the sweet, deep tender feeling of the Aria by Bach were not at all dulled by familiarity. The *Gigue*, which was given instead of the usual *Gavotte*, has much of the same hearty, sturdy jollity; but this, we own, did suffer somewhat in the execution; more rehearsal would have made it clearer. And what could have ended such a concert with the certainty of holding every listener to the last chord, but the great *Leonore* Overture? The only want felt in the bringing out was of a much greater mass of strings for the immense *crescendo* near the close.

Miss NITA GAETANO, if not quite equal to the inspired and thrilling passion of the great Aria in *Fidelio*, being alike in voice and style and nature of a gentler character, and losing confidence a little at the start, nevertheless showed a true conception of the task, and sang it artistically, with a fine sentiment and faultless taste. For she has a lovely voice, of very sympathetic quality, rich and evenly developed, trained in the best school; her execution is exquisitely finished and refined in the best sense, free from every affectation. And the good impression is helped by the quiet, serious, modest manner, which is as much a part of her as her own rich Southern beauty. It is not at all a "stage manner," but that of the drawing room and home of true refinement. Strength was the main thing wanting; feeling, expression, taste were there, and every tone was pure and sweet and musical. But in those passages where the voice rushes upward to a thrilling climax, the ear sometimes lost the intermediate notes before the splendid tone was reached. To be sure, the orchestra is very full here, and it could hardly be more subdued than it was and yet be what Beethoven meant. The choice of such an aria certainly did honor to the artistic aspiration of the singer.—But what was wanting here was more than made good in the songs she sang with the inspiring accompaniment of Mr. DAESEL. Here she was in her element and sang with a charming freedom and with fervor. The group was changed somewhat; the song by Pergolese was dropped out, and she began with the graceful Barcarolle by Gordigiani; then the "Au Printemps" by Gounod; and for a third, another Barcarolle, or rather Gondolier's song, by Meyerbeer, a quaint and subtle blending of sentiment and humor. The applause was more and more enthusiastic after each little piece, and finally she was obliged to reappear and sing again the song by Gounod.

So general was the desire to hear Miss Gaëtano once more before her return to England, that Miss Fanny Kellogg obligingly made place for her last Thursday, postponing her own appearance till the next (eighth) concert, March 1, for which the programme is as follows:

PART I. Overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis," *Gluck*; Recit. and Aria, with chorus of Priestesses from *Gluck's* ("Iphigenia in Tauris" (Miss FANNY KELLOGG); Symphony No 8 in F, *Beethoven*.—PART II. Female Chorus, in three parts, with Orchestra from *Cherubini's* "Blanche de Provence," (pupils of Mme. RUDERSDORFF); Piano Concerto in G minor, *Saint-Saëns*, (B. J. LANG); Songs, Miss KELLOGG; Overture to "Fidelio," in E, No. 4, *Beethoven*.

SHERWOOD RECITALS. The fourth (Feb. 2) had the most interesting programme so far, namely:

Concerto, C minor, for two pianos and string instruments.....J. S. Bach
Mrs. and Mr. Sherwood, and Messrs. Bernhard Listemann, F. Listemann, Ad. Belz and Ad. Hartdegen.
Of the Boston Philharmonic Club.
Four Songs.....Edv. Grieg
Miss Julie W. Thornton.
"Kreutzer" Sonata, for piano and violin, Op. 47, Beethoven
Mr. Sherwood and Mr. B. Listemann.
a. Impromptu, F minor, Op. 142 No. 4 ...Schubert
b. "Kassandra," Op. 44, No. 1 (mein Buhle war er! und er hat mich sehr geliebt).....A. Jensen
c. Etude, F sharp major, Op. 1, No. 1...Carl Tausig
Mrs. Sherwood.
Song. Selected.
Miss Thornton.
a. Sonata, F minor (arr. by Tausig) Allegro vivacissimo.....Scarlatti
b. Nocturne, C minor, Op. 48.....Chopin
Mr. Sherwood.
Quintet, E flat major, Op. 44.....Robert Schumann
Mrs. Sherwood, and Messrs. Listemann, etc.

The Bach Concerto, a cheerful, wholesome, everyday sort of composition (but *Bach's* every day is something finer than a common mortal's or musician's best),—a work full of vigor and of life, the best of tonics at the beginning of a feast, was brilliantly and clearly executed, although we felt some lack of poetic sentiment and shading in the slow middle movement. The two movements of the "Kreutzer" Sonata were superbly played, especially the contrasted variations of the Adagio. Of Mrs. SHERWOOD's group of pianoforte solos the Schubert *Impromptu* was incomparably the most in-

teresting, and was played with a piquancy and grace quite captivating. The "Kassandra" piece (whatever the name may mean) seemed to be a passionate lament of love bereft, of whose merit we are not prepared to judge. It was expressively rendered. The *Etude* by Tausig, a turbulent and rapid stream of crowded and strange harmonies, appeared to have no motive for its existence but the heaping up of difficulties, which verily the lady overcame with thoroughness and a sufficient show of ease to make it not seem painful. Mr. SHERWOOD's solos, particularly that fine Nocturne by Chopin, were among his happiest interpretations. But the great feature of the programme—pity only that it came so late (the concert was too long)—was the Schumann Quintet, an inspired creation from the beginning to the end. In her rendering of this Mrs. Sherwood placed herself in her best light as a competent and conscientious artist; it was spirited and effective throughout, with good light and shade; and that the strings did well their part may pass without saying.

Miss THORNTON has a clear and pleasing voice, of good power; but her singing was crude, and without life or particular expression; nor were the songs selected of much interest in themselves.—The fifth and last Recital will be on the 23d of this month.

FOSTER CLUB. Choral societies, or clubs, of mixed voices, till recently so rare, are getting to be the order of the day. But the Foster Club is older than most of them, only it has courted the shade. The first concert of its ninth season, before invited friends, took place at Mechanics Hall on Friday evening, Feb. 2. Adhering to its chosen specialty, that of studying and bringing out new music, it had for the main features of the programme the Thirteenth Psalm by Liszt, and a setting of "John Gilpin," the whole poem, as a Cantata for Solos and Chorus, by Thomas Anderton, besides a sprinkling of part-songs and solos also new to most of us.

The Psalm by Liszt, opening with the Tenor solo (finely sung by Dr. LANGMAID) is a characteristically strange and overstrained production. The anguish and the agony out of which it cries: "Lord, for how long wilt thou forget me," is more distressful, more intense, than Music ever dreamed of when she, heavenly Maid, was young; this is turning the "*grossen Schmerzen*" into "*Lieder*" with a vengeance, aggravating every pang. There are some grand and brilliant passages, however; particularly those clear, bright Soprano harmonies (reminding you of the "Holy, holy" in *Elijah*) near the beginning; and it ends more cheerfully with song of praise. But as a whole the work impressed us as disjointed, wilful, forced, and fatiguingly long.

As for the English setting of "John Gilpin," it is a long piece of musical ready writing, with very few signs of real musical *vis comica*, though it has some graceful and effective numbers. The humor seemed to lie entirely in the words; it needed a fellow like Rossini to better them by music. The singing of the chorus was throughout excellent, reflecting credit on the conductorship of Mr. G. E WHITING. The solos, too, by Mrs. H. P. KNOWLES, Miss ITA WELSH, Mr. CYRUS BRIGHAM and Dr. L. C. BULLARD, were all well given. Indeed the choral work throughout the evening was of a superior order; although the body of sopranos sounded a little harsh in comparison with those of the Cecilia, nor was the chorus large enough for the full effect of the Liszt Psalm.

The part-songs were: "We roam and rule the Sea," by Henry Leslie, and "When hands meet," by Pinsuti,—both nicely sung, the latter encored, "Guinevere," a Contralto song, by Arthur Sullivan, was given with intelligent expression by a young lady with a clear and telling voice, Miss FLORENCE HOLMES; and Dr. Langmaid sang "Stars of the Summer Night," by Berthold Tours, in a very tasteful manner.

SANDERS THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE. The fourth subscription concert (Feb. 8) proved the most attractive of the season, judging from the very few seats unoccupied, and the programme was of the best. It began with the posthumous Quartet by Schubert, in D minor, of which only the dirge-like second movement (*Andante con moto*), with its fine variations, had become in any degree familiar here. But the first *Allegro*, and the *Scherzo*, and the *Presto*, too, are full of fire and beauty and of the imaginative quality; so that the whole work is one of Schubert's best, while far less than most of them it is open to the charge of prolixity. It was exquisitely rendered by the brothers Listemann and Messrs. Belz and Hartdegen. Next came a Mendelssohn part-song for male voices: "Waken, lords and ladies gay," from Walter Scott, sung with spirit and precision under the direction of Mr. G. L. Osgood. This was followed by a Violoncello solo, a sweet cantabile melody, by Huber, in which Mr. Hartdegen distinguished himself by the remarkable richness, purity and sympathetic, searching quality of his tone, as well as by his tasteful and expressive phrasing; we have few such masters of this eminently human instrument, which we always prefer to hear in its own native character, and not when scrambling through difficulties in imitation of less noble instruments. Gade's "Water Lily," a part-song for mixed voices, exhibited Mr Osgood's choir (of about a hundred) in the best light. We never heard so large a body of tone so fresh and sweet and pure, without the least perceptible alloy; and never better blending, finer shading, or more fine-felt individualization, yet perfect interweaving, of the parts; truly our Cecilia must look to her laurels!

The great Schumann Quintet, in E flat, of which we have just before had occasion to speak, introduced Mme. Madeline Schiller, with the Listemann party. Her execution was most brilliant, surpassing in the *Scherzo* anything that we have heard; more sure and finished technique one could hardly wish; and yet of the poetic, vital quality we have heard more from some whose fingers were less equal to it. There were moreover now and then accelerations and retardations, to which no amount of brilliancy or fluency can altogether reconcile us. Even more of this we felt in her otherwise extremely beautiful performance of the Chopin Polonaise in E-flat (Op. 22); why Polonaise, why any dance at all, if rhythm is to know no law?

The remainder of the programme consisted of part songs: viz., a "Night Song" by Franz, for male Quartet and chorus, in which Mr. Osgood's owd voice told with remarkable effect; "Birdling," by Rubinstein, a two part chorus for Soprano and Contralto voices, with String quartet and imitative flute obligato, a very bright and pleasing piece; and, for conclusion of the whole, Mendelssohn's "Early Spring," for mixed voices. This was the first public effort of the new chorus, and seemed very like the germ of a fair future.

HARP RECITALS. One element of no small interest, for years but little represented in our music, has reappeared among us lately in the person of Mr. ARTOMMAS, one of the most gifted and accomplished harpists living, and who still asserts all his old mastery over this difficult and now rare instrument. He is a Welshman, who seems born to this art, and he does wonders with it. His execution, as well as his range of subjects, seems unbounded; witness the following programme, one of three, which he performed a few weeks since in a series of matinées in Mason and Hamlin's Organ Ware Rooms:

Preludes..... Miscellaneous
Moonlight Sonata..... Beethoven
Adagio—Allegretto—Trio—Presto—Agitato.
English Melodies: "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington," "The Curly-Headed Plough-Boy," "Come Lasses and Lads," "The Sailor's Hornpipe," and "Jack's the Lad."... Aptommas
La Source, (Morceau Caracteristique). Blumenthal
Grand Fantasia on Themes from Montecchi e Capuletti..... Alvars
Home, Sweet Home ..... Aptommas
a. Songs without Words, (Duet and Spring Song), Mendelssohn
b Harmonious Blacksmith..... Handel
Sound from Home..... Aptommas
"Codhad yr Haul," "Rhyfelgyrch Gwyr Harlech," "Ab Shenkin."

His preluding was wonderfully clever. It was a bold undertaking to play the "Moonlight Sonata" on the harp; but he did it, accurately and completely, though the work of course lost much by the transcription. The Adagio suffered particularly, sounding in parts feeble and confused, while there seemed to be a practical difficulty in rendering the pointed notes. The middle movement came out with a clearness which we had not thought possible, and so did portions of the very swift finale. But what proved to us most fresh, and seemed most in the character of the instrument, was the medley of old English melodies. He played other Sonatas in the following recitals.

MR ERNST PERABO gave an extra Chamber Concert (the fourth of his eleventh season) in Wesleyan Hall, on Friday afternoon, Feb. 9. The room was crowded to a degree more flattering to the artist than comfortable to his audience. The programme had the usual fault of extreme length, aggravated by the strain it costs to hear rightly, and with endeavor to appreciate, so many new things in immediate succession. We think the generous ardor of the interpreter carries him a little too far in this direction, defeating its own end. He would be hospitable to new composers; he would gratify our natural curiosity about their works. Excellent motives both; but a whole concert full of new and by no means simple things becomes a surfeit to the passive listener, while it seems short enough to the performer in the actual work and glow of reproduction.

Mr. Perabo's programme this time included Preludes and Fugues, Nos. 21 and 8, Book 1, Bach; Larghetto and Scherzo, for piano, violin, and 'cello, op. 30 (new), J. K Paine; Berceuse, op. 50, No. 5, Rubinstein, arranged for strings; Trio, No. 4, for piano, violin and 'cello, op 158, Raff (first time); Posthumous quartet movement (Allegro assai) in C minor, Schubert; Concerto in E-flat, for horn, the orchestral score condensed into a piano accompaniment by Carl Reinecke; Adagio, for piano and 'cello, by Bargiel; Allegro Appassionato, for piano and 'cello, by Saint Saens (both new), and Rondo Brillant, for piano and violin, op 70, Schubert.

The Bach Preludes and Fugues were clearly and beautifully played, the Fugue in E minor with great feeling. Mr. Paine's two trio movements were genial, refined and interesting, and finely played with Mr. Listemann and Mr. Hartdegen. The string quartet arrangement of Rubinstein's *Berceuse* sounded strangely out of tune.

The new Trio by Raff interested us so much that we should like to hear it again; except perhaps the impetuous Finale which seemed too full of "sound and fury." But the third movement (Andante quasi Larghetto) had depth and tenderness; only the conclusion seemed needlessly held back. All the performances were admirable. But the most interesting matter was yet to come, and just here, by an unwelcome fatality, we were obliged to leave.

MUSIC IN SALEM, MASS. Here are the programmes of some concerts given this winter at the Essex Institute. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club opened the series on Monday evening, Nov. 27, as follows:

1. Quintet in C, Op. 163.....Schubert
2. Concertino for Flute.....Demerssemann
   Edw. Heindl.
3. Danse Macabre.....Saint-Saëns
4. Fantaise Polonaise 'Cello.....Servais
   Rudolph Hennig.
5. Adagio from Septet.....Beethoven
6. Violin Solo: "Les Arpeges,".....Vieuxtemps
   William Schultze.
7. Ballet Music from the "Queen of Sheba,"
   Gounod

The second concert (Dec 18) was by the Cecilia Quartette (Miss Abbie Whinnery, Mrs. J. W Weston, Mrs J. H. Long and Mrs. H. E Sawyer), with Mr. A. W. Foote for pianist; and this the programme:

1. Quartet—"Ave Maria"
2. Song—"The Carrier Dove."
   Mrs. Sawyer.
3. Duet—"As it fell upon a day".....Bishop
   Miss Whinnery and Mrs Long.
4. Piano Solo—Fifth Hungarian Rhapsody....Liszt
5. Quartet—"The Flowers' Lullaby."
6. Song—"Sancta Maria,".....Faure
   Mrs. Weston.
7. Trio—"Psalm of Life"
8. Piano Solos. {*a.* Nocturne Op 32, No 1.} Chopin
   {*b.* Melody (Op., No. 1)} Rubinstein
9. Song "Mermaid's Song,".....Haydn
   Miss Whinnery.
10. Quartet—"La Zingarella"
11. Song—"Absence,".....A. H. Pease
    Mrs. Long.
12. Quartet—"Ye Spotted Snakes."

In the third concert, Jan. 8, Mr. B J. Lang and his pupil, Miss Grace Sampson, appeared as pianists, and Mrs. C. H. Goss, soprano, as vocalist, in these selections:

1. Variations for two Pianofortes. (Op. 46),
   Schumann
2. Ave Maria.....Cherubini
3. Sonata in D major, for two Pianofortes...Mozart
4. {Mother, O Sing me to Rest.}
   {In the Woods,}.....Franz
5. Concerto in G minor. (Op 22).....Saint-Saëns
   (Andante—Allegro Scherzando—Presto).

The fourth concert (Jan. 22) was made up by Miss Clara L. Emilio, Mr. Geo. W. Sumner, and Messrs. August and Wulf Fries:

1. Trio in G major.....Haydn
   An lante—Adagio—Rondo all'Ongarese (Presto).
2. "Sognai,".....Schira
3. Violin Solos.....Joachim Raff
   Cavatina and Tarantella, (Op. 85, Nos. 3 and 6.)
4. Piano Solos. *a.* Study in C major on false notes, Rubinstein
   b. "Du bist die Ruh".....Schubert-Liszt
5. "Orpheus with his Lute,".....Arthur Sullivan
6. Polonaise in C major, for 'Cello and Piano, (Op. 3).....Chopin
7. *a*—"Tre giorni son che Nina,".....Pergolese
   b—"Du bist wie eine Blume,".....Rubinstein
8. Trio in D minor, (Op. 49).....Mendelssohn
   Scherzo—Andante con moto tranquillo. Finale, allegro appassionata.

NEW YORK. The *Tribune*, Feb. 10, speaks of the close of the Kellogg Opera season:

The three weeks' season of English opera at the Academy of Music comes to a close to-day. "Mignon" was represented last night for the benefit of Miss Kellogg, and the prima donna made her reappearance on that occasion after the brief illness which has lately kept her in retirement. She personated the title rôle after her usual effective manner, overacting it, as we think, in several scenes, and making the mental aberrations of *Mignon* unpleasantly and unnecessarily prominent. There can be no doubt, however, that her voice is well suited in the light, graceful, and sentimental music of the French composer, nor, considering the care and intelligence which she has bestowed upon the part, can we wonder that she has made this opera one of the most popular in her repertory. She was well seconded last night by Mr. Maas as *Wilhelm* and indifferently supported by the *Filina* of Mrs Rosewald, while the pretty character of *Frederick*, so often intrusted to an incompetent performer, was charmingly rendered by Mrs. Seguin. The *Lothario* was Mr. Henry Peakes. The house was full, and so a singularly successful season comes to an appropriate end. The popularity of English opera in New York has been strikingly confirmed by the recent ventures of the Hess and Kellogg company, and it seems now to have reached a point where the manager may be expected to show a zeal for artistic and thorough performances and the critic may be expected to be some what exacting.

By the same paper we learn, that:

The second appearance of Miss Emma Abbott in this country since her return from Europe was made at Chickering Hall last evening, before an audience which in point both of numbers and sympathy was all that could be desired. So much has been written of late about both the business and domestic difficulties of Miss Abbott, of her marriage, and the unfortunate connection which she had with London managers, that public curiosity was widely awakened, and a desire was felt on all sides to know whether she was really all that her friends have claimed for her, and whether she would prove to be the representative American prima donna that we had been led to expect. It must be confessed that we have experienced some feeling of disappointment in hearing her. Miss Abbott has naturally a good voice—not by any means a phenomenal one, either in point of quality or volume or range—but one of those useful, reliable soprano voices, of which we already have several in the city. It is fairly flexible, light but generally agreeable in quality, but in the upper register there is an edge which grates very unpleasantly on the ear, and it is essentially metallic. In matter of cultivation, Miss Abbott seems to have been well taught, yet she has unpleasant tricks, such as "pumping" the voice on particular notes, and an excessive use of diminuendo effects, and her runs are often slovenly. She has intelligence, however, and sings with taste and feeling, and her work is almost always carefully done. But she is not great in any way, and it is not to be wondered at that she met with no greater success in England than she did. If she pursues her career, she will in all probability remain a useful and respectable concert singer; we doubt if she ever will become anything more than this. Miss Abbott sang last night an aria from Gomez's opera, "Guarany," the romance "Non conosci," from "Mignon," and Arditi's duet, "A Night in Venice," with Brignoli. The last of the three was altogether the best. Miss Abbott has the assistance of Signors Brignoli and Ferranti, who were good as usual, of Mr. W. R. Case, a promising pianist from Paris and of Emil Seifert, a violinist who did not impress us at all favorably. The troupe as a whole is a strong one. There was an orchestra, conducted by Max Maretzek, and it was very poor.

PHILADELPHIA. The third classical soirée of Mr. Charles H. Jarvis took place on Saturday evening last, and the fine programme presented was attentively listened to by an appreciative audience. The Beethoven trio in B flat for piano, clarinet and 'cello was given in a spirited manner, the clarinet playing of Mr. W. H. Scheider being unexceptionable. Mr. Engelke played a 'cello solo by Ernst, and unhappily, on account of the band music at the meeting on Broad Street, could not be heard very distinctly. The event of the evening was the Weber sonata in C, for piano, which was rendered perfectly by Mr. Jarvis. The immense difficulties of this work seemed but to call forth his varied resources, and the last movement, generally called the "perpetual" was so resolutely played, and with such electric precision, that it carried the audience away with enthusiasm. The two Liszt solos were as successfully conquered, while, in his interpretation of the Chopin numbers, he had the subtle sentiment and delicate touch so much needed in the works of that composer. The concert closed with a novel duo for two pianos by St. Saëns, being variations on a theme (the trio of the Menuetto, Op. 31 No. 3) by Beethoven, and was effectively rendered by Messrs. Jarvis and Warner. February 24 is the date of the next soirée.—*Bulletin, Jan.* 29.

IN his book upon America, Offenbach says that "while on all sides intelligence and labor have produced wonders, it is sad to notice that America has neglected to cultivate those arts which charm the mind." The sadness with which the soul of Offenbach is clouded as he contemplates our neglect of those arts which charm the mind is of a kind calculated to fill Americans not only with sympathy but with deep remorse. When we reflect how much Offenbach has done to encourage in us a love for art by sending us musical jimcrackery, by occupying our stage with obscene dramas, and by securing as interpreters of them women with insufficient clothing, cracked voices and no morals, we can hardly be surprised at his reproaches. No wonder his great heart is filled with pain, and it will be no wonder if he shall turn from the melancholy spectacle of a people loathing art, and find relief from his feelings in writing out another opera in which adultery will be adorned with musical fireworks and sin will hop about to the fantastic screech of fiddles.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

A Good Orchestra for Boston.

Mr. Hassard is out in the New York *Tribune* with a suggestion. Since Strakosch's opera house has proved what he calls the "bursting of the enormous bubble blown by the most prismatic of managers" he would suggest the building of a music hall for Theodore Thomas. It is perfectly true, as he says, that New York capitalists can comprehend the value of painting or statuary, or see the beneficence of founding free libraries; but the place which music ought to hold has not been yielded to it. It is perfectly certain that it is a calamitous state of affairs which allows one of the first orchestras in the world, built up by fifteen years of hard work, to be disbanded for want of "a room to play in," and it is likewise time that the great public appreciated what Mr. Thomas has done for general musical culture. If the capitalists can be made to see these two points, perhaps they will compensate for the loss of the Central Park Garden by providing some support for the orchestra which shall be more stable than purchasing tickets to a few symphony concerts. So much for New York. Now as to our own city, it is no more than proper to say that we need a first-class orchestra as well as Gotham. There has been an honest endeavor, it would seem, on the part of the orchestra at the Harvard Symphony concerts this year, to provide us with the desideratum so far as they were able. They utter no new cry when they ask for liberal patronage. So far as we have learned, they have not asked for a garden to sell beer or to give the people a chance to promenade, but for a hearty co-operation on the part of the public. There seem yet to be several things needful to complete the desired end. In the first place our recognized artists, such as the Philharmonic Club or the Mendelssohn Quintette, ought always to fill a place in the ranks; no pains should be spared to have them arrange their outside trips so as not to interfere with playing at every Boston symphony concert. Then there ought to be some scheme devised by which we could have more than one musician of a kind in town. If, as at a recent concert, the first oboe man should be taken ill again, there ought to be some one ready to take his place, without resorting to such lame expedients as the necessities of the case have often enforced. As to thorough rehearsals, we have no doubt that they are now the order of the day; but there ought certainly to be something like a dictatorial will in conducting them, irrespective of manifold suggestions from the less-informed. Then there should be a most ready desire to please the public and to satisfy their demands so far as a generous sympathy goes. And further, said public should exercise a lenient charity rather than proffer a critical coldness. In this everybody is concerned. To provide instrumentalists and make it worth their while to stay here, is something about which the moneyed part of the population should be consulted. These things have perhaps been said a hundred times, but the hundred-and-first may show the importunity with which it is hoped the matter will be urged till we are better off musically than we are now; till we have as good and as large a force of orchestral as of piano players, and till we shall gain what New York lacks—the sympathy of the people of means, and acquire what she already has—the sympathy of the people with their own orchestra.—*Globe.*

Special Notices.

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WHOLE No. 936. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1877. VOL. XXXVI. No. 24.

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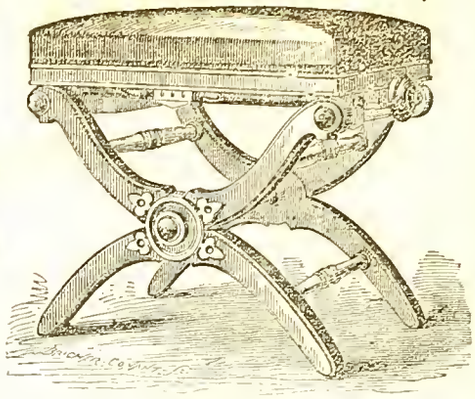

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WHOLE No. 936. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1877. VOL. XXXVI. No. 24.

Translated for this Journal.

Gluck's Overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis."

(Letter from RICHARD WAGNER to the Editor of the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik," Leipzig, June, 1851.)

(Concluded from Page 386.)

That Gluck gave no conclusion to this Overture, is evidence not only of a poetic purpose lying at the foundation of it, but also of the highest artistic wisdom of the master, which knew precisely that which only can be represented through an instrumental piece. Fortunately for his purpose he had no need to require anything else from his Overture, but just what every Overture at best can only give: incitement. Had he, like later masters, wished to round off the introductory piece to a satisfactory conclusion, it would have led him away from his higher artistic end, which lay in the drama; and moreover, the instrumental piece itself could only be brought to such a presumptive conclusion by the imposition of most arbitrary claims upon the imagination of the hearer.

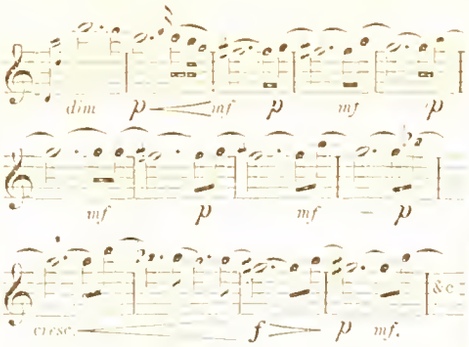
Now one who undertakes to furnish this overture with the necessary musical conclusion for a concert performance by itself, is met, so soon as he rightly comprehends its subject-matter, by the difficulty of bringing about any satisfying close which will not, in view of the plan of the whole, as well as of the individuality of the motives, be forced and arbitrary, and prove altogether fatal to the right impression of the work. Shall one of the motives finally become so paramount, as to crowd out the others, or triumphantly subdue them? That were a very easy matter for all the Jubilee-Overture writers of our day; but I should have felt that thereby I had given my friend just no conception of Gluck's music, which was my only motive in the undertaking.

And so it suddenly occurred to me, as the best escape from the dilemma, that I would not attempt a conclusion in the sense of the customary overtures of to-day; but, by the final resumption of the very first (slow) motive, I would close the course of alternating motives in such a way, that we should reach at last a truce, if no full peace. Besides, what sublime Art work ever gives a full and comfortable peace? Is it not one of the noblest effects of all Art, simply to excite in the highest sense?

It was a very favorable circumstance for my undertaking, that the Overture actually leads back into that earliest motive with the first scene of the opera. Surely then I should do the least possible violence to pure musical fitness, by taking up the original thought, just as the master himself did, only bringing it to a simple conclusion in the tonic.

* * * Perhaps this or that conductor of concert performances may share my view of an overture, which on account of its celebrity often appears in programmes; perhaps too he will follow my advice in regard to the tempo, which, conceived in my sense,—and, as I think I have shown, the right one—gives of itself the right clew for the rendering of the overture. I will only add, for any such sympathizers in my views, that, in the last performance in Zurich, I felt moved by an inward necessity, and for the satisfaction of my excited feeling for the subject, to take the first eight bars of the introduction in a fine and gradual *crescendo*, and the eleven following bars, on the contrary, in an equally almost imperceptible *decrescendo*. Then in the great *forte* theme, after I had made the violinists execute the figures in sixteenths with as large a stroke of the bow a possible, I held to the expression marks here added for the tender passage:

by which means this motive seemed to me to preserve its peculiar charm, not possible in a rapid tempo. For the third theme, and the transition to it, I gave the following rendering:—



Some further *nuances* in this sense, particularly in the connecting motives, suggest themselves. The place toward the end, where I felt myself compelled to a momentary acceleration of the time, I have already referred to. The all-important matter, as to all these suggestions, is, that they be not executed in a sharp and glaring manner, but always with the greatest fineness; and so with all similar *nuances*.

You see, my worthy friend, from this attempt at a performance of a Gluck overture in a concert hall, that I, who for the most part wish to know nothing of concerts, do know how to adapt myself to circumstances; but that I do this out of no respect for the circumstances will become clear to you, if you consider the above account of what led me to perform the *Iphigenia* overture. . . . . Perhaps you think it gives me satisfaction when people hold me a destroyer of our musical religion, and think they must cry me down for an audacious denier of the glories which the musical heroes of the past have created,—to feel that I punish them right sensibly, by being, to their shame, the first to teach them the right understanding of their own heroes and their works. But there you mistake my motive; so far from seeking to shame or teach these happy souls, I loathe the utter fruitlessness of such an undertaking, and I feel the greatest desire to shelter myself against every such imputation by here declaring openly and loudly that, in my view, *the most rational course would be, to perform nothing more of Gluck and his associates, for the reason, among others, that their creations are for the most part performed so lifelessly, that their impression, coupled with the respect we have been taught to feel for them from our youth up, can only make us utterly confused and rob us of our latest productivity.* * * * * *

Yours,

RICHARD WAGNER.

Zurich, 17 *June*, 1851.

A Haydn Memorial.

(From the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik.*)

(Concluded from Page 370.)

In dwelling upon Haydn's compositions, the biographer proceeds with as much warmth as justice. A perusal of his analysis of the first eighteen quartets will sufficiently convince the reader of this. As regards the early symphonies, the point of view from which he would have us consider them must meet with our approval. He says: "Inasmuch as it will always be a source of enjoyment to us to watch the development of genius, these symphonies, belonging to Haydn's first period, likewise afford ample material for serious reflection. Granted the objection, that their resuscitation would be of but little use as far as the general public is concerned, we cannot but regret that at least some of their number, which are worthy of a better fate, should have fallen victims to Time. For, apart from their unpretentious instrumentation, they have still in them sufficient vitality to be able to interest and delight smaller circles; only it would be necessary to approach them in the right spirit, not forgetting that they were, in the first place, intended only for recreation at social gatherings, and for a very limited number of performers, for which reason their execution by a full orchestra of modern pretensions would only cause them to swell at the expense of their natural proportions. It was the custom of the time to which they owe their origin to perform several of them on the same occasion; they had, therefore, to be compact in form, and modest as regards the means employed. A quarter of an hour's duration, a double complement of violins, hautboys, and horns, were the normal conditions, which were rarely permitted to be exceeded. Nor did these compositions attempt to raise the expectations by striking effects, or to appear more important than they really were. It is an interesting fact that symphonies by Haydn (probably the slow movements only) have frequently been played at church in place of graduals, previous to the introduction, by his brother Michael, of vocal graduals. Thus in the musical library of the Convent of Göttweih the orchestral parts of Haydn's Symphonies show the days marked on them on which such performances had taken place, either in the convent itself (in the crypt) or in neighboring churches. By this opportunity we also learn how frequent and manifold had been the culti-

vation generally of these symphonies in Austrian cloisters, where the love of music formed, of old, an especial feature. Numerous indications as to place or time of performances are recorded; thus we read *in teatro* (in the theatre), *ad prandium* (at breakfast), *in horto* (in the garden), *post cœnam* (after dinner), *in refectorio* (in the dining-hall), *in Regens-choriatu* (in the rooms of the choirmaster). Very remarkable appears to us the Trio from Haydn's Eleventh Symphony—quoted on page 305—in which the composer has apparently made use of an original Slavonic melody—a supposition which brings it into close relationship with not a few of Chopin's Mazurkas, which are likewise founded on similar subjects. Possibly never before have points of contact been traced between these two composers; as shown, however, by the example quoted on pages 305 306—which, notwithstanding the peculiar interest attaching to it, we have not space here to insert—they are to be met with, if only in rare instances."

Upon Haydn's importance to art it is hardly possible to say much more that is new; nothing, however, can be more to the point than the characteristic given us by Herr Pohl: "Haydn's merits in relation to instrumental music are universally recognized. He has raised the crude forms from the primitive state in which he found them, giving them that firm basis from which alone further development was possible. The forms themselves have expanded under his hands, have become enriched by fresh elements of vitality and expression; from the Sonata he transplanted them into Quartet and Symphony, enlarging indefinitely the sphere of the orchestra by imparting to it greater depth of thought, and by assigning its due place to every instrument according to its character. Most justly, therefore, is he looked upon as the father, the true originator, of all instrumental music; for no other composer of the past century has done so much for its progress and development as he, who had been both a witness and a mediator in all the phases of modern musical history—from Bach to Gluck, Mozart and Beethoven. On the other hand, the fact that from the very beginning of his career he had interwoven his works with healthy and simple (volksliedmässig) melodies has imparted to the creations of his genius that character of unobtrusive, yet deep and intense, feeling which has, at the same time, stamped him as the most popular of composers. The leading features in Haydn's works are truth and unaffected simplicity. Hearing them, we breathe the fresh air of health and cheerfulness. His artistic organization favored a bright, sunny display of poetic emotions, and his works, in consequence, are the expression of a cheerful, childlike mind, of an unassuming, complaisant self-contentedness(Behaglichkeit), which, however, if more immediately touched by a sense of the surrounding joys of life, may at any moment break forth into manifestations of the most sprightly humor. According to Haydn's own admission, these musical drolleries emanated from a distinct trait in his character, and were owing formerly to an exuberance of health—'one is seized by a certain waggishness which will not be subdued.' Because of this never-failing source of humor, which he so well knew how to impart to his works, Haydn has often been called the German Sterne. Although in his later years this playfulness, this almost unbounded merriment preponderating in his earlier works, was kept more and more within its proper limits, this characteristic element in his music still sufficed, in the eyes of superficial observers, to make him appear little more than a musical jester. The comic element was not as yet recognized as having a legitimate place in music. Thus for a long time the Vienna professors of the art would not acknowledge Haydn as their equal, still less their superior, looking upon his humoristic style as an absolute fault, and seriously discussing the question whether the ignoring of established rules, so deliberately persisted in by the great composer, could be at all tolerated. They were unable to discover that below this playfully-rippled surface there was an undercurrent of earnest thought which, at the right moment, would rush to the surface too, although in but rare cases it would lend itself to the expression of deep, genuine sorrow. Wit and humor (the latter, however, never degenerating into caprice) would still be uppermost, growing more refined, more manly, as it were; and thus to the present day Haydn remains the greatest humorist in the realms of sound, he who, already greatly advanced in age, still knew how to preserve the freshness of youth, and to conquer our hearts by his *naïve* kind hearted cheerfulness, expressed by means the most simple and the most natural. It is impossible not to admire the moderation which guided his hand at all times, the wise economy he practised, in the whole as well as in the detail of his works, and which invariably taught him to stop at the right time; for hazy and ambiguous passages were as distasteful to Haydn as aimless wandering or empty phraseology in music. Finally, we may point out his never-ceasing flow of ideas, his fruitful imagination, which constantly supplied him with new conceptions. Innumerable as are the compositions of the master, he has but very rarely repeated himself, while every one of his works bears the unmistakable stamp of his genius, and of his truly German spirit, in depth of feeling and richness of humor. 'Truly in Haydn's vein' we say whenever we hear the first bars of one of his compositions, and we know then that for the next moments to come the cares of life will be dispelled in a manner refreshing to both our heart and mind."

We have given these extracts in order to kindle among our readers the desire to become acquainted with the whole of this first volume of a work the merits of which we cannot insist upon too emphatically. If they have, with us, perused its contents, they will, doubtless, like ourselves, receive with delight the author's salute at the end of the book, "*Au revoir* at Esterhaz!" and the promise thus implied of our soon meeting again the master upon his further onward career! F. W.

Mr. W. H. Cummings on Purcell.

(From the London Musical Times.)

(Concluded from Page 380.)

Let me now direct your attention to the portrait of Purcell kindly lent for this occasion by that admirable and benevolent institution the Royal Society of Musicians. This interesting picture has somewhat of a romantic history attached to it, which has never before been made public. A parchment deed in possession of the Royal Society of Musicians runs thus: "Redmond Simpson having presented the portraits of Handel, Corelli, Geminiani, and Purcell to the Directors of the Ancient Concerts (now held in Tottenham Street), of which Sir Watkin William Wynn, Baronet, is Treasurer, so long as the said concerts shall continue, upon condition that when the same shall break up then the portraits are to be given and delivered over to the Royal Society of Musicians, to be by them kept for ever after. In witness and testimony whereof the said Redmond Simpson and Sir Watkin William Wynn have hereto set their hands this 25th day of April 1785." Mr. Simpson, the donor of the pictures, left a statement in writing that the portrait of Purcell was painted by Closterman in 1694, and was many years in possession of Purcell's son, Edward, who said it was very like his father, but that the latter had grown very thin before he died. From the son, Edward, the picture passed to the grandson, Edward Henry, who sold it to Dr. Boyce, from whom it was bought by Mr. Simpson, and at the dissolution of the Ancient Concerts it came to the Royal Society of Musicians.*

I have only time to say that the son, Edward Purcell, became an organist, report says, of moderate ability, and that *his* son, Edward Henry, was educated in the Chapel Royal under Bernard Gates, and succeeded his father in his organ appointments. So much for the family of Purcell, musicians, as we have seen, for four generations.

Purcell was pre-eminent above all his predecessors and contemporaries—a composer of vocal and instrumental, orchestral, harpsichord, and organ music—sacred, secular, and dramatic. He was an accomplished organist and also a finished vocalist. How early he commenced the practice of composition we cannot tell, but I will now play a little melody or song, "Sweet Tyranness," of his, published when he was only nine years of age. To be able to appreciate the value of his work, we must first consider what was the state of music *just prior* to his day. The civil wars and the Protectorate had destroyed organs, music books, and dispersed and banished choirs so effectually that at the Restoration of Charles, music had to be composed for men's voices only, or if soprano parts could not be dispensed with they were played on cornets, for there were no treble boys capable of singing. Dramatic music there was none; it is true Locke had attempted something in that line, but the very piece on which his fame has been chiefly sustained was really not his at all, but the composition of Henry Purcell when a youth. I refer to the well-known "Macbeth music." This music, however, sinks into insignificance when placed in comparison with later works of Purcell's. Take, for instance, his little Opera "Dido," composed when he was 22 years of age, not 19, as stated by Sir John Hawkins. This Opera is complete, with recitative, solo and chorus—not one word of dialogue; it is full of beautiful music, and one of the airs, "When I am laid in earth," although constructed on the confined limits of a ground bass, is most touching in its pathos. It may be noted in passing that S. Bach has used nearly the same ground in his B minor Mass for the chorus to the words "Crucifixus."

Purcell was gifted with a soul for melody, and possibly it was the unwonted exhibition of this heaven born faculty in his works which first attracted and captivated the public ear, for before his time we English as a nation had cultivated madrigals and part-songs with diligence and success; but in all solo songs, till those of Purcell appeared, the chief effects were produced by the words, not by the melody. As for the airs, "they were, till this time, in general as unformed and misshapen as if they had been made of notes scattered about by chance." This last quotation, from Burgh's "Anecdotes of Music," is too sweeping. Dowland had printed some most melodious songs in 1597. Morley, his contemporary, and other names could also be cited as melodists; but the Puritans had probably swept away both the memory and practice of all such compositions, and Purcell's immediate predecessors were not remarkable for tunefulness. As a scientific musician and harmonist Purcell was equally great and successful. At the age of twenty-four years he published a set of "Twelve Sonatas for Two Violins and Bass, with Organ or Harpsichord." From that work I have selected a fugue, which I will now play. One of the favorite exercises of learned musicians in his time was canon-writing, and you need only examine the four volumes of his sacred music, collected and edited by Vincent Novello, to see that Purcell was not a whit behind the most accomplished of his brethren in that cramped and fettered school. The volumes published by Novello contain 123 sacred compositions, chiefly anthems, and there are many still remaining in MS. Purcell's harmonical progressions were so remarkable that they may truly be termed discoveries; so much in advance of the age were they that I have frequently heard foreign musicians to whom his works were previously unknown exclaim on examining them, "Oh, that is Schumann; that is Beethoven," etc. There are some remarkable harmonies in Purcell's Latin Psalm "Jehovah quam multi." When you hear them you may possibly doubt their authenticity, but as I enjoy the friendship of the present owner of the original autograph MS., I can vouch for their correctness.

Purcell wrote more music than we can ever hope, after these long years of neglect, to recover. Still, fresh material is turning up in various quarters, and I trust before long it will be possible to point to a considerable series of his published compositions. I have made a catalogue or list of works for which he composed music, and it includes 47 operas or dramas, 28 odes, and 202 short fugitive pieces of various kinds, vocal and instrumental. I have spoken of his skill as composer, organist, and vocalist. In the latter capacity he assisted in the choir at the coronation of James II., and there is a quaint record of his having sung one of his own songs at Station-

* An admirable engraving by Zobel from this picture, originally intended for private circulation, is now published, and copies may be obtained by all admirers of Purcell.

ers' Hall with "incredible graces." We must not forget also that he stood at the head of his profession as a teacher. One of his pupils—his brother Daniel, older than himself—was no mean composer, but he has suffered partial eclipse by the superiority of the genius of the younger Henry. Another pupil—Weldon—is renowned for his exquisite compositions. Witness his anthems "Hear my crying" and "In thee, O Lord." Purcell's Lessons for the Harpsichord formed the model for most of the succeeding writers for that instrument, and his treatise on "The Art Descant" is remarkable for its clearness and conciseness.

Dr. Crotch has said of Purcell: "He was the greatest master this country ever produced, and the greatest composer of the latter part of the 17th century. Eminent both in the sublime and the beautiful styles, and blended with them a considerable proportion of the ornamental, he composed for the Church, oratorio, stage, and chamber, and thus rested his character both on his individual and on his collected talents. His productions are sometimes simply beautiful, but are generally in a great degree pathetic and scientific, and that without any apparent effort; but when he manifestly endeavors to exert all his powers of expression, and to show the whole depth of his learning, then indeed he surpasses all his rivals." I wish we had the means at hand for immediately proving the truth of this eloquent passage, but that is of course impossible. I trust before long frequent opportunities will be afforded of hearing Purcell's music with the coloring of orchestra and chorus. To make this practicable, publication is the first and chief necessity. To rescue and publish what remains to us of this master-musician—described by all who have had the opportunity of judging as the greatest we ever possessed—is a work which commends itself to the sympathy of all—to us Englishmen in particular, for the honor of our Fatherland, and to the universal nationality of musicians generally, for the glory of their art, which alone has the power to—

"Dissolve us into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before our eyes."

The Rise of Opera.

(Continued from Page 388.)

A few words may be said about the Conservatories where the great Italian musicians were instructed. There were schools of this sort at Bologna, Naples, Venice, and other cities. The Conservatorio di Santa Maria di Loretto, at Naples, was the most famous of them all, and was intended for boys, who were admitted from the age of eight to twenty, and received teaching in composition, singing, and playing on various instruments. Leo and Durante were masters at the above Conservatorio. The principle was, for the master to give lessons to half-a-dozen of the most advanced pupils, and each of these repeated his lesson to others below them, and so on, to the lowest grade. The pupils composed and performed oratorios, operas, and smaller pieces of music, and performed the musical services in the different churches; and, in this way, gained money for the support of the institution. The Conservatorios at Venice were for girls; and they also learnt all manner of instruments. The hours of practice were very long, and the discipline severe.

In a preceding paper we have given a sketch of the German opera till the time when Metastasio arrived in Vienna (1730). He was here received with every respect and attention by the Emperor Leopold, who was a patron of the arts, and who had established the Italian opera in Germany. His successor, Charles VI., supported it, and Maria Theresa was a great admirer and friend of Metastasio. Caldara set a great deal of his poetry to music, and died at Vienna, after being 50 years in the Imperial Service. Fux, now only known by his treatise "Gradus ad Parnassum," was at that time one of the composers at Court, and wrote music for Metastasio. Such was the state of things, foreign opera, foreign music, when Christopher Gluck, the founder of German opera, perhaps we may say of modern opera, was born (1714–1787). Finding his way in great poverty to Bohemia, he came to Vienna and studied under Fux, Conti, and Caldara, and then at Milan under Sammartini. His first opera, "Artaxerxes," was brought out here in 1741. It was successful, and procured for him engagements in Turin, Venice, and Cremona. Thence he was summoned to London by the managers of the Haymarket. Here he failed before Handel, who, after hearing his "Caduta dei Giganti," said "he knew about as much of counterpoint as his cook." This was of the worst style of the then bad Italian opera; with the failure of "Piramis e Thisbe," Gluck left the country. He began to see his defects, the defects of Italian music: he tried the superior French declamatory excitation, and he set to work to cultivate his own mind, his taste in poetry as well as in music. From 1750, when he wrote "Il Telemacco," to 1756, when he wrote "Il rè pastore" he continued in a transition state verging towards the new German opera style. The intermediate operas are, "La Clemenza di Tito," "Antigone," "Clelia," "Bancis e Philemone," and "Aristeo." At this juncture he met Cazalbigi, a man who understood him, and agreed fully with him, in thinking that in the lyrical Drama music had hitherto attained so great an ascendancy over poetry that the two must be united. "Orpheus and Eurydice" was performed at Vienna in 1762. It met at first, so different was it to the ordinary style, with but doubtful success; but little by little it made its way. It is the most characteristic of Gluck's operas; its structure is very simple, its characters few—only three, besides those who make the choruses. It contains the ever beautiful air "Che farò senza Euridice!" Compared with his predecessors, Gluck's style is wonderfully bold, original, and independent; "Alceste," "Paride e Elena," quickly followed, and were both successful. "Orfeo" was first performed in England in 1770, when Guadagni sustained the principal part. But the opera was spoilt by all sorts of emendations and interpolations. Dissatisfied with German actors and German stage, Gluck turned his eyes to Paris, and was eagerly received by the manager there, who since the death of Gretry had been bringing out the works of Sacchini, his contemporary: "Rinaldo," "Chimene," founded on the name of Corneille's Cid, "Œdipe a Colonne," and "Erdina." N. Dalayrac also lived at this time, and composed "Nina," which was the foundation of Paesiello's piece of same name. Gossec, who wrote "Le Faux Lord," "Les Pêcheurs." Salieri, who composed "Les Danaides," and "Tarare." To return to Gluck, who now devoted his talents for the rest of his life principally to the French Stage. "Iphigénie," founded on Racine's play, was brought out in Paris in 1774. Patronized by royalty, armed with a libretto by one of their great poets, simplified by Du Rollet, Gluck had it all his own way. The Abbé Arnault, one of his enthusiastic adorers, is said to have exclaimed on hearing it "With such music we might found a new religion." "Orfeo" he dedicated to Marie Antoinette, who describes in a letter to her sister, the success, the struggle of this work. But enemies were not far off. The opponents of Gluck got over from Italy Piccini, a musician of some repute. Both he and Gluck produced an opera on "Iphigénie in Tauris." Gluck won the victory; but his next piece, "Echo and Narcissus," fell flat. Marie Antoinette in vain implored him to stay and redeem his fortunes. Disgusted with France, he left it and sank into complete inactivity. Notwithstanding his great opinion of himself, and confidence in his powers, Gluck was thoroughly generous to all other musicians, and to the cause of music generally. About this imputed vanity, and inordinate sense of his own power, Haweis says: "If ordinary men are permitted to be anxious of life, why should we grudge to genius the anxiousness of its own immortality?" Gluck's chief excellence lies in the dramatic truth and power he lent to operatic music. Some say he sacrificed melody in these high artistic aims. At any rate, he first conceived the germ of those ideas, which under Mozart blossomed into the classical school of opera.

Franz Joseph Haydn (1730–1809) was born in Hungary, and was the reformer of instrumental music, and the father of symphony. At the age of eighteen he wrote his first stringed quartet, and supported himself by teaching. At Vienna he composed his first German opera "Der Kummer Teufel;" at the age of twenty-eight, his first symphony. Then he filled the position of kapell-musicus, and kammer-musicus to the Princes Esterhazy; and then lived a life of dulness, and yet great activity. At the death of his patrons he came to England, and after a second visit to this country retired with a fortune, and the degree of Doctor of Music from the University of Oxford, an honor which Handel in his impatience had refused. After a life singularly free from the trials of a public character, though unhappy in its domestic arrangements, Haydn died at the age of seventy-eight. He left behind him an immense number of symphonies, oratorios, masses, a Stabat Mater, eight German, and fifteen Italian operas; but it is not by his operas that we ought to judge him.

IV.

It was time now for the world to see Mozart. Born in 1756, at Salzburg, he early showed a great musical talent, and when only six, he and an elder sister with their father set forth on a musical tour through Germany, and were patronized and petted by the Empress Maria Theresa, as they were later by Marie Antoinette at Versailles. A visit to England and Holland followed, then a year's serious study of Italian and German composers, after which Mozart received the appointment of concert-meister from the Prince-Archbishop. According to the fashion of the times, he made an Italian tour, receiving at each great town, Bologna, Verona, Milan, the honor of being received into the membership of the Philharmonic societies, and at Rome he accomplished the "extraordinary feat of transcribing from memory Allegri's Miserere," which the Pope had strictly forbidden to be performed anywhere but in the Papal Chapel, or copies of it to be kept anywhere but in the sacred precincts. At Rome he had the title of Cavaliere with the order of the Golden Spur given him, the same that was bestowed on Gluck. At Milan he wrote "Mitridate, Re di Ponto," which was performed twenty-one nights in succession. "Lucio Silla," "La finta Giardiniera" quickly followed with others; but of all these the name only remains, and though exceedingly popular at the time, there is no doubt that they were very immature. The two years he passed in France were most distasteful to him. He disliked the people, and he did not admire their music, and this visit cured him of any leaning he may have had to Italian or French style. Henceforth, he devoted himself to the cultivation of real German music, and wrote "Idomeneo." His marriage with Constance Weber, a cousin of the musician, took place about this time. "Il Seraglio" was produced in the same year, 1782. The "Goose of Cairo," a comic opera in 1783; in the ten subsequent years the "Le Nozze di Figaro," "Don Giovanni," "La Clemenza di Tito," the "Flauto Magico," and the Requiem. His intention of following his old friend, Haydn, who had the most illustrous attachment for him, to London, probably occasioned his being offered the post of Imperial Chamber Musician in succession to Gluck. For this, his salary was 800 gulden. "Too much for what I do and too little for what I could do," he writes himself. Worn out by disease, by penury, by disappointment, by professional persecution from the Italian party at Vienna, with Salieri at their head, Mozart died at the early age of thirty-five. To his wife he continued to bear his first great affection; she seems to have returned it but coldly, and to have been wholly unworthy of him. Of his two surviving children, the one who bore his name of Wolfgang Amadeus, inherited some part of his father's talent and was patronized by Albrechtsberger, Haydn and others. Mozart was great in everything that concerned his great art; his melody, his harmony were perfect, his knowledge of the theory perfect. His "Idomeneo" is founded on a story of the Trojan war. In this early opera he adhered closely to his Italian models and carried on the dialogue of the drama in recitation; he gave each character a long scena, and the long drawn out airs took away from the artistic effect of the whole. The great beauty is its choruses "O voto tremendo!" and "Secunda, amor," each in its different subjects. In no other of his operas is the instrumentation finer. Nevertheless "Idomeneo" has never been performed in this country. Mozart's "Il Seraglio" is his oldest German opera which is still performed from time to time. Of its reception, when it appeared, the composer writes himself, "They say people are quite wild about my opera." It is still occasionally heard in Germany. In 1827 an English version of it was brought out at Covent Garden, very much altered. The words of the "Nozze di Figaro" were by Da Ponte and it was composed at the Emperor Joseph's request on the story of the Beaumarchais comedy, "Le Marriage de Figaro." Michael Kelly, Madame Camporese, Berenici played in it, and of no opera was the success more complete. The airs are short and simple, free from the florid ornamentation of the Italian school. The only objection to the piece is that the music is not gay enough, it is all taken too much "au grand sérieux." "Don Giovanni" was as a subject favorite with many dramatists of other countries. It was written for L. Bassi; and the gifted Mesdames Camporese, Damoreau, and Foder acted in it. This drama was also received with success, which came up to the composer's hopes. The action of the piece is carried on by means of long and highly wrought concerted pieces: the airs

"Il mio tesoro" and "Non mi dir, bell idol mio" are the only ones in the Italian style. Beethoven, in a posthumous work, blames Mozart for thus perpetuating this false syle and making the concessions to it, which he often did, introducing bravura passages to please Italian taste. "Cosi fan tutte" is most farcical and little consistent with Mozart's turn of mind. Hence, though, it has great musical beauties, the comparative unpopularity of the piece. The "Flauto Magico" is most consonant with Mozart's German mind. Beethoven says "it is his greatest work, for in it he showed himself the true German composer." The subject being of such a mystical stamp, it is popular nowhere but in Germany, as a whole; but its airs are universally familiar, and its concerted pieces and choruses are the delight of all. During its composition, Mozart was seized with his fatal malady, and in his last days he often repeated "Oh that I could hear my 'Flauto Magico.'" "Titus Andronicus" [?] and "La Clemenza di Tito" were brought out at Prague, the latter for the Emperor Leopold's coronation; and Braham, Mdme. Foder, and Mrs. Billington (who first introduced Mozart's operas to an English audience) sang in it. This, excepting the Requiem, his death-song, was his last work, and is as dramatic as it is beautiful; and though not nearly meeting with the same success as his other operas, it is a fitting close, in its grand subject and grand treatment, to the great composer's life. J. S.

—*London Musical Standard.*

'Biorn.'

Mr. Frank Marshall, who is well known in the dramatic world as a student of Shakespeare, has broached a theory about the relationship, more or less near, between the supernatural part of 'Macbeth' and the Scandinavian legends—that is, he supposes that while Shakespeare has stamped his own individuality on the three Withes, there is yet a marked affinity between the Witches and the Scandi[illegible]rnen," the three great Fates on prompted Mr. Marshall upernatural influences prey-ature (the key-note of 'Mac-ration in a libretto which, main action of 'Macbeth,' Norway. This variation of nvolved many changes of , ... incidents, but still maintained the Shakespearean drama as a basis. Inasmuch as Mrs. Frank Marshall, formerly of the Haymarket Theatre, possessed a voice which had been cultivated in Italy, on the advice of Sir Michael Costa, the setting of the Norwegian 'Biorn' (Macbeth) was assigned to Signor Lauro Rossi, who succeeded Mercadante as Principal of the Conservatorium at Naples. Signor Rossi was a pupil at the institution with Sir M. Costa, under Zingarelli, and it need, therefore, scarcely be said that Rossi is not a juvenile professor striving to win fame; at an age approaching three score and ten years, to compose a five act spectacular opera—for such is 'Biorn'—is indeed a *tour de force*. Although several musicians, native and foreign, have treated the tragedy of 'Macbeth, the music of our own composer (whoever he was, for it is a disputed question) has kept its position in the *répertoire*, and no stronger instance of its power need be cited than that Herr Bandmann, who is now playing Macbeth in Germany, has retained the choruses attributed to Locke. Chelard, the French composer, and Signor Verdi have set 'Macbeth,' but their versions have not reached London, nor are they likely to do so, for their librettists have mangled Shakespeare's tragedy awfully. M. Rouget de Lisle, in his translation of the scene of the cauldron, makes the child apparition thus speak: "Monsieur Macbeth, Monsieur Macbeth, Monsieur Macbeth! prenez garde de Monsieur Macduff." In Signor Verdi's opera, Lady Macbeth, in the banquet scene, sings a drinking song of the Traviata type, of a dancing rhythm, exciting enough to make even Banquo's Ghost pirouette.

Mr. Frank Marshall's book is a clever paraphrase of Shakespeare's play. It is a good idea to render the three Norns syrens, or tempters to evil, and their reappearances during the stages of crime are well timed. The chief changes are the introduction of Rollo (in place of Banquo), who is enamored of Elfrida (Lady Macbeth). King Duncan becomes Sigurd, Hecate is Hela, Malcolm is Magnus, and, with his army, triumphs over Biorn. Rollo is no ghost, however, for, through Hako's aid, he is not murdered. Biorn, at the banquet, imagines that Rollo is a spectre, and in an access of fury attacks him, but kills Elfrida, who seeks to save Rollo, and the latter, in turn, puts an end to Biorn. With the acknowledgment of the rightful monarch the opera ends.

Signor Rossi's score is not at all difficult to analyze, for it is utterly unpretentious. It is quite free from intricacy; it has no subtle meaning; it individualizes no character; it is neither uncouth nor ugly; it is not learned, much less severe; it is, in fact, an opera of the purely modern school, full of tune from beginning to end, and can be converted into exhilarating quadrilles and waltzes for the ball-room, whilst it will supply some charming airs for the concert-halls, and for the drawing-room. The more terrible the dramatic situation, the more pleasant is Signor Rossi's music. He has followed Donizetti's example in 'Lucrezia Borgia,' which was "poison in jest." There is but one mould for such settings: Vaccaj and Bellini, in 'Romeo and Juliet;' Pacini, in 'Saffo;' Carafa, in 'Joan of Arc;' and the operas of many composers of the period in Italy, are all more or less alike. Melodious phrases are sung by soprano, contralto, tenor, and bass, whether the characters be virtuous or villainous. Signor Rossi was no doubt familiar with the translation of 'Macbeth' into Italian verse, made by Signor Carcano, for Madame Ristori, and at all events the composer had a good prompter in Mr. F. Marshall, but a change of style was out of the question; and Signor Rossi, therefore, who has composed the tragic opera of 'Cleopatra,' and the comic opera of the 'Contessa di Mons,' in 'Biorn' is quite himself; exceedingly agreeable from beginning to end; there is not a yawn, indeed, for a single bar. The admirers of Meyerbeer and of Herr Wagner will, of course, be horrified at such a specimen of the lyric drama; but is there not a large public still, in almost every capital, who will accept operatic music which does not require them to think, and which it is really delightful to hear? 'Biorn' is quite as good artistically as Verdi's 'Macbeth,' for it is only in his later operas that Verdi has sought after Meyerbeer's dramatic variety and power. It is in the fanciful sections of 'Biorn,' whenever the three Norns are on the stage, that Rossi's lack of imagination is most apparent; but his concerted pieces are often highly dramatic, especially the trio and finale of the first act, which Verdi would be glad to claim. The ballet music is ingenious and piquant. To Rollo, a soprano part, some charming solos are allotted, especially in the first and third acts. Lady Elfrida has a beautiful ballad, "Beneath the noble oak tree's shade;" but in the sleep-walking scene the composer is very weak. Signor Rossi is generally happy in his part-writing, as is proved particularly in the chorus of waiting-women in the fourth act. A military band is put in requisition in the *divertissement* in honor of Sigurd's visit to Biorn's castle, and in festive choral music it would seem as if the composer had been infected with Offenbach's strains.

One curious feature in the score of 'Biorn' is the introduction of Scotch tunes in the choruses. As the action of the opera passes in Norway, it would have been more characteristic and consistent if the composer had turned to account some of the charming Scandinavian melodies, such as M. Ambroise Thomas has used in his 'Hamlet,' and which have been made so popular by Madame Nilsson.

The mounting of 'Biorn' at the Queen's Theatre, where it was produced on Wednesday night, is characterized by picturesque scenery; the stage "sets" are remarkable for their completeness—the artists are Messrs. Gordon and Harford; the pine forest in Norway, with the stormy effects, and the castle scenes are fairly well painted, and would serve for 'Macbeth' as well as for 'Biorn.' Mr. Alfred Thompson has designed the costumes, which, if imaginary, exhibit good taste in the disposition of colors and ornaments.

The cast of 'Biorn' introduces several singers who were unknown. Elfrida is sustained by Mrs. Fitzinman Marshall, Hela by Mdlle. Corandi, the three Norns by Mesdames Riccobuono, Warwick, and Clare; Biorn by Signor Mottino (baritone-bass); Rollo, Miss Cora Stuart; Ulf by Mr. Coventry (tenor); Eric, Mr. Stone (bass); Hako by Mr. Howard; and Sigurd (bass) by Mr. Dymott.

The execution of the work was attended with mishaps and vicissitudes after the first act, which was a signal success. Before the second act commenced came an apology from the acting manager (Mr. Everett), claiming indulgence for Mrs. Marshall, who had been indisposed for some days, but had consented to appear rather than allow the opera to be postponed. It would have been better had a second postponement taken place, for 'Biorn' had been already put off from the Monday to the Wednesday. Elfrida was by no means badly supported by the *Biorn* of Signor Mottini, who possesses a fine stage presence, acts with intelligence, and sings like an able artist, although the quality of the voice is not so sympathetic as could be desired. There were, however, disastrous failures, which operated most prejudiciously. The representatives of *Hela* and the *Three Norns* (Hecate and the Three Witches) completely failed to realize the supernatural type of the Fates; they moved like automatons, and they sang very imperfectly. The subordinate male parts were fairly sustained by Messrs. Coventry, Howard, Stone, and Dymott; but the honors of the night, both vocally and dramatically, were gained by Miss Cora Stuart, who was *Rollo* (Banquo). This young lady was a member of Mr. Carl Rosa's company, and appeared as Amina, in the 'Sonnambula.' There is inequality in the *timbre* of her voice, the lower notes being unsatisfactory, but she has some brilliant high notes. What is still more promising and satisfactory, Miss Stuart possesses rare energy and no little sensibility; her expression in the serenade, "Wind, idle wind," with harp *obbligato* in the third act, the undercurrent of orchestration in which is charming, was remarkable. It was a great triumph for her, and there were recalls after every one of her solos, but she rightly declined the encores. The choral singing was excellent, that of the lady choralists specially, and the instrumentalists were efficient. In short, there were all the elements for a success for 'Biorn,' had the cast of the principals, with the honorable exceptions referred to, been up to the mark.—*London Athenæum, Jan. 20.*

Jakderjiantkilleren.

A Wagnerian Teatraylogy, or Art-poem-libretto, with a good deal of Cupan Sorcery in it, accompanied by some indication of the glorious Unconventional Music of the Future.

(*From "Mr. Punch's Pocket Book."*)

PREFACE.

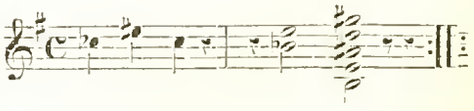
This *Teatraylogy* consists of three parts, and occupies about as many weeks in performance. Of course what is here given can be no more than an inadequate specimen of the whole composition of the All-poet-musician. Still we have no doubt but that it will be found *quite enough for the present*, without entering fully into the Music of the Future.

The First Part partakes of the character of a Preludian Prologue, and introduces the Hero, Jâk, and the chief characters, with what may be termed the *basso-motivo* of the Opera-Poem.

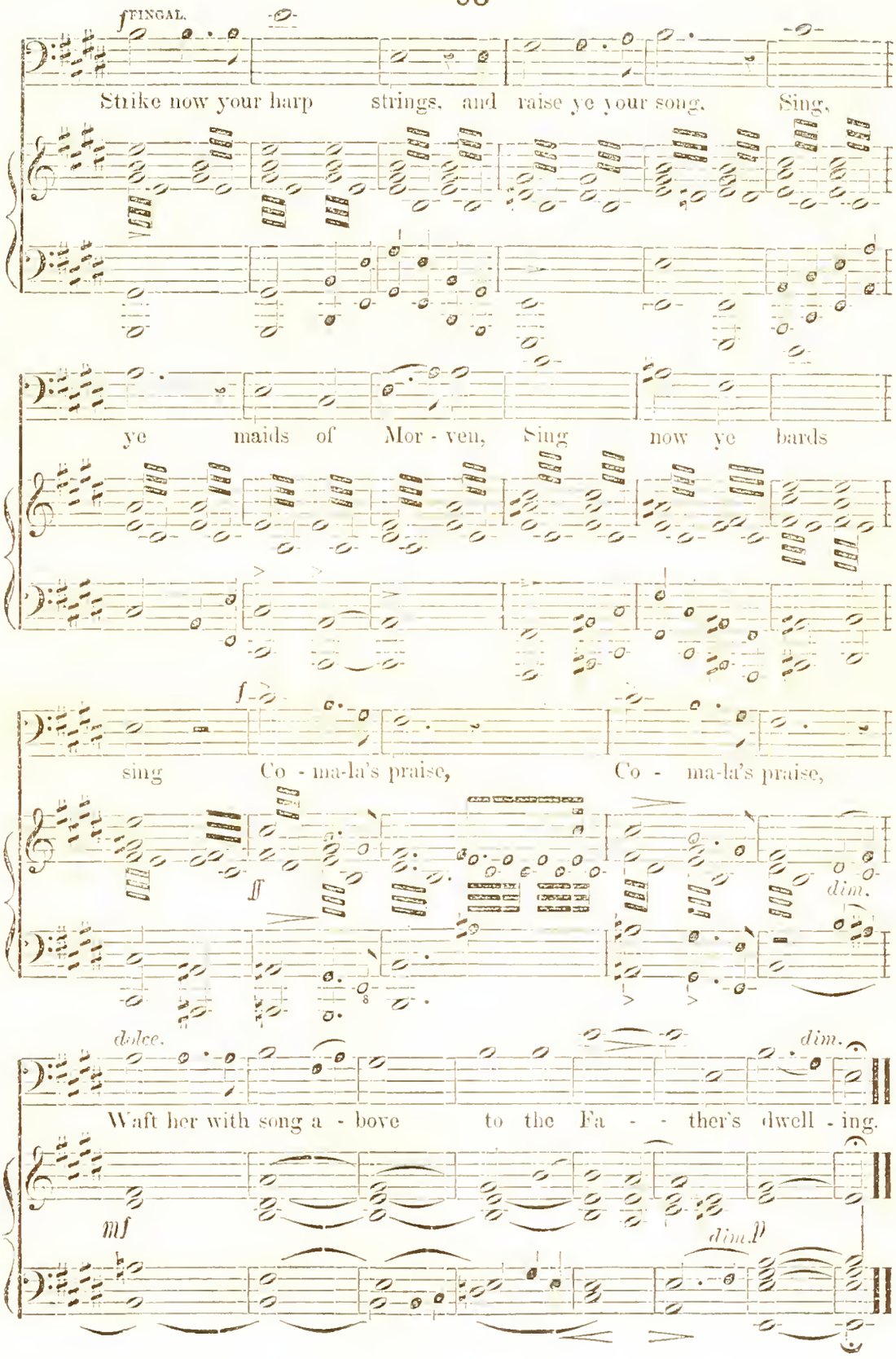
The Second Part shows how the Hero Jâk, determined to rescue his Lady-love, attacks the Jiants in their Castles.

The Third Part, which is subdivided, shows how Jâk, having still to find his Lady-love, Leetelred Ridinood, seeks the Storrhausen of La Mère Hobbard, who lends him her learned Dog, *Waggner*, to guide him on his travels. *Waggner* is soon on the Wolf's trail, but unfortunately Jâk's object is defeated by the elevation of the Jiant Wolf's Castle on the rock, which is some 50,000,000 feet above the sea-level. This introduces the Sclavonic Legend of the Beanstalk. Jak goes out Beanstalking. And, as he climbs, the elements are set in commotion, the animal world goes mad, the astronomical system gets hopelessly muddled, and a hitherto inanimate object, suddenly becoming endued with life and motion, elopes with, as might have been expected, its own spooney one. All this offers a splendid scope for the genius of the All-Poet All Musician Wagner.

The Orchestral Finale of this part is perhaps the finest thing that even this Great Master has ever written. It commences with a tonic description of the "Lofty Diddle diddle," or "High Diddle-diddle" movement by all the stringed instruments in fugue. The diapason is kept on throughout, and the occasional insistance on the minor seventh produces a discord which is now startling, now plaintive, according to the variations on the Theme.



Then follows the most exquisite, the most perfect bit of animal painting ever known in harmonics, clearly portraying—if notes can ever portray anything, if there is


f FINGAL.
Strike now your harp strings, and raise ye your song, Sing,
ye maids of Mor - ven, Sing now ye bards
f
sing Co - ma-la's praise, Co - ma-la's praise,
ff
dim.
dolce.
dim.
Waft her with song a - bove to the Fa - - ther's dwell - ing.
mf
dim. p

No. 12. CHORUS OF BARDS AND VIRGINS.

Allegro moderato maestoso.

Soprano. Alto. Chorus. Tenor. Bass.

marcato.

ff

From their cloud-home a-bove, Spir - its an-ces - tral are watch -

Piano-Forte.

ff

- ing, From their cloud-home a - bove Spir - its an - ces - tral are

watch - - - - - - ing,

Ped. ✻ *Ped.* ✻

And lightnings a - round her are flash - - ing, lightnings a -

ff

From their cloud-home a - bove,

- round her are flash - - ing.

Spirits an - ces- tral are watch - - ing, light-nings a - round her are

flash - - - ing.

mf

When re-sounds o'er the

dim.

mf

mea - dow her call? When comes she for the chase from the moun - -

SOPRAN. I. II

mf

ALTO

- tain? Beams . . . . of the moon bear now a -

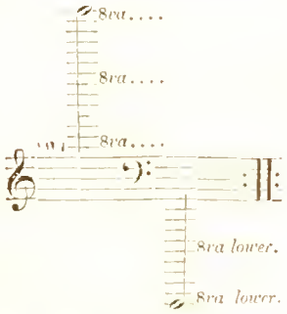
mf

p

as indeed there *is*, a true Language in Notes, a genuine expression of undying Narrative in Music—the first appearance of the Cat. The legend takes her, in the hand of the All-Poet, thus far:—

"High Diddle, Diddle,
The Cat. . . ."

The first Diddle is carried as high as fingers which (were made before tuning-forks) will go on a violin, violoncello, or double-bass. But the second Diddle is taken as low as the first was high. Thus producing a striking contrast, and preparing the audience for what is immediately to follow.



Then comes the last solo (Der Katzkey), and here Herr Richard Wagner's Mews truly inspired him. Richard Wagner makes no secret of his descent from Richard Whittington, whose family were originally German, and who, had his parents but stayed in their own native land, would never have been Lord Mayor of London. But this by the way; the cries of the Cat are marvellously rendered, piercing and plaintive, fierce and ferocious. Then just at the most intense point of the symphony is heard the the first strain of the soothing violin,

"High Diddle, Diddle,
The Cat, *and* the Fiddle."

The Fiddle remonstrates with the Cat. The Cat objects to the Fiddle speaking at all, when, thereupon, the Fiddle reminds the Cat of their relationship, and points out that both Fiddles and Cats owe their powers of music to the same cause. This leads to a disquisition on the relative value of Cats and Fiddles, and each discusses his and her own peculiarities in speeches (of course to touchingly and thrillingly descriptive music) of some 826 lines apiece. Finally the Cat and the Fiddle join in the nearest approach to what the "All-Poet" ever admits into his work as an Operatic Duet, which, however, is suddenly broken in upon by a Gigantic Discord, introducing a lovely pastorale. It is night, the moon is shining, the shepherds are slumbering, the flocks are sleeping, the heifers are in the paddock, the cows are in the cow-house, all save one, which, overcome by the loss of its calf, is careering about the country refusing all consolation. Thus far have we now got in the legend which forms the finale of the first part of the third Act, or Divisional Poem of the Teatraylogy.

"High Diddle, Diddle,
The Cat, and the Fiddle;
The Cow. . . ."

Of course this maddening and exciting scene, musically expressed, brings us to the tableau pictured in the words

"Jumped over the Moon."

And here, of course, all the resources of a stage arranged for the greatest mechanical effects are brought into play. Of the remainder it would be difficult to speak briefly.

"The Little Dog laughed to see such fun."

The Laughing Chorus of Dogs, all assembled in the Isle of Dogs, is one of those marvellous compositions of which a Mendelssohn might be proud, a Mozart boast, and which would cause a Beethoven to be astonished at his own genius. The Big Newfoundland's *Barkarole* is a magnificent specimen of the Composer-Poet's art of expressing animal sorrow and fury. While

"The Dish ran away with the Spoon"

brings this part to a satisfactory conclusion, amid the roar of the waves, the howling of the winds, the terror of the Man in the Moon at seeing his residence leapt over by a flying Cow as Jak places his foot on the first projection of the Beanstalk, and commences his perilous ascent. On this picture the curtain descends.

The Second Division of the Third Part, which is again subdivided (but only takes ten days in performance), shows how Jak, having climbed the Beanstalk, attacks Giant Wolf, rescues Lectel-red-Ridinood and is joined by all the characters who have ever appeared, at any time, in the piece from its commencement. This affords an opportunity for one of the most effective finales, both musically and dramatically considered, in the whole of music.

The Finale alone lasts three days, and is divided into acts, deeds, and processions. All kinds of difficulties—expressed by a perpetually recurring chromatic scale, interwoven among a perfect network of chords, fugues, and symphonies—are placed in the way of Jäk's wedding, but he overcomes them one by one, passing from sharps, flats double sharps, and incidentals into the key of a calm C major. Then with one great discord, one Gigantic Bang on the Big Drum, the Art-Poem concludes.

[To be Continued.]

An Italian on Wagner.

We are indebted to the first number of a new *Musical Review*, published in Chicago, for the following:—

Francisco Florimo, a high musical authority in Italy, published an article in an Italian paper recently on Wagner's music. It is extremely interesting as it reflects the ideas of the Italians on the subject. The following article is composed of short extracts from the original, and embodies its substantial points:

In their battle against the true principles of music these innovators seek obtrusive, discordant, and extravagant means of carrying out a conventional idea which, however highly colored, is cold and almost incomprehensible to the general public who, anxious only for emotional effects, are indifferent as to whether they are produced by technical skill or reckless melodies. When music which should be idealistic, descriptive, and natural, as conceived by the author of musical reform and his co-religionists, exceeds its powers it becomes ridiculous and negative. Even the beautiful itself has limits which are not to be passed unless the art be in its decline. Wagner, by force of creating, has exceeded those limits, and is urging his genius toward a goal unknown perhaps to himself. He says that to be a musician one must also be a poet. This is true, but he should know also that in one single note of music is concentrated a greater intensity of feeling than in many pages of writing. And Darwin tells us that the ideas or sensations evoked by music appear from their vague extent and profundity as though they were mental efforts toward thoughts and emotions of a very remote period. Italy has never had so many composers as to-day, and never have appeared so many operas which, enthusiastically received at first, are condemned at the third or fourth representation, or if they outlive a season are hardly introduced in other cities, and the next year are consigned to oblivion by popular disapprobation. Now why is it that after the lapse of half a century those works are still called for which, according to the believers in progress, have already had their day? Have "Barbiere," "William Tell," "Sonnambula," "Norma," "Puritani," "Elisire d'Amore," and "Lucia," gone out of fashion? We ask no reply nor raise any argument; men of heart and understanding will pronounce whether such productions will ever be eclipsed in the artistic world. It must be reserved for future generations to decide upon the merit and advisability of a new style of harmony and a new method of composition. Nevertheless, it is beyond all doubt that the art of music is at present passing through a very grave crisis, and one endangering even her future; but I dare hope that the brilliant Wagnerian meteor will be obscured even at its zenith, as soon as the star of melody appears again on the horizon in all its purity. When an art declines so rapidly it is because the very principles have been falsified, and the only way to effect a revival is by returning to those principles in all their integrity, and accepting both the progress made in the path pursued and all the harmonic developments to which music has attained from the first attempts at a characteristic style up to the present time. What do you believe is Wagner's aim in endeavoring to upset all that has been done hitherto, and giving to music a totally different direction? Is it progress? No; he wishes to create a theatre and a music entirely national. With his powerful and far-seeing genius, he has reviewed the history of his nation, and found that it possesses a literature, a philosophy, its own peculiar tendencies, everything, in short, except a national school of music. Mozart is termed by the Germans themselves the Italian among native composers; Haydn is eminently symphonial, the precursor of that immense genius, Beethoven, unequalled up to the present time. Weber has composed one opera in which he has attempted the fusion of the two schools. Wagner's desire is to give the drama a national physiognomy and to create a German musical theatre. By the force of his genius he has commenced the reform, but will he succeed in completing it? We cannot say. Wagner declares Italian music to be delightful but perverse, exciting, and corrupting; a princess, perhaps, but certainly a courtesan; beautiful as Titian's "Venus," and immodest as the nymphs of Pietro d'Arezzo. Its only aim, he declares, is to please and enfeeble the mind; to triumph over strong natures by its very weakness, making winning and enticing advances, but lowering the effect of its beauty by trivial concessions. It is in this connection that Wagner does not understand Italian music. Instead of being a siren who destroys by her fatal charms, it is the daughter of that divinity whose influence inspired the Greeks to comprehend and portray the eternal type of beauty in their plastic arts, and ourselves to perceive and bring forth the same in song and harmony. Those restless souls who have tenderness and evince a spasmodic sympathy for the music of the future, will learn by comparison to respect in a continually increasing degree the treasures of the Italian musical Parnassus, and will be taught that a school like ours may be reformed, but not extinguished. Italy is the cradle of the sublime and beautiful. Here art is a worship; talent and inspiration the priests, and the public the admiring appreciators of their performances. The palladium of our music will be ever revered. History declares that from Pergolese to Paisiello, from Cimarosa to Rossini, from Bellini to Verdi our march has been from glory to glory, from triumph to triumph; and it is a crime of nationality to attempt to bring into discredit the sacred dogmas of our art. It is said that we may learn from history the true secret of all arts and sciences, since she is the faithful mirror of humanity, in which every art, science, or human undertaking is shown in its proper place and in its proper light, and with its proper degree of importance absolute or relative. Italian music confirms the maxim of the illustrious naturalist, and will find in the experience of the past the way of traversing the future.

Mendelssohn's Birthday at the Crystal Palace.

(From the London Times.)

That Mendelssohn was born on the 3rd of February, 1809, all who, appreciating his music at its worth, rank him among the very greatest of composers, are aware; and it was no less fitting than graceful on the part of those in authority so to arrange their programme as to make it, to the best of their ability, commemorative of an event of such importance to art. Beethoven alone excepted, no one has helped more towards making the Crystal Palace Concerts, in their most legitimate features, attractive to the public than Mendelssohn. The programme of Saturday offers an excellent idea of the varied phases in the composer's many-sided talent, but might with greater advantage, we think, have been so devised as to represent his progress from early youth to maturity. It is, at any rate, well worth quoting:—

Overture, *Ruy Blas;* Part-song, "For the New Year;" Air, "Then shall the righteous" (*Elijah*;) Concerto for violin and orchestra; Part-song, "The Wandering Minstrel;" Song, "The Garland;" Adagio in E flat from an unpublished symphony, written for quintet of strings and solo violin (first time of performance); Part-song, "Remembrance;" The Scotch Symphony.

The *adagio* in E flat, from the early symphony—the "No. 12," in F—should certainly have come first, and doubtless would have headed the programme, but for the sake of Herr Joachim, who undertook the violin solos, and had also the more responsible task before him of playing the concerto. Beyond that, little mattered. First, or last, the unknown movement would have been welcome, and doubly so had the entire symphony been produced—an example of precocity for which scarcely a parallel could be cited. In his remarks upon this *adagio*, "G," the always well-informed annotator of the Crystal Palace programmes, furnishes his readers with a very interesting catalogue of the twelve early symphonies of Mendelssohn, now, with the remainder of his manuscript compositions, deposited in the Imperial Library at Berlin, where every amateur may obtain access to them. The specimen brought forward on Saturday can only have engendered a strong desire on the part of the audience to know the entire work, of which it forms the third in a series of five movements. Beautiful from beginning to end, it is not the less valuable on account of the manifest indications as to how the aspiring young musician was influenced by the example and attracted by the ideas of composers whom he naturally must have regarded with veneration. Scored for quintet of stringed instruments, with solo *obbligato* for violin as principal feature, the *adagio* has quite a solemn effect, and the studied carefulness of

the execution brought all its merits conspicuously into light. Herr Joachim's interpretation of the solo part for leading violin was worthy himself and the master to whom in his early youth he owed so much, and who entertained for him so deep and lasting a regard.

How Herr Joachim plays the violin concerto—the only one published, although we find another, in D minor, among the manuscripts—is unnecessary to say. To render it more perfectly seems to us impossible. A peculiar interest must always be attached to this concerto when publicly introduced by the Hungarian violinist. The last concert to which Mendelssohn himself ever listened was held at the Leipsic Gewandhaus in 1847, a very short time before his death, when Joachim, still a boy, was the executant. Often as it has been heard in this country, where it was first brought forward at a Philharmonic concert, in 1846, by the Italian *virtuoso*, Camillo Sivori (shortly before the production of *Elijah* at Birmingham), it always sounds fresh and young, and on Saturday, as may be imagined, was more than ordinarily welcome. The warmth of his reception appeared at first somewhat to disturb the constitutional equanimity of Herr Joachim; but he was soon thoroughly master of his exceptional means, and played more magnificently than ever. His delivery of the exquisite *andante* in C major sounded almost like an elegiac tribute to the master whom he loved so much, and the irresistible *finale* given, in accordance with Mendelssohn's own idea, "as quick as possible," an essential condition of the Mendelssohnian family of scherzos, where rapidity and accuracy can be combined, both astonished and enraptured everybody, and the customary enthusiastic demonstration followed. About the *Ruy Blas* overture and the symphony in A minor ("Scotch") to write a single word that has not been written over and over again would be difficult; but to say that they have never in our remembrance, here or elsewhere, been more splendidly executed than on the present occasion, by the orchestra under the direction of Herr August Manns, is only a just tribute to the admirable conductor and the skilled professors who follow the indications of his *bâton*. The overture was, indeed, as impressive a beginning as the symphony was a triumphant climax. The two solo songs, both familiar, were given by Mr. Edward Lloyd with the utmost care and artistic taste.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 3, 1877.

Concerts.

Harvard Symphony Concerts. The seventh programme (for Feb. 15), as finally remodelled to gratify the general desire for more of Miss Gaetano's singing, was as follows:

1. Overture to "Faust".....Spohr
2. Recit.: "Solitudini amiche," and Aria: "Zeffiretti lusinghieri," from "Idomeneo,".Mozart
   Miss Nita Gaëtano.
3. Piano-Forte Concerto, No. 4, in D minor, Op 70.....Rubinstein
   Moderato—Moderato assai—Allegro assai.
   Carlyle Petersilea.

1. Songs, with Piano-Forte:—
   a. "Autumn Song".....R. Franz
   b. "Come into the Garden, Maud"..O. Dresel
   c. "Venetian Gondolier's Song"...Meyerbeer
   Miss Nita Gaëtano.
2. Symphony in E flat. No. 3.....Schumann
   Vivace—Scherzo—Andante—Religioso (suggested by a religious ceremonial in the Cologne Cathedral) —Allegro.

The audience was notably the largest of the season, and none, apparently, were disappointed. The brilliant Overture to Spohr's *Faust*—a work containing other instances of his happiest and freshest inspiration—was played with spirit and precision; and it was warmly received. The breadth and majesty, the depth of feeling, wealth of imagination, perfect consistency, and gorgeous coloring of Schumann's "Cologne, or "Rhenish" Symphony, grows upon one with every hearing. There is no grander opening than this has, with its broad syncopated rhythm; indeed the whole first movement gives you a buoyant and triumphant sense of floating down the broad stream of father Rhine. The easy, independent swing of the Scherzo is full of health and high spirits as of a young party of foot travellers upon its banks. The *Andante*, serious and tender, is of exquisite beauty. The *Religioso* is inexpressibly solemn, a very palpable reminder of the scene, the tone, the atmosphere of high Mass in a Cathedral like that of Cologne, of which we can speak from experience; in the startling passage where the trombones enter in long, bold chords it reaches the sublime and almost takes your breath away; there is a strange little melodic figure (a sort of "Leit motive,") echoed about from bassoon to various instruments, which seems like the voice of officiating priests. The final *Allegro* takes you out into the free air and sunshine, and you seem to go off down the river-side together, full of talk and humor, reminding one another of this or that in what has just been witnessed, some one of the party now and then quaintly imitating (in a playful, rapid manner) that quaint motive in the *Religioso*. The rendering of the Symphony was for the most part very satisfactory, although the chances for rehearsal had been very few and the work had not been given here for several years; but there is this virtue in these great things, that the musician who has once played them never loses the impression.

Miss Gaetano's singing confirmed the fine impression of her lovely voice, her refined taste and expressive art. The Mozart aria, to be sure, is of too uniformly quiet a character for concert effect in a large hall; besides that the melody is somewhat too sustained for her best power; yet it was beautifully sung and sincerely enjoyed by those whose tastes are least corrupted by the high artificial flavors of the modern music. The songs were simply perfect both in singing and accompaniment (by Mr. Dresel). That by Franz: "Im Herbst," is one of the most passionate, intensely sad, yet thoroughly beautiful songs which even he has written; and the singer threw her soul into it with superb effect. Mr. Dresel's charming "Maud" song was sung *con amore*, with most delicate appreciation; and the quaint Barcarolle of Meyerbeer had all the subtle grace and piquancy required. In response to a persistent encore Miss Gaëtano sang a pleasing song by Gounod.

Mr. Petersilea played the Rubinstein Concerto, not to be sure with the fire (not to speak of the original improvising force) of its composer, but with a straight-forward, thorough, conscientious execution, avoiding all extravagance, and bringing out its outline and whole structure clearly, winning great credit by the effort. The work itself is full of interest; an earnest consistency is felt at least in the first two movements; although the Cossack breaks out in the freakish and rather frivolous Finale. There are passages of extreme difficulty, to which Mr. Petersilea proved himself fully equal.

Theodore Thomas. The return of this celebrated leader with his admirable orchestra has given us more concerts during the last fortnight than any common musical appetite could easily digest:—four in his own name, two in aid of the Old South preservation fund, one with Misses Adelaide and Mathilde Phillipps, and two in the Sanders Theatre course at Cambridge—nine concerts in nine days! The first was on Monday evening, Feb. 19, when the Music Hall was but sparsely filled; it would seem that people felt fatigued in the mere anticipation of so great a surfeit. The orchestra showed the same strength as on the previous visit,—eight first violins, eight second, 'cellos and basses four each, etc. The string department has been brought up again to the unity and precision which it had before so many members left the organization; the reeds have all the smoothness, if not all the vitality of tone they had before; the brass is still a little coarse, though much improved in the past few months. The programme was as follows:—

Overture, Scherzo, Finale, } op. 52.....Schumann
Novelletten for String Orchestra, Op 53. New. Gade
1. Andantino—Allegro vivace e grazioso.
2. Scherzo (moderato).
3. Andantino con moto.
4. Allegro vivace.
Symphonic Poem, Danse Macabre.....Saint-Saëns

Siegfried's Death, Die Götterdämmerung. (New), Wagner
From "Der Ring der Nibelungen"
Overture, Fidelio. .....Beethoven
Sicilienne, } first time, } .....Bach
Rigodon de Dardanus, } .....Rameau
Ballet Music, Queen of Saba. New.....Goldmark
Vor der Czarda, (In front of a Hungarian Inn,)..Raff

Schumann's Op. 52,—almost a Symphony, although it lacks the breadth and weight of thought which characterize his four great Symphonies—has not been heard here for quite a number of years, with the exception of the *Scherzo*, which is much the most interesting part of it, and which is often played by itself. We confess to feeling a certain dryness in the other two parts, masterly as they are in treatment. The work was finely rendered. Gade's "Novellettes" are very graceful, smoothly flowing little pieces, full of sentiment; yet they seemed monotonous, and to lack positiveness of character as well as color; affecting us somewhat like the old drawings in India ink, or mezzotint engravings. They were very beautifully played. The "Danse Macabre" always startles and even delights on a first hearing by its quaint audacity; we confess the charm of such things does not last for us.

Of course Mr. Thomas would do his possible to gratify the general curiosity to hear the famous Funeral March in Wagner's *Götterdämmerung*, though the attempt might be beset with as many practical difficulties as Wagner himself found in trying to give his friend an idea of Gluck's music [See first page of this number]. We had expected a whole scene with the Dirge in its connection. Instead of that we had it isolated; moreover, those who experienced it in the orthodox way of the Bayreuthian baptism assure us that the instrumentation exceeded the means of the Thomas orchestra, while, even had that been complete, a true idea could only be formed of it in the midst of its theatrical surroundings. Anyhow, it left the audience in a kind of vague wonderment and stupor. No one knew what it meant *musically*, although dramatically the story had been told us. No one dared to say he did or did not like it; none applauded. In truth the only impression was of a strange, vague, formless mass of most dark, sepulchral tones, with wild bursts of passion, sudden tremendous fortissimos, here and there the rudiments of a march rhythm for a bar or two, but for the most part no march discernible; a vast "wide weltering chaos" of crude harmonies expressing grief and rage, but all tending nowhere, without course or progress, like a land-locked sea upheaving in a storm. *Fidelio* Overture after it was like passing out of a dark cave, haunted by terrific groans, into a world full of light and beauty,—though the juxtaposition was a strange one.—The graceful, unpretending little *Sicilienne* of Bach was highly enjoyable; and the *Rigodon* of Rameau seemed so perfect in its quaint, prim way, and was so perfectly executed, that a repetition could not be refused. Goldmark's Queen of Sheba music rather puzzled us; some of it seemed more like tragedy than ballet. It was quite Oriental in its coloring, richly and ingeniously instrumented, full of melodic themes; but this one hearing left us rather in the vague. The single movement from the Hungarian Suite by Raff (of which Mr. Thomas gave us the whole last year) confirmed the impression we then got of it as one of the most interesting of Raff's compositions.

A "beggarly array of empty boxes" greeted the first of the concerts for the Old South (Tuesday evening, 20th), nor was there much more manifestation of sympathy at the second (Wednesday afternoon). The first began with on the whole a fine interpretation of the G-minor Symphony of Mozart, though some exception might be taken to the tempo and to certain details in the rendering of the Andante. The other orchestral selections were: Prof. Paine's Overture to "As you like it," which confirmed the good impression that it made at Cambridge; Asger Hamerik's *Nordische Suite*, of whose five little pieces the second is the most interesting on account of the old Swedish ballad which forms its theme, while the work as a whole does not improve with us upon acquaintance, but seems to strain after originality like most of the newest music; some ballet music ("Dance of Bayaderes" and "Torchlight Dance of the Brides of Cashmere") from Rubinstein's *Feramors*, of which opera some of our readers may remember an account by Ambros which we printed last September,—music full of voluptuous charm and splendor; and finally the uproarious Ride of Wagner's Walkyries. Miss MATHILDE PHILLIPPS, with a Contralto voice of great compass and which rivals her sister's in power and richness, sang a long recitative and Aria in G ("Addio, O miei sospiri") from Gluck's *Orfeo*, with great force and spirit, displaying a remarkable bravura in the elaborate, exceedingly difficult Cadenza put to it by Viardot Garcia. She also sang "Ah quel giorno" from Rosini's *Semiramide* to great acceptance. Miss Mathilde has splendid qualities for a singer; she has had good training; yet we feel in her a somewhat dangerous tendency to carry points by storm; notably the way she has of exploding those solid great low tones of hers gives them an exaggerated sound as if they were not meant quite seriously, which certainly is not the case with her. Her reception was a very warm one.

In the Wednesday Concert the elder sister, Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, in her rich, ripe, finished and expressive style sang "Verdi Prati" from Handel's *Alcina*, and Donizetti's "O mio Fernando," which we could willingly part withal for the rest of our mortal life, although there is a pleasure in hearing anything so admiraldy sung. Mr. JACONSOHN in his correct and finished manner played a not particularly edifying Violin Sonata by Vitali. The orchestra played the entire Bach Suite in D, and very finely; and the "Phaëton" of Saint-Saëns, —a work from the Antipodes—with immense verve and energy. After the intermission a Serenade of Beethoven, cleverly arranged for orchestra from the Trio, Op. 8, for violin, viola and 'cello, a work in several movements, ending in a lovely Andante with variations was presented in a most enjoyable manner. The concert closed with the humorous and pretty "Funeral March of a Marionette" by Gounod, and the Tannhaeuser Overture.

On the evening of that Wednesday the Thomas Orchestra bore the chief part in the fifth Cambridge concert at the Sanders Theatre, of which every seat appeared to have its occupant. It opened with a fine performance of Mendelssohn's Overture to *Athalia*, followed by Chopin's F-minor Concerto, in which the pianist Miss AMY FAY, of Cambridge, made her first appearance hereabouts with orchestra. A certain nervousness appeared to check the free motion both of hands and spirit in the opening *Maestoso*; and in this condition it was no wonder that she had to learn the lesson of the danger, to which any mortal memory is liable in some degree, of playing in concerted music without notes, as we inferred from one or two otherwise unaccountable "flashes of silence" in the orchestra. She gained courage, and with it freedom, however, as she went on; the broad *recitativo* in the *Larghetto* movement was well emphasized, and the rapid finale was played firmly, brilliantly and clearly. Yet it is the brilliant rather than the poetic side of Chopin that she represents. The effort was heartily applauded. Later in the evening she was very successful in a piano solo: "Elfin Dance," a concert study by Liszt, and was compelled to reappear and give another piece.—The Siegfried Funeral March made about the same impression that it did in Boston. But for a glorious wind-up of the feast came a superb performance of the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven, in the treatment of which nothing presented itself as questionable except the slow and strongly accented assertion of the first three notes,—a point about which authorities differ. To us it seems that those "three knocks of Fate at the door" ought to steal in quietly in the same Allegro tempo with the whole movement. Mr. Thomas even treated in the same way the three notes of the horns entering with the countertheme.

We were unable to attend the sixth and closing concert of the series (Tuesday evening); though the spirit was willing, unfortunately the flesh was weak! And our desire to renew acquaintance with Paine's Symphony was great. All we can do, therefore, is to record the interesting programme:

1. Overture to Fair Melusina.....Mendelssohn
   Theodore Thomas's Orchestra.
2. Piano Concerto in A-minor.....Schumann
   Mr. William H. Sherwood.
3. Symphony in C minor, No. 1..... Paine
4. Piano Solo:
   a—Fugue in G-minor.....Rheinberger
   b—Serenade..... Rubinstein
   c—Waldesrauschen (Concert Etude).....Liszt
   Mr. William H. Sherwood.
5. Overture to Leonore, No. 3.....Beethoven

Here, for the present, our review must pause in the middle of the long list, so that we may give some brief glimpses of the rich music still in prospect for us. Next time we must resume the record and speak of the remaining Thomas concerts, the last Sherwood matinée, the very successful concert of the Misses Phillipps, the complimentary concert to Madame Schiller, and some others.

FIRST in consequence is the TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL of the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY, next May, for which the programme is full of interest and novelty, and the rehearsals are going on in real earnest. There will be six performances, as follows:

Wednesday evening, May 16. A new Festival Overture and Chorus by Prof. J. K. Paine; "Spring," from Haydn's *Seasons*; 95th Psalm by Mendelssohn.

Thursday afternoon, 17th. Solos; orchestral selections; Redemption Hymn, for Contralto Solo and Chorus, composed expressly by J. C. D. Parker; Marcello's 18th Psalm: "The Heavens are telling" (*I cieli narrano*—the one described in Mme. George Sand's *Consuelo*).

Thursday evening. Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* (2 or 3 parts); Hiller's *Song of Victory*, for Soprano Solo and Chorus.

Friday evening. Handel's *Samson*.

Saturday afternoon. Solos, etc.—"Noël," a Christmas Cantata by Saint-Saëns.

Sunday evening, May 20. Handel's grandest choral work, the oratorio *Israel in Egypt*.

Among the solo singers secured are: Miss CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG, Miss EMMA C. THURSBY, Miss ANNIE LOUISE CARY, Mr. CHARLES R. ADAMS, tenor, from the Imperial Opera in Vienna, Mr. WM. J. WINCH, Mr. JOHN F. WINCH, and Mr. M. W. WHITNEY.

Meanwhile, at Easter, the Society will perform Handel's *Joshua*, with Miss THURSBY, Miss A. PHILLIPPS, Mr. MAAS and Mr. M. W. WHITNEY for the solos.

MADAME ESSIPOFF returns to us next week and will give two evening concerts (Tuesday and Friday) and two Matinées (Thursday and Saturday.)

THE twelfth season of the Harvard Symphony Concerts will conclude as follows:

Ninth Concert, Thursday Afternoon, March 15.

PART I. Overture to "Hero and Leander," *Rietz*; Piano Concerto in F minor, *Chopin* (Madame Madeline Schiller). PART II. Overture to "Prometheus," *Beethoven*; Piano Solos; Symphony No. 2, in C, *Raff*.

Tenth (last) Concert, Thursday Afternoon, March 29.

PART I. Symphony ("Militaire") in G, *Haydn*; Violin Concerto (the three movements), *Beethoven* (Dr. Leopold Damrosch, conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society). PART II. Symphonic Fantasia on Shakespeare's "Tempest," *John K. Paine* (composed expressly for this concert); Songs, by Charles E. Hayden; Overture: "Meeresstille, etc., *Mendelssohn*.

We have a prospect of some very interesting music of a kind which Boston seldom has an opportunity to hear. We mean the larger forms of classical Chamber music, such as Octets, Septets, Sextets, etc., for strings and wind instruments combined. The NEW YORK MOZART CLUB, composed of nine or ten superior artists, most of whom have long been members of the Thomas orchestra, devotes itself to this speciality. Among the names we notice the admirable Oboist, J. ELLER, who was with Thomas, R. ARNOLD, one of his two leading violinists, H. SCHMITZ, the hornist, etc. They have already given a taste of their quality in several excellent concerts in New York, in which they have played an Octet by Mozart for 2 oboes, 2 clarinets, 2 horns and 2 bassoons; Hummel's Septet; Beethoven's Septet; the Nonet by Spohr, and many other interesting works too seldom heard. We copy from the prospectus of the Club:

The unexpected interest which has been accorded to our attempt, encourages us to continue these entertainments, and to solicit for them the patronage of Art-Lovers, Students, and the general public. It is our determined aim to win the approbation of the most exacting by performances technically perfect, and reflecting faithfully the spirit of the original's. Our preparations being almost complete, we can promise a very interesting *repertoire*. Works of Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Onslow, Schumann and Mendelssohn, will alternate with the contemporaneous tone-poems of Liszt, Rubinstein, Brahms, and others. We shall bring out a selection of Solos, Sonatas, Duos, Trios and String Quartets, by many of the Masters. Our chief efforts, however, will be devoted to those compositions embracing from five to nine instruments, which, by virtue of their intellectual scope and graceful form, are justly considered the crowning beauties of Chamber-Music. In our country, up to the present time, the works mentioned have been but incompletely rendered; hardly ever before has a club of well-known performers unitedly endeavored to solve our high task. This consideration warrants us in assuring patrons of a truly rare enjoyment.

Our music-lovers will no doubt welcome the announcement that the Mozart Club propose to visit Boston and give a short subscription series of three concerts in one of our smaller halls. Subscription lists will soon be ready in the music stores.

(Crowded out last time.)

MISS LILLIAN BAILEY'S Concert at Union Hall, Saturday afternoon, Feb. 10, was a charming affair, and was appreciated by a large and cultivated audience. This gifted young lady, yet in her teens, shows a remarkable improvement since her first semi-private appearances a year ago. Her fresh, sweet, penetrating voice has developed into larger volume and capacity of various expression. The tone is frank and birdlike, and, though there is of course much to learn, yet she is substantially a pleasing singer even now, and full of promise. For she has intellectual talent likewise, and seems prompted by a genuine musical enthusiasm. Her first piece: "Softly sweet in Lydian measures," from Handel's *Alexander's Feast*, was simply and gracefully sung, with 'cello obbligato (WULF FRIES). Two songs by Franz ("To Music," and "Birdling, whither thy flight?") were charmingly fresh, and sung in the true spirit. Being encored, she sat down at the piano and, to her own nice accompaniment, sang the Mignon song of Ambroise Thomas in very fitting style. The buoyant "Spring Song" by Mendelssohn, and a song by Jensen displayed her versatility still further to advantage.

Miss Bailey's teacher, Mr. C. R. HAYDEN, to whose judicious training the young maiden bore such testimony, enriched the concert further by his own admirable singing of three songs by Mendelssohn ("Gruss," "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges," and "Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath,") in which his voice seemed richer and sweeter, and his delivery more artistic and refined than ever before. For a second group he gave "Du bist wie eine Blume," by Liszt, a song of questionable beauty, and a wild, dashing stirrup-cup song by Rubinstein: "Auf dein Wohl trink' ich, Mari," which had to be repeated.

The concert opened with the Andante and Rondo of Mozart's E flat Concerto, and closed with the Mendelssohn-Moscheles Variations on the Bohemian March from *Preciosa*,—both for two pianos—finely played by Mr. G. W. SUMNER and Mr. ARTHUR FOOTE, who also shared between them the song accompaniments. Mr. Fries and Mr. Foote played also a Romance, op. 36, and an Allegro Appassionato, op. 43, for 'cello and piano, by Saint-Saëns, with acceptance.

HAYDN AND BOCCHERINI. Our old friend "the Diarist" writes us:

Trieste, Jan. 24, 1877.

It is certainly queer how often an old error must be killed before it will remain dead. Here comes a Boston *Advertiser* with a letter from Rome, in which I read:

"If Haydn was the Master of the Symphony, Boccherini was certainly the inventor." and again:

"But Haydn took Boccherini's idea and created out of it concerted music." . . . . "Haydn gave to the quartets all the value of a symphony. But at the same time the credit of the invention rests with the Italians, etc."

Now:

I. Haydn neither did nor could know any thing of Boccherini's works, until his own style both in quartet and symphony was formed.

II. This style was formed on the works of C. P. E. Bach; that is: Bach had given the world the modern sonata form, and Haydn adopted it in writing for combinations of orchestral instruments.

III. In 1753 Haydn wrote a quintet.
1755–9—eighteen quartets.
1759—the first orchestral symphony in our modern form.

IV. To Picquot's biography of Boccherini, the book, which, so far as I know, first gave him the credit of being the "inventor" of the quartet and symphony—there is appended a "catalogue général des Oeuvres" of that composer.

I extract the following:

Op. 1. Sei Sinfonie *O sia Quartetti*, etc., composé en 1761, comme œuvre 2—publié en 1768.
Op. 2. Six Trios a 2 V. e violoncellos; manuscript dated 1760.
Op. 3. Six Trios, etc.
Op. 4. Sei Sinfonie a tre, per due violons e violoncelle composés en 1766.

Compare these dates and tell me how "Haydn took Boccherini's idea?" And where was the *Orchestral* symphony of the latter from which he took it?

A. W. T.

NEW HAVEN, FEB. 16.—The New Haven Oratorio Society gave a performance of the "Elijah" on the evening of the 13th. The accompaniments were rendered by the Thomas orchestra. The solo parts were sustained by Miss E. L. Sanford, Miss C. A. Phelps, Mr. Wm. Castle, and Mr. M. W. Whitney. Mr. T. G. Shepard, the conductor, performed his difficult task admirably, and to him as well as to Messrs. Jepson and Marston, the other members of the board of managers, the thanks of our citizens are due for the opportunity of hearing this master-piece under such favorable circumstances.

M.

VASSAR COLLEGE. Mrs. Fanny Raymond Ritter, in the *Poughkeepsie News*, gives an interesting account of the first concert of the season; of which we copy the greater part.

This concert opened fitly with a work of peculiarly charming character—Mozart's quintet for pianoforte, oboe, clarinet, horn and bassoon—filled with beautiful surprises and contrasts of tone-color pure euphony from beginning to end. It was written by Mozart at the age of twenty eight, and he wrote to his father concerning it, "I consider this the finest work I have yet written." Beethoven when thirty years old, wrote his quintet (opus 16), in emulation of Mozart's, yet did not excel it; we must remember however, that the genius of Mozart arrived precociously at maturity, while that of Beethoven required many more years to reach its fullest ripeness and originality.

Mr. Franz Remmertz, the admired baritone, then sang Schumann's exquisite romance, "*Fluthenreicher Ebro*," No. 5 of the cycle of Spanish lovesongs. This rich melody, this flowing, pulsing accompaniment, betray no weak attempt at any imitation of the eager rhythms alternating with phrases of self-contained, melancholy passion, so characteristic of the national Spanish *canto*; this lovely romance is more than that; it is a poet's ideal dream of Spanish love on the banks of a Spanish river. But, as he dreamed of Ebro, he sat beside the stream of Castaly.

A Vieuxtemps reverie,—a delightful composition by one of the greatest of violin masters,—next succeeded, performed in the most satisfactory manner by Mr. Arnold.

Mr. Remmertz again appeared, and gave us an admirable rendering of Wolfram's "*Wie Todesahnung*," from Wagner's *Tannhauser*. This air approaches so much more nearly to previously received forms than almost any other vocal Wagner *morceau* of such brevity, that it has been a favorite for many years, though a composition of too lofty a stamp ever to sink into popularity. There is a passage in the recitative, at the words, "*Da scheinest Du, o lieblichster der Sterne!*" accompanied by a *tremolando* of the violins which reminds us, even in its orchestral coloring, of the violin-tremolo in fifths in the prologue to "Lohengrin," where the Holy Grail is supposed to appear: the whole passage suggests a supernatural effect of distance, tremulous light, and the deepest, yet clearest atmospheric purity, amid which the sacred Chalice appears to the kneeling knight. Even such slight touches betray the hand of genius, and produce a similar result as when we see, on the canvass of a great master, not the attempted representation of the form of Deity, but the wondrous effect of that presence in the eyes of some gazing disciple, enraptured by a celestial revelation, invisible to us.

The brothers Eller then played two romanzas of pastoral character for oboe and piano, two of three composed by Schumann as late as 1849 yet displaying that clever mastery of form which Schumann possessed more fully at an earlier period, and filled with all his own dreamy, poetic, melodious beauty.

Another view of Schumann's genius was presented in his dramatic setting of Heine's poem "Die beiden Grenadiere," rendered by Mr. Remmertz with that spirit and fidelity to the varying demands of the text, which, when displayed by the singer place this well-known *Lied* in its true position as one of the most inspiring in the whole baritone *repertoire*. The culminating point of interest in the concert was the performance of Beethoven's septet for string instruments clarinet, horn and bassoon. This work was probably the last written by Beethoven in what is called his first style, and marks that epoch, when, at the age of thirty, the end of his first youth (as an artist), he began to emancipate his style from the influence of tradition and of his predecessors, and to become altogether himself. The work, indeed resembles spring and youth,—the youth, however, of genius,—all beauty, freshness, vigor, health of body and soul; conscious of boundless resources it gives with regal generosity; it abounds with novel ideas, harmonious purity, and elegance of workmanship. Lenz has prettily said of this septet: "It is an apotheosis of the serenade." In measures 66 to 72 of the adagio, we perceive an echo of the "Adelaida"—written at about the same time as this work. Beethoven afterwards far surpassed the powers he displayed in his septet, so far as regards poetic depth and impassioned grandeur; but no composer has exceeded him in the grouping of material, in the charming union of tone-contrasts which this creation displays. It was performed in public for the first time, at Vienna, on the 2nd of April, 1800. At the same concert, the Master produced his First Symphony (composed immediately after the septet) and improvised at the piano-forte. The septet obtained such a sudden and general success after its public production, that Beethoven told Czerny he almost despised the work, and was indignant at the universal praise it received. This anger may have appeared unreasonable, even to those among Beethoven's friends who possessed capacity enough to be able to appreciate his intellectual gifts, so far as they had then been made publicly manifest; but we may now surmise that he then felt within him the power of soaring to far greater heights. He already felt vague presentiments of the "Fidelio," of the awful glories of the Missa Solemnis, in D; perhaps on the mirror of his mind, the forms of the Fourth Symphony ("that slender Thalia among Beethoven's nine," said Schumann), of the Eroica, of the Seventh were already gathering; perhaps he already heard within him the approach of the Choral Symphony, that tocsin of revolution in musical art, destined to vibrate through the centuries, with manifold echoes and "a great voice of a multitude, as the voice of many waters, as the the voice of mighty thunderings!"

The effect of such a high order of concerts as this, on student life and development, cannot be otherwise than beneficial and elevating. The influence of any noble art is not a transitory one; and noble music the most visionary and fugitive of all arts, in one sense, is also the most lasting in its influence on the mind and leaves behind it indelible impressions.

The quintet and septet were well performed by the New York Mozart Club, which contains some of the best instrumentalists in America, members of the New York Philharmonic, and of the Thomas orchestra.

The entire concert was received by the lady students with the applause it deserved, and a demand was made for the repetition of four of the shorter numbers on the programme kindly responded to on the part of the artists, by the substitution, in each case, of a different, but appropriate *morceau*. Such demonstrations of enthusiasm are delightfully in place on such an occasion as this and excite artists to put forth their best powers; but if the outward manifestation of approval be careless and indifferent, how shall they know that any artistic sympathy, or even understanding of art, exists among their audience? It is so easy, especially for invidious incompetence, to find fault with artists and their art! It is so difficult, even for the most refined connoisseur, to praise with justice and discrimination! According to Goethe's authority, "whoever praises a beautiful or worthy object, raises himself, though but for a moment, by the lofty impulse of generous admiration, to an equality with the object praised."

The lady student's enjoyment and understanding of this concert was greatly increased by Professor Ritter's explanatory lecture on a previous day, when he gave an analysis of the form and contents of the works which he had selected for the programme, as well as a description of the instruments used in those works, and the manner of performing on them.

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WHOLE No. 937. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1877. VOL. XXXVI. No. 25.

DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC,
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The Highland Lassie	*Schumann.*	6
The Linden Tree	*Hauptmann*	10
The Little Ship	*Schumann.*	12
The Nun	*Schumann.*	6
The Old Man	*Haydn*	8
The Rose-Bud	*Hauptmann.*	8
The Smith	*Schumann.*	8
The Water-Lily	*Gade.*	6
The Wood	*Vierling.*	8
The Wood-Bird	*Abt.*	6
This Love is much like the Wind	*Duerrner.*	12
Welcome	*Hiller.*	6
Welcome Repose	*Vierling.*	8

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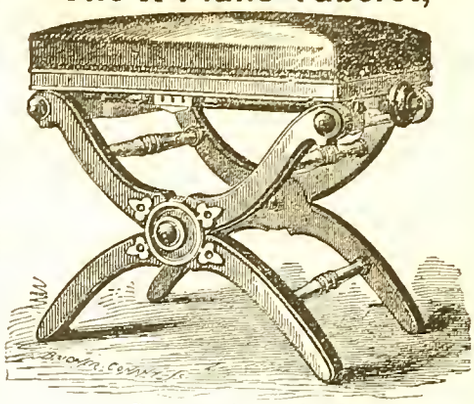

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 937. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1877. VOL. XXXVI. No. 25.

Tendencies of Modern Music.

(Selections translated for this Journal from the Letters of HAUPTMANN, HILLER and others.)

I.

—In the concert of Schröder-Devrient several interesting things were given: among others the Overture to "Ruy Blas" by Mendelssohn, and scenes from the Opera "Rienzi" by Richard Wagner, which he himself directed. In Wagner's music I have found far more of stretching and straining than of solid satisfying matter. One cannot judge, to be sure, of the effect of a whole Opera after a few single pieces; but the kind of music is very manifest in them, and that pleases me not; it is again the unmusical kind, which clings to the expression of the single details, which, where joy and sorrow are the subject, holds the two apart and seeks to express each musically by itself. That is setting things to music as the watch-makers understand it, when they speak of setting a watch in oil, where every peg is tipped with oil. But the *words should be set to music as one sets a fish into the water*, taking them out of the dry and separating element of the understanding into the mediating, fluid element of feeling. That is the way the Italians do it, and so do those who are artistically related to them, like Mozart, Spohr,—who will not take it ill of me that I count them among these. When we speak of the Italians we are not to think only of Donizetti and Bellini, but of Raphael, of Leonardo and Titian, of the finest flowers of Art that ever were.—(HAUPTMANN, *Letter to Spohr*, 1842.

—The *Tannhäuser* has been given three times here. The applause was still undecided in itself; not that it was not loud; but one hears even in the clapping of hands whether it comes from a sure or a doubtful feeling of applause. The future alone can make it clear. I heard the Opera on the first performance, had also heard it several years ago in Dresden, where it was very well given; but just as little here as there was I at the end of it in such a mood as one ought to be in after a good work of Art: in a harmonic, satisfied mood. Such music costs the hearer a continual strain. An opera on which the composer has labored for months, we have to hear through in three hours;—*he* has had hours and days of recreation in the course of it, but to us is granted not a moment; the hearer also needs some rest, some intermission, but he does not find in such a work, which keeps on steadily without any moments of repose. The hymn of the Pilgrims, which returns so often in the opera, might have formed a moment of repose, against which the more passionate movement would be set off in stronger relief; but even this hymn is tortured both in melody and harmony, and seems given to the chorus singers only to put them out of tune. It is perhaps designed to express the contrition and remorse of the pilgrims; but this was hardly the place to make that prominent; a quiet element might have come in here quite fitly in a poetic and artistic manner. Even the song of the shepherd boy, after the first impassioned scene in the Venus-berg, is only a melodic, or an unmelodic, curiosity; and it is very improper in the youngster, after he has taken notice of the pilgrim procession and has kneeled down, to intrude his piping (*Schalmeigedudel*) into the pauses of the choral strain.—The minstrels' contest with its continuous declamatory 4-4 measure, is now and then very tedious. In the third act, the long recited narrative of Tannhäuser, about the result of his pilgrimage to Rome, is also not a fortunate dramatic moment. *Musically* many things in *Lohengrin* have pleased me better than anything in *Tannhäuser*. There we have some choruses of most beautiful sonority. Yet *Lohengrin* as a whole must be fatiguing in a high degree. But it is meant and done in earnest; the whole man is in it throughout; and that is respectable. The poetic element certainly is very significant; but there is wanting an artistic element to bear up freely the impassioned subject-matter which so weighs upon us, which, being without form, as bare realism oppresses and torments us. *When one comes out of a drama or an opera feeling as if bruised and crushed, there is something not quite right about it.*—(HAUPTMANN *to Spohr, Leipzig*, 1853.)

—We have now the Russian Rubinstein here, who has let us hear a Symphony: "Ocean," a piano Fantasia with orchestra, and a Trio. These things were very imposing and have received great applause. The Ocean wallowed and floundered about a great deal; but if one is to find fault with that, he will make nothing out of it. Less floundering was the Fantasia, but also less interesting. The Trio is quite civilized, brilliant, easy to listen to, and euphonious, like altogether another man, escaped from the sea storm, refreshed, restored, his toilet made and entering a parlor.—What does not please me in the compositions as a whole is, that *with the unclearness, the intrinsic value seems to decrease; that when the mists are scattered the country is less beautiful than we may have imagined it before.* But Rubinstein is a man of talent and an enormous player; few will be able to play his things after him.—(HAUPTMANN, 1855.)

—I take no pleasure in such compositions. So many of our young composers have had no poetic, harmless childhood in their Art; they began in a state of desperation, with the Lost Paradise; and where are any reminiscences of the *un*-lost to come from, such as recur so often and so beautifully in Beethoven's very last and most despairing things, like echoes from the "*fernen Geliebten*" in the full bliss of the past. Instead of this we now get only dry disgust and loathing of all that is real, a haughty egotistical mood, which has and can have no faith in itself, but would fain persuade itself and others that there is something in it. *What is not overstrained seems to them flat and insignificant; beauty, in their Art doctrine, is a thing of no account. The finest Art material, for which every other Art may envy Music,*—TONE—*is so tortured and so crushed by them that it can only shriek and whimper. And so we get an unmusical and toneless music; and what in earlier compositions has seemed dry and crabbed, now comes to us as paradisically mild, compared to what we have to hear in the newest compositions.*—(HAUPTMANN, 1855.)

—There are times and epochs, in which almost all sense of beauty seems to have deserted the producers in Art, and I fear, we live in one of these. They strive after the new, the exciting, the piquant and *effective;* they want to surprise, and even to dumbfounder you; cost what it will, they are determined to be deep, original and clever; they confound the beautiful with the conventional, with what has superficial polish; and they despise the beautiful, simply because they scarcely comprehend it. True, it has been given only to the rarest geniuses in Art and poetry, to be at the same time deep and beautiful;—but why not at least strive to reach them!? The Beautiful, after all, is, and will remain, the most beautiful.—(FERDINAND HILLER, *from "Briefe an eine Ungenannte,"* 1877.)

(From Vienna).—The second Philharmonic Concert opened with an Overture to "Romeo and Juliet," by Tschaikowsky. In spite of the careful execution, the work found here no sympathetic response. In the first place, the pretentious title was an injury to it, justifying great expectations, which remained very much unsatisfied. With such a labyrinth of shrill, glaring sound, without any proper pith and substance, one paints no Shakespeare.—(*Leipzig Signale, J n.* 1877.)

(Leipzig.) The fifth Euterpe Concert, on Dec. 12th, had for its principal numbers: the Concerto in G minor, for string orchestra, two obligato violins and an obligato violoncello, by Handel; the Symphony "Lenore" by Raff; and the Fantasia for piano, chorus and orchestra, by Beethoven. The writer of these lines heard Raff's Symphony for the first time. His impression of it is about as follows: The first movement seems, in matter and in form, to belong to the best and most enjoyable that Raff has produced. The second movement (Andante) has a very fair beginning, but in its further development grows more and more diffuse and rambling, and leaves at last an oppressive sense of irksomeness. The third movement (March) is, to our taste, somewhat vulgar, and offers only in its middle part some weak amends for this vulgarity, nay almost

triviality. Finally the fourth movement—the direct musical illustration and description of B rger's Ballad, while the other movements are only occupied with the bliss of love and the separation of Leonora and Wilhelm, that is to say, with what precedes all that is contained in the poem—was to us one of the severest musical visitations that we ever yet experienced: *the rawest materialism and realism is here displayed*, and the composer shrinks not from the most hideous, if only he may thus illustrate musically his underlying subject in the most drastic manner.—(*Signale, Jan.* 1877.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Concerning Musical Piano-Playing.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

About three months ago I had the honor to lay before the readers of this Journal some observations on the value of slow practice, especially on the piano; pointing out therein the fact that all practice has for its object the establishment and co-ordination of a series of muscular actions, so that the entire series may be produced by a simple act of the will. I have reason to believe that quite a number of teachers found the ideas there advanced rational and serviceable; and this emboldens me to pursue the subject in the following paragraphs, which ought indeed to have formed part of that article.

Within a few days after that piece had been sent to the Editor, a friend of mine, Dr. J. S. Jewell (Editor of the "Chicago Journal of Nervous and Mental Disease") called my attention to an article by Dr. Onimus, translated from the "*Journal d'Anatomie et de Physiologie*" 1873, pp. 545–564. The title of the translation was "Speech as a Reflex Act," and it appears in Dr. Jewell's Journal for April, 1874. There the writer took up the question of "reflexes" from some former discussion of it in its general bearings, and proceeded to point out the fact that speech was also a reflex act, the various muscular contractions necessary to phonation being presided over by a subordinate nerve-centre, which he called the "phono-motor" centre.

By "reflex" Dr. Onimus means nothing else than what I called "automatic" acts. He distinguishes two kinds of reflexes: those of instinct (like breathing), and those of education. For instance, old pigeons continued to pick and smooth their plumage after the removal of the brain ("the ruling passion strong in death;") in young pigeons, on the contrary, these motions were never observed.

Without delaying to cite his article more in detail, I may say that the notion of a "phono-motor" centre is an eminently rational one, and not only fits in admirably with the testimony of consciousness, but also serves to take in and explain a large catalogue of musical facts, and in consequence of so doing deserves to exercise a very important influence on methods of teaching.

Whoever appeals to consciousness knows that in the act of speaking he endeavors merely to articulate certain sounds. The entire mechanism of speech is generally outside the control of volition. Volition, indeed, "turns it on," and sometimes (fortunately) "turns it off;" but, once a-going, the talking presents itself to the mind merely as the expression of a mental disturbance or irritation commonly supposed by the talker to be *an idea*. This generalized conception of speech is also to a considerable degree true of all reflexes, like, *e. g.*, the work of the shoemaker, as I remarked before; where the entire process seems to him not so much movements of the arm, as "making shoes." But in the case of speech the reflex was acquired before the dawn of self-consciousness, and very few persons ever give it a thought. That speech really does take place in the effort to articulate some sound existing in the mind, is corroborated by a multitude of observations: such as, *e. g.*, the fact that persons with an impediment in their speech are not generally conscious of the imperfection of their articulation. The sound being properly formed in their mind, they are actually unable to hear the imperfect form of it, as they really express it. Only when they hear some one else with the same defect, do they realize how defective their articulate performance really is. This I think is true of all forms of defective articulation. One of my children was unable to pronounce "k" sounds, but instead of it used "t," "tit" for kick, "tandy" for candy, "tart" for cart, etc., and it was not until he was nearly six years old that he was taught to pronounce this element properly.

When a boy I noticed that young people sang very differently from old, especially in the matter of nasal tones, slovenly articulation, etc., and supposed that this arose from the difference in age. Hence it surprised me very much to observe in the South that young negro girls of ten or twelve sang exactly like the old "aunties" of sixty. On reflection, of course, it was easy to see that the resemblance was the necessary result of the young ones imitating the old ones; and the difference I had formerly observed arose from the young having acquired *their* singing from the singing-master, and not from the old ladies. I once taught in a seminary where the singing teacher had a most ridiculous *tremolo*, as well as, also, "the Italian wiggle," and although she used to condemn both these absurdities in the strongest terms, all her pupils had them—though perhaps not in so great perfection!

The Phono-Motor centre is the musical one. While it may be difficult to convince a skeptic that speech is always performed in the effort to realize certain *sounds*, there can be no question whatever when we come to song. The child with a musical ear catches and repeats melodies like a mocking bird. They get the long words most absurdly twisted, but the tune is there. We all know that "nonsense verses" are easier to remember than real poetry. Everybody can repeat "Hickery dickery dock," and the like. Here there can be no intellectual effort, for the words scarcely contain an idea. What man is there who has forgotten the formula:

> "Onery, ewery, ickery Ann,
> Fillacy, follacy, Nicholas John," etc.?

Or take the musical act of whistling. Who taught the youngsters how to pucker and pout? I once caught one of my young lady pupils playing Beethoven's Sonatas for piano and violin for her own gratification, and whistling the violin part. I always thought more of her after that.

But to my mind the most singular phenomenon connected with this phono-motor centre is that of playing the piano by ear. That a child should ever be able without instruction to play a tune by ear is indeed remarkable. Here we have this impression of sound so powerfully made in the mind, that the sound-producing centre is able to go beyond the organs of speech and seize upon the unpliant fingers (taught only to pry into things awkwardly and un-cunningly,) and with these to work out the inner musical conception;—this is to me a wonder. I have a pupil at the present time who plays so well by ear that I could make her read music only by giving her musical pieces of such subtile structure that she could not unravel them by ear (Schumann especially, and such things as Wm. Mason's "Au Matin.") It has frequently happened to her to play a piece in an entirely different key from what she had learned it in, (as, *e. g.*, in A flat instead of E flat), and not to discover her mistake until nearly through. This shows, also, how small a part muscular sensation has in the act of playing by ear, for in a change of key the chords fall differently under the fingers.

For several years past I have been observing how artists play. It is very difficult to find out their mental conception of music, or rather their mental operations while playing. I would have liked particularly to have learned how Von Bülow played, whether by the memory of the *notes* as such, or of the musical idea. If the latter, it must have been, I think, by a pretty clear intellectual conception of the form of the thoughts and modulations and the order of their succession.

Miss Rivé told me that when she played without notes she did so from a sort of mental photograph of the notes, every page of the music standing clearly before the mind. Her playing comports with this in its uniform correctness; yet she must sometimes rise above this state of mere intellectual reproduction of the printed page, for she frequently plays with great passion.

Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood interested me very much in his recent visit to Chicago. He, as you know, also plays without notes. But he says that in playing, the *notes* do not appear to him at all; but the musical idea and impression; that he never thinks of the letter names of the keys he touches. According to his notion he plays in obedience to a distinctly musical impression existing in his mind. I can very well believe this, for in spite of the enormous amount of difficult music he has read and played, he does not read rapidly at sight at all, even in quite easy pieces.

We have here in Chicago three pianists who read remarkably well. There may be others, but three I know of. They are Mr. Falk, Mr. Liebling, and Mr. Eddy. Mr. Falk reads anything, but he frequently plays too fast and without good effect. Mr. Liebling not only reads very rapidly but remembers a piece after two or three times playing it. Nevertheless I have heard him several times lately play the bass so heavily as to cover up the melody. This seems to me to indicate that the playing

does not take place in obedience to the desire of producing such and such sounds, or if so, that the performance is not adequately supervised by the ear. The only person I have ever known who was distinctively a "good reader," and at the same time played as if he was reproducing a musical effect distinctly present in consciousness, is Mr. H. Clarence Eddy, the organist. I am aware that the essentially musical character of Eddy's playing is denied by many, who affirm it to be merely an intellectual performance devoid of feeling. This mistake arises, I think, from their not giving due weight to the elaborate structure of the pieces Mr. Eddy loves to play, especially on the organ; and to the grave and impassive tone of the organ itself. At all events, this much is true, that Mr. Eddy rarely fails to phrase clearly, to play his piece in suitable tempo, and to set the prominent ideas in a proper co-ordination. Now he tells me that between the perception of the notes and the performance of them an entirely complete conception of the music intervenes, so that he *hears the music before he plays it*. Everything in the playing conforms to this idea.

I have no hesitation, therefore, in advancing the idea that in all playing the musical effect ought to be conceived before the performance; that is, that the act of playing must resolve itself into an effort to produce an external copy of the musical impression in the mind of the player. In my opinion the great failure of common players is here. They do not *think their music*, but play in the mere effort to reproduce certain combinations visibly represented before their eyes.

If time and space served I would be glad to enter into the question of ordinary musical instruction, and to inquire how far it seems likely to foster and increase whatever musical perception the pupil may naturally have had. Is not the habit of playing exclusively by notes necessarily detrimental to the player's conception of the playing as music? Can the musical influence of dry *etudes* be otherwise than bad? In this connection one should read Wieck's "Piano and Song." The unmusical quality of the average pianist is well understood. Why should this be true of pianists and not of violinists?

If the existence of this phono-motor centre be admitted, and the consequences to which it leads be fully traced out, it will effect a revolution in current methods of instruction, a few points of which I think I see. It will lead to, for instance, (1) the practice of technical exercises by rote; (2) the disuse of unimaginative *etudes* such as Czerny's; and (3) the habit of memorizing music, *especially in the earlier stages of instruction*.

Jakderjiantkilleren.

A Wagnerian Teatraylogy, or Art-poem-libretto, with a good deal of Cupan Sorcery in it, accompanied by some indication of the glorious Unconventional Music of the Future.

(*From "Mr. Punch's Pocket Book."*)

(Concluded from Page 397.)

We will now proceed to give very briefly some indication of its style.

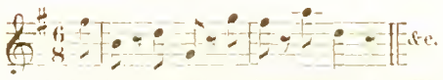
ACT I.

SCENE 1.—The Caves of the Vokesen. Invisible chorus. Then the three Vokessisters are seen spinning on one leg each. They are followed by the Genii BOUNDERS, MANFREDVOKES, UNDERDONEVOKES, RAWDONEVOKES, and QUITEDONEVOKES. Trio by RUSIVOKES (dancing), VICTORIAVOKES, and JESSIEVOKES.

Chorus.

Doorilane we fill! we fill!
Fill high! Fill! Fill!
Vokes et praterea nil!
Nil! Nil! Nil! Nil!

(There are about 800 more lines, giving some account of the Phamilli Vokesen, and of the rapid steps they've taken to secure success. It ends, however, after an hour, when MANFREDVOKES expresses his loftiest sentiments by throwing his leg over the head of VICTORIAVOKES while spinning, and catching it, for doing so, on the other side. Without any pause in the music, or in the action, Wagner continues to this unceasing strain



which is known in Wagnerian circles as Der Kläre.) Now suddenly mists envelope the scene, and the notes of a fog horn (a wonderful effect) are heard. The mists clear, and JAKDERJIANTKILLEREN enters mounted on his war steed, Basketoss. He canters round, followed by the Volkesen, and then strikes an attitude.

Solo.

Jäk I am Jäk der Jiantkiller,
And I live in a little willa,
In the land that I love best (*bis*).
My name is Jäk,
With a crack and a whack
I hit, I hit
The Jiants in the back.

All (dancing). With a crack (*drums*) and a whack,

[*Drums and cymbals for at least half an hour.*

Jäk. I hit! I hit!
All. He hits! he hits!

[*They hit each other. Drum. All except* JAK *fall.*

Threnody (in B minor).

Strewn on the ground
Before his conquering hand
We lie! we lie! a very helpless band!

Gentlemen of the Orchestra (furiously joining in a most surprising and startling vocal effect.)

You lie! you lie! we're *not* a helpless band!

[Tremendous excitement. Discords everywhere. At last the storm is allayed by the Composer, who distributes notes profusely. The VOKESEN rise and bend the knee to Jäk. *** This sudden mêlée of orchestra-vocal and singero-vocal is one of the most striking features of the opera.

Jäk (recitative). I wish to know my fate
Before it is too late.

[This is thoughtful of the All-poet, as already three hours have been consumed in getting thus far.

Manfred Vokesen (beckoning with his leg).
Come hither! come hither!
Invisible Spirits (without).
From whither? from whither?

*** Here follow 2,500 lines of question and answer chorus on the subject of spirits generally, the advantages of temperance, and the relative merits of the Kirschwasser and Schiedämmering spirits.

[*Thunder, lightning. The caves disappear and discover—*

SCENE 2.—Halls by the Sea of Dazzling Night-Lights. The Genius-King PANTOMMI is abdicating in favor of his Great Unkel, BURLESCO THE BOLD.

Chorus. Pantommi, make room for your unkel!

[A magic fawn runs swiftly across the stage. This is a beautifully characteristic Wagnerian idea cleverly introduced for the sake of illustrating the second line of the chorus—

Chorus. There's a little deer!
Pantommi, make room, etc., etc.

[JAK kneels, and PANTOMMI's uncle, the Good Genius of Fêtes, BURLESCO THE BOLD, thus addresses him; of course, to music:

Burlesco. Take now this ring, 'tis thine,
Freely 'tis given thee,
For 'tis not mine.
Take it! Wed
Leetelred
Ridinood. What more's to be said?
She has no lore, can scarcely spell,
Can neither read nor write too well,
And having no knowledge in her head
'Tis why she's called the Leetel-RED!
All. Take now this ring, and take the sword and cap!
Cut with the sword. Thou art a lucky chap!
The cap will make thee invisible,
Jäk. Exciting my faculties risible.
Burlesco. For (*solemnly*) what art thou but man?
Pantommi. And what is the mystery?
The history.
All. Why should we toil?
Why should we slave?
Why on earth should we, etc., etc.

[Here Wagner introduces a sort of sacred oratorio descriptive of the serious troubles of life, from shaving to foreign stocks, and gives one inexpressibly touching bit, where the hero is supposed to have some difficulty with his slippers—a remarkable composition, arranged for three shoe-stringed instruments. After this, JAK returns to the subject of the opera, and asks where he may find his future bride.

Burlesco (answering).
Over the hills! and up and down!
She lives with her mother in Kamden Town.

[The back of the stage opens, discovering LEETELRED RIDINOOD in the cottage of MOTHER HUBBARD in Kamden Town.

Jäk. I love her! I love her! To her I incline!
Answer me dearest, wilt thou be mine?

Leetelred (from the back).
Whoever thou art,
I never will part
From old Mother Hubbard, my *dear* Mother Hubbard,
Until she has got nothing more in her cupboard,
Then I'll be thine—
Then—I'll be thine!

[Here follows one of those mad passionate duets, at once powerful and pathetic, dismal and delightful, in which all Herr Wagner's force is most apparent. It is interrupted by thunder, lightning, storm—the scene disappears—a shower of fire descends—flames burst out—and in the centre, at back, on a rock, appears ROCKITSTUECKEN, the King of the Firewürkers, holding LEETELRED RIDINOOD in his grasp. The cottage of Mother Hubbard is in flames in the background.

Rockit. She is mine! I claim her. Now away!
Spirits of Fire, obey! obey!

[Magnificent chorus of the Firewürkers. JAK rushes towards ROCKITSTUECKEN and attempts to attack him, but is powerless, as the cap and sword are of no avail. The musical effect is grand, being thus produced—

Trio. { *Rockit (defiant,)* Thou art mine!
Leetelred (imploringly,) Oh, not thine!
Jäk (despairingly.) Never mine! }

Chorus (accompanying at intervals.)
She is his!
Is she his?
Is she? (*with trumpets.*)
His is she?

Burlesco, Pantommi, } *Duet—consulting on the best means to help* JAK. } Concerted.

[ROCKITSTUECKEN is seen bearing her off, and ascending in fire in the distance, when suddenly BURLESCO and PANTOMMI seize JAK and bring him forward. In an excited trio they give him the following information—

The Trio. There is a house that Jäk built,
There is a cow, and a moon, and a dog,
To live in the house that Jäk built.
Jäk. But the spoon? and the dish?
The Trio. For the spoon you may wish.
She is yours.
(*Giving another ring.*)
This secures
Her for ever for you.
Jäk. But what must I do?

They then tell him, in a duet of about 500 lines and lasting during the best part of an hour how that, in order to gain the only talisman which will take him unscathed through the fire to rescue Leetelred, he must go to the Salamander's Home. Whereupon Jak rubs the ring—his ring is immediately answered, and the scene changes to—

SCENE 3 and last of Act 1.—The Salamander's Home. The Great Magician, JORGE ORGUSTUS SALA-MANDER discovered surrounded by his Winged Genii the PENHOLDEREN and GUSQUILLEN.

In a majestic solo description, or rather prescription, of the talisman which he is about to make up for Jäk in a packet, the Great Sala-mander gives him a history of the Past, Present, and Future, with accounts of a great many things not generally known, and when known not much understond. Here, of course, is a genuine theme for Wagner's genius, and he revels in the opportunity.

The Great Salamander.
Take this talisman of fire-wasser

Through the fire, like a *passer*;
That is, like a bird you'll go—
Do you hear me? Ho! ho! ho!

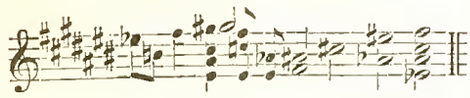
Whereupon all join in the most sublime triumphant laughing chorus of "Ho! ho! ho!" that has ever been heard on any stage. Demons in the distance derisively sing the same words. The thunder roars, the lightning flashes, the Salamanders sing, the Vokesen dance madly. The Firewürken King in the distance (there is a long way to go) is seen bearing off the fainting Leetelred Ridinood, who stretches out her arms towards Jåk, when suddenly they are met, right at the back, at the very extent of the stage, by the figure of a Radiant and Beautiful Woman, the Queen Catherine Wheel, who, jealous of her husband's choice (the subject *is* unpleasant, but that's the worst of Wagner, he *will* do it even when he's been asked not to—and it really does keep a great many families from taking lodgings at Bayreuth to see the play), stops him at the threshold of the Fire Kingdon, and demands the expulsion or death of Leetelred. This situation is watched with the deepest interest by the characters below, and by everybody generally, specially by the gentlemen in the orchestra, who, being tired, and wanting to go out for refreshment, are afraid that this sudden introduction of a new character into the *dramatis personæ* will open up an entirely new plot, but luckily this is not the Art-composer's idea: for, with a banging and clanging of cymbals, air-machine pumping, and fireworks, the First Act concludes, and the curtain falls on one of the most magnificent and exciting spectacular tableaux ever presented on any stage.

Blue and red fire. End of Act I., Part the First.

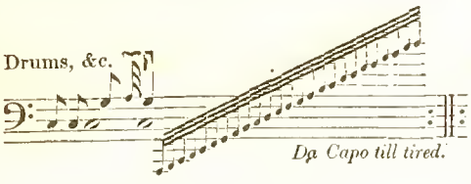
Up to now we have not, as may be seen, made any considerable progress with the *actual* Legend of Jåk der Jiantkiller. The first part is but a prelude to the story, and, of course, is, as may have been already surmised, absolutely essential to the development of the All-Poet's consistent design.

The last bars of the act are overpowering in their great significance—

For all the Strings and Brass.

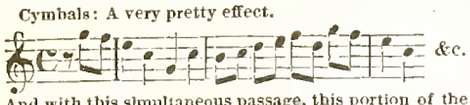


Drums, &c.



Da Capo till tired.

Cymbals: A very pretty effect.



&c.

And with this simultaneous passage, this portion of the Teatraylogy is brought to a conclusion, which must have been satisfactory whenever it came.

The second act is occupied with Jåk's prowess among the Jiants, when he is on the point of rescuing Leetelred, but fails, as she is carried off by the Wolf Jiant to his castle. Here we have the animals introduced for the first time.

The last part we have already briefly described, and there is not now, we deeply regret to say, sufficient space at our command to give our readers more than a mere *soupçon* of the taste of Herr Wagner's quality and quantity. It is hoped, however, that before long the All-Poet and composer may be able to induce some company to listen to his musical proposals and build him a theatre in England—say in Leicester Square, where the premises have been vacant for years—when will be produced for the first time in this or any other country, the Opera-Poem of which the foregoing *résumé* has been but the merest indication, entitled

JAKDERJIANTKILLEREN.

London Popular Concerts for 1877.

(*RETROSPECT.*)

(From the London Times.)

At Monday's Popular Concert, January 8th, first of the new year, Mr. Arthur Chappell made his patrons an acceptable gift in the shape of another previously unheard quartet by Haydn—the C major, Op. 50 (No. 2). As fresh, ingenious, and charming as any of its companions, this quartet, finely played by MM. Straus, Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti, was heard with undiminished interest from one end to the other. No fitter antidote for much that has recently tended to corrupt the public taste could be found than the vigorous music of Haydn, the frequent recourse to which just now is a healthy and re-assuring symptom. "The more of Haydn the better" cannot be urged too often in the interests of genuine art. Mozart's *Divertimento* in B flat for stringed instruments, one of his early Salzburg productions, but not the less graceful and attractive on that account, was also in the programme. The pianist was Mdlle. Marie Krebs, who gave weight and dignity to her first appearance by what was on the whole an admirable performance of Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata"—thus baptized by Cranz, the Hamburg publisher, though styled simply, "Sonata in F minor, Op. 57," by its composer. We thought that Mdlle. Krebs made a little too much out of the unpretentious *andante*, as though to exhibit what Molière, in the *Precieuses Ridicules*, denominates "le beau de la chose;" but the first and third movements (the last taken at a prodigious pace) were beyond criticism. Mdlle. Krebs also joined Signor Piatti in Beethoven's early sonata for pianoforte and violoncello (F major)—a performance in all respects excellent. The vocalist was Mdlle. Thekla Friedländer, who gave songs by J. S. Bach, Schubert, and Schumann in a pure and expressive style, accompanied by Mr. Zerbini.

An important new feature at the concert on Monday, the 15th, was the *Liebeslieder-Walzer* of Johannes Brahms. This consists of no fewer than eighteen numbers, arranged for two performers on the pianoforte, with a quartet of voices *ad libitum*. So long and uninterrupted a series of movements in three-four measure might threaten to become monotonous; but Herr Brahms has so cleverly varied their character and rhythmical structure, and so sympathetically caught the spirit of the verses (from the *Polydora* of Daumer) to which they are allied, that little or no sense of monotony is incurred. The idea is happy, if not quite new, Spohr, in his charming *Lied*, "Beneath the silver beams of Luna," and others of the kind, having anticipated it. The performance was excellent on all hands, the pianoforte part being very effectively played by Mdlle. Marie Krebs and Miss Agnes Zimmermann, and the parts for voices admirably rendered by Mdlles. Löwe and Redeker, Messrs. Shakespeare and Pyatt. The audience were evidently pleased both with the composition and its rendering. Another novelty was Chopin's Rondo in C for two pianofortes, which, however brilliantly executed by the two ladies just named, did not impress us greatly. Far better than either Brahms or Chopin was Mendelssohn, represented by his early quartet in E flat (Op. 12), which could hardly have been interpreted more conformably with the spirit of its composer than by Messrs. Henry Holmes, Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti. The delicious *canzonetta* in G minor was, as usual, encored. This was the eighteenth performance of the same quartet at St. James's Hall. Two of Schumann's charming "Spanisches Liederspiel" (to Geibel's poetry), for four voices and accompaniment for two performers, were also contributed. The concert, one of the most attractive of the series, ended with Beethoven's trio in G for pianoforte and stringed instruments, played by Mdlle. Krebs, Mr. Holmes, and Signor Piatti.

At the next Saturday afternoon's concert Signor Piatti introduced a somewhat dry sonata by Giorgio Antoniotti, a Milanese *virtuoso* of the seventeenth century. Originally composed for that almost exploded instrument, the viol da gamba, it suits the violoncello just as well; and Signor Piatti, accompanied by Sir Julius Benedict, played it to perfection. The pianist was Mdlle. Marie Krebs, who gave Beethoven's sonata, *Les Adieux, l'Absence, et le Rétour*, about which so many fantastic legends have been written, with great spirit and brilliancy. The concert began with Mendelssohn's quintet in B flat, always interesting as having been the first piece in the programme of the first Monday Popular Concert (Feb. 14, 1859). It was finely executed by MM. Straus, Ries, Zerbini, Burnett, and Piatti, two of whom by the way—the second and last mentioned—took part in the same quintet on the occasion to which we refer, eighteen years ago, when M. Wieniawski was principal violin and Mr. Doyle viola. Monday's concert (Jan. 22) began with the first of the three quartets dedicated by Beethoven to Count Rasumowski (that in F), which, admirable as they are, is not excelled by either of its followers. It was in this quartet, as in his *Sinfonia Eroica* for the orchestra, that Beethoven declared his independence of all previous models, and invented a new art-world of his own. The Thirty-two Variations on an original theme in C minor, for pianoforte alone, which immediately succeeded the Rasumowski quartets, proclaim an equal independence. Only Beethoven could have imagined them. These were given with wonderful spirit by Mdlle. Krebs, who also joined Signor Piatti in Mendelssohn's *Tema con variazioni*, for pianoforte and violoncello (originally composed for his brother Paul), and Herr Straus in one of the early violin sonatas (D) dedicated by Beethoven to his *quasi*-instructor, Antonio Salieri. At both these concerts the singers were German—Mdlle. Redeker on Saturday, Mdlles. Thekla Friedländer and Redeker on Monday; and at both we had exclusively German songs, in the German language. Surely there are some English, French, Italian, and even Spanish songs worth an occasional hearing. This perpetual adherence to the German *Lied* smacks a little too much of the "*toujours perdrix*." We don't object to Schumann and Brahms—far less to Schubert; but a change now and then would be agreeable to Mr. Chappell's audience, even at the sacrifice of Lassen, Rubinstein, and others who could be named.

At the concert on Saturday (Jan. 27) a hitherto unknown quartet by Mozart was introduced. By "unknown" we mean to a large majority of the English musical public, few of whom are aware that, besides the familiar "ten," published in score, Mozart wrote two-and-twenty others. The one introduced by Mr. Chappell on the present occasion was composed in 1773, nine years before the celebrated set of six dedicated to Haydn, by which Mozart, as a writer of quartets, is chiefly recognized. The key is D minor, and, though of quite independent construction, the period at which it appeared borne in mind, the quartet in D minor is a masterpiece. The *finale*, an elaborately developed fugue, will be less readily understood than what preceded it. The second movement, *andante grazioso*, full of the Orphean melody which invariably distinguishes the Salzburg musician, was encored, and the entire quartet warmly received. It is a welcome addition to a repertory already extensive without parallel. The *Liebeslieder-Walzer*, by Brahms, were repeated, with the same performers, vocal and instrumental; and so was the duet for two pianofortes by Chopin (played again by Misses Krebs and Zimmermann)—though hardly, we think, with equally good reason. Monday evening's concert (Jan. 29) began with Schumann's third quartet (A major), in some respects the most labored and least engaging of the series of three dedicated to Mendelssohn. The *finale*, notwithstanding the several episodes, is intolerably monotonous. The sonata was Beethoven's No. 3 of the set inscribed to Haydn, played with great vigor and mechanical correctness by Miss Agnes Zimmermann. No. 5 of Spohr's last set of *Salon Stücke* for violin, a somewhat cloying composition, was introduced by Mr. Henry Holmes (one of Spohr's most valued pupils); and the concert ended with Schubert's interesting trio in B flat for piano, violin, and violoncello, about which, and its companion in E flat, Schumann, in his *Gesammelte Schriften*, indulges in such singular rhapsodies. Four vocal duets (all German, of course) were introduced by two German ladies (Mdlles. Friedländer and Redeker), the last of which, Rubinstein's "Nachtlied," obtained an encore. Sir Julius Benedict was the accompanist. At the concert on Saturday (Feb. 3) Mdlle. Marie Krebs played Dussek's magnificent sonata, the *Plus Ultra*. Better late than never. We may hope now to hear, occasionally, more from the extensive repertory of Mdme. Arabella Goddard.

The first appearance of Herr Joseph Joachim has for very many years been the looked-for event of the early musical season. Among all the great violinists who from time to time have appeared at the Popular Concerts, or elsewhere among us, Herr Joachim is indisputably the greatest. There are no differences of opinion about him; and in this respect, indeed, he may be said to stand alone. Amateurs and musicians are here alike agreed. With reference to his technical proficiency and refined musical organization it would be at this time superfluous to speak; but the noblest trait in Herr Joachim's artistic individuality cannot too often, or too earnestly, be dwelt upon. We allude to the utter forgetfulness of self in whatever he undertakes to play. He is the genuine expounder of the writings of great masters. When he comes before us, bow in hand and fiddle on shoulder, we only think of the composer; and it is not till the work approaches its conclusion that we have time to reflect upon the irreproachable character of the performance to which we have been listening. This, after all, is the real triumph of executive art. It may seem strange to add, but it is, nevertheless, true, that, while the most practised of virtuosos, Joseph Joachim is literally no virtuoso at all. Whether engaged with Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, or Mendelssohn, it is all the same; he is never Joachim, but always the master whose thoughts he is interpreting. Genuine virtuosos—men like Liszt, Buelow, Rubinstein, etc.,—invite, nay, force us to consider almost exclu-

loft the soul of the maid - - en; Send

us thine im - - age in vi - sions bright, And

p

light - en our great sor - row, Com - fort our sor - -

p

p

SOPRANI.

row - ing hearts.

TENORI.

BASSI.

From their cloud home a - bove,

marcato.

SOPRANI.

ALTI.

Spir - its an - ces - tral are watch - ing, And lightnings a -

round her are flash - ing, Lightnings a - round her are

flash - - ing, and lightnings a-round her are flash -

The shades.

- - - ing. The shades of the fa - -

The shades of the fa - thers, the fa - -

ing. The shades of the fa - - - thers are call - - -

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fa - - - - thers, fa - - -

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sively the personality and distinguishing characteristics of the executant, without reference to the music selected for the exhibition of their powers. With Joachim, however, the case is precisely the opposite. His sole idea is to enforce the claims to consideration of the master works confided to his keeping. At the Monday Popular Concert of February 3rd, to which the undiminished and undiminishing attraction of Herr Joachim's name had brought together an enormous audience, he led two quartets —Beethoven's "Rasoumowski," in C (No. 3), and one of the several examples which Haydn has bequeathed to us, in the key of G. These have nothing in common but the exquisite symmetry of their form, the methods of development being entirely different. Yet Herr Joachim won the strong sympathy of his hearers in both, and no wonder. His coadjutors were MM. Ries, Straus, and Piatti. The mysterious and wonderful *andante*, in A minor, by Beethoven, thus rendered, was of itself something to bring back any concert to memory. The solo chosen by Herr Joachim was Bach's *Chaconne* with variations (twenty-nine in number), which, often as he has played it, he never played in more magnificent style. That he was rapturously encored may be readily believed, and that, as usual, he substituted a shorter piece by the same composer. In fact, Herr Joachim's return to the Popular Concerts was a new gratification to the audience, and a new triumph for the artist. The pianist was Mdlle. Marie Krebs, who, by reviving Clementi's beautiful sonata in C (No. 1 of Op. 34), which has not been played since it was first introduced by Mad. Arabella Goddard, so far back as 1860, afforded general and unqualified satisfaction. Though, in our opinion, the opening movement was taken somewhat too fast, and the *andante* wanted a little more sentiment (pass the word), the *rondo finale* was given in perfection, and the whole marked by a correctness, combined with precision, that fully accounted for the unanimous applause bestowed. We should like to hear of this accomplished young lady oftener in music of the Clementi, Dussek, and Woelfl period. She has already taken in hand the *Plus Ultra* of Dussek; and a vast field lies before her in the same direction. Such nimble, agile fingers as hers are equal to any undertaking. The singer was Mr. Edward Lloyd, whose chief success was deservedly earned in Beethoven's quaint and, at the same time, poetical song, "Der Wachtelschlag," which he sang to the English version of Mr. W. Hills—"Hark! 'tis the note of the quail." Mr. Zerbini was the accompanist.

[To be Continued.]

Our Music, Past and Present.

It can hardly have been forgotten that some two years ago there was an announcement made of an impending bequest for the establishment in New York of what was to be called a Musical College, which was to be "dedicated to the daughters of America." They will also probably remember that, although the announcement took the somewhat formidable shape of a pamphlet, and the sum mentioned as forthcoming for the college was a trifle of three millions of dollars, a very considerable part of which was to be expended for an enormous building, "with the statue of the founder over the entrance," we were not very profoundly impressed by the project, and indeed, to use a common phrase, did not take much stock in it. And thus far we believe the Faculty of the college has not been nominated; Herr Richard Wagner has not assumed the presidency; the first stone of the building has not been laid; nor has the statue of the founder been modeled. The daughters of America being thus bereft of their college, they turned, doubtless with eager expectation, to Mr. Strakosch, and looked for consolation in his to be-magnificent opera house. Alas for the fate of America's daughters! Blessed are they that expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed. The opera house and the musical college are alike misty, nebulous, inchoate, not even advanced to the dignity of chaos. The daughters must wait, and perhaps their daughters, or their daughters' daughters, may see with glad eyes the statue of the founder of a three-million musical college to them dedicated.

We have no conservatory of music in New York, we have no such operatic establishment as may be found in most of the great cities of Europe, nor does it seem at all likely that we shall have either for many years. But it would be very wrong to infer from the fact of our lack of two such institutions the absence of a widely diffused taste for the best music. The reasons of our deficiency in these respects are social and political, not natural or educational. We, or a very large proportion of us, love music instinctively, and of our natural music-lovers a very large proportion have sufficient culture not only to enjoy but to appreciate performances of the works of the best masters in all the forms of music, from opera to symphony. Whoever doubts this, doubts in ignorance or in prejudice, or in both. If we do not support opera—and undoubtedly we do not—and if we do not demand a school of music corresponding to the European conservatories, it is because the distribution of wealth and the constitution of society here are so different from what they are in Europe. We have wealth and wealthy people, but no wealthy class; and for the support of great musical institutions, such a class seems absolutely required. The manager of an opera-house in Europe is able to count upon the support of a large number of patrons of established wealth and position, who will pay largely through a whole season and almost every season. To them an opera-box is a part of the appanage of their rank. And even chance opera-goers there willingly pay a price which here cannot be extorted except for the inferior performances of amateurs, the sound of whose voices is supposed not to be heard outside a certain gilded circle of wealth, if not of fashion. Five dollars and seven dollars and a half are common prices for stall tickets to the opera in Europe. Here such prices exclude all except the very richest people, and even of those there are not many who would be likely to take four seats on those terms through a whole season. Moreover, the most cultivated people are not generally to be found with us among the wealthy. They are found there, of course, but generally they are persons of moderate means, to whom the expenditure of twenty dollars for the amusement of two or three people (which would be required for carriage, etc.,) is a matter not to be thought of, except on rare and special occasions. The newly-rich spend their money in other ways. As to government aid or aristocratic patronage, that with us is impossible.

But the conclusions which some musical foreigners who come among us draw from these facts, even when they remain for years—that we are not a music-loving or music understanding people—are not only unwarranted, but often laughably absurd. A certain Mr. Bonawitz, who formerly dwelt in Philadelphia, but who has shaken the dust of brotherly love from his feet and lives in Vienna, has lately made himself particularly ridiculous on this subject in the *Theatre Journal* of that city. He finds that Boston is the chief city for music in America, and he also finds that, owing to the Puritanism of that place musical performances there are chiefly of a religious character. Amazing Mr. Bonawitz! For yet, in this Puritanic, religiously-musical town, he is obliged to confess that Strauss and his waltzes were the most favorably received. He tells a story—that even in Boston, thirty years ago, one Schmitt made the experiment of playing the Fifth Symphony, and at rehearsal took the first movement in andantino time, which was received by the performers with favor; but that, at the performance, venturing to quicken the time to allegretto, he found that neither the musicians nor the audience could endure it, and he was "unceremoniously dismissed"—from what? It is possible that Mr. Bonawitz may find believers of such a story in Europe, for there are people there who would have believed him if he had added that the audience rose in their war paint, scalped the luckless Schmitt, roasted him at the chandelier, and devoured his flesh amid howlings, *largo sostenuto*; and that from that time to this no conductor in America has ever dared to play an allegro movement any faster than andantino. Mr. Bonawitz was not in Boston, probably not out of the nursery, at the time of which this story is told, and some demure Yankee, seeing the capacity of his swallow, crammed him with this monstrous fiction. Mr. Bonawitz should have known that the Philharmonic Society of New York is nearly thirty years old; and that before the formation of that society there were others here, some of them formed of amateurs, in which symphonies were performed, not in a very finished style probably, but with the allegro movements in just time, and with a keen enjoyment of their beauties, both by the performers and the audience. There is an infinite deal of nonsense talked upon this subject by others than the Bonawitzes. The fact is that the numbers of our lovers of the higher music have increased, partly from the natural growth of population, partly from advanced culture, and partly from the immigration of foreigners, chiefly Germans; and that the precision, the mechanical finish of our orchestral performances has notably improved. But as to real, intelligent enjoyment and understanding of the best instrumental, operatic, or oratorio performances, it may be doubted whether that was not greater twenty or twenty-five years ago than it is now.—*N. Y. Times.*

The Monument to Auber.

The career of Auber was almost unparalled in the history of the lyric drama. Rossini abandoned operatic composition in the prime of life; but it was not so long before 1871 that Auber had brought out his last production, the "Rêve d'Amour," which, however, failed to be of the same interest as his penultimate work, "Le Premier Jour de Bonheur," the music of which is so fresh and charming. Of his last moments, M. Wekerlin has written a touching narrative. Had Auber lived a few months longer, he would have reached his ninetieth year. He had the symptoms in 1869 of the illness which proved fatal to him in 1871, when he was broken-hearted at the misfortunes of his country. At his house in the Rue Saint-Georges, he played on the pianoforte some string quartets he had composed during the siege of Paris. Four days before his decease he expressed his regret at being unable to continue his compositions. He was consoled by the visit of Mdlle. Marie Roze (the prima donna of his "Premier Jour de Bonheur;") she told him that she had been asked to sing for wounded Communists. He replied —"Ma petite . . . . il ne faut pas chanter pour la Commune—je ne l'aime pas." On the 12th of May, 1871, in his delirium, he called for the copyist: his last words were—"Mettez la pédale douce. Ah, mon Dieu! que je souffre! je ne puis donc pas mourir." Soon after, he was no more.

No grave was found, in 1871, for his remains. The body was deposited—without prayer or ceremonial—in a vault in the cemetery Montmartre. But there were devoted friends, who, when calm was restored in Paris, resolved that due honor should be paid to the memory of Auber; and among these faithful adherents was M. Brandus, a German by birth, although long naturalized in Paris, and known as the publisher of Meyerbeer's works. A committee was formed of celebrities in art and literature, to raise a subscription for the removal of the remains to Père la Chaise, and to erect therein a monument. Amongst the members of the committee are—the Minister of Public Instruction and of the Fine Arts; the President, le Marquis de Chennevières (Director of Fine Arts); M. Ambroise Thomas (Principal of the Conservatoire); MM. Gounod, Reber, Massé, Bazin, Hérold (son of the composer), Halanzier (Director of the Grand Opera), Carvalho (Director of the Opera Comique), Deldevez (Conductor of the Conservatoire Concerts), Alexandre Dumas, Emile Perrin (Director of the Théâtre Francais), Brandus, Baron Taylor (President of the Association des Artistes Musiciens), M. Maquet (President of the Société des Auteurs et Compositeurs Dramatiques), etc. M. Lefuel was selected for the architect. The tomb in Père la Chaise is to the right of the grand avenue, opposite the grave of the unfortunate generals, Lecomte and Clement Thomas. And, during the month of December, the body of Auber was removed to the final resting-place.

The ceremony was imposing. It had not the spectacular grandeur of Rossini's interment; but was remarkable from the evident sorrow manifested by the thousands of mourners who filled the central avenue of Père la Chaise from the entrance gates to the summit of the steep ascent. Much of the order and regularity which prevailed must be ascribed to the temperate conduct of the police, who were firm yet respectful in doing their duty. Those who remembered the ruffianism of the police, under the imperial régime, at Rossini's funeral, could not but contrast with it the freedom from disorder and violence that exists under the republic. The day's ceremonial had two divisions: the one, the Roman service for the dead; the other, the artistic ceremony. The former was confined to a single priest, with five acolytes, bearing the cross, tapers, holy-water, etc. But the latter was marked by the discourses of celebrities. Punctually at three o'clock the funeral honors were commenced before the monument, which is not of a costly character. The grave is covered with the coffin-shaped piece of stone of the Jura (like our Portland stone); at the extremity there is a square block, whereon, on a kind of console, is the bust of Auber (by the late Perraud, the sculptor), with the date of birth, and of decease, over the bust—(given, by the way, as the 12th of May, 1871, and not the 11th, according to M. Wekerlin)

—on a black marble pyramid, which is surmounted by a gilt cross. On this pyramid, or rather obelisk, are inscribed the titles of Auber's numerous compositions. The only ornament is a lyre engraved on the stone. The tomb is enclosed within an iron railing.—*Athenæum.*

CHICAGO, MARCH 8.—Since my last, the musical state has been rather dry here. I may except, however, the inauguration of the concert organ in the Hershey Hall, and two matinées given there by Miss Rivé the pianist.

The organ itself is of three manuals, and was built by Johnson and Son (Westfield). It was designed expressly for concert use, and although not large as large organs go, it is so finely appointed and so well adapted to the room it stands in as to make it an extremely musical and effective instrument.

THE GREAT ORGAN contains nine stops: 16' Bourdon, 8' Open diapason, 8' Gamba, 8' Rohr Flöte, 4' Octave, 2⅔' Twelfth, 2' Fifteenth, 3 ranks Mixture, and 8' Trumpet.

THE SWELL ORGAN: 16' Lieblich Gedackt, Bass to same, 8' open Diapason, 8' Salicional, 8' Aeoline, 8' Voix Celeste, 8' St. Diapason, 4' Violin, 4' Traverse Flute, 8' Oboe, 8' Cornopeon.

THE SOLO ORGAN: 8' Keraulophon, 8' Dulciana, 8' Melodia, 4' Fugara, 4' Flute d'Amour, 2' Piccolo, 8' Clarionet (46 pipes).

THE PEDAL ORGAN: 16' Open Diapason, 16' Bourdon, 8' Violoncello, 8' Fagotto.

ACCESSORY STOPS: Swell to Great, Solo to Great, Swell to Solo, Swell sub-octave coupler, Swell to pedale, Solo to pedale, Great to pedale, Tremolo, Pedal Check. Total draw-stops, 40.

COMBINATION PEDALS: 1. Great forte, 2. Great piano (double acting), 3 Swell forte 4. Swell piano (double acting). 5. Solo forte, 6. Solo piano (double acting), 7. Great to Ped. (reversible), 8. Full organ, 9. Pedal forte, 10. Pedal piano, 11. Tremolo. Balanced Swell Pedal. Wind Indicator.

Organists will readily perceive that this instrument affords opportunity for the satisfactory performance of any legitimate organ music whatever. The voicing is remarkably fine, the stops being as well individualized as in any instrument I have ever examined. Were I to criticize it at all it would be to desire a certain additional *freedom* and *nerve* in the tone of the full organ. Here doubtless, the builder was hampered too much by fear of voicing too strong for the size of the room, which is only 70x80 and 22 ft. high.

Mr. Eddy has commenced a series of organ recitals which take place at 12 o'clock Saturdays. The first one had this programme:

1. Sonata No. 2, in G minor.....Merkel
2. Rhapsodie, No 3.....Saint-Saëns
3. Fugue in G minor (the little).....Bach
4. "Song of Penitence".....Beethoven
   Mrs. Hershey.
5. Introduction and Variations.....Archer
6. Cantilene Pastorale.....Guilmant
7. *a.* Sunset, (op. 76, No. 4. } .....Dudley Buck
   b. Storm and Sunshine No. 5, }
   Mrs. Hershey.
8. Concert-Satz in E flat minor..... ...Thiele

Feb. 22nd and 24th Miss Rivé gave two matinées in this hall with the following programmes:

I.

1. Beethoven—Third Concerto.
   Miss Rivé.
   (Orchestral parts on the organ by Mr. H. C. Eddy.)
2. Guilmant—Priere in F.
   Lachner—Marche Celébre.
   Mr Eddy.
3. Rubinstein—"The dew is Sparkling."
   Mrs. Stacy.
4. Chopin—*a.* Ballade in G minor, op. 23. *b.* Rondo in E♭, op. 16.
5. Ritter—Organ Sonata in D minor.
6. Mendelssohn—"Infelice."
7. Wagner--Liszt—*a.* Spinning Song *b.* Tannhäuser March.

In the second concert the organ solos were Guilmant's "Morceau de Concert," and Best's arrangement of the "Schiller March," which as well as the accompaniment to the concerto were played by Mr. Eddy. Miss Rivé played:

Sonata in E♭, op. 27.....Beethoven
Marche Funebre, }
Impromptu in C sharp minor, } .....Chopin
Scherzo in B flat minor. }
Concerto in E flat.....Liszt

These programmes, as will be seen, are no longer so exhaustive as those Miss Rivé gave us last year, but they are still something above those Essipoff gave us, and what they have lost in length they have more than made up in quality of playing. I was very anxious to hear Miss Rivé again after hearing Essipoff, and now that I have had that pleasure, I do not hesitate to re-affirm all I have heretofore written in these pages in her praise. For in all the points of good playing I find her not only to have gained since last year, but to be at the present time in all important respects *equal to the best.* In breadth and vigor of interpretation, and sustained power in brilliant passages, and in clearness, repose, and magnetic qualities of playing I place her above any lady pianist I have ever heard.(!) As between her and Essipoff there will always be some inclined to claim for the latter a superior refinement. But by the accident of her piano not having been tuned to the organ, I happened to hear Miss Rivé rehearse both concertos on a piano precisely similar to the one Essipoff carries, and without affirming that instrument to be superior to the one Miss Rivé habitually plays, I may be permitted to say that the quality of tone (the *timbre*) is unlike, and the difference is such as to account for a great deal of the peculiar "sweetness" and liquid quality of Essipoff's touch; for on this occasion precisely the same impression of refinement was received, but with it a much greater force and a better sustained execution than that of the admirable Russian pianiste. At all events, without seeking to compare them, we may I think accept Miss Rivé as a star of the first magnitude, who in consequence of the irrepressible piano-maker is doing more just now to elevate the standard of piano-playing in this country than any oth- influence whatever.[!!] Last week she played away up in Wisconsin, at Ripon and Milwaukee, this week at Keokuk, Burlington, and Boone, Iowa, next week at St. Louis, the week after in New York. April 19th she plays in Cincinnati, and so it goes; and everywhere the programmes are of the same high character, and played with the same conscientiousness, and with the same charm.

DER FREYSCHUETZ.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 17, 1877.

Concerts.

EIGHTH HARVARD SYMPHONY CONCERT (Music Hall, March 1). A fine audience, and very general satisfaction with the matter and the rendering of the following programme:—

Overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis".....Gluck
Recit: "'Tis enough! all I loved have gone down to the grave."
Chorus of Priestesses: "O land, ordained for mourning."
Aria and Chorus: "Oh, most forlorn Iphigenia" from "Iphigenia in Tauris".....Gluck
Miss Fanny Kellogg.
Symphony No. 8, in F.....Beethoven

Female Chorus (three-part, with Orch): "Sleep, noble child," from "Blanche de Provence."
Cherubini
Pupils of Madame Rudersdorff.
Piano forte Concerto, No. 2, in G minor, Op. 22,
Saint Saëns
B. J. Lang.
Songs, from "Klänge aus der Kinderwelt".Taubert
a. "Little Jacob."
b. "The hungry sparrows begging at the window."
c. "The Farmer and the Pigeons."
Miss Fanny Kellogg.
Overture to "Fidelio," in E, No. 4.....Beethoven

Gluck's noble Overture was played without regard to Wagner's innovations (see his Letter in our last two numbers), but in the old way as to *tempi*, and with Mozart's (musically) most appropriate and effective ending. Indeed we feel, in spite of Wagner, that the Allegro might have been taken even a little faster to advantage, and without sacrificing the *mäestoso* character. To offset Wagner's argument for continuing the Andante time throughout,—that the score in the first French edition bears no mark of change, we may cite Gluck's overture to "Alceste," where the short introduction is marked *Lentement*, and the obviously quick movement which succeeds it is marked *Andante*, in the old sense of the word, which meant not slow, but *going*, moving on. The beauty and the grandeur and dramatic truth of this overture, with its several contrasted themes so well described by Wagner, were well brought out by the orchestra. The vocal extract from the second *Iphigenia* fitly followed. And was it not tranquillizing and refreshing to hear for once some of this truly classical, sincere, chaste, noble music, so sad and yet so elevating,—grief transfigured by the spell of Art! With what simple means has Gluck achieved so much! Miss FANNY KELLOGG's voice proved adequate to both the recitative and the slow, subdued and sustained Aria, which is very lovely; nor was the spirit wanting, nor the artistic style and finish. The two part chorus, which precedes the Aria and accompanies its latter portion, was tastefully and effectively sung by eighteen or twenty young ladies, pupils of Mme. Rudersdorff, sweet, rich, sonorous voices all.

If there was any shadow of too much sombreness creeping over the concert from the serious Iphigenia music, it was soon dispelled by the sunniest of the Beethoven Symphonies, which was delightfully rendered, especially the Minuet and Trio.

Cherubini's charming lullaby: "Dors, noble enfant," in three-part harmony for female voices, has been heard here once or twice in some school festivals, we think, but never before with orchestral accompaniment; and that accompaniment being very delicate and lovely, and the singing excellent, the effect was delightful; although the soft violin melody was too much overshadowed by the sonorous voices.

We were sorry that our New York correspondent was not present to hear Mr. LANG's brilliant, finished, tasteful and altogether adequate interpretation of the Saint-Saëns Concerto, which he first introduced in this country at one of these concerts a year ago. No quality seemed wanting, whether of technique or conception. The appalling difficulties of the tremendous climax in the Andante were handled with a masterly grasp. The middle movement, with its hunting rhythm, was most fascinating; and the Presto (*Tarantella*) was carried through at such a swift and scouring tempo as to make one almost giddy, yet with perfect evenness and clearness to the end. Evidently his ambition was roused; he seemed to put his whole soul and will, his whole muscular and nervous energy into it, so that at the end of it we should hardly have been surprised to see him drop in pieces like the famous "one-hoss shay;" but the thing was done triumphantly and fairly, and he came out of it all sound and whole amid enthusiastic plaudits.—The instrument on which Mr. Lang played contributed not a little to this success. Few in the audience probably were aware at the time that the superb "Grand" before them was the *fifty-thousandth* (!) of the Chickering manufacture, hastily finished for this occasion. Think of the amount of labor, of costly material, and of brain work, that has gone into those fifty thousand! And never in that, or any, hall have we heard a nobler instrument; it seemed to embody in one example all the fine qualities that have from time to time distinguished the pianos of this old firm of which Boston has such reason to be proud. It combined rich sonority and telling power with musical intrinsic sweetness and most sympathetic quality of tone; its scale throughout was remarkably even, homogeneous and well proportioned. It really seems as if so interesting an incident, there among friends, should have called forth some outward sign of recognition and of compliment.

Miss Kellogg sang the charmingly naive and graphic little Taubert songs, "out of the world of childhood," with great discrimination, taste and delicate appreciation, and it is enough to say that the accompaniments (so full of meaning and of beauty in these little things) were played by Mr. DAESEL.—Beethoven fitly closed the concert with one of the ever fresh, inspiring Overtures.

We come back to the THOMAS CONCERTS, which were too many for our space last time.

That of Friday evening, Feb. 23, was for the benefit and in the name of Miss ADELAIDE and Miss MATHILDE PHILLIPPS, and the Music Hall for once was filled; and

great was the enthusiasm, and sumptuous the floral tributes. Miss Adelaide, never in better voice we thought, sang with true grace and humor the Page's Aria: "Nobil Signor," in the *Huguenots*, and in her most sustained and finished style the hacknied "Oh mio Fernando." The younger sister sang a rather uninteresting Romanza: "Il Prigionero," by Canepa, in large voice and style, and, for an encore, displayed her remarkable bravura in the Gluck Aria (from *Orfeo*) even more effectively than before. She was highly successful also in Rossini's "Non più mesta," although she did not give it in the smooth perfection that her sister might have done. After all we get the impression that the operatic stage, rather than the concert room, is the true sphere for this young and gifted, and we should say sincerely earnest artist.—Miss NITA GAETANO, evidently not well, and her voice veiled somewhat by a cold, rather than disappoint her friend, sang "Robert, toi que j'aime" with obvious effort, yet otherwise artistically well. Yet Gottschalk's Song: "O loving heart" (with 'Cello obligato) could hardly have been sung more sweetly; and in the Terzetto: "Giovinetto Cavalier," from Meyerbeer's early opera *Il Crociato*, all three voices blended very satisfactorily; the piece itself was as pleasing as it is rarely heard.

We need not pause to tell how finely the "inimitable orchestra" played Schubert's Overture to "Alfonso and Estrella," the Reverie and Scherzo from Raff's "Im Walde" Symphony, the Hungarian Dances by Brahms, the very original French Suite (Prelude, Minuet, Adagietto and Carillon) by Bizet, the Berlioz arrangement of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance," and finally, with capital effect, the Turkish March arranged for orchestra from a Mozart Sonata.

Saturday's matinée (Feb. 24) opened with a most perfect rendering of Haydn's largest Symphony in D, than which nothing in all these concerts has given such unalloyed delight; here the strings of the Thomas orchestra appeared to the best advantage. The Siegfried dirge was played again, leaving about the same bewildered impression as before, and followed immediately by the so much clearer, and we do venture to say nobler music of Mendelssohn's Overture to *Athalia*. The Ballet music to Wagner's *Rienzi* closed the concert.—Miss MATHILDE PHILLIPPS sang Rossini's "Di tanti palpiti" with the preceding recitative, which she did better than the melody itself, which demands a simpler and more even, quiet style. Miss ADELAIDE repeated "Nobil Signor," and the two sisters sang a light and elegant Duet from Mozart's *Cosi fan tutte* very finely. Mme. SCHILLER played the difficult Concerto by Raff magnificently, and also the Tausig arrangement of Weber's "Invitation."

On Monday evening, Feb. 26, the orchestral selections were: Cherubini's "Water Carrier" Overture; two movements from the Dramatic Symphony "Romeo and Juliet," by Berlioz: one, an interminable Adagio, rich in instrumentation, vague in theme or purpose, called a "Love Scene," the other an insect-like and fluttering Scherzo, very entertaining, called "Queen Mab;" a rather grotesque, not very humorous "Humoreske" (*Musikalisches Characterbild*), supposed to illustrate "Don Quixote," though we should never have thought of him but for the title,—nor did the work in itself, as music, leave any very agreeable impression; and selections from the "Flying Dutchman." Mme. SCHILLER played most admirably the Liszt arrangement, with orchestra, of the Schubert Fantaisie, op. 15, and for a solo Chopin's early Variations on "Je vends des Scapulaires," of small account beyond the display of technical facility. The Swedish Ladies' Quartette sang delightfully, though not altogether in so good voice as usual.

The Thomas season closed on Wednesday evening, Feb. 28, with still a very moderate audience, and with this programme:—

Overture,—Melusina.....Mendelssohn
Scena and Aria:—"Ah! perfido!".....Beethoven
Miss Lillian B. Norton.
Dirge—[First time].....Schubert
(Adapted for Orchestra by Liszt).
Aria:—"O had I Jubal's lyre," Samson.....Handel
Miss Lillian B. Norton.
Serenade, op. 8 (By request).....Beethoven
Symphony, No. 5, "Lenore," [By request].....Raff

Miss NORTON (in the place of Miss Gaëtano, too ill to appear), made an excellent impression both in Beethoven's exacting Italian Scena, and, more particularly, in the Aria by Handel. The Schubert Dirge was indeed dirgelike in the extreme, but truly grand and solemn in the opening part, while the Trio seemed rather commonplace and hardly serious, as well as tiresomely prolix. The Beethoven Serenade was welcome as before. The "Lenore" Symphony of Raff still has its warm admirers, but after half a dozen hearings our impression of it is unchanged, and may be found essentially summed up in a criticism which we give on our first page from the Leipzig *Signale*.

MR. AND MRS. WM. H. SHERWOOD's fifth and last Piano Recital, at Union Hall, was the most interesting of the series. The programme, albeit rather mixed, presented a large share of good sterling matter:—

1. *a.* Waltzes, Op. 8 (new).....Moritz Moszkowski
b. Polacca ("Musikalische Rathsel," 24 Bk. No. 4 (new).....C. F. Weitzmann
Piano Duets.
Mrs. and Mr. Sherwood.
2. Prelude and Fugue in A minor.....J. S. Bach
(Arranged for piano-forte, by Liszt.)
Mrs. Sherwood.
3. "Hjertets Melodier," Op. 5 (Four Songs, new.) Edv. Grieg
Miss Fanny Kellogg.
4. Concert Etude, Op. 122 (new).....Theo. Kullak
Mrs. Sherwood.
5. "Etudes Symphoniques," Op. 13.....Schumann
Mr. Sherwood.
6. *a.* "Thou'rt like a lovely Flower".....Schumann
b. "Margaret at the Spinning-Wheel," Schubert
Miss Fanny Kellogg.
7. Preludes, B flat minor, G major, C major, E minor, A major, D minor.....Chopin
Mrs. Sherwood.
8. *a.* "Novelette," from Op. 6 (new.) W. H. Sherwood
b. "Lohengrin's Verweis an Elsa," Liszt-Wagner
c. Waltz, Op. 21, No. 2 (new).....H. v. Buelow
Mr. Sherwood.
9. "Das Fest," from "Phantasie Stuecke," No. 8 new.....Louis Maas
Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood.

Mrs. Sherwood was at her best in the great Prelude and Fugue by Bach; and Mr. Sherwood gave one of the most masterly and satisfactory renderings of Schumann's exceedingly exacting "Etudes Symphoniques" that we have ever heard. These two great works, with the charming little Chopin Preludes, and the songs, were a programme in themselves. We found, however, much that was fresh and interesting in the Waltzes by Moszkowski and the Polacca by Weitzmann; but nothing, or worse than nothing in the Waltz by Bülow and the Phantasie-Stück by Maas. Mr. Sherwood's "Novellette" has a pleasing theme; and Liszt's transcription of Lohengrin's Reproof to Elsa is delicately true to the spirit of the original. The Songs by Grieg, one or two of which were somewhat Schumannesque, were charmingly sung by Miss Kellogg; and even more so the song by Schumann. But Schubert's "Gretchen" was less fortunate, partly in the accompaniment, partly because sung in English; the word "kiss" is a singularly poor vehicle for a passionate high note.

The Complimentary Concert to Mme. MADELINE SCHILLER, on Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 28, was a remarkably interesting occasion. Horticultural Hall was completely filled with an audience of the highest culture and refinement. It was a sincere token of admiration for the artist and the woman. Musically, of course, Mme. Schiller's own admirable interpretations of Chopin, Hummel, Schubert, Liszt, formed the chief attraction in the following programme:—

Duet for two pianos, "Homage à Händel", Moscheles
Song, "Ave Maria".....Luzzi
Piano-forte Solo, Polonaise E flat.....Chopin
Song, "Let me dream again".....Arthur Sullivan
Songs.....Rob. Franz
Piano-forte Solos, { *a.* Andante E flat.....Hummel
b. "Soirees de Vienne," No. 3, Liszt-Schubert
Song, "Die beiden Grenadiere".....Schumann
Piano-forte Solo, Transcription: "Midsummer Night's Dream".....Liszt
Song, "My dearest heart".....Arthur Sullivan
Song, "My Queen,".....Blumenthal
Invitation a la Valse, Eight hands.....Weber

The other contributions, excepting Mr. Dresel's accompaniments to most of the songs were all by friends and amateurs, and do not call for criticism. We cannot refrain, however, from speaking of the noble voice and style in which Mr. S. B. Schlesinger sang "The two Grenadiers;" and of the very creditable performance of the "Homage a Handel" by Miss Annelie Schiller with Miss Billings, a pupil of Mme. Schiller, and of Weber's "Invitation" by the same two ladies with Mme. Schiller and Mr. Schlesinger. Great enthusiasm was manifested throughout.

A very pleasant affair was the Vocal Concert given at Mechanics Hall on Saturday, March 3, by our excellent Italian *maestro di Canto*, Sig. VINCENZO CIRILLO, with his full class of lady-pupils and a private club of gentlemen. Sig. Cirillo opened the concert in person, by singing in very artistic, finished and expressive manner a baritone Aria from Verdi's *Don Carlos*. The rest of the first part consisted of the entire *Stabat Mater* by Pergolesi,—a quaint old music, which we have not heard for many years and which it was a great pleasure to recall. The two-part choruses were remarkably well sung by the choir of about twenty-four sopranos and contraltos,—rich, sweet, well developed and well balanced voices. One of them: *Fac ut ardeat*, was given with great spirit, and enthusiastically redemanded. The Soprano Solos, by Miss C. S. Hayes and Mrs. T. M. Carter, and the Alto solos by Miss L. S. Cutler, Mrs. J. P. Brown and Miss A. L. Wilson, as well as the Duets, gave token of fine voices, rightly trained, and nice conception and execution of the music. The meagre pianoforte accompaniment, well as it was played by the maestro, was but a sketch of what such music really requires; and yet the charm of its melody and harmony is too intrinsic to be lost sight of even in a sketch.

The second part was of a lighter and more miscellaneous character, consisting of an Aria from "Rigoletto," sung in true ornate Italian opera style by Miss McClure; an Ave Maria by Abt, for tenor solo and chorus; a male chorus: "Soldiers' Farewell" by Kinkel; a "Rataplan" Chorus, and a cheerfully melodious "Hymn to Art," by Cirillo, the latter with Soprano Solo (Mrs. Carter.)

About Madame ANNETTE ESSIPOFF's four concerts in the Music Hall—with lamentably small attendance—which may be easily accounted for without the idle newspaper cant about the "false pretentions of Boston taste for Art"—concerts which exhibited the virtuosity and the interpretative powers of this really great pianist in even a fuller light than before—there is much more to be said than we can well crowd into the small space left us by the long list of concerts that have been awaiting turn of notice. We must take them up in retrospect hereafter.

NEXT IN ORDER. Two weeks of English Opera (the KELLOGG troupe) at the Globe Theatre, the repertoire including Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," "Star of the North," "Mignon," etc. On the 26th, German Opera, at the Boston Theatre; where with exceptional means of artists, orchestra, chorus, scenery etc., Mr. Freyer is to repeat his great "Wagner Festival" now in successful progress in New York, and give Boston the opportunity of witnessing for the first time, the "Walkyrie," besides such a presentation of "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" as we have never had before. Herr Neuendorff will be the conductor.

A concert of the choicest character has been arranged, under the auspices of many of our leading friends of music, in compliment to Miss NITA GAETANO, whose exquisite singing has given so much delight, and who is very soon to leave us and return to England. It will take place on Friday evening, March 23, at the Christian Union Hall (tickets, with reserved seats, at $2.00, may be had at No. 74 Mt. Vernon Street). Miss CLARA DORIA and Messrs. OTTO DRESEL, B. J. LANG, S. B. SCHLESINGER and Dr. LANGMAID have kindly offered their assistance. Miss Gaëtano will sing (with Mr. Dresel's accompaniment) a group of the finest songs by Franz (including "Gewitternacht,") songs by Gounod and Gordigiani; and with Miss Doria the Duet from *Freyschutz*; Dr. Langmaid will sing "Un aura amorosa" of Mozart; and there will be vocal quartets, such as the Canon from *Fidelio*. Mr. Lang and Mr. Dresel will contribute some fine pianoforte music.

The last Harvard Symphony Concert of the present season comes on Thursday afternoon, the 29th instant. The Symphonic Fantasia on Shakespeare's "Tempest," which Prof. Paine has composed for the Association, unfortunately must be postponed till the beginning of the next season, on account of the insufficient time for the great labor of writing out the score and orchestral parts in season for rehearsal now. The programme therefore stands thus:

PART I. Symphony ("Militaire") in G, *Haydn*; Violin Concerto (the three movements), *Beethoven* (Dr. Leopold Damrosch, conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society). PART II. Overture to Shakespeare's "As you like it," *John K. Paine*; Songs, by Charles R. Hayden; Overture: "Meeresstille," etc., *Mendelssohn*.

EASTER ORATORIO. The Handel and Haydn Society will perform Handel's "Joshua" on Easter Sunday, April 1. The soloists will be Miss EMMA C. THURSBY, Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, Mr. JOSEPH MAAS and Mr. M. W. WHITNEY.

THE plans of the Boylston Club are set forth in the following card from its Director:

To the Editor of the Globe:

SIR: In your musical editor's review of the Boylston Club concert given last evening occurs the statement: "This was the last appearance of the Boylston Club as an exclusively male chorus." Will you kindly allow me to correct the impression you give that the Boylston Club is to be henceforth only a mixed chorus? This is not the fact. The members of the Boylston Club, without exception, agree with me that programmes constructed exclusively of music for male voices lovely as they may be, are nevertheless comparatively limited as to color and contrast and voice compass.

The Boylston Club, as an organization, is still a chorus of male voices; but it possesses, in addition, a disciplined auxiliary chorus of female voices, all fresh and pure. By uniting these two separately-trained choruses, there results a third and complete chorus of mixed voices, known as the Boylston Vocal Society, also having its own separate drill. We seek to make a complete whole of perfect parts. Such a chorus on such a basis has never before been attempted here. Many of the programmes in future will consist of two, three, four to eight, and even twelve voiced part songs for both male, female and mixed chorus, glees, catches, madrigals, and occasionally a larger work. The members of the Boylston Club also agree with me that in taking this step they place their organization on the highest possible plane, and thereby control material which enables them to draw from the exhaustless repertory of such vocal music as includes the whole compass of the human voice. The Boylston Club, nevertheless, will continue its own rehearsals as before, and will also, at proper intervals, give concerts with the male voices alone. This new feature necessitates much extra work, but we shall find our reward not only in the enjoyment inherent in such study, but also in the greater pleasure which our future programmes must afford our associate members.

Respectfully,
GEORGE L. OSGOOD.

Boston, February 28.

Music in Paris.

A new and original heroic, allegoric, seraphic, diabolic, atmospheric, and symphonic composition, in several episodes, entitled "La Jeunesse d'Hercule," from the pen of M. Saint-Saëns, was produced at the Chatelét a fortnight ago. The classic simplicity of the name given to the work offering much scope for brain racking, the compiler of M. Colonne's programmes obligingly supplements it by the following interesting details:—On entering life Hercules saw two paths open to him—that of Vice, bordered by gay nymphs and bacchantes; and that of Virtue, severe, arduous, obstructed by difficulties and dangers, but promising the reward of immortality. Heedless of the vicious blandishments of Pleasure, Hercules resolutely chooses the career of virtue." Such is, in substance, the legend which M. Saint-Saëns has attempted to illustrate. Ten minutes' orchestral cloudiness represents the hero hesitating between the two roads. A sharp five minutes' of musical thunder and lightning, in the form of a wild bacchanal dance, is thought sufficient to describe the seductions of vice; another five of calm, sweet insipidity, broken by furious intervals of instrumental chaos, depicts the path of virtue. In twenty minutes the symphony is over; in twenty days it will be forgotten. "La Jeunesse d'Hercule" has the usual faults and good qualities of M. Saint-Saëns. Great skill in the harmonic effects; vagueness in the working out of the idea; and utter want of originality wherever melody is required. If M. Saint Saëns were well advised he would choose less pretentious titles for his compositions. The name by which it has pleased him to distinguish his last work is both pedantic and disappointing.

Rubinstein's grand "Ocean" Symphony and a new Concerto by M. A. Duvernoy, were the principal features at the Chatelét Concert of the 4th inst. The programme of Sunday last included M. Saint-Saën's "Danse Macabre," Mozart's graceful "Railerie" (Op. 23), and Gounod's "Funeral March of a Marionette," from "Jeanne d'Arc." There was no symphony. M. Colonne probably wished to reserve all the energies of his followers for the great event of next Sunday, the production of Berlioz's "Damnation de Faust" *in its entirety.*

By the bye, M. Gounod was present at the Chatelét rehearsal on Saturday, and at the request of M. Colonne, conducted the execution of the "March."

The first two parts of the "Damnation de Faust" were performed at the last Concert Populaire, before an immense and enthusiastic audience. Next Sunday the whole work will be given, with soli, chorus, and full orchestra, under the direction of M. Pasdeloup.

There is a considerable falling off in the number of the private concerts this season. It is unnecessary to go far in search of the reason. So many of these entertainments are mere protests for extracting twenty franc pieces from unwilling pockets, and the programmes executed at them are so often motley groupings of worthless Italian arias and second-rate pianoforte fantasias, that it is no wonder the public has grown skeptically cold to the appeals of the pleading professors. All the more agreeable, therefore, is the task of chronicling a concert which forms an honorable exception to the rule. Such an exception was a very interesting soirée given by M. L. Breitner, whose name is already familiar to London. M. Breitner is a pupil of Liszt and Rubinstein. He has borrowed of the one his fire and execution; of the other, a certain charm and poetry seldom found united to the more mechanical talent of a pianist. Let me see M. Breitner right in one respect before I go further. He is in no way a blindly following disciple of what is ironically, as well as seriously, termed the "higher development" school. He can, on occasion, temper his transports with tenderness, and can make his piano *sing*, as well as *sound*. A sufficient opportunity of judging his powers in very various ways was afforded by the programme selected, which I give you in full:—

1. Concerto en sol maj., avec points d'orgue de Rubinstein.....Beethoven
   M. Breitner et l'Orchestre.
2. Air de "Joseph".....Méhul
   M. Bovet.
3. Fantasie pour Piano et Orchestre, Orchestre par Liszt.....Schubert
   M. Breitner.
4. A. "Pourqnoi".....Schumann
   B. Nocturne.....Chopin
   C. Barcarolle.....Heller
   D. Mazurka.....Rubinstein
   M. Breitner.
5. Air de "Raymond".....A. Thomas
   M. Bovet.
6. Fantasie Hongroise pour Piano et Orchestre. Liszt
   M. Breitner.
   Conductor.....M. E. COLONNE.

M. Colonne's orchestra was decidedly too strong for the room in which the concert took place. It was evident that M. Breitner at moments had great trouble in triumphing over the heavy brass and contrabasses. I dare say that, with a weaker band, or a larger room, he would have avoided the only fault I perceived in his playing—a slight hardness in the *ff* passages of the concerted music, more specially noticeable at the beginning of the evening. M. Breitner's rendering of Schubert's beautiful Fantasia was well nigh perfect; but the band more than once spoilt the general effect. *Apropos*, M. Colonne should really try to improve the quality of his wind instruments. His horns, trumpets, and cornets are terribly offensive to the ear. M. Breitner was perhaps at his best in the four short solos, notably in Schumann's "Pourquoi," a delightful poetic trifle, full of meditative fancy; and in Rubinstein's mazurka. I liked him less in the concerto. He appeared to me to lack the *sustained* power indispensable to a satisfactory rendering of Beethoven.

The Operas have been pretty constant to a policy of masterly inaction since the production of the success of the year, "Paul et Vfrginie." The receipts at the Lyrique continue to be satisfactory, averaging ten thousand francs on Massé nights, and stalls are hardly obtainable for love or money. "Paul et Virginie" has already been represented nearly forty times, without any signs of declining interest on the part of the public. M. Saint-Saëns' fantastic opera, "La timbre d'Argent," was promised for the 11th, but will probably not be ready for another week. To fill up the interval M. Vizentini has revived "Marta," with a fair cast. At the Grand Opera there has been no novelty since "Robert le Diable" was remounted, if I except Johann Strauss and the three carnival balls. M. Halanzier seems inclined, however, to atone for many sins by bestowing unusual care on M. Massenet's "Roi de Lahore." We are entreated to believe that 300,000*f.* will be spent in putting the work upon the stage. Rehearsals will begin on Saturday next. Albani is still the reigning "star" of the Italiens, where she is singing in "Linda de Chamouni," and on the 27th Masini is to resume the character of Radames, in "Aïda." The season which threatened disaster to M. Escudier at the outset, is thus likely to terminate brilliantly after all.

The Frascati concert of the last Wednesday in January was almost entirely devoted to the works of Auber. The orchestra performed the overtures to "Fra Diavolo," "La Sirene," and "Les Diamans de la Couronne:" fantasias by Arban, its conductor, on "La Muette" and "Le Domino Noir," and his valse upon the principal motifs of Auber, which produced a great effect. Mdlle. Mineur sang with her usual success the air from "Serment."

WAGNER'S CLOSE CORPORATION OPERA PLAN. Wagner is certainly the most uncompromising master of art in the world. Instead of being grateful to the people who bought tickets to his big Bühnenfestspiel, and spent as much more than their high price in travelling and poor entertainment at Baireuth, he sneers at 'em. He publishes a card to say that his appeal is to "friends of *my* art"—not art in general, notice, but "my" art; and though he had, last summer, to recede, and rely on the "curiosity of the public" to make his first season possible, he now resumes his "original aim." To abridge his long palaver, "none but Wagnerites need apply." What he wants now is to have all the Wagner unions join in a "Patron-union for maintaining the dramatic Festspiel at Baireuth," and get funds, including a subsidy of 100,000 marks (about $25,000) from the Reichstag, for the yearly production of "my work" before the members of this union only—except that some free seats should be provided for poor young musicians, "industrious and eager for culture" This is sublimely egotistic, but, notwithstanding the loftiness of the strain, Wagner's operas are to be given to that "bare-paying public" which he scorns, not only in New York by Mr. Fryer, which might be considered a concession to a remote and barbaric province, but in Vienna, where it seems the manager of the royal opera "played it low" on him. The story is that just before the Baireuth performances were to begin, last summer, Manager Janner notified the composer that all the artists whom he had lent for the occasion would be ordered to leave at once unless Wagner gave him permission to bring out "Die Walküre" in Vienna. Wagner had refused liberal payment for the right to perform any part of the trilogy, and more than ten German theatres were ready to pay high for this particular opera, and Janner knew it,—so that this was about as moral a proceeding as a highwayman's "your money or your life." Of course Wagner had to yield. In this new plan of his, by the by, Wagner does not contemplate producing the trilogy this year,—yet the chief difficulty is said to be his quarrel with King Ludwig.—*Springfield Republican.*

Special Notices.

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Little Birdie Mine. D. 3. d to E. *Watson.* 30
"Nestle closely near to me,
Little birdie mine."
Very sweet song.

Think of Me. G. 3. d to g. *Gianetti.* 35
"In happy moments, think of me,
Forget my life of woe."
Quite a compass of voice, much variety, and a touch of Italian quality.

O beautiful Mother! E*b* 3. F to E. *Felicia.* 30
"Near thee, Madonna,
Fondly we hover."
Sweet "Madonna" piece.

The Twilight Hour is come. Duettino. B*b* 4. F to F. *Smart.* 40
"Sing, brook! Fold, flower!
In the dreamy twilight hour."
Great beauty and variety of arrangement.

Always Remember. Song and Cho. A*b* 3. d to F. *Coe.* 30
"Thou art the sunbeam that cheers me,
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Very pleasing song and chorus.

Sacred Pieces for Episcopal Church. 3. *Burden.* 40
Three Gloria Patris, a Hymn Chant, a Venite, Benedictus and five Hymn Tunes.

Everywhere. D. 4. F to a. *Bachmann.* 30
"Roses sweet, roses red,
Here and there and everywhere."
Brilliant air for high soprano.

The Little Shepherdess. C. 3. a to g. *Molloy.* 40
"So up the chimney did they go,
And it was dark and far."
A charming ditty, relating the tiny adventures of the little porcelain Shepherdess and her neighbor, the "little chimney man."

The Little Maid milking her Cow. F. 3. F to F. *Molloy.* 30
"You vow you can't live without me,
Sure, that's what the other boys say!
Merry Irish ballad.

Instrumental.

Cornucopia Waltz. E*b* 3. *Green.* 35
A pretty waltz, with some new and unusually sweet effects.

La Defile. Marche Militaire. C. 2. *Streabbog.* 30
A simple march for beginners.

Rayon de Soleil. (Sunbeam Galop.) E*b* 3. *Dorn.* 40
A bright "sunshiny" sort of piece, very pleasant to practice. About 20 of Dorn's pieces (half of them Fantaisies), are to be found in the same set as this. A most graceful company.

Silver Moon Reverie. A*b.* 4. *Goerdeter.* 35
Some of the bright arpeggios are almost too brilliant for reveries; but it is a fine piece all the same.

Spinning Song in Flying Dutchman. A. 4. *Oesten.* 35
Graceful and fine practice.

Rondo. Op. 16. E*b* 6. *Chopin.* 1.25
One of Chopin's great pieces.

Evening Twilight. Reverie. D*b* 4. *Oliver.* 40
Mr. Oliver interprets very musically, purely and sweetly, the thoughts and moods that belong to the "fall of the day." One of the set "Perles Musicales."

Trois Pensees Poetiques, by *F. L. Crane.*
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" 2. Grazioso con Delicatezza. D*b* 4. 30
" 3. Allegro Appassionata. F minor. 3. 40
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ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as *C*, B*b*, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5, c to E" means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space.

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And the Glory of the Lord.
And He shall Purify.
All we like Sheep.
For unto us a Child is Born.
Glory be to God.
His Yoke is easy.
Hallelujah.
Oh, Thou that tellest. (Song and Chorus.)
Lift up your Heads.
The Lord gave the Word.
Their Sound is gone out.
Worthy is the Lamb.

Judas Maccabæus.

Mourn, ye Afflicted Children.
O Father, whose Almighty Power.
We come in Bright Array.
Disdainful of Danger.
Fallen is the Foe.
Hallelujah, Amen.
Hear me, O Lord.
Tune Your Harps.
Hail, Judea's Happy Land.
We Hear.
We never will bow down.

Elijah.

Thanks be to God.
He Watching o'er Israel.
Angel Trio—Lift Thine Eyes.
Yet Doth the Lord see it not.
Blessed are the Men, &c.
Baal, we Cry to Thee.
He That shall endure to the end.
Behold, God the Lord Passed by.

Samson.

Awake the Trumpet's Lofty Sound.
Oh, First Created Beam.
Then, round about the starry Throne
Fixed in his everlasting seat.
To fame immortal go.
Great Dagon has subdued our Foe.
Let their Celestial Concerts.

St. Paul.

Stone Him to Death.
Happy and Blest are they.
How Lovely are the Messengers.
Sleepers wake. } To God on High. }
Oh, Great is the Depth.
Oh, be Gracious.

Mount of Olives.

Hallelujah Chorus.

Israel in Egypt.

He gave them Hailstones for Rain.
But as for His People.
But the Waters overwhelmed.
Thy Right Hand, O Lord.
Sing Ye to the Lord. (The Horse and his Rider.)

Creation.

Awake the Harp.
Achieved is the Glorious.
The Lord is Great.
The Marvellous Work. (Song and Chorus.)
The Heavens are telling.

Woman of Samaria.

Therefore with Joy, &c.
Come, O Israel.
And Blessed, blessed be the Lord.

Eli.

Let the People Praise Thee.
No Evil shall befall Thee.
Angels' Chorus. (Female Voices.)

Naaman.

The Curse of the Lord.
When Famine o'er Israel.
With Sheathed Swords.
God, who cannot be Unjust.

Joshua.

See, the Conquering Hero.
The Great Jehovah.

Hymn of Praise.

Let all Men Praise the Lord.
All ye that cried to the Lord.
I waited for the Lord. (Duet and Chorus.)

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" "	8	Abide with me	6
Now the day is over	6	Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all	6
O Paradise	6	Alleluia! Song of sweetness	6
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Then round about the starry throne ..... *"Samson"*
When winds breath soft. Anthem ..... *S. Webbe*
Daughters of Israel. March and Chorus ..... *"David"*
Achieved is the Glorious Work Chorus ..... *"Creation"*
Let their Celestial Concerts. Chorus ..... *"Samson"*
Go forth to the Mount. Solo and Chorus ..... *Stevenson*
Thanks be to God. Chorus ..... *Mendelssohn's "Elijah"*
The Great Jehovah. Chorus ..... *Handel*
To God in Heaven. Duet and Chorus ..... *"Moses"*
O Lord, Our Governor. Anthem ..... *Sir John Stevens*
'Tis Music that whispers. Quartet ..... *"Moses"*
Almighty God, before thy throne. Motet ..... *"Harp"*
I was glad when they said. Chorus ..... *J. E. Gould*
Swell the full chorus. Chorus ..... *Handel*
Father, thy Word is Past; The Multitude of Angels. ..... *King's "Intercession"*
Exulting Angels. Christmas Anthem ..... *E. L. White*
From Concave Skies. Anthem ..... *J. E. Gould*
Hail to Thee, let every Nation. Chorus ..... *C. B. Biery*
O Lord, in Thee I have trusted. Fugue ..... *Romberg*
Jehovah's Praise. Anthem ..... *E. L. White*
Let Every Heart and Voice. Solo and Chorus ..... *"Moses"*
Sound an Alarm. Solo and Chorus ..... *"Judas Maccabæus"*
The Lord our Enemy has slain. Chorus ..... *Handel*
The Lord will comfort Zion. Sentence ..... *Church Melodist*
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Great is the Lord ..... *Mozart*
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The Nun.....*Schumann*
Evening Song.....*Hauptmann*
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The Water Lily.....*Gade*
Springtime.....*Abt*
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The Smith.....*Schumann*
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Blessed are the dead.
But the Lord is mindful.
By the Rivers of Babylon.
Cry aloud and shout.
Call to remembrance.
Come unto me, all ye.
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Enter not into Judgment.
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God is a Spirit.
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Holy Lord God of Sabaoth.
How beautiful upon the mountains.
How beautiful is Zion..
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If you love me.
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O Lord, how mindful.
Praise waiteth for thee.
Sing, O Heavens.
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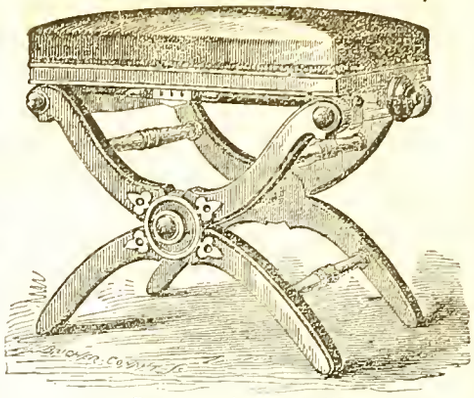

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 938. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1877. VOL. XXXVI. No. 26.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

One by One.

(Suggested by an incident in the life of HAYDN.)

Within a stately palace hall
The great musician stood, and sighed.
The fire of genius lit his eye,
But in his heart dear hope had died.

The last, unwelcome night had come;
His music through that princely hall,
Like rhythmic waves of ocean's song,
No more might beat its rise and fall.

Yet once again the master soul,
Outpoured in harmonies divine,
Inspired each hand, and thrilled each heart,
With music's pure, etherial wine.

At last—ah! there must come a last
Of all that's fair and sweet on earth—
The end drew near, and lo! there fell
A hush of wonder on their mirth,

As, one by one, the players ceased;
His light blown out each stole away,
And left a gathering darkness there,
Till shone a single glimmering ray.

And one sad, dying strain was heard—
The swan song of the tuneful band.
That ended, and the last lamp out,
Tears fell in silence on each hand.

So die the lights of hope, first lit
In joyous youth; so pass the friends,
Whose voices our best music make,
Whose love our every step attends.

Yet still abides the Master Mind,
The spring of all earth's harmonies;
And we shall nobler music raise
In near and far eternities.

The Abuse of Music.

BY HENRY C. LUNN.

Forkel says, "The public requires everything to be human, and the true artist ought properly to make everything divine. How, then, should the applause of the multitude and true art exist together?" The more we ponder these lines the more convinced we must be of their absolute truth. As faith in progress is one of the essential attributes of a real artist, so is it impossible for him in creating a work to think for one moment of the manner in which it will be received by those whose knowledge of the subject to which he has devoted his life is merely picked up at intervals snatched from a daily occupation, the nature of which deadens those very faculties which are necessary for the due appreciation of the most subtle poetical compositions. Painting and sculpture appeal with a certain power to the many; for, however ideal may be the pictures and statues submitted to the eye, the fact of their representing known objects acts to a great extent as a passport to popular favor; but the charm of music is in its pure, abstract nature—as Goethe says, "it requires no material, no subject-matter whose effect must be deducted; it is wholly form and power"—and thus it happens that poets who speak to the world through the language of sound must wait until that world has been educated to comprehend the value of those treasures which have been gradually stored up for its benefit.

But whilst the development of the art is healthily progressing, it is obvious that for those who care but for music in a form demanding only a slight attention compositions must be duly provided, whose worldly success is too often paraded before the public in proof of their claim to artistic recognition; nay, it is even urged by those who should know better that composers who write not for the people are mistaken, but talented, individuals, who, had they but seen the error of their ways in time, might have corrected their style and gained the suffrages of those who now treat their works with cold neglect. Against such a doctrine as this it is the sacred duty of all who believe in the true mission of art to protest. The use of music once understood, the abuse of it should be in every instance discouraged; for it is as absurd to say that superior works do no good as that inferior ones do no harm. A gentle toleration of falsehood may be the best mode of action under certain circumstances, but open praise of it is scarcely the method of advancing the truth.

We have been especially led into this train of thought because we constantly see a tendency in the present day to speak not only with kindliness upon musical compositions which obviously tend to lower the standard of art, but actually to dismiss them with a few lines of qualified praise. Supposing that critical notices are in the slightest degree valued by the public, this mistaken leniency cannot but have a deleterious effect; for what can be the worth of favorable reviews upon productions of genius when the crudest works are thus encouraged? And how can a composer without a particle of original thought judge of his true position when he is gently urged forward by those whose duty it should be to persuade him that he has mistaken his mission? Were we asked to give some examples of such reviews as we have been speaking of, they could be at once furnished by reference to newspapers, and even to some journals which profess to criticize music. An Opera is performed for the first time—as a work of art worthless; but there is a pleasing ballad in it, an effective duet, a bold march, and a pretty dance-tune. All these are too often lauded with an excess of enthusiasm which would be simply absurd had such compositions never been placed in an Opera; for the probability is that pieces as good, or even much better, are daily published without exciting even a mark of recognition. An Oratorio is produced—the choruses are cut to the prescribed pattern; two or three "well-developed" fugues are introduced; there is a pathetic song for the contralto, and an unaccompanied trio. It is not considered right boldly to tell the composer that, skilfully as the work is put together, it does not contain a spark of genius; but the writing is learnedly discussed, the counterpoint praised, and everybody is made to believe that a new composition of enduring worth is added to the store of sacred art. Even in notices of songs and pianoforte pieces the most commonplace works are frequently extolled as if they were veritable creations of genius; and seldom indeed is that truth spoken which, however galling to a composer at the time, can never do him so much harm in the end as unmerited praise. Strange indeed is it to turn, as we have recently done, to forgotten notices in newspapers and other periodicals where the triumph of mediocrity is duly recorded, and the verdict of a packed audience echoed in print, as if noisy success had anything whatever to do with art. Stranger still is it to remember that, whilst such productions as these are placed before the public, innumerable works of solid value are utterly unknown, save to enthusiasts who endeavor to reveal their many beauties in the studio.

In proof of the ill effects of even faintly praising what should be strongly condemned we may point to the extracts from notices constantly appended to advertised instrumental and vocal compositions, the extravagant eulogy upon which must indeed appear strange when the works happen to be heard by those who, with a ripened judgment, can calmly gauge their merits. It may perhaps be urged, in justification of thus ignoring the true aim of criticism, that young writers should be encouraged. Granted; but art must ever be considered before artists; and, even if a composer has caught the popular ear, he may be the greatest foe to the progress of healthy music. The merit of a work consists in its intrinsic worth, and not in its power of attracting a number of ignorant admirers. "The public," truly says Forkel, "requires everything to be human, and the true artist ought properly to make everything divine." Shall the critic, then, range himself on the side of the public or the artist?—*Lond. Mus. Times.*

Ferdinand Hiller's New Symphony.

The programme of the Ninth Gürzenich Concert, Cologne, contained three Pieces for the Piano; a new Symphony by Dr. Ferdinand Hiller; two overtures; an "Abendlied" by Haydn; and three choral pieces by Möhring.

The pianist was Mdlle. Vera Timanow, of St. Petersburgh, a pupil of Liszt's and Tausig's. The first piece selected by her was M. Anton Rubinstein's Pianoforte Concerto in G major, in which she exhibited considerable talent, adorned or marred, according to the various tastes of her hearers, by the peculiarities which characterize the modern school to which she belongs. She was loudly applauded, though, perhaps, entitled to more praise for her rendering of Scarlatti's "Pastorale," and the Intermezzo from Ferdinand Hiller's "Moderne Suite." Taken all in all, her first appearance at the Gürzenich must be pronounced highly satisfactory.

The great attraction of the evening was Dr. Ferdinand Hiller's new Symphony. It is another laurel leaf added to the noble wreath which already encircles his brow. The critic of the *Kölnische Zeitung* thus dilates upon it.

"With his youngest and newest composition the G major Symphony in four movements, Ferdinand Hiller, celebrated, so to say, a jubilee as a composer. It is exactly fifty years since his Op. 1, a Pianoforte Quintet, appeared in print. In the spring of 1827, young Hiller, with his Pianoforte Quintet in his pocket, accompanied his teacher, Hummel, on a visit to Vienna. The work was performed at an evening party in the Austrian capital, and the celebrated Viennese publisher, Haslinger, who happened to be present, immediately offered to publish it. The master must have experienced a feeling of satisfaction at producing, after a lapse of exactly fifty years, another composition before another evening party, rather larger, it is true, than the first, and at seeing it meet with a reception as joyful and favorable as that which instantly procured a first-class publisher for the early work. But, with this Symphony of his, Hiller has become really young again. His fancy, full of fire and eagerness, without a trace of fatigue, succeeds in presenting his thoughts in a garb ever new, ever more and more richly decked. One thing which strikes us as highly characteristic in connection with this jubilee of Hiller's as a composer, is that, despite his sixty-five years, he has remained a son of the Present; he rules with a certain hand all the modern additions gained for the domain of the orchestra; his melodious argosy sails proudly along with the stream of Time. It appears superfluous to extol Hiller for thoroughly understanding the language of the orchestra and being a perfect master of musical form. And he has not retrograded, as regards the earlier periods of his creative production; on the contrary, it struck us

that in no former work have we seen the colors so richly mixed. It is for this reason that we listen with pleasure to his language, whether he abandons himself to sorrowful or desponding thoughts, as in the early motives of the movement; narrates romantic ballads (2nd movement); keeps up a piquant conversation (3rd movement); or, lastly, in the finale, celebrates, with energetic rhythms, the victory over the gloomy mood of the first movement. Everywhere there appear the delicate traits of clever work, and sometimes, also, the varying play of mental color, which does not love to remain long in one and the same frame of mind. The pictures change rapidly, though the composer's fancy is loath to tear itself away from the full orchestra, especially in the first movement, the second part of which, by-the by, is even too prodigal of its gifts; it lavishes them with both hands. The middle of the third movement contains, moreover, a certain stretch of less captivating thoughts. But these are details which scarcely weigh in the balance against a total impression truly flattering for the composer. The masterly treatment of the orchestra excited undivided admiration, to which the public gladly gave the most lively expression; after every number, as well as at the conclusion, the orchestra, likewise, were not to be restrained from paying their tribute of homage to their chief in the form of a clanging flourish."

The Symphony was admirably performed, as were Mendelssohn's "Hebrides," and Spohr's overture to *Jessonda*. The vocal pieces worthily completed a most excellent concert.—*Lond. Mus. World.*

London Popular Concerts for 1877.

(*RETROSPECT.*)

(From the London Times.)

(Continued from Page 405.)

There was nothing new to speak of in the programme of Saturday, Feb. 10; but it was, as usual, a pleasure to hear Beethoven's early quartet in B-flat (sixth and last of the Haydn set), played as it is invariably played by Herr Joachim, Signor Piatti, and associates. Tartini's "Trillo del Diavolo," was, for the twentieth time, so admirably executed by the Hungarian violinist as to create a legitimate desire on the part of many among the audience to know something more of the music composed by the renowned Istrian *virtuoso*. With so fortunate a dream as resulted in this sonata he must surely have dreamt again. Schubert's interesting sonata in A minor was extremely well rendered by Miss Agnes Zimmermann, whose recent appearances at the Popular Concerts have materially increased her repute; and a new singer, Miss Gowa, made a decidedly favorable impression in *Lieder* by Taubert, Beethoven, and Franz. When are we to hear an English song, too, at these performances?

The programme on Monday evening, Feb. 12, would have been attractive if only on account of the very fine interpretation by MM. Joachim, Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti of the first of Cherubini's three quartets for stringed instruments. Perhaps this quartet, although its fellows in D minor and C major have incontestably high merits, is also the best of the series. The *scherzo* and *trio* were especially admired; and had not Herr Joachim with commendable discretion refrained from compliance with the strongly manifested wish of his hearers they would have been played over again—much to the detriment of the final movement, which, as the genial Schumann happily expresses it, "sparkles like a diamond when you shake it." The success of the E flat quartet will probably induce the director of the Popular Concerts to revive one at least of its companions during the sojourn of Herr Joachim among us. At the same concert we had (only for the second time) Schumann's somewhat labored and diffuse, but in parts very fine, sonata for pianoforte and violin in D minor, which at the hands of Mdlle. Marie Krebs and Herr Joachim could hardly fail in producing all the effect inherently belonging to it. As on previous occasions, we found the *trio* and *finale* the most spontaneous and well wrought out period of the sonata, the *finale* especially being instinct with wonderful life and spirit. Mdlle. Krebs also played Sterndale Bennett's three sketches, "The Lake," "The Millstream," and "The Fountain," the last with such freedom and exquisite delicacy as to evoke an encore not easy to resist. These charming pieces, the inspiration of Bennett's Academy days, always sound fresh and young, although it is over forty years since they were compose . Mr. Barton McGuckin, a tenor who has but r cen y come before the public, mad: a very favorable impression in airs by Salvator Rosa and Buononcini (Handel's Italian operatic rival), and in Mendelssohn's song, "The Garland." This gentleman has an agreeable voice—a legitimate tenor—which he already uses to good purpose. Moreover, he sings with unimpeachable taste, never condescending to exaggeration. The fairest hopes may be reasonably entertained of Mr. McGuckin's future career. Sir Julius Benedict accompanied him in each of his songs—an advantage not to be over-estimated.

It is always a treat to hear Mozart's exquisite quintet for stringed instruments in G minor, with Herr Joachim as first violin and Signor Piatti as violoncello, especially when the other parts are so completely filled as by MM. Ries, Straus, and Zerbini on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 17. Mr. Hallé, pianist for the day, played the first of Beethoven's sonatas, Op. 31 (in G), besides joining Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti in the same composer's E flat trio, Op. 70. The singer was Mr. Frank D'Alquen; the accompanist, Sir Julius Benedict.

More than ordinary interest was attached to the concert of Monday evening the 19th Feb., on account of the production of Herr Brahms's quartet in B flat, his latest composition of the kind. About this elaborately constructed piece we are unable to speak with confidence after a single hearing; but that it is written with as much musicianly skill, carefulness of design, and earnest purpose as anything we know from its eminent composer's pen may be confidentially asserted. Each movement has a distinct character, and yet all four divisions hang together as integral parts of a whole. For this reason alone it proclaims itself the work of a great musician; and that Herr Brahms is a great musician, none can deny. Nevertheless, much serious consideration is required to grasp the inner meaning, and to become thoroughly familiar with the technical details of any of the more important compositions of this artist. Holding Herr Brahms in high esteem, as one of the genuine musicians of our time, we refrain from any attempt at absolute criticism until better strengthened by further acquaintance with his new quartet. Nevertheless we are strongly inclined to think that, for ingenious contrivance, if not for wealth and spontaneity of ideas, it is entitled to rank among his very best. The quartet was rendered *con amore* by MM. Joachim, Ries, Straus, and Piatti, listened to with close attention, and movement after movement loudly applauded. The pianist was again Mr. Charles Hallé, who played Schubert's fine, if not somewhat diffuse, sonata in B flat, as few other pianists can play it, besides being associated with MM. Joachim and Piatti in Mendelssohn's first trio (D minor.) Herr Henschel, the vocalist of the evening, in an air from Handel's *Rinaldo* and two *Lieder* by Schubert, showed himself possessor of a capable voice, if not of a very refined style. The accompanist was Mr. Zerbini.

The return of the eminent pianist, Mdme. Clara Schumann, to the Popular Concerts is always looked forward to by the many admirers of her genius with anxious expectancy. This may account in a great measure for the crowded attendance at St. James's Hall, on Saturday afternoon, when Herr Joachim, the present absorbing attraction of the season, was engaged elsewhere (at the Crystal Palace). Mdme. Schumann, as usual, was honored with an enthusiastic reception—a reception never accorded but to the highest favorites of the public. She played nothing she had not on several occasions played before; but whatever she may choose, when bestowing upon it her earnest thought and care, is sure to be more or less welcome. The *Variations Sérieuses* of Mendelssohn, built upon an original theme in D minor, are exactly suited to her energetic style. This piece, about which the composer himself speaks with satisfaction, in a letter from Leipsic, addressed to his friend Carl Klingemann (1841) approaches more nearly than any other composition of the kind, to the famous 32 variations of Beethoven on a theme in C minor; and it is only to be regretted that instead of 17 (the letter mentions "18," doubtless including the *coda*), the number of Mendelssohn's variations had not been doubled, in order to exhaust the capabilities of the theme as fully as Beethoven has exhausted the capabilities of his. The *Variations Sérieuses*, nevertheless, even admitting that the composer, had he felt so inclined, might have done still more with the theme, can hardly fail to please when rendered as Mdme. Schumann renders them—entering, as she does, heart and soul into their character and significance. Twice re-called after her performance, she also joined Herr Ludwig Straus and Signor Piatti in Beethoven's B flat trio—fifth, last, and grandest o the series of works for the same combination of instruments which the illustrious musician bequeathed to his art. The quartet was one in D major, which, until the complete catalogue of Mozart's compositions was published, was generally called "No. 7," but is now known to be his 26th. That it is one of his most melodious, graceful, and captivating need hardly be said; nor is it requisite to dwell upon its performance, by such practised experts as MM. Straus, Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti. One of the striking features of the programme was an "Elegy," for violoncello (in E minor), composed and performed by Signor Piatti, accompanied on the pianoforte by Sir Julius Benedict. Though in dimensions a bagatelle, this "Elegy," played as it was, excited the utmost attention and interest, evoking as marked signs of approval as anything in the concert. Why does not Signor Piatti -recognized, and justly so, as the greatest of living violoncellists—write a sonata or concerto for his own instrument, and thereby add something of sterling value to its repertory? That repertory, as no one is more fully conscious than himself, stands in great need of replenishing. Mendelssohn, in 1846, had designed a violoncello concerto for Signor Piatti, but did not live to put it upon paper. More is the pity! The vocalist on Saturday was Mr. Barton McGuckin, a young tenor of genuine promise, who, in airs by Salvator Rosa, Buononcini, and Mendelssohn, distinguished himself most favorably, and won the unqualified approval of the audience.

Mdme. Schumann made a second appearance on Monday evening, when, as might have been expected, her attraction, added to that of Herr Joachim, drew a very crowded audience. This time the illustrious pianist was heard in Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 81, best known as "Les Adieux, l'Absence, et le Retour"—a work always rendered by her with a profound insight into its meaning, and a careful avoidance of the exaggeration from which music having an avowed "poetic basis" usually suffers. Mdme. Schumann combines true reverence for the genius of the composer with her own commanding ability, and is thus saved from the egotism into which ability without such reverence often falls. Again was she successful in enlisting the sympathies of her audience, whose applause, long and loud, compelled a return to the platform. Herr Joachim's solo—Handel's Sonata in A major—obtained a recognition equally emphatic, played as it was to absolute perfection. For this work, in responding to an encore, the great violinist substituted a charming Romance by Spohr, and gave it with a daintiness and taste beyond praise. Other works in the programme were Spohr's melodious, if sometimes trivial, Nonetto, and Haydn's piquant Quartet in C, Op. 33.

The pleasure of this concert—perhaps the most enjoyable of the series—was much enhanced by the singing of Herr Henschel, a baritone-bass gifted with a beautiful voice, rare charm of style, and the natural and true expression of a genuine artist. Alike in songs by Handel, Brahms, and Rubinstein, this gentleman asserted the uncommon power which has promptly made him a favorite.

English Opera at the Globe.

"DER FLIEGENDE HOLLANDER" IN ENGLISH.

(From the Daily Advertiser, March 15.)

Herr Wagner's opera of "The Flying Dutchman" was performed in Boston for the first time at the Globe theatre last night. It is less than six months —reckoning from October 3, 1876—since the work received its very first representation in English, the performance being given under the direction of Carl Rosa at the Lyceum theatre in London. The opera has a libretto of positive literary merit,—resembling all of its author's other works in this respect,—and is founded upon a story almost unequalled for weird and absorbing interest. A Norwegian skipper, *Daland*, is driven by stress of weather into a small, rock-bound harbor. While he and his crew are all under hatches and heavy with toil-born sleep, a strange craft, with blood-red canvas, slips into anchorage beside him, and upon his awakening he confronts *Vanderdecken*, the flying Dutchman, famous in legend and song, who for an impious defiance of Providence, and a threat that he would never desist until he had rounded a certain cape in a fearful storm, had been given up to the power of Satan and doomed to sail the seas forever. His despair is lighted by a single ray of hope. Once every seven years his phantom vessel is driven to the shore, and *Vanderdecken* knows—though many times he has tried and hoped in vain—that, if he can win

the love of a maid who will be constant to him even unto death, the spell will be broken at once and forever. *Daland* is strongly moved by the stranger's tale and by his chests of gold, and invites him home, with the hope that he will marry *Senta*, the Norwegian sailor's only daughter. *Senta*, whose heart has long yearned toward the hero of the familiar legend, at once recognizes him as her fate, and plights her troth to him. She discards her former lover, *Erik*, and he, going, in the fashion of rejected suitors, to say good-by and reproach *Senta* for her inconstancy, is interrupted in his interview by the grim Hollander, who, misunderstanding the affair and deeming *Senta* false to her vows, sets off once more upon his weary cruise. *Senta*, after agonized but vain attempts to stay him, throws herself into the sea. By this act of devotion the spell is broken, the phantom ship sinks with its crew, and the souls of *Vanderdecken* and *Senta* are saved and reunited in their flight to heaven. This story is told in Herr Wagner's text with continuous vigor and directness, and with frequent bursts of eloquence; and the dramatic capacities of the tale are developed in a series of striking and impressive situations. A finer plot or "book" could not be asked for any opera. A good many of the numbers of the opera have been heard before in Boston at concerts, and years ago the overture, the sailors' choruses and the spinning chorus had been given here, so far as they could be given by an orchestra unhelped of voices; and we suppose it will be admitted by the wildest Wagnermaniac that the orchestra can come extremely near to reproducing the entire effect of those or any other parts of the work. The music, therefore, is not wholly new to our audiences. But the effect of a first hearing of the work upon ears which have been introduced to "Tannhäuser," to "Lohengrin," and to some scraps of the Bayreuth trilogy, *must* be strange and confusing in the extreme. "Der Fliegende Hollander" stands chronologically second among Herr Wagner's operas; was written, indeed, in his artistic boyhood, so to speak; has many marks of the Italian school of composition, and is now reported to be scorned by its author for its display of pitiful servitude to effect theories of music-writing. It is certain that, as compared with its successors, it is quite rich in defined melodies, that it may be actually said to have some *tunes* in it; that some of these tunes, especially in the first act, verge upon triviality, and that a good many passages—noticeably in Erik's earlier music—seem like anticipations of Von Flotow's "Martha." But with all this—and the mixture, of course, produces the confused feeling in the listener's mind—there are in abundance and almost everywhere the sings of the same theory and of the same wondrous talent and power which have found their completer expression in later and more familiar works. Wagner has more than begun to cherish a feeling of scorn for a defined melody; he has fully conceived the idea of elaborate recitative as the substitute for such melody, the latter appearing, if at all, in orchestration marvellously enriched and composite; he has already entered upon the use of a great variety of vocal phrases which are later to be recognized as earmarks of his style and to be called hackneyed by the unappreciative; in particular he has possessed himself of the germ of his pet idea, that "tunes"—the completed *sentences* of musical expression—are mere conventionalities, almost void of meaning, and that their place is to be taken by disjointed *clauses*,—to wit, by unsymmetrical phrases of recitative, in which all true musical thought is supposed to lie. As a result of this set of opinions and discoveries, many portions of this work have the harshness, the dryness, the long arid tracts of dulness and vagueness which make them seem like mere unmusical jargon to the ear and soul which are not yet perverted or converted to the Wagner idea of opera. The weight and the learning, too, are there,—an incomparable power of writing musical declamation, an unprecedented command of the resources of the orchestra, and in supreme moments an absolute mastery of the art of producing dramatic effects in musical dialogue without the aid of symmetrical forms. The hand of a man of immense culture, of dramatic insight, tremendous force of character and will, is felt everywhere in the music of "The Flying Dutchman," and the qualities thus impressed upon it join with its literary merit always to compel the attention and generally the interest of the sensitive listener. There are brief bits of orchestration—like those in the first act, which precede the first mention of *Senta* by *Daland* to *Vanderdecken*—which are exquisite as a love song of Shakespeare; the sailor's choruses are brimful of wild sea-mirth, and are worthy of the descendants of tough Scandinavian heroes; and the music of the different parts is discriminated with absolute clearness, not merely by the employment of the *Leitmotiven* or characteristic phrases—which are peculiarly interesting in the case of *Vanderdecken*—but by the general character and cast of the music assigned to each, that of the grim hero having an awesome and gruesome quality exceptionally thrilling to the nerves, *Daland's* bearing always the mark of rough heartiness, and *Senta's* being pervaded by a sort of dreamy sweetness. "Lohengrin," indeed, seems often anticipated in the more mysterious music of that work. Of strong dramatic writing there are, as we have said, abundant specimens; the greatest and most stirring of all being found in the climax of the duet between *Senta* and *Vanderdecken* in the second act, which concentrates within itself a deep passionateness, not often paralleled in operatic composition.

(From the Evening Gazette, March 18.)

The Kellogg Opera Company began an engagement at the Globe Theatre on Tuesday evening, appearing in "Lucia di Lammermoor." On Wednesday evening Wagner's "The Flying Dutchman," was given for the first time in Boston, and on Friday evening "Il Trovatore" was performed. Of the performances of the two more familiar operas we shall say but little, save that they were rendered quite as well as at any previous time the company has visited us. Wagner's opera attracted the largest house of the week, and it may be added achieved an unquestionable success, if we may judge by the applause that was bestowed upon it. It is certainly an interesting work, exuberantly wild and eccentric at times, but always effective, often delightful. It is true that in point of style it is neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, but it is a curious admixture of Weber, Meyerbeer, Bellini and Spontini, with an occasional seasoning of Halevy, the whole tempered by a soupçon of Berlioz. It is wonderfully dramatic, however, and in spite of much that is bizarre and more that is extravagant, thoroughly engrosses the attention from beginning to end, occasionally stirring the feelings with great power, and always impressing the attentive listener with the sense that he is hearing the work of one whose mind is of no common order. What is most surprising in this opera, though, is the triviality to which the composer sinks now and then. Here and there, in the midst of a scene of intense passion treated with a master hand, we are startled by a bit of commonplace of the most hackneyed description,—a fragment or some odds and ends of Italian opera that were worn threadbare years before Wagner began to write. This is the more startling for the reason that we find it difficult to disassociate the composer from his later theories, or to forget that the opera is looked upon by him as one of the sins of his youth that cannot be too deeply repented. The work, throughout, is large in design, and in many essentials clearly prophesies the course afterwards adopted by the musical inconoclast in his reckless assaults upon received traditions of art. The orchestration, though tending to noisiness, is wonderfully fine. It is over-elaborated, and in the attempt to make it independent of the voices is often confused, but it is large in style and masterly in conception and treatment. Then, again, we have a strongly marked attempt to give a distinct and an appropriate individuality to the different characters, and the result is a fine discrimination between the rugged music assigned to the rough old fisherman Daland, the dreamy and impassioned music given to the morbid Senta, the weird and vague music of Vanderdecken, and the suave and warm music of the lover Eric. These distinctions are well maintained throughout. The sailor choruses are full of characteristic strength and spirit. The second act is the best of the three into which the opera is divided. The first act contains but little that is interesting, beyond the unflagging energy with which its wild and restless fervor is sustained. But the second act abounds in beauties of every kind. The various styles essayed therein by the composer give it the air of a pasticcio, and consequently deprive it of unity of sentiment, but it is interesting both musically speaking and as a curious example of the composer's indecision before giving himself up to his more matured views of his mission. The opening chorus, in its pure melody and treatment, might easily pass for a bit of elevated Auber, so French is it in character. The meeting between Senta and Vanderdecken is suggestive throughout of Meyerbeer, and is conceived in the same spirit as the great scene between Valentine and Raoul in "The Huguenots," and the fine trio in the last act of "Robert le Diable." It is marked by intense passion, and is not surpassed by anything in its manner that modern opera has produced. There are many barren wastes in the work that are given up to eccentricities which jar upon both the ear and the understanding, and the general tone of the opera is feverish and unhealthy; but when all is said that can be said against it, there still remains much that fascinates, and much that exacts involuntary admiration. We feel that we are in the presence of an original and an independent mind, that is struggling to find the proper outlet for his thoughts, and the proper form in which to present them.

The opera was very creditably performed. Miss Kellogg, as the imaginative and romantic Senta, acted with more thought and skill than have ever before distinguished her efforts. Her impersonation was artistically conceived, and was, throughout, consistent, interesting, and able. She threw herself fully into its spirit, and as an actress and a singer fairly earned and deserved the cordial acknowledgment she received at the hands of her audience. Mr. Carleton played Vanderdecken, and looked the part to perfection. His acting was well conceived, and he sang the music of the part with strong intelligence, devotion and ability. Mr. Maas merits praise, too, for the sweetness and the fervor of his singing as Eric, the lover of Senta. Mr. Conly made an appropriately vigorous and rugged Daland, and sang the music of the old sailor with a heartiness and a strength that call for hearty commendation. The little that was given to the Helmsman was sung by Mr. C. H. Turner well, though it seemed to make severe demands upon his voice, as well it might, for some of its phrases are almost unsingable. The sailors' choruses were rendered with excellent spirit and correctness, and the Spinning Chorus was acceptably given, save for an occasional falseness of intonation. The orchestra, considering the trying difficulties of the work and the limited number of rehearsals it had, acquitted itself in a praise-worthy manner. The opera was mounted in an effective and careful manner, though we could have well spared the map of Pittsburgh that appeared upon the walls of the fisherman's hut, in the second act. The work was enthusiastically received.

(From the Courier.)

Throughout the work breathes the spirit of spontaneous *naiveté*. This opera was certainly not manufactured, but created. There are weak points in it undoubtedly. Wagner was not yet able to always hit his mark with that unerring aim, with that Titanic force that he has since developed; but the aim throughout is high, pure and noble, there is nothing of unworthy trickery or clap trap in his method, nothing done for the sake of mere sensation and stage-effect. Let us go into details a little. The opera begins with a regular overture built up on themes that afterwards are recognizable as the germs of the whole music of the opera itself. After *Tannhauser* Wagner gave up writing set overtures to his musical dramas, as incompatible with his theory of art. He even cut off the latter half of the famous overture to *Tannhauser*, and connected the Allegro movement immediately with the music of the opening scene, when he remodeled the work for its performance at the Paris Opera in 1861, thus changing its form from that of overture to a mere instrumental introduction more in keeping with his later views. His return to the overture form in the *Meistersinger* is easily explained by the character of the work, which is a sort of parody or satire on *Tannhauser*. Concerning the overture to the *Flying Dutchman*, I can do my readers no greater service than to quote from the criticism of one of the greatest musical critics the world has ever known—Hector Berlioz. He says: "The overture begins with a lightning-like outburst of the orchestra in which we seem to recognize at once the howling of the storm, the cries of the sailors, the whistling of the cordage and the tempestuous noises of a raging sea. This opening is magnificent; it imperiously seizes upon the listener and carries him away; but, as the same method is constantly employed afterwards, tremolo following upon tremolo, chromatic runs ending only to make way for other chromatic runs, without the faintest ray of sunshine piercing through those dark clouds charged with electric fluid pouring down their torrents without trace or end, without the slightest melodic figure to brighten those black harmonies, the listener's attention grows tired, discouraged, and finally succumbs. . . . The overture, of which the development seems to me, upon the whole, excessive, is vigorously scored, and the composer has at its beginning drawn an extraordinary effect from the interval of the bare fifth. This interval, thus employed, assumes a strange as-

pect, that makes one shudder." The opening scene of the opera, in which Daland's ship comes to anchor in a little bay on the Norwegian coast to seek refuge from the storm, is peculiarly fascinating. The cheery singing of the sailors furling sails, coiling ropes, making the ship secure, the echoes their song awakens in the surrounding cliffs, the noise of the storm, Daland's short sentences of self-congratulation on having escaped the tempest and the near prospect of seeing Senta again, all go to make up a scene to which I can compare nothing that I know of in the whole range of dramatic music. The song of the helmsman, whom Daland has left in charge of the ship, is admirable, one of the best and most admirable bits of melody that Wagner has ever written. The arrival of the ship of the Flying Dutchman "with blood-red sails and black masts," the half waking up of Daland's drowsy helmsman who has gone to sleep over his charge, and tries in vain to drive off slumber by singing snatches of his song, are wonderfully vividly painted by the orchestra; it is a scene taken right from life. The landing of the Dutchman himself, with his first grand air, in which he alternately half scornfully bewails his fate and tries to revive his long-lost hope of salvation, is the first time that we find anything of the latter Wagner in the opera. The whole scene is immensely difficult, and unless the singer is a thorough actor as well, and has completely mastered every shade of Wagner's intention, it will always fall flat on the audience. I remember coming out of the Globe Theatre some years ago, after witnessing Miss Charlotte Cushmun's wonderful acting of Queen Catharine's death scene in *Henry the Eighth*, and meeting a certain great opera singer in the lobby, I was impelled to say, "Only think what opera would be, if we could have such acting as that!" "Very true," was the reply, "but you see the music never gives us time for all that sort of thing." Now in this scene of the *Flying Dutchman* the music does, for once, give time for "all that sort of thing;" nay, more, it absolutely demands it of the actor. There is not an orchestral phrase in the whole scene that is not intended to accompany some pantomimic expression of sorrow, despair, resignation, hope, longing, passion, on the actor's part. And, mark this well, unless both actor and orchestra are in perfect accord, the gist of the whole is lost. This scene is entirely superb. Wagner calls it the key to the understanding of the Dutchman's character, and through it to the understanding of the whole opera. The remainder of the act is hardly up to this high level, but it contains much that is distinctly fine. The music during Daland's meeting with the Dutchman, the latter's description of a part of his misfortunes, his displaying his riches before the astonished eyes of the hearty old Norwegian skipper, his first half-timid question, "Have you a daughter?" and the ensuing dialogue that results in the exclamation, "Let her be my wife," is wonderfully graphic. The duet between the two men verges more on the commonplace, but the act closes brilliantly with Daland's ship weighing anchor after the storm, amid the singing and cheers of the crew. The opening scene of act second, in which we are shown the interior o Daland's cottage, where Senta and her young friends sit spinning, is absolutely charming. The spinning chorus for female voices is certainly one of the most charming things of its sort in all music. Senta's ballad, in which she relates the legend of the Flying Dutchman to her comrades is superb. I know of nothing that equals it in a certain weird power. Erik's song of expostulation seems less good. In fact none of the music of Erik's part strikes us as up to the standard of the rest of the work. It recalls the unhappy Italian Tenore di Grazia too strongly. To be sure Wagner says of him: "Erik must be no sentimental whimperer; on the contrary he is stormy, violent and morose. Whoever sings his Cavatina in the third act in any sugary sweet way, renders me by so doing but a poor service, as it ought to breathe nothing but melancholy and sorrow." The music, however, reaches its highest point of power and dramatic intensity in the following scene, where the Dutchman meets Senta and she joyfully consents to be his wife. In this scene, as in the Dutchman's air in the first act, Wagner has done his uttermost. It will always remain one of the greatest duets on the stage; perhaps not to be compared with the great duet in the fourth act of Meyerbeer's Huguenots or with the great duets in Lohengrin or the Walküre; but to be great a thing need not be greatest. Certainly this scene alone would suffice to prove Wagner's commanding genius. The sailor's chorus in the third act is a most spirited piece of writing, if perhaps rather noisy, but that is, after all, not out of keeping with the character of the scene. The gradual working out of this scene is indeed one of Wagner's triumphs. The hilarious jollity of Daland's sailors, their jeering invitation to the crew of the phantom ship to join them in their revel, the alternate singing of the men on ship-board and the women on shore, the awakening of the ghostly crew of the *Flying Dutchman*, their demoniac song accompanied by the raging of the tempest, the vain attempts of Daland's sailors to drown out their horrid chorus by striking up their own sailors' song, and the ultimate flight of both sailors and women, leaving the field to the phantom crew, make up a scene of surpassing dramatic brilliancy. After a second attempt by Erik to induce Senta to look favorably upon his love, the opera hurries to its end. This final portion is full of dramatic and musical interest, and is a worthy close of the work. Senta's frantic proclamation of her constancy as she throws herself from a cliff into the sea is really great.

Beethoven at the Aquarium. (!)

There can scarcely be much discussion concerning the highest art-aim of symphony writing, and we have Beethoven's own words to show what he meant when he composed the "Sinfonia Pastorale, No. 6, Op. 68." Symphonies such as Beethoven wrote are surely the most invigorating stimulants to the imagination, and the great master, although he gave in this very work the keynote to his impressions, yet declared that his Pastoral Symphony was *rather the record of impressions than actual representation of facts.* We can well imagine the horror caused to some minds by the exhibition of a moving illustrative panorama during the execution of Beethoven's sublime work. We can forgive the scorn occasioned by the dull declaration that such music cannot inspire without assistance, and that the mind is dead to fancy before such enchantment. But horrified as we may be, and scornful as we may be, still we are brought face to face with the fact that no gates to enchantment are unlocked by the genius of the musician, and that when he pipes there are some who will not dance. The question, therefore, resolves itself into this, are we to leave unimpressionable minds in a state of darkness and chaos, are we to reserve Beethoven and his symphonies for such as understand and appreciate them, or may we in all gentle kindness suggest their beauty in a round about and, artistically speaking, an heretical fashion? Not much harm can surely be done by scenic illustrations to the Pastoral Symphony, and if any chance converts are made to the imaginative school, the honest design of the Aquarium authorities may well be spared some of that "scorn of scorn" to which it is at the outset exposed. There will be some who will listen to the music and shut their eyes, and many more who will gaze at the panorama and shut their ears; but if music and scenery in combination suggest to any mind the refining and ennobling influence of Beethoven, it may be possible that such humble inquirers may be spared some of the lashes inflicted by an avenging æstheticism. But now that the thing has been done, now that Beethoven's "record of impressions" has been taken up to the painting-room, now that his adorable fancy has been exposed to the harsh rigor of reality, now that his May meadows and sun-lit fields, and carousing villagers, and thunder-storms, and thanksgiving prayers have been measured out by rule of thumb and canvas, it is indeed curious to observe how differently one sublime subject can appeal to varied minds. Mr. Julian Hicks has painted a beautiful panorama; but to say that the panorama touches the musical sentiment or the first principles of the idyll would be disloyalty to Beethoven and unfriendly to nature. We will allow, for the sake of argument, that identical impressions are not created by the same touch, but if this magic symphony was not meant to suggest the exquisite simplicity of nature and the purity of rural innocence, it meant nothing. Mr. Hicks has discarded the purely pastorale, and directed the mind to the abstract classical. He does not take his audience with the music through meadows, by the side of rivulets, amongst the villagers. When are the "pleasant feelings aroused in the heart on arriving in the country" in this unreal world of classic temples, broken columns, and impossible citadels? It was the country that God made, and not the palaces built by man that Beethoven described. It is as true now as then. The blue-bell fields of Kent, the solemn shade of the beeches and oaks of England, the villagers of our own time, the rural charms of England, all come before us with the first notes of Beethoven's pastoral music. Could not Mr. Julian Hicks have led us among the hedge-rows and thatched villages of our own land instead of conducting us to the stately grandeur of an unknown world? We see an Acropolis on every hill, and a ruined Palmyra in every valley. The carousing villagers are attired like Paris on the hill of Ida, the dances are suggestive of fauns and satyrs. Pan and Bacchus, Œnone and Adonis, are the figures in the panoramic picture, and the red storm-sun sinks upon a wild plain scattered about with Corinthian columns. The management has done well in its honest effort to educate the taste; the scenic artist has painted a moving picture distinguished for its boldness and beauty. Mr. George Mount has done his best for Beethoven's music, but picture and music are distinct and apart. The mind refuses to take them together.—*London Musical World.*

Beethoven—with Illustrations. (!)

The recent performance, at the Westminster Aquarium, of the Pastoral Symphony, with scenic effects, is to be deplored as a violation of the highest principles of musical art. The orchestral symphony is a distinctive form of musical expression, which can neither be added to, nor taken from, without destroying its very nature and essence. Put words to it, and it becomes a cantata; again, add the stage, and it becomes an embryo opera. To appeal to the eye as well as to the ear is to trench upon the true province of the symphony, which is, to depict by sound alike the varying panorama of nature and the emotions of the heart. Taking the Pastoral Symphony as the best instance to be found, Beethoven's music brings before us with ample distinctness the smiling landscape, the almost sudden darkness, the burst of the storm, the heavy but liquid patter of the rain; the gradual departure of the thunder-clouds, and the thankful repose of nature when the storm is spent. To appeal forcibly to one sense is to distract the other, and it is impossible, in the presence of a gorgeous and shifting panorama, to give an adequate attention to the orchestra. This was fully exemplified in the case of the performance at the Aquarium. The applause of the audience was in chief directed to the scenic effects, and the result of this was the occasional interruption of the noble work they were intended to illustrate. We fear, nevertheless, that the performance is regarded by its projectors as "a success."—*Lond. Mus. Standard.*

Miss Julia Rive's Style.

(From the Musical Review, Chicago.)

We cannot imagine why it is that some of the local newspaper critics and contributors on musical subjects should go so far out of their way as to declare that Miss Julia Rivé is a greater artiste than Mme. Annette Essipoff. We can understand how criticism can be so thwarted and warped as to bury out of sight all regard for what is just. We do not accuse any critic of bias in making this comparison. They may have been actuated by honest motives. They may conscientiously believe that Miss Rivé is the greater artist of the two. But we repeat that we cannot appreciate or comprehend the critical perspicacity which shall find in the one anything to compare to the other. It is a thankless and not an easy task to write a criticism upon so accomplished a pianiste as Miss Rivé. Her method no one can disparage and her technique is magnificent. But with all her fine gifts in the mechanical part of her execution there is something wanting in her playing. If we were to judge piano music solely by the dexterity with which certain combinations

clouds.. ..... from a-bove, from clouds..... from a -

bove; .... 'Tis the fa - - - - thers are

call - - ing, are call - - - - - - ing; The

Loco.

shades of the fa - - thers are call - - - - - -

ff

ing; Borne on the moon's bright beams now as -

ff

ff

cend - - - - ing,..... The soul of the

maid - en de - part - - ing, The soul of the maid - en de-

part - - ing; On moonbeams a - loft as - cend - eth, The

soul of the maid - en de - part - -

- - - - - ing. The shades of the fa - - - - -

- thers, The shades of the fa - - - thers are call - - - -

- ing, are call - - - ing. .....

A. B. KIDDER & SON'S MUSIC TYPOGRAPHY.

of chords are fingered, then the highest praise should be accorded to Miss Rivé. But to properly interpret the great masters in musical art a performer should have the keenest sensibilities and the most refined perceptions. This sensitive feeling for tone in the mind will rapidly and completely find expression at the finger ends. We do not wish to be construed as meaning that Miss Rivé does not possess these necessary qualifications. Unless she had them in some degree and a largely developed degree, too, she never could be the artist that she is. Without any desire to be captious, or to raise frivolous objections to Miss Rivé's style, we think that she gives us music with more of the mechanical element in it than the spiritual; and for this reason bravura music is that in which she displays the abundance and the thorough cultivation of her natural talents. This metaphysical essence in music is undoubted. Every composition means something, and, unless that something is reached, it cannot wholly satisfy. The true sphere of music is the emotions. Music creates emotions more than it portrays them, and it does not give rise to these emotions if it is not intensely expressive; and to be intensely expressive requires great versatility and grace in touch. These traits we do not think that Miss Rivé has so much as the ability to overcome the most difficult technical passages. Miss Julia Rivé is a thorough artist, an artist who combines with a perfect technique a high degree of intelligence. Her skill in the mechanical requirements of piano music is as perfect as it is surprising. She plays the most intricate music with the same ease that she would bestow upon an ordinarily difficult composition. There is no woman in this country, and perhaps not in any other, who can play Liszt's complicated music so well as Miss Rivé. She was, we believe, under the instruction of that great maestro for the period of twenty-one months, and the influence of her illustrious teacher is evident in her style. Essipoff showed to the greatest degree her skill in bravura music in her execution of the magnificent Saint Saëns concerto, which she played during her last week in Chicago. Saint-Saëns, who is unquestionably one of the greatest modern composers, gives to this composition a great deal of the character of Liszt's heavier music, combined with that finesse and melodiousness which is the feature of the romantic school. As played by Essipoff, it was one of the most superb performances ever given in this city. Essipoff is par excellence the poet of the piano. Under her manipulation there is a warmth, a grace and an eloquence in piano music which no musician has before imparted to it—at least within the range of our knowledge. This we can say without in the least compelling a comparison with Rubinstein and Von Bulow, both greater musicians. Rubinstein impresses one with the greatness of his musical genius; Von Bülow by his great intellectuality and Essipoff by her bewitching poetry. The reader will pardon this momentary digression. Inasmuch as critics have insisted that Miss Rivé is as great and sometimes greater than Essipoff, we wish to show wherein, in our opinion, she is deficient. Miss Rivé is lacking in that poetical quality, that graceful feminine insight, which was the charm and singularity of Essipoff's playing. Miss Rive, as we have said above, as an interpreter of brilliant, intricate music, deserves all the praise that can be lavished upon her. But as a reader of the romantic and poetical styles of musical composition she is below our ideal. In Miss Rive's nature we do not think, judging from her personal appearance, that the idealities and poetic faculties are largely developed. And this we say without intending any injustice to this gifted lady. She cannot impart to her music that which she evidently has not herself. If the reader will agree with us in the premises he or she will certainly agree with us in the deduction. Miss Rive's execution of compositions similar to those of Chopin, Schubert, Beethoven, and, indeed, all sentimental music, reminds us of a painting in high colors where the lights and shadows, which are as necessary to the perfect musical idea as to the painting, have been sacrificed for brilliant effects. We are aware that many will dissent from us, but this is our honest opinion.

Boston Audiences.

MADAME ESSIPOFF'S CONCERTS.

To the Editors of the Boston Daily Advertiser:—

With all due respect to Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, his reflections upon Madame Essipoff's failure here in Boston do not reveal much understanding in artistic matters. As other articles have appeared, written in a similar strain, it may not be out of place to say something on the other side. To be brief and to the point, and far from wishing to detract from Madame Essipoff's admirable playing, we contend that it requires something more than this admirable playing to make an evening concert at the Music hall interesting. In the first place we object to the hall for performances which possess the character of chamber concerts. It is too large, and two pianos on that great stage, without any sign of an orchestra, wear a most melancholy aspect. To hear a concerto by Chopin or Saint-Saëns in the Music Hall, with accompaniment of a second piano, no matter how well played, cannot possibly inspire us. To have it followed by the vocal performances which the audience had to listen to next, was calculated to counteract any possible charm that the playing might previously have given. To have these vocal performances followed by solo compositions like the "Melancholie" by Prume, and others of the kind, however fair the playing, was hardly endurable.

We may not be as appreciative as we should be; but we think we compare not unfavorably with the best audiences in European cities, and are far more good-natured. At all events, if we are to be considered unartistic, we claim that these concerts *as a whole* were unartistic also, and would not be patronized, even if tolerated, by cultivated audiences in any respectable European city any more than in Boston! When Mr. Rubinstein engaged Horticultural hall and alone at the piano played to us carefully-selected programmes from different schools of music, we listened to him with unbounded interest, and he certainly could not complain of his audiences nor of any want of appreciation on their part. When we are asked to listen to piano-forte playing in the Music Hall with an orchestra, we want that orchestra to be good, or at least passably good. The better the playing is, the better the orchestra should be; and it is hardly fair to expect us to put up with worse than mediocrity, for the orchestra that did accompany Madame Essipoff was worse than mediocre. We could not blame Madame Essipoff for dispensing with such an orchestra if she could not give us a better one but a hall of the size of the Music Hall is not, in our opinion, the proper hall for a series of solo performances on the piano.

In any large city the concert-going public form, of course, a small portion of it. If statistics (to be practical) could be made up showing the number of concerts that have been given in Boston this season, and the number of people who have attended them, we think they would demonstrate that, in view of the fact that people generally feel poor in these times,—and as a rule the more cultivated in mind the poorer in purse,—we have not been lacking in patronizing them.

We have far too distinguished artists among us to fail in our appreciation of pianoforte playing and of Madame Essipoff's performances. Although we may not be able to accord to her that superlative praise which some of the critics have indulged in, and though we have heard those among us whose conception and rendering of some of the compositions she played impressed us much more favorably, we do accord to her our enthusiastic admiration, and respectfully suggest to her that if she should favor us again with a visit, she will engage a smaller hall and will permit us to listen to her alone. She will then do herself and her audience justice, and her audience will do justice and pay homage to her.

ONE OF THE AUDIENCE.

[From the Saturday Evening Gazette.]

Madame Essipoff's shabby treatment by the Boston public during her recent engagement here has called forth the following appreciative and kindly letter from William Lloyd Garrison, who manifests a just and manly indignation at the neglect with which the artist was treated here:—

BOSTON, March 10, 1877.

Madame Essipoff:—

Happening to be in New York last November, I was induced, by the exalted encomiums bestowed upon your proficiency as a pianist by the leading journals of that city, to attend several of your concerts; and though, in consequence, my expectations were raised to a high pitch, they were transcended not only by the wonderful precision and perfectness of your execution, but by the superlative judgment, taste and skill you displayed in your interpretation of the various productions of the most eminent musical composers the modesty of your deportment also greatly enhancing the pleasure of listening to your performances.

When, a few weeks afterward, you made your début in this city, the comparative smallness of your audiences could be easily accounted for by local circumstances especial to the season; but by what influences—malign, fortuitous or otherwise—you have been left, on this your second visit, to exhibit your phenomenal powers to a most inadequate attendance, it is difficult to conjecture. The fact is simply discreditable to the musical pretensions of Boston, but detracts nothing from your own exceeding meritoriousness.

I am led to offer this tribute of my respect and high appreciation by the profound interest I take in whatever relates to the elevation of your sex, the enlargement of their sphere of usefulness and activity, and the vindication of their claim to equal rights, privileges and possible attainments with those of my own sex. Too long have they been assigned to an inferior position.

Respectfully yours,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

An Appeal.

When in Rome last year, I found there teaching Music, in a very humble way, a lady whom I had known many years before, as a brilliant and popular singer,—ELISA BISCACCIANTI, *née* Ostinelli. I am sure that many of the readers of the Journal must remember her, for she was Boston-born. Her father, Signor Ostinelli, was a violinist of rare genius; her mother, an American lady, was a fine professional pianist. Miss Ostinelli, a warm-hearted, enthusiastic girl, possessing a voice of remarkable purity and power, was early taken to Europe by her father, and placed under the best musical and dramatic instruction. In five or six years she returned to us, as Signora Biscaccianti, a *Contessa*, "but that's not much" —an inspired singer, and that's a great deal. By the way, she was the first American Prima Donna singing in Italian opera—in America, at least. She was everywhere enthusiastically received—everywhere successful, in opera and in concerts, and especially after some years of practice and a second visit to Europe had ripened her voice and given richness and breadth to her style. She was quite unspoiled by success and adulation;—her manner, as she used to stand for a moment regarding her audience, with her large, dark, melancholy eyes, was very charming—a singular mingling of timidity and dignity—a childlike appealing and artistic self-reliance. The voice which poured from the slight chest and delicate throat of the little woman astonished every one by its power, its soaring, careering, exultant character.

Previous to her second professional visit to America, Biscaccianti sang with great acceptance in London, Paris, St. Petersburg, and several Italian cities. Subsequently she visited the Pacific coast and South America —twice, I believe, remaining several years. At last, drawn thence by her maternal heart, she came to Italy, where her son was at school, hoping there to continue her career. But sorrow came with her, and misfortune soon met her, in the form of a long and terrible illness, from the effects of which she has not yet entirely recovered. For ten years it has not been possible for her to pursue her profession—and though I hear that her voice is now coming back in a marvellous manner, she can hardly rely upon it again in the old way. But certainly time and sickness have left uninjured her rare artistic knowledge and experience, and her ability as a teacher, which she ought to be able to utilize.

In this country she would do well, I doubt [illegible]
en if she had the means to come,
not be again separated from her
—now serving in the Italian arm
with singing masters, and she, hu[illegible] and heart-broken,
has made her way very slowly, never having pupils enough to insure her a support. Her best friend in Rome is Mrs. Marsh, the noble wife of our Minister; and to her, when about to return to America, I applied for a little statement which I could append to an appeal, in case I should be unable sufficiently to relieve our poor friend by my own labor, and by soliciting aid in a strictly private way. Illness and a press of imperative duties have prevented me from carrying out the plan which a regard for the delicate feelings of the artist suggested, and now there seems no other way but this. The only assistance I have hitherto received for Madame Biscaccianti, has been from that "Grand Almoner" for unfortunate genius and worth, George W. Childs, whose generous donation has helped her through the fall and winter.

I can testify that, when the great singer was at the height of her popularity, she was most sympathetic and generous—always responding to appeals for charity, and delighting to assist all young aspirants for lyric fame, and broken-down artists. Now she, in her sad turn, needs help, which we ask for her. We wish and we intend to raise for her a moderate sum—not so great as she often gave away in a single night,—but sufficient to procure for her more suitable clothing and more comfortable living than she can now afford. We desire to put her beyond the apprehension of cruel want, should she again fall ill. So, good friends, you with art-loving, and therefore charitable hearts—with musical, and therefore merciful souls, send your contributions to the Biscaccianti fund, to John S. Dwight, Esq., Boston, or to George P. Marsh, U. S. Minister, Rome, Italy, or to

Yours trustingly,

GRACE GREENWOOD.

232 New Jersey Ave., Washington, D. C.

LETTER FROM MRS. MARSH.

Rome, May 1876.

Dear Mrs. Lippincote:—Being extremely anxious that Madame Biscaccianti shall be relieved from her present embarrassments and in the hope that you may be able to excite an interest in her, among her former friends, I gladly comply with your request. It is unnecessary to recount the circumstances which have placed her in this trying position—and with her career as a singer, you are

better acquainted than I—so I may confine myself to what I have known of her during the past year and a half. She came to Rome in the winter of 1874-5, absolutely without means, and in the hope of finding employment as a teacher of singing. Several American ladies interested themselves for her—but here only *maitres de chant* are in fashion, and she, though having been taught in the great old school, by the great masters, was unable to secure more than one steady pupil. This was a niece of my own, and in her case the success of Madame Biscaccianti was most wonderful. She showed at once great skill as a teacher and much womanly tact. During the summer, she could find nothing to do (my niece having returned to America) and she would have suffered from absolute want but for the kind help of Americans, then in Rome. Upon means furnished by them she lived in the country, with the utmost economy, and in the autumn came back, to try again. Though more fortunate than last year, she has still been far from able to meet her simple wants. In a year or two, I feel confidant that she will have acquired a reputation as a teacher, which will enable her to support herself. In the meantime, *she must have help*, and I sincerely hope, dear Madam, that you may be able to rouse the sympathies of those who in happier days have listened with delight to the rare music of her voice, so far as to induce them to extend that help. Painful and humiliating as has been her situation, since my acquaintance with her, I have always found her a lady, in manners, feeling and conduct, and yet at all times ready and anxious to do anything to help herself. I am deeply interested in her behalf. It is sad to see one who has done so much for the pleasure of others, reduced to a condition so distressing.

Very truly yours,
C. C. MARSH.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 31, 1877.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS!—The present number (938) completes the Thirty-sixth Volume, and the *Twenty-fifth year* of our Journal of Music. The title page and Index for the last two Volumes will take the place of the usual pages of Music in the next number.

Mme. Essipoff's Concerts.

Rather a silly stir, it seems to us, has been made in the newspapers about the small attendance upon the last concerts in our city of this admirable, in some respects superlative, pianist. The accidental fact has been made the criterion of Boston musical taste and Boston "culture" generally. As if people, to prove the sincerity of their pretention to a love for what is best in Art, were bound to turn out *en masse*, crowding the biggest hall, whenever, and under whatever circumstances, and in whatever manner, any speculating manager may please to bring a famous virtuoso within our reach. "Exceptionally" fine the artist may be, to be sure; but then, in these days, the *exceptional* is fast becoming the almost too common. One new prodigy follows so closely on the heels of another, that we get no rest, and nothing any longer seems wonderful at all. In this matter of piano playing the passion and the appetite for wonder were pretty well exhausted here by Rubinstein and Bülow; it could not reasonably be expected that a third already, even if in some sense more remarkable, could still increase the fever of excitement; nor is it by such fevers that we live the healthy life of Art. The impresarios, the speculators in Art and artists, would have things *their* way; it is their cue to keep us all the time on the *qui vive* for the exceptional; but the real, sincere, enlightened taste of a community cares less and less for the exceptional, finding its gratification more in the quiet, temperate enjoyment of what is intrinsically good and true and edifying in a wholesome everyday and easy sort of way; and manifesting its zeal for Art by steadily fostering the means of Art within its own borders, rather than by running after every new sign and wonder. We count ourselves among the admirers of Mme. Essipoff's playing; we listen with sincere delight to all she does; we shall always be glad, season and circumstances favoring, to hear her again. But we protest against the assumption of these critics and sneerers at Boston taste, that Boston society is bound, at *all* times and in all circumstances, to crowd the vast Music Hall to hear even the *ne plus ultra* of pianists play. We protest that the small audience complained of has nothing at all to do with the question of Boston's degree of musical culture and appreciation as compared with that of other places. Indeed the really musical Boston makes *no* pretensions, and does not occupy itself with childish comparisons or rivalry with other cities; this idiotic, idle talk all comes from the reporters, letter writers, quid nunes of the newspapers. What matters it whether Boston, or New York, or Philadelphia be the most musically cultivated city? If we have any real music lovers among us, they are too much occupied with making the most of their own opportunities, to be disputing the palm with any other place.

Now it is very easy to account for Mme. Essipoff's small audiences without any reflections, just or unjust, on the musical character of Boston. One reason, of a general nature, we have already hinted. Here are others:

1. The most important, as bearing on cases of this kind, has been very truly stated by "One of the Audience" in a communication which we copy from the *Advertiser*. It is simply unreasonable to expect that crowds of people, sufficient to fill the Boston Music Hall, will ever be persuaded, more than once or twice, to attend mere piano recitals or Chamber Concerts. Such a thing is not known anywhere in Europe: why should it be in America? Oratorios, Orchestral concerts, Operas, address the larger crowd; but the number who find frequent pleasure in Chamber music is comparatively limited and select. Now your speculative impresario, with mind ever bent on "big Bonanzas," takes a famed pianist, and tries to put him before as big a crowd as he would a Lind, a Nilsson, or a Wagner opera. It is out of all reason,—against nature.—And then again, piano-playing is never heard to advantage, never well appreciated in so large a hall; nor is it in itself so good, because the performer, instead of playing as he feels, and as he would, thinks he must try to conquer the vast space by using extra power. A Chopin or a Beethoven Concerto in the Music Hall, *without an Orchestra*, is simply an absurdity. Is it not time that we had learned this lesson? We surely did not need to wait for Essipoff to learn it; it was the same experience with Rubinstein and Bülow, and naturally only more so now; the number of music lovers who are kept away by such experience is and must be steadily increasing. Were the Abbate Liszt himself to come, he probably would fill the great hall once or twice, until his figure became quite familiar; after that, the small hall, the quiet nook of pure, intrinsic musical delight, would be the place for him.

2. This artist's second visit was unfortunately timed. It came right after a long continued and exhausting round of concerts:—eight or ten Thomas concerts in ten days, with many more besides. One cannot be a concert-goer *all* the time. Even a poor musical Editor, with the seasoning of a quarter of a century, finds it more than he can well digest, and is often tempted like a sentinel to sleep upon his post.

3. Indifferent, or unattractive programmes. How little they offered as compared with those of Rubinstein and Bülow! They, perhaps, overdid it sometimes, giving us too much of a good thing. But in these four concerts of Mme. Essipoff we had two Concertos, *without orchestra*; not a Sonata, nor any work at all, of Beethoven, nor anything whatever in Sonata form except one for piano and violin by Rubinstein; one short selection from Bach; two Chopin Polonaises, and one of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodies; and for all the rest a multitude of little pieces by Chopin, Rubinstein, Henselt, Raff, Leschetizki and other Russians, with only one by Mendelssohn and one by Schumann:—all very pleasing in their way, but not of much account for a "grand" concert in the Music Hall. Further than this, by no means a relief, there were overdoses of for the most part rather hackneied and indifferent violin solo music, albeit played by a master of his instrument, and some singing to which it was simply pain to listen!

4. Another drawback may be mentioned. The instrument on which she played—a Steinway "Centennial Grand," we believe—was one of exceptional, prodigious volume and power of tone, as if to fit it for the great hall; but also one in which the sweet intrinsic music of the tone, the singing quality the Steinway instruments once had when not forced, seemed all sacrificed to power. The tone was thick, dry, unsympathetic; so that in delicate and subtle, and particularly rapid passages (say the *Gigue* from Bach) the effect of Mme. Essipoff's exquisite phrasing and interpretation was obscured.

Other reasons might be named; but are not these sufficient? We have left ourselves but little room for a review of the concerts in detail. Of Mme. Essipoff's whole style of playing—her perfect certainty,—her touch so clear, so vital, so exquisitely modulated,—the wonderful ease with which she executes the hardest tasks,—the fine conception and good taste pervading all,—we can say no more than we have said before, except to add that the charm of the whole in its unity seems greater than before and inexhaustible. Her opening performance, of the Saint-Saëns Concerto in G minor, was superb throughout,—not clearer, nor in conception truer, than that by Mr. Lang, its chief advantage being in the perfect ease with which it was done, and something more of telling power. On the other hand, the poorly played accompaniments on a second piano were rather a distraction than a help to the integral impression of the work. As to the E-minor Concerto of Chopin (in the last concert), we dare not say we ever heard it played more perfectly. The same of the great Chopin Polonaises, Barcarolle, etc. And all the smaller things were, each after its kind, exquisitely polished gems under her hand. The very pronounced statement of the melody throughout, with the shaded accompaniment in the left hand, was still obvious; and so were several other slight defects which have been pointed out by many critics, surely in no spirit of detraction.

One word for the violinist, Mons. VIVIEN. More and more we all became convinced that in him we had a very superior master of his instrument. The difficulty was that many of his selections were hackneied and inopportune; though there is hardly a composition of Vieuxtemps without true artistic merit and great charm in its place. But the morbid, sentimental, *fade* and shallow "Melancholie" by Prume seemed only revived to show that the world has had the best of reasons for forgetting it. For two fine exceptions, however, we must give credit. One was the Sonata from the great old creative violin period, by Rust (1795), which was refreshing by its breadth and power, and its imaginative and varied charm. The other was the Sonata-Duo, in A-minor, by Rubinstein, which was played to a charm with Mme. Essipoff. This last headed the purely Russian programme of the third concert,—a bouquet less unique than might have been expected, and made up apparently out of no very great abundance of resources.

We trust that we shall yet again hear Mme. Essipoff, in a hall of moderate size, and as the bringer forth of other treasures new and old of her rich repertoire,—as an interpretress of great works of the greatest masters, Beethoven at all events included.

Concerts of the Last Fortnight.

The ninth HARVARD SYMPHONY CONCERT had this programme:

1. Overture to "The Men of Prometheus," Beethoven
2. Piano-forte Concerto, No. 2 in F minor..Chopin
   Maestoso—Larghetto—Allegro vivace.
   Madame Madeline Schiller.

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1. Overture to "Hero and Leander," Op. 11...Rietz
2. Piano-forte Solos.....Mendelssohn
   a. Song without Words, Book II, No. 4.
   b. Presto from Op. 7.
   c. Song without Words, from Book VII.
3. Symphony, No. 2, in C, Op. 140.....Raff
   1. Allegro.—2. Andante con moto.—3. Allegro vivace.—4. Andante maestoso; Allegro con spirito.

The short, bright Overture to Beethoven's Ballet music, a small Overture for him, is always fresh in spite of its familiarity, transporting the hearer at once into the clear Olympian atmosphere of Art. Madame SCHILLER was at her best in her rendering of the Chopin Concerto. It was indeed superb. Not only was the technical execution, phrasing, light and shade, etc., singularly perfect, and the interpretation conscientious and impressive, free from liberties of tempo and all affectation; but it was all given with an interesting fervor, winning the general sympathy; although the poetic soul and spirit of such a work hardly takes that entire possession of her which we have felt in some other interpreters whose command of the means of expression is inferior to hers. She played the Mendelssohn pieces with a delightful ease and finish, and a clear characterization of each. Particularly charming was her rendering of that light, airy fancy, the Presto from Op. 7, which she repeated in response to an enthusiastical recall.

The orchestra for the most part did their work remarkably well. The Overture by Rietz to "Hero and Leander" was never before heard in Boston—perhaps never in America, though it is still played from time to time in Germany. Less perfect than his Concert Overture in A, it is still the work of a genial musician, master of his Art. The slow introduction is truly beautiful and graphic,—music of the best kind; but the Allegro, though it sets out well, is too prolix and does not leave a very marked impression.—The Symphony in C by Raff—one of his earlier ones, though numbered Op. 140, has been heard here only once before (in the seventh season of these concerts.) It does not run into the extravagancies of his more recent "programme" Symphonies, though it is laid out on an equally large, ambitious plan. It shows great grasp of all the symphonic means, rather than any very original or fine inspiration. The instrumentation is extremely rich and full of interesting contrast and ingenious effects. The first movement, while it gives a sense of power, seems to us somewhat dry; and also vague, except in technical development and form; pregnant musical ideas or seed-thoughts he does not seem to be inspired with. The Andante is impressive with a deeper sentiment and has not a little noble beauty. The mingling of reed instruments, horns, etc., in the third movement is quite fascinating; and the Finale has a very grandiose and stately introduction, whose promise is but half fulfilled in the spirited Allegro which succeeds it. Throughout the work you recognize the great form and the great style of the masters,—"the large utterance of the older Gods," but not their inspiration.

The Testimonial Concert to Miss NITA GAETANO, at the Union Hall, on Friday evening, March 23, was a most delightful and purely artistic musical occasion, thoroughly inspiring to the refined and appreciative audience. Miss Gaetano was kindly assisted by Miss CLARA DORIA, Mr. OTTO DRESEL, Mr. B. J. LANG, Dr. S. W. LANGMAID and Mr. S. B. SCHLESINGER. The programme was exquisitely choice; every number was a gem, and set to best advantage. First came the Quartet (Canon) from *Fidelio*, beautifully sung by the two ladies, with Dr. Langmaid and Mr. Schlesinger, with the orchestral accompaniments very fully and suggestively represented in an arrangement made for two pianos by Mr. Dresel and played by him and Mr. Lang. Next came the delicate and lovely tenor Aria: "Un aura amorosa," from Mozart's *Cosi fan tutte*, sung with the sweet and sympathetic quality of voice and the refined expression that befits it, by Dr. Langmaid. The Duet for two Sopranos from Mendelssohn's 95th Psalm was finely sung by Miss Gaetano and Miss Doria. And then came Miss Gaetano's voice alone in a group of the most impassioned songs by Robert Franz. The first, "In Autumn," which she had already sung in a Symphony Concert, one of the most intensely dramatic songs we know of, original and great of its kind, was sung with thrilling tone and accent, with such fire and beauty, that the whole audience were transported and earnest for a repetition. The second, "Lament of the Rose" (*Es hat die Rose sich geklagt*), a strain of gentle sadness, was feelingly rendered; and the third, the exciting and almost sublime "Gewitternacht," or Night of storm and lightning, in whose raging winds and flashing fires the betrayed lover seeks for sympathy (*Allegro appassionato*); then mourns over the "dreams of youth soon vanished," in a softer strain alternating with the fitful bursts of rage; and finally in an exquisitely tender and subdued *Adagio* storm yields to gentle rain and rage to tears, and he prays for the return of love. This too was sung superbly, with all the changes of expression; and the marvellous accompaniment was played as only one can play it.

The first part ended with another glorious selection from *Fidelio*,—the Trio, sung by Miss Doria, Miss Gaetano and Mr. Schlesinger, with the same admirable two piano accompaniment, setting forth the intrinsic beauty of the music, so abounding in fine motives, and so masterly in treatment, about as satisfactorily, and even more so, than any but an exceptionally perfect stage performance. It was both sung and played to a charm.

At the beginning of the second part—by which time both audience and artists had become completely warmed up,—dividing and relieving the vocal efforts, came an exquisite performance by Mr. Lang and Mr. Dresel of Mozart's Sonata in D for two pianos, which, despite the length of its three movements, was received with about as much enthusiasm as the singing. This was felicitously followed by that ever fresh and charming Minna and Brenda duet in *Der Freyschütz*, in which the serious air and temperament of Miss Gaetano found fit contrast in the cheerful healthy nature of Miss Doria, who sang Aennchen's light and florid melody with rare artistic grace and *finesse*. But on the whole Miss Gaetano's most complete success was in the Air of Alice from *Robert le Diable*, which suited her most admirably, and of which she gave all the recitatives, the naïve, piquant melody, the changes and returns, and the cadenzas, with fine dramatic truth and beauty, enhanced by Mr. Dresel's singularly graphic accompaniment, which brought the scene complete before us, with all its episodical diablerie and terror.—The Serenade in *Don Giovanni*, with its pizzicato quasi-guitar accompaniment, is always murdered on the stage; but here it was not only very finely sung by Mr. Schlesinger, but the two pianos again made the beauty of the composition as a whole more palpable to most hearers than it had ever been before. Miss Gaetano (by request) now offered a few flowers from less classic fields of song, recalling a remembered hese were the
Barcarolle by Gordigiani rintemps" by
Gounod, followed for an e of her witch-
ing Spanish songs (music was first era-
dled,—learned from her m sung to her
own accompaniment. Th t songs by
Franz, ("Swiss Song," " and "May
Song") dismissed the audie ppetite.

We have yet to jot down ou nt impres-
sions of the "Cecilia" concert, d, half be-
wildered feelings after a week Opera (Mr.
Freyer's Wagner Festival.)

NEW YORK, MARCH 26. The rt of the
Philharmonic society (Feb. 17) beg elssohn's
fine breezy overture: "Zum Märc schönen
Melusine," composed at Berlin in 1 ndebted
for it in part to the mediocrity o. mposer,
Conradin Kreutzer, who wrote an o h Mlle.
Hähnel appeared as a mermaid coml Capti-
vated by a fish so beautiful, and anno plause
which an undiscriminating audienc ipon a
bad overture, Mendelssohn, to use his "was
inspired with a wish to write an overtu peo-
ple might not *encore*, but which would nore
solid pleasure." Thus the "lovely Meh into
the world.

Next came a Serenade for strings (first ert
Fuchs, in five parts as follows: Anda di
Menuetto,—Allegro Scherzando,—Adagio
ale. The composer has evidently formed l
study of the best orchestral works, and th
not strikingly original, is very pleasing
some beautiful effects, particularly in the
the final Allegro. The Allegro Scherzando,
weakest part, appeared to please the audien
of all, and it had to be repeated entire. Th
finely performed, the excellence of the vi
strikingly apparent in a remarkable *diminu*
end of the fourth movement.

After this came another novelty, in the shap
certo for Piano with orchestra, by Hans von
with Mr. S. B. Mills at the piano. The Concer
ded as follows: Allegro maestoso,—Adagio, -F
Tarantella. This is a vigorous and brilliant com
in which the piano is happily treated, but the c
is less fortunate in his orchestration, which is
heavy. Mr. Mills played with the crisp, delicate, yet firm and even handling which he never fails to manifest; and he also showed a very nice discrimination and intellectual perception of the composer's ideas, the only thing lacking being the poetic sense, without which no artist can be really great. In response to an encore he played the "Ende vom Lied" of Schumann.

The second part was taken up by Beethoven's Symphony in A, No. 7. It was wise thus to isolate so great a work, for all stars must pale before this sun. The performance was generally commendable, and the Society deserved a much larger audience.

The fifth concert (March 24) we did not attend, but give the programme:

Symphony, E flat, No. 1.....Haydn
Two airs from "Allegro ed il Pensieroso,"....Handel
Miss Ida Hubbell.
Tasso: Symphonic Poem.....Liszt
Le Triomphe; Funeral du Tasso (new)
Recitative and Aria from Fidelio.....Beethoven
Overture: "Oberon,".....Weber

At the fifth Symphony Concert of Theo. Thomas (March 10) Steinway Hall was filled to overflowing, the smaller hall being thrown open as is usual on such occasions. It opened with Haydn's Symphony in D, known as No. 2, in Breitkopf and Haertel's edition. It is a beautiful work and strikes a deeper vein of sentiment than is usual in Haydn's music. This is felt most of all in the Andante, which is poetic in a high degree. It would be difficult to imagine a finer performance than that given by the orchestra of this work.

From Haydn to Mozart is a natural transition, and accordingly the next piece on the list was Mozart's Recitative and Aria: "Ma che vi fece," sung by Miss Thursby, who has a clear, high soprano voice of good quality and tolerably well trained. She is likely to make her mark in the world, and on this occasion she gained considerable applause by her rendering of the difficult Concert aria, in which, however, she was not entirely at ease, her voice being unsteady in certain passages and striking some of the highest notes with manifest effort.

Following this came Beethoven's overture to *Fidelio* No. 4, the one usually played at the representation of the opera, but heard less frequently than the other three in the concert room. It is lighter than the others, but distinctively an *overture*, not a string of airs taken from the opera and served in advance in the careless fashion of ordinary operatic composers. It is, to such miscalled overtures, what *Fidelio* is to ordinary opera.

A. A. C.

[For want of room our Correspondent's description of Raff's "Im Walde" Symphony, which formed the second part of the programme, must lie over.—ED.]

The Most Perfect Theatre in the World.

The principles on which the Theatre Français rests are a good-deal like the common law of England—a vaguely and inconveniently registered mass of regulations which time and occasion have welded together, and from which the recurring occasion can usually manage to extract the rightful precedent. Napoleon I., who had a finger in every pie in his dominion, found time during his brief and disastrous occupation of Moscow to send down a decree remodelling and regulating the constitution of the theatre. This document has long been a dead letter, and the society abides by its older traditions. The *traditions* of the Comedie Français—that is the sovereign word, and that is the charm of the place—the charm that one never ceases to feel, however often one may sit beneath the classic, dusky dome. One feels this charm with peculiar intensity as a newly arrived foreigner. The Theatre Français has had the good fortune to be able to allow its traditions to accumulate. They have been preserved, transmitted, respected, cherished, until at last they form the very atmosphere, the vital air of the establishment. A stranger feels their superior influence the first time he sees the great curtain go up; he feels that he is in a theatre which is not as other theatres are. It is not only better, it is different. It has a peculiar perfection—something consecrated, historical, academic. This impression is delicious, and he watches the performance in a sort of tranquil ecstasy. Never has he seen anything so smooth and harmonious, so artistic and complete. He heard all his life of attention to detail, and now, for the first time, he sees something that deserves the name. He sees dramatic effort refined to a point with which the English stage is unacquainted. He sees that there are no limits to possible "finish," and that so trivial an act as taking a letter from a servant or placing one's hat on a chair may be made a suggestive and interesting incident. He sees these things and a great many more besides, but at first he does not analyze; he gives himself up to sympathetic contemplation. He is in an ideal and exemplary world—a world that has managed to attain all the felicities that the world we live in misses. The people do the things that we should like to do; they are gifted as we should like to be; they have mastered the accomplishments that we have had to give up. The women are not all beautiful—decidedly not, indeed—but they are graceful, agreeable, sympathetic, lady-like; they have the best manners possible, and they are delightfully well dressed. They have charming musical voices, and they speak with irreproachable purity and sweetness; they walk with the most elegant grace, and when they sit it is a pleasure to see their attitudes. They go out and come in, they pass across the stage; they talk, and laugh, and cry, they deliver long tirades or remain statuesquely mute; they are tender or tragic, they are comic or conventional; and through it all you never observe an awkwardness, a roughnesss, an accident, a crude spot, a false note. [*Henry James, Jr., in The Galaxy.*

Joseph Joachim, Mus. Doc. The honorary degree of Doctor of Music, granted to Joachim, by grace of the senate last May, was conferred on him at Cambridge on Thursday. Joachim was introduced to the senate in an eloquent Latin speech by the Public Orator, Mr. J. E. Sandys.

In the evening a concert took place in the Guildhall. Dr. Joachim, the hero of the evening, was greeted on his *entrée* with uproarious applause, which was renewed with increased warmth after his magnificent performance of Beethoven's Concerto. Dr. Joachim's new Overture, and Brahms' Symphony in C minor, were given with great success.—*London Musical World, March* 10.

History of Music in America. We give place with pleasure to the following Card of Prof. Ritter:

Readers of my "History of Music" (in the form of lectures), are aware that I have been for some time engaged on the continuation of that work, to be entitled "Music in America." Though the past history of music in America is by no means rich, yet much has already been accomplished, which offers ample subject for reflection and instruction to the thoughtful and unbiassed observer. It is my object to place this in an impartial light before the student or admirer of art; to render justice to those genuine laborers whose services may have been overlooked; to put apparently successful efforts to the test of their after influence on artistic progress, social and public; and to give a complete, though general, view of the present musical situation on this continent.

Being anxious to render my work as complete as possible in regard to contemporary labors, I now request conductors, heads of concert institutes, and music schools, as well as amateurs practically interested in music, to favor me by forwarding to my address the programmes or constitutions of their societies, or any documents bearing a genuine relation to musical culture in America.

FREDERIC LOUIS RITTER,
Professor of Music at Vassar College, N. Y.

March, 1877.

Miss Thursby's New Engagement.

A contract has just been concluded between Mr. Maurice Strakosch and Miss Emma C. Thursby, said to be the most liberal any American singer ever made with a manager. Its provisions require Miss Thursby to sing in concerts and oratorios, both here and in Europe, for three years from the 2d of April next, while Mr. Strakosch agrees to pay her a sum dependent for its exact amount on certain contingencies, but which is estimated to exceed $100,000. Further, it provides that Miss Thursby shall have the months of July and August of each year for recreation, and that she may fulfill all her present engagements, including that for the forthcoming Handel and Haydn festival in Boston; and be at liberty to sing at as many private concerts in Europe as she chooses—this last proviso being estimated as worth fully $4,000 to her. Mr. Strakosch also undertakes to pay all the traveling, hotel, and other incidental expenses of Miss Thursby and her chaperon. An additional contract engages Miss Thursby to sing in a concert tour through the West, beginning next Monday, in company with Ole Bull and Mme Essipoff, under Mr. Strakosch's direction. She is at present under an engagement with the Broadway Tabernacle Church—Dr. Taylor's—where she receives a salary of $3,000 per annum, but it is understood that, in spite of the congregation's anxiety to retain her, they will place no obstacle in the way of fulfilling her new contracts.

Miss Thursby is a native of Brooklyn, where her mother, two sisters, and a brother are now residing, supported mainly by her. She first displayed her musical tastes and abilities while a member of the Sunday-school class of Dr. Potter's church in the Eastern District. From there she went to Plymouth Church, obtaining a position in the choir. After that she was engaged as the leading singer by Dr. Potter's congregation, and remained there until Dr. Chapin's church, in this city, induced her to come to them. From there she came to Dr. Taylor's church. During all of these engagements she patiently studied her art. Her first master was Errani, of this city, and her last, Mme. Rudersdorff, of Boston. She went to Italy, and studied there for some ten months under several teachers, but without any remarkable progress. In 1875 she came to Mme Rudersdorff, who, as she says, at once perceived Miss Thursby's great superiority to the ordinary run of pupils, took an especial interest in her, and got her to sing in a concert given by the Harvard Musical Association in Boston, where she made her first hit. Since then she has sung in nearly all parts of the country, everywhere meeting with high praise. Last year she traveled with Mr. P. S Gilmore to California. At Salt Lake City her reception was of the warmest character, Brigham Young inviting her to sing in the great Tabernacle, and bringing his entire household to hear her. At San Francisco Dom Pedro, of Brazil, heard her, and was so charmed with her voice and manner that he made her the most flattering offers to come to Rio de Janeiro, and a few days before his departure for Europe he asked her as a favor to come and sing for him one evening at least. Since then Mr. Max Strakosch has frequently urged her to enter into an engagement with him to appear in opera, but this she has refused to do, replying to all entreaties that she had reasons which forbade her to think of appearing on the stage.

Personally Miss Thursby is of petite figure, a very expressive face, and a most charming and modest bearing. She ascribes all her success to Mme. Rudersdorff, saying that she never had a real music lesson until she met her. As far as her contract with Maurice Strakosch is concerned, she says she had very little to do with its making, having left the whole matter with Mme. Rudersdorff, and being entirely guided by her. She expects to appear in oratorio early next month, and thinks she will remain in America for another year, provided Mr. Strakosch does not deem it advisable to take her abroad sooner.

Mme. Rudersdorff herself is highly enthusiastic about her pupil, saying she is "just a little darling." She says Miss Thursby has promised to come and spend every July and August, which Mr. Strakosch has given for rest, with her, receiving such further instruction as she can give.—*Music Trade Review.*

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Lift up your Heads.
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Mourn, ye Afflicted Children.
O Father, whose Almighty Power.
We come in Bright Array.
Disdainful of Danger.
Fallen is the Foe.
Hallelujah, Amen.
Hear me, O Lord.
Tune Your Harps.
Hail, Judea's Happy Land.
We Hear.
We never will bow down.

Elijah.

Thanks be to God.
He Watching o'er Israel.
Angel Trio—Lift Thine Eyes.
Yet Doth the Lord see it not.
Blessed are the Men, &c.
Baal, we Cry to Thee.
He That shall endure to the end.
Behold, God the Lord Passed by.

Samson.

Awake the Trumpet's Lofty Sound.
Oh, First Created Beam.
Then, round about the starry Throne
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St. Paul.

Stone Him to Death.
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Mount of Olives.

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Israel in Egypt.

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But as for His People.
But the Waters overwhelmed.
Thy Right Hand, O Lord.
Sing Ye to the Lord. (The Horse and his Rider.)

Creation.

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Woman of Samaria.

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Eli.

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God, who cannot be Unjust.

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